HELP ONE ANOTHER.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH REV. R. HATCHETT.

He Asserts People Should Speak Plainly When Their Words Will Benefit Others.

From the Recorder, Brockville, Ont.

Rev. R. Hackett, general agent of the African Methodist Church in Canada, spent several days in Brockville recently in the interest of the church work. Talking with a reporter he said he always liked to visit Brockville, because he found so many of its citizens in hearty sympathy with the church work he represents. "And besides, said Mr. Hatchett, I have what may be called a sentimental reason for liking Brockville. It is the home of a medicine that has done me much good and has done much good to other members of my family. I refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." "Would you mind," asked the reporter, "giving your experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" "Not at all," said Mr. Hatchett. "I always say a good word for this medicine whenever the opportunity offers. I know some people object to speaking in public about medicines they use, but I think this is a narrow view to take. When one finds something really good and really helpful in relieving human ills, it seems to me it is a duty we owe other sufferers to put them in way of obtaining new health. You can say from me therefor that I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a very superior medicine—I know of no other so good. My work, as you may judge, is by no means light, I have to travel a great deal in the interest of our church work, and it is no wonder that often I find myself much run down, and afflicted almost with a general prostration. It is on occasions of this kind that I resort to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can say in all sincerity that they have never failed me. The pills have also been used in my family, and among my friends, and the results have always been satisfactory. You may just say from me that I think those who are afflicted with any of the ills for which this medicine is recommended will make no mistake in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial."

The Rev. Mr. Hatchett's home is in Hamilton, Ont., where he is known to most of the citizens and greatly esteemed by those who know him.

USEFUL LOVE AGENTS.

In China the match-maker, or "go-between" is a very important factor in domestic life. He it is who casts his watchful eye around that he may find suitable husbands for the daughters of his acquaintances, and then approaches the parents with due circumspection as well as a good deal of tact and diplomacy. To the family of the young man he narrates the good qualities, beauty, and amiability of a certain young girl; then he makes a visit to her father and dwells upon the riches, learning, and wisdom of a youth he knows. If he finds both sides willing to consider the question, he plies back and forth between them with all the eagerness of a man anxious to drive a good bargain. He knows that if he succeeds he will get a nice little fee from each family, and so he paints the many charms of the young couple in glowing terms. He is not always truthful, and oftimes the bridegroom, who is not allowed to see his future wife before the ceremony, finds that after the red cloth and veil are removed, he is married to an ugly old crone. These instances of bad faith on the part of the "go-between" are fortunately rare, and usually he exhibits much discretion in his matings.

INDUSTRY'S SPUR.

Political economists have told us that self-interest is the main-spring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for home and the wife and children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plough and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher. Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile Court and insists on his right to be heard. "I felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe, and saying, 'Here is your chance, father, to get us bread.'" It is this vision of the children and others dependent on us that inspires us all in the battle of life.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets too highly," writes Mrs. James S. Beach, Campbell's Bay, Que. "From the time my baby was born he was troubled with pains in the stomach and bowels and a rash on his skin which made him restless day and night. I got nothing to help him until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and under their use the trouble soon disappeared, and all my friends are now praising my baby he looks so healthy and well. I give him an occasional Tablet, and they keep him well. I can heartily recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a young baby."

Thousands of other mothers praise this medicine just as warmly, and keep it on hand in case of emergency. The Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, they act gently and speedily, and are absolutely safe. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE SNEEZE-WOOD TREE.

This remarkable tree is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa. Its odd name was given to it because men cannot saw it without sneezing violently. The dust of its wood has just the same effect as the strongest snuff, and is so irritating to the nose that workmen are obliged to sneeze even when they are planing it. If a piece of the wood of this tree is put in the mouth, it is found to have a very bitter taste, and no doubt it is this bitterness which prevents insects of any kind from attacking the timber of the sneeze-wood tree. The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for work that is required to last a long time.

FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

The fur-bearing animals are more persistently hunted than any other, since many people depend for a living on their capture. When it is shown that in one year there are brought to the market the fur of 180,000 pine-martens, 400,000 stone martens, 800,000 polecats, 400,000 ermines, 160,000 minx, 55,000 otters, and from America alone 150,000 beavers and 100,000 chinchillas, it will be seen that their extermination is a question of a short time. The sea-otter is now to be found only in the Northern Pacific, on the northern coast of California, and thence along the coast of America and of Asia. To-day fewer than 2,000 sea-otter furs are sent to the

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPER XL.

"Burton," said Deane, as they were seated at breakfast next morning, "I am going to London by the express, and I shall have a day in town. It would be a trifle dull for you, the investigation I have on hand. The river runs close here, and the fishing is good—I sampled it some two or three years ago; amuse yourself with a rod till I return, will you?"

When Deane reached Waterloo, he took a cab to Gray's Inn Square. He entered the office of a firm of solicitors there, and, sending in his card, was at once accorded an interview with one of the principals. That interview lasted about five minutes, and, coming out, his waiting cab took him to Finsbury Pavement, to the office of a money-lender there

"Isaacs," he said to the proprietor, "I went out of my way to render you a service once. I don't agree with the judges of the High Courts that because you are a money-lender you should be altogether denied common justice. On that particular occasion I saw you got it. You then said you hankered after an opportunity of repaying me."

"Jumpin' Moses, Mr. Deane! I'd do anything in the world for you! You saved me nearly five 'undered quid. Do you want anything to that amount now—on a slip of paper without sureties even?"

"No," replied Deane laughingly; "I did not know your gratitude could take so material a form. No, I do not want to borrow anything; I want some information which you can give, or gain for me."

"Anything in the——"

"You are a subscriber to Perry's Inquiry Office, aren't you—loan office section? I want a list of the loans a certain person has obtained. Will you get it for me?"

"With pleasure."

"There's the name and address, then," said Deane, as he pencilled it on paper. "I will come back for the report in an hour if that will suit you."

"I'll send a clerk at one, Mister Deane; always glad to 'blige you."

Deane's cab took him to Guy's Hospital, and he had a long interview with the nearly convalescent Lucy. She told him all she knew: of the conversation she had listened to; of the attempted murder of the gipsy; how she had caught the last train up because it was late; of her seeing the Frenchman get out of the train at Waterloo, and Ashley's being on the platform with his bicycle to catch the midnight train home.

That interview finished, back to Finsbury Pavement and the money-lender's office.

"A fick un this, Mr. Deane. Up to the neck in loans," And the Jew handed over the Inquiry Office report.

It may not be general knowledge, but Deane knew, that when a man applies to a loan office for an advance, he is "put through"—that is to say, an inquiry is made. That particular inquiry is registered, and the next time the would-be borrower makes application to any loan office, that registered information stands against him when he is again inquired about. It is a marvellous system.

Deane cast his eyes down the long list of applications to loan offices made during the preceding twelve months by the person he had inquired about, thanked Isaacs for the service he had rendered, and the cab carried him to Waterloo again. There he discharged it, and sought out the superintendent of the line. His card secured him an interview, and books were fetched, reports looked into, and time-sheets gone over, and in fact all the information he needed given him; for Deane was well known to the company's officers He had rendered certain valuable services which placed them under a deep obligation to him.

"Give me a line to the Grayne-wood station-master, will you?" he said, "directing him to let me see the working of the signal-box at that station."

"Certainly."

It was done, and, armed with that letter, Deane journeyed to Granyne-wood. Production of the letter from headquarters ensured all the attention he required. In the signal-box he inquired into the working of the home and distant signals, and examined the time-book kept there. Then he departed, leaving the signal-man and station-master wondering what could be the object of his inquiries.

Deane did not go to the hotel, but kept along the main road which ran close to the line. Ont of sight, and at some distance from the station, he leaped the separating fence, and got into the six-foot way.

He walked along till he reached the one-armed distance signal close to the garden of Grayne Hall, and here he examined things very closely. With his magnifying glass he went to work on the earth beside the signal, and carefully examined the hedge over which he could look into the garden of the Hall.

The soft, clay soil of the bank under the hedge showed the marks of boots, and, as they led up the bank in the direction of the Hall gardens, they were sufficiently interesting to Deane to make him desire a cast of them; being sheltered, the recent light rains had not affected their clearness.

Deane had come prepared. From one pocket he drew a flask of water, and from another a packet of powder; these he mixed in a folding rubber bowl, and carefully poured into one of them indentations made by a boot. He left it to harden whilst he continued his investigations.

Two pieces of rope two or three yards long gave him food for thought. It had always been an axiom of his that little things were infinitely the most important. He stood with the pieces of rope in his hand some minutes; then further away he saw another piece. Picking its end up, he found it to be much longer—many yards. He did not pull it, but followed its course. A gleam of triumph came into his eyes as he saw to what it was attached.

Up the iron step-ladder he climbed till he reached the semaphore and colored glasses worked by the lever from the station signal box. He examined that carefully, and what he saw satisfied him, for the gleam came into his eyes again.

By the time he had descended, his plaster cast had set. Wrapping it catefully in paper, he put it in his pocket, and, coiling the rope and things he had found attached to it into a compact mass he journeyed back along the line.

Regaining the road, and with his light coat over his arm—what he had found, beneath it—Deane entered the hotel and his own room unnoticed. He pulled the pillows and bolster from their proper positions on the bed and sat, his own particular way, in and amidst them, bringing into play that brilliant, incisive reasoning power which had enabled him to solve so many curious problems.

He sat there hour after hour, dead to the world, the only movement he made being the refilling and lighting of his pipe and an occasional upward glance at the rings of smoke which issued from its bowl; and even the pipe went unattended to at last, so deep was the train of thought upon which he had embarked.

"There you are, Deane," said Burton, as he entered his friend's room. "I wondered what on earth had become of you! Dinner is just on the point of being served."

Deane rose instantly, and accompanied his friend to the room below. On the sideboard was a bunch of bananas. Deane seized it, tore one off, and, hurriedly peeling it, started eating it as if famished.

"You will spoil your dinner," said his friend; "you are commencing at the wrong end of it. Are you so hungry?"

"Haven't tasted food since breakfast, forgotten it, in fact,"

"You have been absorbed, then. A clue? Have you found the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Arrested?"

"No."

"When?"

"After to-morrow's examination before the Graynewood magistrates. I must let things go to that length.

"There is, pardon me, no doubt?"

"Absolutely none."

"I congratulate you; but you must be tired of hearing me say that. It is a satisfaction to know that the real murderer will hang for the crime."

"I doubt if that will happen."

"You surprise me! And yet you said there was no doubt?"

"There is none—there will be none. You shall hear the murderer confess in this very room to-morrow night. What sport did you have? Were the fish biting? I remember once, when I was fishing——"

And Deane started off on a piscatorial anecdote. The other saw that the subject of the murder was done with for that night: he knew Deane's moods. Once he buried a subject no living conversationalist had power to exhume it.

CHAPTER XLI.

"There's a remarkable instance of police intelligence," said Deane as he sat at breakfast next morning, "I've read in the Telegraph. A man found insensible in the streets is taken to a cell as a 'drunk,' kept there all night, and in the morning it is discovered that he has been drugged and robbed of securities he had about him to the extent of £5,000."

"Certainly a hard thing," replied Burton, "because the thieves have had so long a time in which to cover their traces. At the same time, I do not quite see how it is to be avoided. You cannot expect that an expert in drugs is to be appointed to every little police station, or that the active and intelligent twenty-two-shilling-a-week constable is to be selected for his brain power."

"Yet you think I am signing for Utopia?"

"I think anything which entailed greater outlay in the crime department of the country's administration would raise a storm in the Commons?"

"A House which sees as far as its nose only—if houses have noses. However, to our muttons. The examination before the magistrates is at eleven o'clock; they are sitting earlier to-day. You will go?"

"Oh yes, I am interested; I shall go with you."

"No, my dear Burton, you will go alone. You are interested, I am not. Go by all means. There will be a little performance in this room this evening which will give you an insight into the methods of what Janson is good enough to call my 'fads' and 'theories.'"

"Here?"

"Yes. Attend the police examination by all means. The matinee will sharpen your appetite for the evening bill."

"And you?"

"Whilst you are so occupied, I shall pay one more—my final—visit to the Hall. All the servants are witnesses, and I shall therefore, practically, have the place to myself."

"You think to discover——"

"Merely a confirmation of what I already know. Still, the police are ever reluctant to admit a mistake. They have made one with Dubois and Grayne. They will need the strongest of evidence; they shall have it."

At this moment a boy knocked and entered the room, and, inquiring, said:

"Mr. Deane?"

"Well, boy," inquired the detective, "what is it?"

"Are you Mr. Deane?"

"I am."

"I was to give you this 'ere letter"

"Thank you."

Deane read it and shrugged his shoulders, gave the boy sixpence, and dismissed him.

"I shall go with you to the court, after all, Burton. This letter is from Reginald Grayne. It throws no light on the matter, but it introduces an amusing and sentimental element. The affair, so far, has lacked humor. I suppose one should welcome it."

Burton and Deane went out together. Deane's object was an interview with Reginald before the court sat. As a matter of fact, he did not stay for the Court's sitting. But before he left he had set Reginald and Vere's hearts beating the faster; he had told them that before another twenty-four hours has passed the prisoner should be free. When Deane said a thing, he had such a way of speaking that people believed him, hence that accelerated beating of hearts.

To Lawyer Causton he said the same thing, and urged him to pray the court for another adjournment—say, only for two days, rather than suffer a committal for trial. Once committed, difficulty in liberation would arise, where as before committal the thing was in the magistrates' hands.

Janson listened to the request and promised not to oppose the application. For the first time he felt nervous. No man likes to be covered with defeat, and somehow that positive manner of Deane's told; that, coupled with Causton's continually pouring his suspicions of Evelyn Westcar in his ear, was shaking his belief.

"You speak confidently, Mr. Deane," he said, "and I don't deny that if you say a thing, it's likely to have a bottom. Do I understand that within this two days you propose asking for you are going to charge some one else with the murder?"

"Charging, my dear Janson, is in your line. I merely point out the individual, I press the button, as it were, and you do the rest."

"You are going to point out some one else as the murderer in two days?"

"In less time then that."

"Oh!"

"To-night—Wednesday—is the theatre-train night. You can leave here for London as late as 10.25, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you able to stop down till then? I want you to dine with Mr. Burton and myself, just we three,"

"I can, of course——"

"But you are doubtful of the good of it, eh? Well, mistrust is natural, I suppose. Still, I have never led you a wild-goose chase, have I?"

"No."

"Then shelve that mistrust. Dine with us this evening, and I will promise you excellent dessert."

"Dessert?"

"Yes; in the shape of an introduction to the real person who committed the murder. That shall follow your dinner."

"I should want strong evidence."

"Dear Janson, it shall be served you; and, lest even positive evidence you should doubt, from the murderer's own lips you shall hear confession of the crime."

Janson was visibly perturbed. He did not like the turn affairs were taking; he had been so emphatic in his opinion of the Frenchman's guilt. The proof had seemed so positive. Still, Deane was a factor to be reckoned with.

"I'll dine with you to-night."

"Good. You will not be sotry, I promise you. I have in my possession the proofs which I will then hand over to you. For the present, good-bye."

The prisoners were remanded again At seven o'clock in the hotel the three men sat down to dinner. Janson tried in vain to draw Deane on the subject of the murder.

"My dear Janson," he said, "there is a time for all things. We have dined. We now enjoy our cigars. Let us continue to enjoy them unsullied by the mental odour of blood. Presently the murderer will come here, by appointment, then let us have an atmosphere of gore; till then, let all things end in smoke."

Presently there came a knocking at the door, and the waiter entered.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Deane."

Evelyn Westcar entered. She came straight into the centre of the room, and, addressing Deane, said:

"I have come to give myself up for the murder of Sir George Grayne."

(To be Continued.)

GIVES "GO."

Food That Carries One Along.

It's nice to know of food that not only tastes delicious but that puts the snap and go into one and supplies staying power for the day.

A woman says: "I have taken enough medicine in my time to furnish a drug store, but in later and wiser years I have taken none, but have depended, for the health I now enjoy, on suitable and sustaining food of which I keep on hand a tested variety, plain but nourishing.

"Of these my main dependence is Grape-Nuts, especially if I have before me a day of unusual effort either mental or physical. In this case I fortify myself the first thing in the morning with about 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts moistened with cream and not much else for breakfast and the amount of work I can then carry through successfully without fatigue or exhaustion is a wonder to those about me and even to myself.

"Grape-Nut food is certainly a wonderful strengthener, and is not a stimulant for there is no reaction afterwards but it is sustaining and strengthening as I have proved by long experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will add more strength and carry one further than a plateful of coarse, heavy food that is nearly all waste. Grape-Nuts food is condensed, pre-digested and delicious. It contains the parts of the Wheat and Barley grains that supply the rebuilding parts for Brain and Nerve Centres.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Now Has Its Place In Nearly Every Home

Because of its Extraordinary Curative Powers There is an Unprecedented Demand for

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Being composed of the simple, yet potent elements which Nature seems to have intended as a cure for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has won the confidence of thinking people.

On account of its simple composition and pleasant taste it is peculiarly suited to the needs of childhood.

Because of its extraordinary control over diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs it can be absolutely relied upon.

Nothing short of unusual merit could place Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in so many thousands of homes as the one medicine to be relied upon in case of emergency.

Croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, coughs, colds, asthma and pneumonia are quickly relieved and cured by this treatment. Consumption and other dreadful lung troubles are prevented.

Mr. D. Graham, 45 Calendar Street, Toronto, states:—"My boy, aged six years, was troubled all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him this valuable remedy. It very quickly checked the advance of the disease and in a few days he was as well as ever and at school again."

Mrs. A. A. Vanbuskirk, Robinson Street, Moncton, N. B., writes:—"For years I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for my children when they have colds in the winter. I first used it with my daughter who suffered from a severe form of asthma. The least exposure to cold would lay her up and she would nearly suffocate for want of breath. I must say I found it to be a most satisfactory treatment and it has entirely cured her. It seemed to go direct to the diseased parts and bring the desired relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

Those whom neglected coughs have killed were once as healthy and robust as you. Don't follow in their paths of neglect. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO. Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 12

WHY WE SAY "PUSS."

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, had many idols, worshipped the cat, among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changes like the moon, is sometimes full, and at other times only a light crescent, or, as we say, a half-moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means "the face of the moon." The word has been changed to "Pas" and "Pus," and has come at last to be called "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and pussy-cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. Who ever thinks of the name as given to her thousands of years ago and the people who then bowed down and prayed to her?

CAN WALK THE SLACK WIRE NOW

EXPERIENCE OF FRANK CROMWELL, OF GALT, WITH DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Had Kidney Troubles That Threatened to Disable Him Permanently—The Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Him Completely.

Galt, Ont., Jan. 11—(Special).—Mr. Frank Cromwell, the well-known slack wire performer who left here recently to fill an important theatrical engagement in Chicago, at one stage of his career had few hopes indeed of ever again appearing on the wire. In relating that experience, he said:

"I had been troubled with Kidneys, I had a severe backache and my limbs were swollen. I used several medicines, but none did me any good, and I had given up all hope of getting well.

"One day a Dodd's Magazine was left at my house and I read it carefully and my case was there. I bought Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them. Before I had finished one box I got relief and four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely."

That Mr. Cromwell's cure was complete and permanent is shown by his return to a profession that requires strength and steadiness. But if the disease is of the Kidneys, or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to root it out entirely.

TOBACCOS CAUSE DEATH

VARIETIES THAT PROVE FATAL TO SMOKERS.

Smoking the Coffee Bean Is Harmful—The Terrible Indian Hemp.

For many weeks during the winter before last stormy weather made it impossible for relief boats to reach the Longships Lighthouse off the Cornish coast. When at last the sea calmed sufficiently for the ship to be visited it was found that the crew, though they had some food left, had entirely run out of tobacco. They had been forced to smoke ground coffee, tea leaves, and hops.

It is a curious fact that while cigarettes made of the leaves of the coffee tree are declared to produce an unconquerable aversion for tobacco, yet the smoking of the coffee bean is extremely harmful. It produces a peculiar kind of sore throat, which may actually prove dangerous if the practice of coffee smoking is persisted in.

Tobacco is without doubt the most wholesome of vegetable substances used for smoking, but it is by no means the only one so employed. One of the chief of these substitutes is Indian hemp or "bhang," the use of which has increased of late years in the East even more rapidly than that of opium. The leaf is prepared by drying and powdering, and is then mixed with ordinary tobacco and smoked in a common tobacco pipe. Or sometimes it is made into balls with tragacanth gum, and smoked like opium in a very small pipe.

INDIAN HEMP.

is literally a tobacco of death, for it has been used from time immemorial to excite the passions of fanatical murderers. The Indian sepoys were made mad with bhang before taking part in the awful scenes of the Indian Mutiny.

Another name for bhang is "hasheesh," whence comes the word "assassin." A third name for Indian hemp is ganjah, which is the term that Indian coolies use.

A petition has recently been circulated in Jamaica that the Government will forbid the sale of ganjah to the East Indian coolies who work on the banana and sugar plantations in that island. Habitual users of the drug become maniacs with homicidal tendencies, and are given to running "amok" and killing all in their path.

The physical effects of the smoking of Indian hemp are varied and terrible. Sometimes the smoker giggles inanely, at other times he goes balancing along first on one foot then the other, rubbing his hands and talking to himself. His appetite becomes furious and he will eat even clay and grass. Catalepsy is a frequent result of indulgence in this horrible drug; in other cases dropsy supervenes, and the inevitable end is death.

Very different, but equally terrible, are the effects of opium on the smoker of this poison. A small ball weighing from twenty to one hundred grains is a full smoke. It is put on the pipe with a little pair of wire tweezers and it bubbles as it is ignited. Three or four whiffs respired through the nostrils are sufficient to send the smoker off into a state of

DREAMY UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

The dreams of opium are said to be heavenly, but the dreamer wakes with a harshness in the throat, and, unlike the smoker of "bhang," he has no appetite at all. He becomes fearfully thin, his face shrinks; his hands become like birds claws, his skin turns yellow and wrinkled; his teeth become black, and soon decay and fall out. Melancholy, constant nausea, headache, and a perpetual thirst ensue. In the last state there is a waxy appearance of the skin of the face, and dark marks at the sides of the mouth. Sooner or later his miseries are ended by death.

Of less familiar substitutes for tobacco there are very many. Some such as the dried leaves of the tomato, the potato, the egg plant, and the colt's-foot, are not particularly harmful unless smoked in excess. Colt's-feet leaf indeed, is credited with the power of curing colds.

There is a weed common in parts of the Alps and known as mountain tobacco, which the Swiss mountaineers dry and smoke under the impression that it will steady the nerves at great heights. The plant is however, a virulent poison, and its smoke has a serious effect upon the heart.

North American Indian medicine men smoke the dried and powdered leaf of a certain species of holly. The fumes send the smoker into a kind of stupor, in which he fancies he sees visions, and the habit eventually becomes

IMPOSSIBLE TO SHAKE OFF.

Red Indians smoke also lobelia leaf which has strong narcotic properties.

Another species of lobelia is smoked by some of the Siberian wild tribes under the name of "tombski." The leaf is dried and afterwards soaked in water. It must be smoked damp, and is therefore used in a water pipe.

Kaffirs, before tobacco became so easily procurable as it is to-day in South Africa, used to gather the leaves of the native camphor and prepare them for smoking. The use of this peculiar form of smoking mixture has a remarkable effect. It produces a kind of aphasia—that is, the smoker has no control over his language, becomes utterly incoherent and cannot say what he means.

Another Cape tobacco is the leaf of the wild dagga. It is a favourite with the Hottentots when they are unable to obtain the coarse black Fingo or Pondo tobaccos of which they are fondest. A very few whiffs of the ordinary Pondo tobacco would be too much for the average British navy, even though well accustomed to the strongest of black twist.

In the Bahamas cascerilla bark is prepared for smoking. Its fumes are stronly narcotic, and very bad for the smoker.—Pearson's Weekly.

MONOGRAMS ON YOUR FRUIT.

Peaches are now grown with initials or monograms on them. The monogram or crest is cut out in paper and pasted on the peaches while growing. As soon as the fruit is ripe the paper patterns are removed, when a facsimile of the monogram or other design used is found picked out in most delicate green, while the rest of the fruit will be found rosy and deep-hued.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

City Man: "What do you think of the board of directors of the new company?" Careful: "Half of them are people who are capable of nothing, while the rest of them are capable of anything."

"One Foot in the Grave."—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy as South American Nervine as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—36

Basil: "When we are married, my love, we shall have a lot to struggle with." Ella (consolingly): "We shall have each other!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria,

"I suppose you thought you were fishing when you caught me?" growled the man who is always disagreeable. "Well, I used to think so," sighed his little wife; "but now I know I must have been bear-hunting."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

DOGS WEAR MOCCASINS.

The making of shoes for dogs has now developed into quite a big industry, and is especially flourishing in Labrador. The dogs attached to sledges travel at great speed over the rough ice, and some protection for the feet is necessary. The shoes are made of sealskin.

BANK-NOTES AS FUEL.

The novel spectacle of a steamer being stoked with bank-notes was once witnessed at a Mediterranean port. Forty-five sacks of the apparently valuable paper were tossed into the furnace of the vessel's boiler. The notes were cancelled documents of the Bank of Algiers.

DISTILLED DRINKS.

Alcoholic beverages are distilled from bananas, the milk of cocoanuts, rice, and peas. The Japanese distil spirit from plums, peaches, and the flower of the motherwort. The Chinese make an alcoholic drink from plums

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 43

Insist upon having the best Tea and if your Grocer has your interests at heart he will give you Blue Ribbon.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

LOWER PRICES — USE EDDY'S FIBRE WARE — BETTER QUALITY

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1855.

CAN BE HAD IN

Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.

The Lady—I gave you a piece of pie last week, and you've been sending your friends here ever since. The Tramp—You're mistaken, lady; them was my enemies.

"Another step forward in the federation of the nations," suggests the Paris Figaro, would be made by the adoption of a universal postage stamp. Such a stamp, with the title of "the postage stamp of peace," is to be proposed at next year's International Post Congress.

One of the most fascinating dreams of the engineer is the project, frequently mooted, to turn the sea into the Sahara Desert and create a new Mediterranean. The scheme rests on the fact that large tracts in the Sahara lie below the level of the sea. A canal would do the business say French engineers.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Clara (looking at a display of bonnets, etc.): "Don't you think they are very handsome?" Amy (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street): "Very; especially the one with the black moustache."

Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—37

Little Willie—What is the difference between character and reputation, pa? Pa—Character is a luxury, my son, while reputation is a necessity.

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."

She—And you don't think there is a chance in the world of our living through our lives without a quarrel. He—There is always a fighting chance, dear.

Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it.

Rooney: "Where did ye git th' black eye, Moike?" Clancy: "Why 'Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an' 'twas me advised Tim t' git married."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Mr.: "What would you do if I should die and leave you?" Mrs. "Leave me how much?"

Strong words by a New York Specialist.—"After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails."—35

Fred: "Frank is in a terrible fix." Georgie: "How so?" Fred: "Jessie's father threatens to disinherit her if she marries him, and she says she will sue him for breach of promise if he doesn't."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The Victim: "I'm troubled with cold feet, doctor. What do you suppose is the cause?" The Doctor: "Cold weather, sir; cold weather. Five dollars, please."

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Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including Texas, Old Mexico and California, the lands of sun-shine and flowers. Through standard and tourist sleeping cars are now run via this great southern route. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash, are hauled by the most powerful engines ever built. Every comfort is provided equal to the best hotels, or the most luxurious homes. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness. The days and nights pass only too quickly, while travelling on the great Wabash line. For information as to rates, routes, etc., address any ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt., N. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

"I suppose," said the absconding cashier to the friend who had run across him in parts unknown, "that there was a good deal of talk about me after I disappeared?" "I should think there was," answered the friend. "Why, man, the weather wasn't mentioned at all for two weeks."

Don't Snuffle!

You make people sick—you keep yourself sick. See re relief in 10 minutes from Colds, Catarrh, Headache, or Influenza.

Cure that cold, you can do it if you exercise common sense and use only Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It relieves colds and catarrh and cures headache in a few moments. Rev. L. McPherson, Buffalo, N.Y., says: "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieved me in 10 minutes and is a blessing to mankind." 12

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are better than others and cheaper, 100.

A double succession of very late marriages brought the Hon. Lovel Coke, now ten years old, into this world 140 years after the birth of his grandfather. This was William Coke, who was born in 1754 and became first Earl of Leicester. He married in 1822, being sixty-eight years old, and left three sons. One of them, the present Earl, now eighty-one years of age, became the father of the Hon. Lovel when he was seventy-one years old.

The Russian Liberal Review, Osvobozhdenie, says that Russia has made and is making "enormous and senseless expenditures of men and money in order to create an accursed yellow Russia," which has no real value for the Russian people. "The Russian cost of the Chinese war was $210,000,000," says this journal. "We have acquired a place where, from the economic point of view, Japan, America, and England may conveniently dispose of their surplus products, and as a place where we may become involved with Powers whose combined strength is great enough to defeat us on the Pacific as badly as we were at Sebastopol."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

"Sir!" exclaimed the customer, who thought he had been overcharged, "have you any sense of honor?" "I'm sorry," said the druggist, from force of habit, "I have not, but I have something just as good."

An admirable Food of the **EPPS'S** Finest quality and flavour. **COCOA** Nutritious and Economical. 48—21

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The Best at the Lowest Price. Write for Terms

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