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One Thousand prominent physicians have testified to this fact. Read what Professor of Medicine, France (Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Bordeaux) writes: "Hunyadi János is indisputably the best laxative, it is admirably tolerated by the stomach, it acts without giving rise to intestinal irritation, and it, besides, deserves its universal popularity."

Nature's Remedy for the cure of

CONSTIPATION.

Disordered Stomach, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

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"OUR INDIANS" AGAIN.

miniscences for The Advertiser by Rev. W. W. Smith.

The Indian, in his natural wild state, something like the dog Rab, celebrated by the witty Dr. John Brown—life is a serious thing to him; he has just got enough of "feetini" and he would be hard to tell what state he would be in our natural wild state, as seen among our Gothic ancestors, two thousand years ago. But

Indian, once tamed and civilized, takes things very seriously, and gives a whole mind to his circumstances. There to get his bread and pork for day engrosses his utmost stretch of attention. A college-bred Indian said once—once and said it very sadly—There are very few of us here, who try to do anything in the way of improving ourselves. And I do believe the poor fellow, who died a year or two afterwards, placed away with disappointed hopes. Poor Charles Keech! Improvements come, but they have, in most cases, to be forced upon him from without.

An Indian will draw you a good local "map" of any part of the country he has been in; but the course seems all straight to him, which you find very crooked. For instance, fifty years ago, we shall suppose an Indian going in his canoe from the mouth of Niagara River to Toronto. He would call in at "Twelve Mile Creek" (Port Dalhousie, which the Indians reckoned twelve miles from Niagara), and camp a while and have something to eat. Then he would pass the "Fifteen" and the "Twenty" (Jordan), and if he made the

"Forty" by night (Grimsby), he had done exceedingly well. So he would keep on, outside the bar at Hamilton, and work on along the northern shore of Ontario to Toronto Bay. But if he made you a map of it, he would have made the course all in a straight line! The distances he would give you by "word of mouth" all correct. The Indian, perhaps, imagines he is going in a straight course; but it seems impossible, as I have seen when canoeing with them, for an Indian to go straight, as a white man would, from one headland to another. He must follow the trend of the shore; and he never likes to be very far from it.

An Indian knows how to be diplomatic. In company with a missionary, I once had an interview with a dignified old Indian, whose brother was "Second Chief"—vice-president of the small republic to which he belonged. He was just finishing off a batch of three or four canoes (probably for sale). A "two-fathom" canoe is for one man; a "three-fathom" canoe will carry two or three. And they measure them with their outstretched arms, in the original way of "fathoming." The missionary wanted to know of "Green Feather" for that was his name, when they would not like to have a teacher sent them, so that their children would be taught to read and to know about the Great Spirit. "Yes, he thought that was good; and when his brother and the other Indians returned

to camp, he would tell them, and they would hold a council over it and let us know." Having succeeded so well, the missionary ventured a little farther and asked Green Feather "If he himself would not like to become a Christian, and worship only the Great Spirit?" Here he was diplomatic: "He did not think it was best for him to say anything about that. If his brother, the second chief, was here, he might say something about it; but when his brother was not here, he did not think it was best to say anything about it." These, as near as possible, were his words, as given to us by the young Indian interpreter we had with us.

An Indian has his own idea of politeness. He will not trouble you by knocking at your door, but just walk in with his moccasined feet. He has learned handshaking, and he greets you with his "Bu-zul" which he thinks—as it is not an Indian word—it is his way of pronouncing the ungrammatical "Bon jour" of the Quebec French, from whom—that is, the French traders—he got the term. I once heard an Indian chief make a missionary speech to a white audience. They soon tired of it, and the Indian saw that, and shouted, "We want shuniah; that's good English; you all understand that." "Shuniah" is their word for silver or specie. Another word in very common use is "squib-bae," which means drunk. And it means the drink that brings drunkenness. It is their way of pronouncing "uisquebaugh" (whisky), which word he got from the Gaelic servants of the old Hudson's Bay Company.

When the present King was in Canada 41 years ago, and was at Collingwood, John Thomas Wahbatiek, son of an Ojibwa chief, was anxious to send some memorial to the (then) Prince of Wales, complaining of the Indian Department at Ottawa had done. He was not very sober—he had a weakness that way—and somebody called out to him, "You're squib-bae!" It seemed to startle him a little, but he tried to throw it off by pointing to this one and that one, and saying, "Me not squib-bae! That man squib-bae!" At all which the Prince was greatly amused. Some four years after, I met the old chief, his father, who only spoke English imperfectly. We had a conversation with few words, but a good deal of pantomime. "Where—John Thomas?" "Fergus." "John Thomas—drink?" (Going through the motion of tipping up the little finger), "Oh," said the old man, with unutterable disgust, "Oh, all-time, Ten-year."

Nearly one thousand vessels are lost annually.

THE MASK AND LYRE.

THE STAGE VILLAIN.

The villain of old had the slippery smile of a cat, and a venomous style. And he chewed all his r's and he gnashed all his d's. And Oh! do you mind how the awful smile would shiver a fit of melodious chills. And give you a sudden sick feel in your middle. When he found the last of the old villain's will? And Oh! do you mind the tableau at the close. When everyone sneered at the villain's last cursing. As he was led off in a violent pose. By supercilious men who needed rehearsing?

Now a poor cast of mere "moral degenerates," sinking through villainies, plays in his part. Since the new "gods," whom the realist venerates. Called for cheap commonplace in exact art—Called for a whimpering, shame-faced buffoon. White-livered rogue with a black-and-tan heart.

Musical horrors can't goseefish the gallery. In the "dark scenes" of the villain to-day. He is a stock exchange gull, whose small salary Drove him to stealing to cover his play—Drove him to villainy, though he would fill any honest position that promised more pay.

Gone are the villain's last blood-curdling sentences—Gone when these new psychopaths began—Quite superseded by fifth-act repentances. After the luscious problem-play. Gone with the masterful dark and dissonant. Give you your money's worth, bold, bold man!

—H. J. O'Higgins.

Is it not time that the Opera House orchestras in this city gave the theater patrons something different from the line of music which has been handed out this season, and for that matter for several seasons back, from the orchestra pit? With so much good music in the world, why should those who cannot leave the theater between acts be compelled to listen to what is for the most part the cheapest and most commonplace output of a music-pandering only to a perverted public appetite for ragtime and similar trash. When Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Schumann's "Flower Song," and fifty other compositions as sweet and ennobling as can be heard with never-fading delight by Buffalo and Detroit, not to speak of larger centers, they should be good enough for the enjoyment of London playgoers. Then there are the ever-popular overtures, such as Thomas "Raymond," Wallace's "Maritana," Rossini's "William Tell," and the well-known operas like "Il Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," from which to draw. They are all numbers which even the most frequent rendition cannot cause to pall upon the musical palate. Lastly, there is an abundant supply of orchestra material in the selections from light and comic operas which have appeared in London. These cannot fail to catch the popular taste in a way which accords to comic opera an unstinted patronage which it owes to other lines of dramatic offerings. At the band concert, month by the month, the numbers rendered was no one of the numbers rendered was more enjoyed than the selections from the tuncful "Geisha." This is only one case in point, and it could be multiplied many times. The local orchestras possess both the musicians and the instruments; all they need is the music to give an orchestra something which will be appreciated at its full value by audiences which are as full of critical and exacting in their musical tastes as in their dramatic tastes.

In this connection it might not be out of place to ask why the musical programme for each evening's performance could not be printed on the playbill. It is done in other cities, it has been done in London, and it was done on the playbill of the opening attraction at the Grand Opera House. It should not be a difficult matter to accomplish, and it would be appreciated by those members of the audience who are genuinely interested in the musical programme to desire to learn the names of compositions unfamiliar to them or which they know what of the favorite numbers they may expect to hear during the evening.

If any stagestruck maidens in London gazed with envious eyes upon the beautifully-gowned chorus girls in "Dolly Varden" last week, and wished to change places with them, it might prove a salutary lesson to them to learn from a member of the profession something of the conditions of the life which they are about to enter. In the first place, before obtaining an engagement, the chorus girls may be idle during the summer season anywhere from two weeks to three months. Idleness in New York with a weekly board bill of \$5 to \$12, is anything but a welcome experience. The coveted engagement weeks of the hardest kind of physical exertion, in the shape of daily rehearsals, lasting, in many cases, far longer than the general tale of working hours per day. No pay is given for rehearsals, therefore the board bill is still a disquieting source of expenditure with no counterbalancing revenue. Once on the road the chorus girl enters into the enjoyment of the munificent salary of \$18 or \$20. Out of this she must pay her daily hotel and traveling expenses. Her round-trip ticket is provided for, but sleeping and dining-car expenditures she must foot herself. Add to this the frequent imposition of fines, and owing to caprice or even worse motives on the part of an unscrupulous manager, and it will be seen that the chorus girl is hardly likely to be a round-shouldered figure from carrying an excessive roll of greenbacks around with her. Last of all, should the production fail to please the public, the chorus girl is once more idle, and there follows the same heart-wrecking experience of engagement-hunting and rehearsing. But the board-bill is not idle for a minute.

The author of the play is of no interest to the average auditor, remarks a writer in *Albion's Magazine*. How

Notes on the Plays and Their Players.

Gossip of the Stage and Platform.

many people can recall the name of the author of "Lord and Lady Algy" compared to the number that have dotted over Faversham, that comical Robert Marshall, the man that wrote "A Royal Family?" And as for Clyde Pitch, when he had four plays running at one time in New York, all the papers could deliver about him was hysterical gush at the indescribable luxury of the house built from the profits of his plays. And Pinner, whose work has attracted the notice of all European and American critics? How obscure a man is he? Not long ago a certain senator of national fame attended a performance of "The Magistrate." The comedy amused him a little, and as the curtain was let down on the second act the senator looked up the name of the playwright on his programme. Then he turned to his companion and inquired quietly, "Who is this man Pinner?"

THEATRICAL TITTLE-TATTLE.

Viola Allen is next season to be seen in a dramatization of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." Last week she received an autograph copy from the author.

Hope Booth, a former Toronto girl, who in later years has been particularly noted for high art in the way of living pictures, is disatisfied with wedded life and in a suit for divorce also asks alimony and counsel fees.

Ramsay Morris has written a play of Indiana life entitled "Ninety-and-Nine." The story was suggested by the Ira D. Sankey hymn of the same name. Frank McKee has contracted to produce it in New York, Act. 6, 1902.

Ada Rehan has made plans for a brief tour this season. She will open sometime during the winter and at the conclusion of the tour she will go to San Francisco, where she proposes to play a long engagement as a stock star.

Leslie Stuart, the composer of "Florodora," has come to America and last week had the first opportunity of seeing how Americans enjoy his compositions. Stuart is best known in Canada as the composer of the popular "Soldiers of the Queen."

Maudie Adams began her tour last Friday night in Toledo, Ohio, in her new play "Quality Street." It is the work of J. M. Barrie, the author of "The Little Minister." Miss Adams is going to subject it to quite an extensive process of making it on the dog before taking it to New York.

Realism in the mounting of plays has reached the outer limit. For example, the furniture used in the "Kean" and "Shannon" plays, "The Mayor," or that scene of it representing the drawing-room in the home of Lord Stauford, is hand-carved English oak, upholstered in tapestry of the Louis XIV. period.

There has been no cessation of legal complications about "Fedora" and "Cleopatra" since the death of Fanny Davenport. Only last week George Davenport, the dead actress's husband, filed an application for an injunction in St. Paul to restrain Clarence M. Bruce from producing the Davenport version of the play.

Angela Bingham in seeking a successor to her play, "The Climbers," has uncovered a new play writer in the person of Genevieve Greville Haines. Mrs. Haines has written a play called "Hearts Affaire," founded upon a short story that appeared in the Smart Set. The new author is the wife of Robert Haines, now Mrs. Fiske's leading man.

Nellie O'Neill, the vivacious little acrobatic dancer, seen here in "A Female Drummer," and who was mentioned in connection with a pugilist's divorce suit some time ago, was married two weeks ago. The bridegroom was Billy B. Van, the comedian. The happy couple have been associated in "The Devil's Daughter."

Anna Held's new musical comedy, "The Little Duchess," is being subjected to changes by Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven, who are responsible for the piece. Miss Hall's role included the impersonation of a Paris gamine, necessitating her appearing in ragtime and attire.

"Joan of the Sword Hand," in spite of its promising title and most alluring adventures, is evidently not doing for its star, Blanche Walsh, who started out in Toronto two weeks ago with it as her vehicle, has given it up. She now has secured "Nadje," a play written by Maurice Barrymore some

COUNTED OUT.

Few people can understand the feelings of the pugilist as he is being counted out. He hears the seconds ticked off. He struggles to rise, but struggles in vain. He has lost the fight.

There are some who are making a losing fight for life that can appreciate those whose lungs are diseased. With every tick of the watch, they know that they are being counted out. The great question is how can a quick rally be made to continue the fight. That question have found a satisfactory answer in the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures bronchitis, obstinate, deep-seated coughs, hemorrhage, night-sweats, emaciation, and other conditions which neglected or unaided nature would find a fatal termination in consumption.

"When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mr. John I. Keed, of Jefferson, Jefferson Co., Ark., "I was very low with a cough, and would at times spit up blood. I was not able to do any work at all. I took it and my head was clear. The first bottle I took did me so much good that I had faith in it and continued to take it. I had twelve bottles. Now I do not look like a sick man like the same man as I was a year ago. People would not believe me if I said I did not think I could live. I can thankfully say that I am entirely cured of a disease from which I was once near my death. I would have died."

There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which, no "just as good" medicine can show. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

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It's the Range that others try to equal and claim their's is just as good. Happy Thought Ranges are sold by all the best stove dealers in Canada.

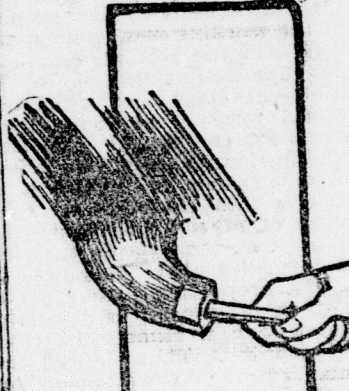
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years ago, and for which Sara Bernhardt secured the European rights.

It was a curious incident that led to the dramatization of the "Foxy Grandpa" pictures. Sydney Rosenfeld was making an attack on the prevailing tendency to adapt novels to the stage. He said someone ought to dramatize a picture, and he chose to dramatize the "Foxy Grandpa" pictures. Wm. A. Brady and Joseph Hart heard the speech, and the comedy that resulted is now achieving quite a success.

Klaw & Erlanger, after having spent a great deal of time persuading the dramatic Lew Wallace to permit the dramatization—if such it can be called—"Ben Hur" and a stage, are not going to let anybody else get any of the benefit, evidently. They have just moved to get an injunction in St. Cleveland courts to prevent W. S. Cleveland, the minstrel, from burlesquing "Ben Hur."

About as good evidence as one could expect of a star's personal triumph in a poor play is the experience of the "San Toy" company playing "Janice Meredith." This play in its beginning was stamped as a bad piece of dramatic work, relieved by the charm of Miss Manners's portrayal of the heroine. Frank McKee, on the strength of the success of the Manners production, but has started out another company, but has closed it because of unsatisfactory business.

A curious reversal of opinion seems to have taken place in New York regarding "Liberty Bells." Theatregoers who were startled by seminary girls in dormitory scenes have now recovered from the shock given by their blase nature, and are finding it instead of anything objectionable it is just a fetching and delightful bit of frolicsome fun without anything to even suggest a shock. The praises of the piece are now sounding.

Marie Celeste has been engaged by Edwin H. Price to play the title role in "San Toy." Miss Celeste was the original of this character in the American production. Paula Edwards has also been engaged for the part of Dudley. Miss Edwards will sing the latest song introduced in "San Toy" in London, "Cooche-Coo," a character conceit. She is expected to make a great hit with this number as she did with "Tish Society," in "The Runaway Girl."

A new and naughty French farce has just been produced at the Palais Royal in Paris, it being called "Bichette." One writer, in a frenzy of adjectives, has characterized it as coarse, vulgar, suggestively silly, noisy and trashy. The theme is the everlasting one. A puritanical husband has a pretty wife in whose virtues he believes implicitly, whereas the matter of fact is that the wife has blinded her husband, and is indulging in all sorts of wicked liberties.

The lovers of dramatic art in Paris are just now in ecstasies over the Japanese "Merchant of Venice" that has just been produced there. The Sada Yacco-Otto Kawakami company, which appeared in this country a year ago, giving Shakespearian in Japanese, Sada Yacco, in her dainty, queer, deliciously artistic way, is said to portray Portia with splendid intellectual and suggestive sly, noisy and trashy. There has been no small outcry by the better class of theater-goers against those perverted minds that

see fit to jest at the clever little woman because she speaks a foreign tongue.

Season after season "Uncle Tom's Cabin" continues to be the most produced play. There are four companies touring now, though managers make a fine boast when they have a modern play which will make profits for two companies. Two companies are playing "Uncle Tom" in one and two-night stands through New York and Pennsylvania, while two others are traveling about the towns of the Middle West. The play is also being given by numberless repertoire companies.

The King and Queen of Roumania have just arranged a remarkable project. In every province of their dominion a theater is to be erected and the peasants given an opportunity of seeing the best plays available as often as twice a week. The first theater to be erected will be at the expense of the crown, and will be maintained by the others, which will be used principally for traveling. It will be erected and maintained partly by the expense of the crown and partly by private subscriptions. It is a praiseworthy work.

Remember a fifty cent bottle of Scott's Emulsion given in proper quantities will last a baby fifty days; a child six or seven, thirty days; and a child of ten or twelve, twenty days. It's a very economical medicine.

If the child is sickly, without appetite, it will nourish and bridge it over until it can take its usual food.

For delicate children without any real disease, it can be used with splendid results.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.

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A Terrible Case of Eczema

Powley's Liquified Ozone Works Miracles With Vincent O'Neill of Toronto.

He Was Treated in Michael's Hospital Without Improvement.



No. 1. Taken February 28, 1901, when suffering from Eczema.



No. 2. Taken June 12, 1901, cured by Powley's Liquified Ozone.

Vincent O'Neill, 108 Mitchell Ave., Toronto, Canada, a lad aged sixteen years, first came to the attention of our Toronto office about February 28, 1901. He was then suffering from an aggravated case of Eczema, (Lupus Erythematosus), involving the entire right side of the face, both eyes and lips. The affected parts were a mass of incrustated matter, discharging profusely, the appearance being so offensive that it was difficult to remain in the room with him. He reported as follows: The discharge began about the spring of 1899, and steadily became worse. He entered St. Michael's Hospital early in October, 1900, and remained there under treatment three months and a half, until January 27, 1901, without improvement, and was then discharged from the hospital. A month later he came to us.

Powley's Liquified Ozone was administered internally and as a local dressing in strength 1-4, gradually increasing to equal parts. The improvement was observed almost at once; the discharge gradually ceased the general health improved, and at the end of twelve weeks, his face was perfectly clear. He is now entirely well. The above photographs tell the tale better than mere words. We refer you to him.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STATEMENT.

That there may be no question that the photos numbered 1 and 2 are genuine and reproduce faithfully O'Neill's features before and after taking Powley's Liquified Ozone we present herewith the solemn declaration of Mr. Fred Micklethwaite, Photographer, 11 King Street, W., Toronto, that they are absolutely as he made them. They have not been retouched in any way and represent one and the same person, namely Vincent O'Neill.

Dominion of Canada, Province of Ontario, County of York, To Wit:

I, FRED MICKLETHWAITE, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Photographer, do solemnly declare that on or about the 28th day of February, 1901, the boy Vincent O'Neill was brought to my studio, and that photograph No. 1 is a correct portrait of the condition of his face at that time. That both the photos, Nos. 1 and 2, represent the same boy, and are not retouched in any way. I understand that his recovery is due solely to the use of Powley's Liquified Ozone, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

Declared before me at the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 5th day of Aug. in the year of our Lord, 1901.

WHAT HIS FOREMAN SAYS:

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Vincent O'Neill is in my employ and is the young man that was cured by Powley's Liquified Ozone. He is well and works every day, and is free from his former serious face trouble.

Signed, W. D. VARAY, Foreman, Gurney Foundry Co., Toronto.

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