After a hard day's work there's nothing to refreshing as a cup of good hot Blue Ribbon Jea

OUR SHORT STORY

"The Halliday Hunt Breakfast."

to the meet if he wished.
"Just to see them 'throw off,' you

know," she said, with a smile and a flash of her beautiful eyes.

Satterlee was beside himself with de-

light. He could not help thinking that

the hunter's lameness was only an ex-

cuse, and that the fair Diana would

rather jog quietly around the roads in

a pony cart with him than follow the

hounds without him. Indeed, so elated was he that he could scarcely eat any

breakfast, and to save himself he could

not but dart one or two triumphant glances at Middleton.

The hounds in charge of the hunts-

men were already on the way to the

he saw, instead of a lazy pony, a rest-

less young thoroughbred between the

shafts of a high game-cart, being led

around to the door by a groom. Hig-

gins, the coachman, had also accom-

panied the trap to the door, and Sat-

terlee, who was at heart an arrant

coward, where horses were concerned, noted with a tremor the evident anx-

ity in Higgins' face. There was none in Miss Halliday's, however, as she

stepped lightly into the cart and

gathered up her reins, motioning Sat-

terlee to follow. Just as he did so the

horse, a handsome bay, reared violent-

ly, in spite of the efforts of both of

the men to keep him down. Miss Hal-

liday treated him to a cut from the whip, which only had the effect of

making him rear again; then, as he

lowered his head, sne called to the

men to stand clear, and away they

bowled down the drive at a pace that

"he has only been in harness

before. Steady, my boy, steady,

Satterlee gasped. So his name was

They soon caught up with the hounds

and horsemen, and Miss Halliday

managed to curb Rocket's ardent en-

thusiasm sufficiently to keep him in

rapturously, "how he watches the hounds. I shouldn't be surprised if he

Such, indeed, proved to be the case. No sooner had the hounds been thrown

into covert than Rocket began to dis-

play unmistakable signs of restless-

ness, standing on his hind legs at one

moment, lashing out vigorously with

them the next, and at other times

dancing gayly with all four feet at

Satterlee, trembling in every limb,

venture-back at Halliday Hall-at his

listless band of horsemen settled them-

selves in the saddle, and started across

fence, by no means a strong one, was

not proof against the charge of such

a body, and before the last one went

over it three or four panels were lying

backward, while Satterlee was vainly

gap in the fence, she took a firmer

hold of the reins and called "Let go"

to her assistance. With his head free,

and encouraged by a slight touch of

the fence-gap, and presently they were

the field, not far behind the horse-

Miss Holliday's eyes were glowing.

"Hurrah!" she cried; "we will have a run after all."

Fortunately, the field was a large

one, but Satterlee's anxious eyes could

see no way out of it. Hounds were

running at least three fields away, but

the main body of horsemen were just

clearing a low stone wall at the farther

side of the field. "Good," cried Miss Halliday; "there's a gate," as stout

old Henderson, who never was known

his hunting crop. Seeing Miss Halli-

day and her galloping horse he had

et galloped madly through, bumping

the right wheel box severely on the

They were now in the midst of the

horsemen, and going hard. Suddenly

and several riders came to grief, in-

out subsequently by a larmer's boy, half full of water and fully convinced

"I wonder of the cart will get over?"

Satterlee did not feel that his opin-

ion would matter, seeing that Rocket

was evidently determined to put the

Miss Halliday applied her whip,

speeding along at a full gallop across

Meanwhile, Rockett, with two men

a low fence by the roadside.

on the ground.

the cart.

"Look at the darling," she exclaimed

Rocket. A very appropriate one, too, he thought. He wondered how long

it would be before he went off.

wanted to follow them.'

horse.

coolly,

Rocket."

the rear.

Presently there was a great bustle

Mr. Percival Satterlee was anxious- , because he couldn't ride. As a matter dering a communication which of fact, he shuddered to think of the just received as he sat over his opportunities Middleton might have he had just received as he sat over his breakfast at the club. It was an involved out hunting to say sweet nothings to vitation—one which hundreds of young Diana. Great was his surprise and demen in New York city would have given half they possessed to receive. Satterlee himself would not have partially and habit, but a long driving coat, ed with it for a good deal. Yet the receipt of it had embarrassed him not a little. would be glad to drive Mr. Satterlee

paper was dainty, and bore the graved orest. The invitation read as follows: magic distinction implied by an en-

"Halliday Hall, Long Island. "Dear Mr. Satterlee: We are down here for a few weeks of the fox-hunting season, and Mr. Halliday and I would be pleased to have you make one of our house party for ten days from next Wednesday. Mr. Halliday desires me to add, that Meadowmere hounds will meet at our house on Thursday, and that he has arranged to mount all his guests. "Hoping that you may be able to come, I am, Very sincerely yours, "Lavinia Halliday."

in the breakfast room, and eager sportsmen and sportswomen started It was a poser for poor Satterlee. On the one hand was the undoubted opportunity to meet again and make ardent love to the rich and beautiful Miss Halliday, upon whom he had danced attendance during this, her first season in town; on the other—Saterlee had dreadful doubts and misgivings as to his horsemanship, and the invitation seemed to threaten foxhunting and hard riding between every line. Miss Halliday herself, Satterlee knew to be an expert sportswoman, who rode to hounds, and was said to break her own horses, while her father, who was celebrated in his youth as a gentleman jockey, was considered one of the hardest riders of the Long Island hunting set. As Mr. Percival Satterlee's experience in this direction had been limited to one ride in a riding school, upon which occasion he had come dangerously near falling off, It was no wonder that the thought of the Halliday house party made his face pale and caused his hand to tremble so that he could not open his

For, to tell the truth, Mr. Percival Satterlee was desperately smitten with lovely Diana Halliday. She was indeed a charming bit of femininityapart from the prospective thirty thousand a year—with the sweetest disposition in the world. In person she "You see," explained Miss Halliday, was rather tall, slender, with dark blue eyes and an abundance of rich wheat-gold hair. It has been said that this was her first season "out," and during the first half of it, already elapsed, she had half the eligible young men in New York at her feet.

Satterlee groaned. "I was just beginning to make some headway," he muttered. "And now they must get up this precious scheme to compel me to make an ass of myself. One thing is very sure," he snapped, "if Diana ever marries me I'll soon put an end

to this fox-hunting nonsense. At first he thought of going down to Halliday Hall and trankly acknowledging that he couldn't ride. Then he remembered how frequently he had boasted of his horsemanship to Miss Halliday at dinners and dances. Clearly that would not do. Finally he had almost decided to decline the invita-tion altogether, when Dick Middleton entered the room.

'Why, hello, Percy," cried Dick; "you seem to have something on your mind. What's your trouble?"

"I've just had a line from Mrs. Haliday," said Satterlee, striving to conceal his triumph, for Middleton was one of his hated rivals for the favor of the fair Diana. "She wants me to join her house party at Halliday Hall 'Better go, old man," returned Mid-

dleton promptly. "Good house—good people—good sport—I'll be there," he edded by way of a final inducement. Satterlee gasped. The fact that Middleton was invited too was a bitter blow, but it settled the question for Moved by a sudden inspiration he hastly finished his breakfast and going into the reading room penned and save her life. She paid not the the following to Mrs. Halliday: slightest attention to him, but her the following to Mrs. Halliday:

"My Dear Mrs. Halliday:

"It gives me great pleasure to accept your very kind invitation for the Wednesday. I regret to say, however, that my part in the sport to follow will not be a conspicuous one, as I had the misfortune to sprain my bridle wrist badly while hunting in Pennsylvania recently. Perhaps the accident may prove a blessing, as I trust it will enable me to enjoy more of your society during my stay.
"Very truly yours,

'Percival Satterlee." That last is a fine stroke," said Satterlee to himself, smiling at his own

ingenuity, as he sealed and directed the missive. Halliday Hall presented a spirited scene on the following Thursday. Extensive preparations had been made and were now being perrected for the to jump, managed to pull it open with hunt breakfast which its hospitable owner had tendered to the members of the Meadowmere Hunt and his neigh- just time to pull it wide open as Rockbors. Halliday Hall was a spacious mansion, built very closely upon the lines of an English country house, and gate-post. Satterlee sat huddled up

the house party assembled there was in a heap holding on frantically to by no means a small one. Satterlee, his left arm supported in sing, was almost the last member of the house party to appear in the a narrow brook loomed up before them, breakfast room, where a large number of people were already assembled, cluding old Henderson, whose horse Many of them were dressed in the stumbled into it, and who was dragged regulation pink, all wore riding clothes some sort. Most of the women wore habits. The weather was propitious that he was throwned. and all the company were in high "I wonder of the car spirits with the prospect of a good run. mused Miss Halliday, apparently to Satterlee alone of all the men was not | herself. dressed for hunting, having donned a becoming golf suit. Middleton, who had brought his own horses down with

Satterlee was in a somewhat dismal Rocket's speed considerably. He H. of the Meadowmere hounds. humor, which he cleverly turned to jumped, swish—there was a splash—good account by telling everyone it was then a jar which Satterlee thought

ds with Fred Galloway, the M. F.

him, was eagerly talking horses and matter to a test.

would smash the cart to atoms—and they had cleared it. "Cood boy, Rocket," cried Miss Halliday, encouragingly. "Steady, my Halliday, encouragingly. boy," as the cart fairly bounced and

swayed over the hard ground.
Satterlee had long since abandoned hope and resigned himself to silence and his fate. He gripped the side of the cart determinedly, a hard, set look on his pale face. The pace was getting faster and faster, and many of the horsemen were dropping behind. Now a light post and rail fence loomed up, leading out into the road. One by one the horsemen, led by the huntsman and by Fred Galloway, the M.F.

H., popped lightly over it.
"It looks pretty rotten," said Miss
Halliday cheerfully and Satterlee closed ed his eyes. Smash, bang! Splinters flew in every direction and somehow or other they had gotten throught it and was galloping along a sort coun-

By great good luck the hounds, who were now closing rapidly upon their fox, had taken the same line, and Satterlee breathed easier. "Hurrah!" cried Miss Halliday, looking around, "we are leading the field." True enough the hounds had made a turn which gave them an advantage over

the horsemen.

Now they were almost with the hounds, who were running in the field near the road, and Miss Halliday was standing up in the cart cheering them. Rocket, big slashing fellow that he was, began to show signs of fatigue, but still kept up a fast pace.

"They're turning," cried Miss Halliday, as she pulled Rocket round sharply and entered a field through a gap in the fence. "There he goes—there's the fox. Don't you see him?"

she cried excitedly.

Away they went, bumping over tufts of grass, stones, and stumps of trees.

Now a hedge, with a small ditch presented itself and was negotiated in

some miraculous way.

They were now in the same fields with the hounds and Reynard was only a few yards ahead of them. The horsemen, who had lost ground by the turning of the scent, were gaining on them rapidly.
"They will kill him in a minute. Go

on Rocket, go on," cried Miss Halliday, and suddenly they came upon another post and rail fence. try it," she said composedly. Satterlee closed his eyes. There was a shock, a out to look up their horses, which were tremendous jar, and he felt himself being walked to and fro on the lawn. flying through space. Then came unconsciousness.

When he came to he found himself covert, where a fox was reported to be in hiding. Soon the whole field was astir, and Miss Halliday sent for her lying in the bottom of a light wagon, being driven back to Halliday Hall. "Where-where is Miss Halliday?" he asked in a confused way. "Was she Satterlee's heart sank within him, as very much hurt?"

"Not a bit of it, old man," promptly returned Tom Withers, a fellow-guest at Halliday Hall, who was sitting beside the driver. "Far from it. She was given the brush, and is being driven home by Dick Middleton, not a bit the worse for her adventure."

At Halliday Hall that night an important announcement was made-the engagement of Miss Diana Halliday to Dick Middleton. And Percival Sat-teriee was the first to congratulate the lucky man, an act which he performed, it may be mentioned, without the slightest inward pang of jealousy or regret .-- Alfred Stoddart, in the Crit-

INDEPENDENT **NEWSPAPERS**

[St. Thomas Journal.] The newspaper that claims to be independent is becoming a feature of Canadian journalism, and not the most pleasing feature either. Its self-confessed mission is to applaud what is good in either party and condemn what In its infallible judgment does not meet the requirements of the country. As it is easier to pull down than to build up, and easier to appear clever as a critic, than an eulogist, it generally ends by pulling to pieces public men and matters, leaving its eulogies for a favored two or three, who, in some way, real or fancied, have gained its approbation. The newspaper that gives an independent support to a party is more or less responsible for its utterances, and it gets them in part from the men employed to do the thinking for the nation. The so-called independent sheet has no responsibility. It is like the man who stands on the street corner and shouts, content to get a hearing, no matter at what cost or for what reason. The independent wished himself safe out of the ad- party paper has the joint opinions of the greatest men in the country to aid its own ideas. The "independent" club—anywhere but where he was. aid its own ideas. The independent Presently a shout was heard. The fox is governed by the freaks or prejudices. of an individual. The Toronto Telegram is one of this peculiar ilk. The had broken cover, and the apparently man who evolves its ideas has discovered that no good can come out of Hon. Clifford Sifton. Every time the editorial ideas come slow it unloads more abuse on the head of the man who has been so unfortunate as to incur its displeasure. It figures him altogether vile, at one time the weak tool of unhanging on to his bridle, was making violent efforts to throw himself over scrupulous corporations, and again, almost in the same breath, an able, scheming politition who can successfully bend the entire cabinet to his imimploring Miss Halliday to get out perious will. It would be interesting to

eyes lighting on the recently created cur the enmity of this journal. Probably he stopped his subscription. But the Telegram has its likes as to the two onlookers who had rushed well as dislikes. Hon. N. Clarke Wallace can do no wrong. Neither can Hon. William Mulock. The rest of the the whip, Rocket made one dash for men now before the public must be possessed of simply negative virtues and faults, for they figure very little in

know what Mr. Sifton ever did to in-

its columns. So it is with other so-called independent papers. They pick their favorites, enthrone them and ask the public to fall down and worship them; always, of course, taking care to provide something to abhor as well. The main difference between the party and the "independent" journal seems to be that the public helps to select those to receive favorable attention from the former and the editor or proprietor does the choosing for the latter. Anyone can see which would be the easier influenced by designing persons.

THE MANUFACTURE OF NICKEL. Makers have succeeded in electrodepositing nickel plates 20 by 30 inches in eize and % to 1/2 of an inch thick, which are so tough and elastic that it is very difficult to chisel the metal; and the shearing of plates more than one-twenty-fifth of an inch in thick-ness is as troublesome as the manipulation of so much tempered steel. It is an important fact, also, that these plates, ordinarily, will neither break under the hammer or crack under the punch. The greater portion of the output of pure nickel is used in making nickel steel and German silver, and the rest cast into anodes for nickel-platers.

The value of the platinum and palladium contained in the Canadian ore annually mined is more than \$30,000. A part of this the electrolytic process saves, and it will soon be placed on the market.

The value of the world's product of metallic nickel and nickel oxide in 1897 exceeded, it is said, \$1,300,000.—T. Ulke, in the Engineering Magazine for De-

Conservative Leader Discusses the Church of England Troubles.

Pleads for a Broad and Tolerant Sympathy-Protestantism in No

In a recent speech at Bristol, Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Conservative leader in the Commons, touched on the ritualistic controversy in the Church of Eng-

land. He said in part: "Let us not diminish, or attempt to diminish, the variety of ritual permit-ted to the English Church. Let us not try to diminish it, but let the clergy, who have the power in their hands, take care that in the complexion of the services which they give to their congregations they consider, not merely bare letter of the law, not merely the limits within which prosecution is impossible, but also what is best suited to meet the wants, satisfy the tastes, and accord with the traditions of the congregations with whom they are connected. (Cheers.) I confess that I look, and I believe the nation looks in this-I hardly like to use the word 'crisis,' but I think it is not too strong—in this crisis of the fortune of the English Church I look to the courage and to the discretion of the Episcopal bench. (Cheers.) To them we have a right to look. They have large powers given to them by ecclesiastical and by civil law, by the law of the church and by the law of the state, and I am convinced that the wise, discreet and courageous use of these powers will tide us over all existing difficulties. I do not minimize the arduous character of the task which lies before them. They may be pressed on one side by those who are animated, not merely, perhaps, by a desire to see that the law should be obeyed, but by a strong objection felt to opinions from which they differ, but opinions which have as great a right to be within the limits of the English Church as the opinions they hold themselves. On the other hand, it may be, I am afraid in some cases it is true, that there are an obstinate few of the clergy who are oblivious of the obedience which they owe towards the bishop, who are, perhaps, not single-minded members of the church to which they belong—(hear, hear)—and who do not look at the matter with the eye of a churchman who believes that the history of the English branch of the universal church during the last 400 years is a glorious history, and that the church is worthy of the most loyal and devoted service. (Cheers.) I am convinced that between these two opposing dangers the bishops will know how to steer their course, and it is not for me-(hear, hear)-and it is not for us-(hear, hear)-to give them advice as to what they should do. (Hear, hear.) But we, the Protestant laity of this country, have also our responsibilities. (Cheers.) We are Protestants—(cheers) and the name is connected with noble associations in the past. (Cheers.) It is associated with the reform of doctrine, with the reform of ritual, with the reform of morals. The work done under its banners has done, I think, immeas-surable service for intellectual enlightenment, and for civil freedom. (Cheers.) heard elsewhere that there are some who suppose that these great results are in danger. Fear not. (Cheers.) These results are beyond the touch of

ands, in any danger-(cheers)-our bus-

iness is to see that no injury happens

to the church to which we belong.

(Cheers.) Let us see to it that in our

efforts to maintain Protestant doctrine

in which we believe we are misled by

no panic fear, no narrow pedantry, and

that we approach the consideration of

topics so vital to the unity of our

church with the charity which ought

to exist between its members, with the

spirit of enlightenment and compre-

hension which has always been a char-

teristic forever-(cheers)-that we ap-

proach, I say this question in a spirit

which will not endanger these great in-

terests, and which must have for one

of its characteristics a broad, sympa-thetic, and a tolerant sympathy with

the opinions of those even from whom we disagree the most." (Loud cheers.)

OPENING OF THE FILIPINO CON-

At last, to the sound of the national

march, the delegates moved in a body

to the door and then back again, di-

undersized and very insignificant, came

marching down, bearing an ivory stick

Mounting the chancel steps, Aguinaldo

took the middle seat beside the table, the acting secretary of the interior took the place on his right, and a general

occupied the carved chair on his left.

Without any formal calling to order,

the secretary rose and read the list of

delegates and sat down again. Then Aguinaldo stood up, and after the feeble

vivas had ceased, took a paper from his

pocket, and in a low voice, without ges-

tures and without emphasis, and in the

hesitating manner of a schoolboy, read

his message in the Tagalog language. Only once was he interrupted by vivas,

and that was when he alluded to the

GRESS

time or the effect of circumstances. (Hear, hear.) Our business is not so much to safeguard Protestantism, which he not, and cannot be, within these isl-

which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, Aug. 27, 1883. As the previous night wore on, the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the people of Batavia did not sleep that the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery acteristic of the English Church, and in their streets. which, please God, will be its charac-

morning, a stupendous convulsion took place, which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This huge effort it was which raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is 94 miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Monday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make search; they presently returned, as no ship

At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. with gold head and gold cord and tassels. A group of tall, fine-looking generals, and one or two dignitaries in Two steamers were hastily sent out to find what was the matter. The sounds had traveled all the way from the black accompanied him, and half-sur-rounded him as they walked along. Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969

miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not suffice to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise ever heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by noises like heavy cannonading. It was sometime afterward before they learned that their tranquilty had been disturbed by the grand events then transpiring at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.

three great free nations - England, that it keeps her busy speaking it.

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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PURE, HIGH GRADE

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France and America—as worthy models for imitation. He next read a purported translation in Spanish with even more difficulty, and when he had finished there was quite a round of cheers, proposed and led by the veteran general, Buencamino, for the president, the republic, the victorious army, and for the town of Malolos. Then Aguinaldo arose and declared the meeting adjourned until it should reassemble prepared to elect officers and to organize in the regular manner.-Harper's Weekly.

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If you are sick, ailing, and cannot I gather from the speeches that I have enjoy life, try one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound.

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and digestive organs. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggests, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2 50, or sent on receipt of price by The Dodd's Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto.