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TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

An Introduction to the Study of the Master by Charles and Mary Lamb.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Katharine, the Shrew, was the eldest

such an ungovernable spirit and flery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katharine the Shrew. that my Katharine may be fine; and It seems very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gent man would ever be found who would inture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was

much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Blanca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca. It happened, however, that a gentle-man, named Petruchio, came to Padua,

purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katharine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labor as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katharine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportm when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning, for his natural temper was careless and easy: the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katharine being but in sport, or more properly speaking, affected by his excellent dis-

come, in her own way, the passionate

ways of the furious Katharine. A-courting then Petruchio went to Katharine the Shrew; and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father. leave to woo his gen' e daughter Kar arine, as Petruchio alled her, saviarchly, that having neard of her bashful modesty and mild behavior, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her marriage, was forced to confess Katharine would ill answer this character, It being soon apparent of what n of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katharine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute, for presuming to find fault with her performance: which, when Petruchio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her;" and hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, Signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father; he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katharine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, aid half his estate at his death; so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio

o listen to his suit.

In the meantime Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said. "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word. I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katharine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her with "Good morrow, Kate, for that is your name, I hear," Katharine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully. "They call me Katharine who do speak to me," "You lie," replied the lover: "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and someimes Kate the Shrew; but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your

come to woo you for my wife.' A strange courtship they made of it. she in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the ame of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at ength, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a ossible), "Sweet Katharine, is idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry

aildness praised in every town, I am

And now Baptista entering Pet-ruchio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katharine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a madcap ruffian as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she

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The Wood Company. After Windsor, Ont., Canada. After Wood's Phosphodine sold in London by McCallum & Co. and Anderson & finery;" and to make her believe he

should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving; and he daughter of Baptista, a rich gentle-man of Padua. She was a lady of I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, kiss me, Kate, for we will be married

on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they aited long before Petruchio came, and Katharine wept for vexation to think that Petruchic had only been making that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared; but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katharine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his servant and the very horses on which they rode were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katharine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petruchio if Katharine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff, that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so. that the high-spirited Katharine trembled and shook with After the ceremony was over. cernment, as the only means to overwhile they were yet in the church, he health to the company, and threw a sep which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act, than that the sexton's heard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a mad marriage: but Petruchio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

> marriage feast, but when they returned from church, Petruchio, taking hold of Katharine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angly words of the enraged Katharine, could make him change his purto dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katharine off; he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable herse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted; they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his orden, as if he had been the most pa conate man alive.

At length, after a weary journey, during which Katharine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved she should have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petruchio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away; and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katharine, she might not eat meat that was not vell dressed. And when Kathaweary and supperless, retired to he found the same fault with the

throwing the pillows and bed-about the room, so that she orced to sit down in a chair, re if she chanced to drop asleep, was presently awakened by the voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of

his wife's bridal bed. The next day Petruchio pursued the course, still speaking kind words to Katharine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with everything was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katharine, the haughty Katharine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petruchio, replied, dared not give her anything unknown he marry me to famish me? Beggars come to my father's door have food given them. But I, who never knew what it was to entreat for any thing, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me.' Here the soliloguy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio; he, not meaning she should be quite starved. brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, "How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose." He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katharine, made her say, though angered to the heart, "I pray you let it stand." But this was not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, "The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat." On this Katharine brought out a reluctant "I thank you sir." And now he suffered her to make a slender meal saying, "Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and cape and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and double change of

really intended to give her these gay tleman; the sun has so dazzled my things, he called in a tailor and a eyes, that everything I look on seemeth things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away, before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke;" on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying the cap was moulded in a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katharine said, "I will have a bigger. Katharine said, "I will have this; all gentlewoman wear such caps as these." "When you are gentle," replied Petruchio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katharine had eaten had a little revived her faller exists and chescients. vived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will. I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears." Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a janging argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it." "Love me, or love me not," said Katharine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none." "You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was that she should have neither cap or gown, found as much fault with that. "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? It is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make it according to the fashion of the times;" and Katharine said, she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the hab-erdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katharine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner time, for that it was but 7 o'clock. Now it was arly morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; there-fore Katharine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is 2 o'clock, and will be supper time before we get there." But Petruchio meant that she should be so completely subdued that she should assent to everything he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward. "For," said he, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go today, and when I go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." An-

for wine, and drank a loud other day Katharine was forced to practice her newly-found obedience, and now till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection, that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to new commander-in-chief in India. He cessible to information and opin Baptista had provided a sun ptuo hint it was the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." then made as if he were going back again; but Katharine, no longer Kath-He claimed a husband's right arine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please, and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth. I vow it shall be so for me." This he was resolved to prove therefore he said again. "I say, it is the moon." "I know it is the moon," replied Katharine. lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petru-'Then it is the blessed sun,' chio.

> is young and loveable nowadays, but she is at the threshold of the time of rheumatism, lumbago and SHE SHOULD KNOW that there is one sure and true and speedy cure for them, giving relief almost the instant the first spoonful is taken, and driving out the last of the disease in one to three days. Great South American matic Cure Miss M. C. Kennedy, Toronto, my feet on the floor and could not obtain relief from the doctor who attended me. Shortly after taking it I recovered completely. THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE is invaluable to women especially. Relieves pain in urinary organs in six hours, and effects a cure, a per-manent cure, very quickly.

replied Katharine; "but sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you

will have it named, even so it is, and

so it ever shall be for Katharine." Now then he suffered her to proceed

on her journey; but further to try if

this yielding humor would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met

on the road as if he had been a young

woman, saying to him, "Good morrow,

gentle mistress;" and asked Katharine

if she had ever beheld a fairer gentle-

the old man's cheeks, and comparing

his eyes to two bright stars; and

again he addressed him, saying, "Fair

lovely maid, once more good day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet

Kate. embrace her for her beauty's

sake." The now completely vanguished

Katharine quickly adopted her hus-

band's opinion, and made her speech

in like sort to the old gentleman, say-

ing to him, "Young budding virgin,

you are fair, and fresh and sweet;

not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not

a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katharine said, "Pardon me, old gen-

A Woman of Forty-five

green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father; I hope you will pardon me for my sad mistake." "Do, good old grandsire." said Petruchio. "and tell us which way you are traveling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way."

The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucation of the control of the contr Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy, by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleas-antly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katharine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and

there was also another newly married Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him; for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katharine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all." "Well," said Petruchio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katharine; and they proposed a wager of 20 crowns, but Petruchio merrily said, would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but 20 times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to 100 crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said. "Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come." "How," said Petruchio, 'does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer in a for a wife?" Then they laughed at will. him, and said, it would be well if came Katharine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's Katharine the shrew, but as turn to send for his wife; and he said duteous wife in Padua.

low were responsible for them.

to his servant, 'Go, and entreat my wife to come to me." "Oh ho! en-treat her!" said Petruchio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." "I am afraid. sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, "How now! Where is my wife?" "Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says, you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her." "Worse and worse!" said Petruchio: and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my halidame, here comes Katharine!" and she entered, saying meekly to Petruchio, "What is you will, sir, that you send for me?" "Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katharine replied, "They sit conferring by the parlor fire." "Go, fetch them hither!" said Petruchie. Away went Katharine without reply to perform her husband's command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you talk of a wonder." "And so it is," said Hortensio; "I marvel what it bodes." "Marry, peace it bodes," said Petruchio, "and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and, to be short, womanly persuasion. Katha-And Katharine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore, as Katharine the Shrew, but as

Dervish, which is saying a good deal. down I went, and after diligent search discovered a second wire cunningly laid under the bush and sedges. As I was about to ride back I saw a steamer pushing off, and asked the young engineer officer on board what he sonal instructions from Kitchener to

'Are you going to bring up Gen. X. for this campaign? I once asked him. under his arm; to think of his being 'No, I don't think so,' Kitchener re- dependent on the good-will of an illplied; he is doing very well where he conditioned ferryman in the passage of is, and on my staff he always makes an unfordable river is not an idea that whither are you going, and where is whither are you going, and where is a channel. "K.tchener hated channels, hated any of so fair a child." "Why, how now, strait-waistcoat which hampered and of mind on the eve of a battle was not confined him, and here is an instance. This same X. had been very well brought up, and he liked to issue a sealed pattern daily order which was Lord Kitchener's bloodthirstiness. "I anathema to Kitchener, and the more as it was quite unnecessary when the army was all under his hand, and orders were best conveyed verbally. However, X was so importunate that at last out of sheer weariness Kitchener dictated an order, and X., full of If he could have been induced to issue a new and blissful sense of importance, hurried off to get it duly copied, registered, duplicated, sealer, and delivered in the good old style. Meanwhile Kitchener strolls out, and accidentally meets Broadwood, his cavalry commander. 'Oh, Broadwood.' says Kitchener, in that soft and almost deprecating drawl which some of his subordinates could mimic to the life, 'will you kindly take four squadrons and a couple of guns and push on 40 miles to clear up the situation, and start in half an hour.' 'Very good, sir,' says Broadwood, who was a man of few words. As the cavalry were jingling out of camp X. comes out of his tent with his orders hot from the press, and meets them. 'Where are you off to?' exclaims X. Mutual explanations follow, when it is found that Kitchener's verbal orders are entirely different from those he

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St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

everything that is sweet and happy."
Katharine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair befall thee, son Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I will add another 20,000 crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed, as if she had never been." "Nay," said Petruchio. "I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience." Katharine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, "See where she comes, and brings your forward wives as prisoners rine, that cap of yours does not become you; off with that bauble, and throw it under foot." Katharine instantly took off her cap, and threw it "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too said, "Fie, what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty, were as foolish, too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me 100 crowns since dinner time "The more fool you," said Bianca. "for laying on my duty." "Katharine," said Petruchio, "I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And to the wonder of all present, the reformed, shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience, as she had practiced it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruchio's

"A Staff Officer" writes in Black- | tent, and thenceforth gave up the issue wood's Magazine for December, one of the daily order as a hopeless task."
of those intimate sketches of men and
With all his aloofness and selfthings which are characteristic of sufficiency, Kitchener had one excellent custom, in the Sudan—he lived is full of good things, and is obviously "in one mess with the whole of his written by an officer who has enjoyed unique opportunities for studying the men altegether, and was always acremembers meeting Viscount Kitchener all sorts. He was thereby placed in in 1897 and asking him when The close touch with that strange, uncanny Event—the reconquest of the Sudan— Will-o'-the wisp, the spirit of the was due to happen. "Thirteen months army, which some generals who live hence," was the answer. "Thirteen too much apart from and above their months! That is a long time to wait." men never count with and never un-"Yes, it is," said Kitchener; "but remember that some of us have been waiting for it for thirteen years." "A man ever kept his own counsel better Staff Officer" attributes ne gift of the same time, "no man ever kept his own counsel better than Kitchener when fighting was overcoming apparently insuperable afoot; there was never any leakage of difficulties which the Sirdar's officers information, because there was never possessed in such a marked degree in any information to leak. Once when the Sudan campaign, very largely to the enemy threatened our line of comthe unbending severity with which he munications I expressed some anxiety treated all failures, whether high or about our wires, which were laid, for "A all the world to see, as a ground-line thing was ordered; it had to be done, along the desert, glistening in the sun and consequently it was done; no ex- and bearing a meaning even to a cuses prevailed for an instant . . . Much of Kitchener's success was no Kitchener told me to ride down to the doubt due to his wise choice of the river bank and say if I felt happier; tools he used-they really were tools rather than men; and no finer body of young fellows ever wore sword and slaved for him, day after day, in those God-forsaken, sand-swept wastes. But no one knows, no one perhaps will ever fully know, the extent to which about; it turned out that he had per-Kitchener was implored, beseeched, cajoled by the highest in the land to lay a third line of telegraph on the woman, praising the red and white of employ A or B or C on his staff, or other bank of the Nile, and no one in anywhere. Kitchener was adamant to the army but the chief and this young such requests . . . No general has officer had wind of the matter. Assurever been more entirely independent of ance was made not doubly, but trebly the help of those immediately around him; not one of his tools was indissure. "I always feel a confidence amountpensable, nor even a dozen of them, ing to certainty that when Kitchener

though many did not realize the fact. arrives on the bank of the Styx he will saunter up with a Berthon boat the least like that of most generals, according to "A Staff Officer," who lends no color to the popular view of think he looked on a battle as a necessary but exceedingly vulgar and noisy brawl, and that the intellectual part of him always regretted when he could not strangle or starve the enemy out without a crude appeal to brute force. an order for the battle, it would have read somewhat as follows if it had come from his heart: Here you are, O troops! and there is your enemy. I have clothed you, fed you, cared for you, placed you in the most advantageous tactical and strategical position possible, so now please go and fight it out, and let me know when it is ail over.' He knew his fighting generals and trusted them, and his trust was never misplaced; and if he is not the hawk-eyed battle-chief that Wellington was, he is this much the more, that he places his own men in positions where they cannot lose, and the enemy in positions where they cannot win. Can anyone ask for more?" Lord Kitchener enjoyed some marvelous escapes in the Sudan; he never

seems to have had much thought for his personal safety. "The Atbara was a stiff fight, and rather a dangerous dictated, and poor X. went back to his fight to boot, for at one moment everybody who held a rifle, friend and foe alike, was firing towards every point of the compass. Into that hell Kitchener rode almost alone, and quite unarmed, holding up his hand to stop the firing, and offering pardon to the still living remnant of the vanquished. who rushed out from trench and hut to throw themselves and their arms at his feet, as though recognizing the master spirit, and seeking safety under his shadow. Yet there were some who did not hesitate to accuse him afterwards of every crime against humanity, and I recall that scene and wonder at the little wisdom and less justice of his worthless detractors." "A Staff Officer" records a curious instance of the manner in which the eternal

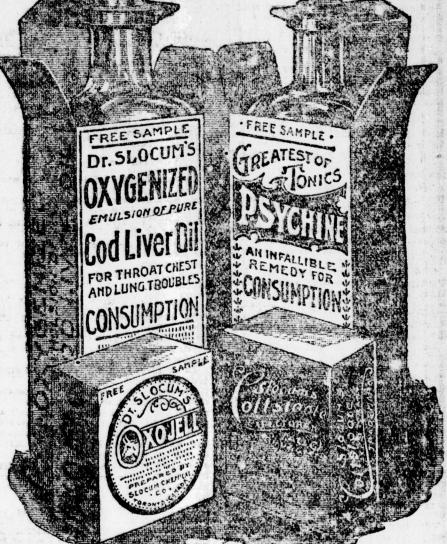
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camp and placed himself between zine. Mahmud and the Nile, settled himself Manmud and the Miles from his foe, and down twenty miles from his foe, and waited. No matter which line of advance the Dervishes selected, they were bound to be met, bound to be fought. But to most of us the one consuming dread through all these long days of waiting was that Mahmud should escape, up the Atbara or back across the desert the way he had come, for both roads were absolutely open to him. At last I mentioned our fears the schief. They dare not so back all right.

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calculations, "When Mahmud marched ner had not studied the Dervish at to the Atbara Kitchener raised his home for nothing .- Blackwood's Maga-

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all right.

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the manner in which the eternal to face their women.' It was perfectly feminine entered into Lord Kitchener's true and perfectly just." Lord Kitche
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