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Paine's Celery Compound Astonishes Professional Men As Well As Plain Every-Day People.

As a Spring Medicine it Stands Without a Rival



No remedy ever brought before the civilized world has done so much for poor suffering humanity as Paine's Celery Compound. It has won the confidence of men of science, professional men, the most eminent legislators, and the ordinary people.

Paine's Celery Compound has been the crowning production of America's most eminent physician—Prof. E. E. Phelps, M.D.

Such a physician could only give what was worthy of his great and elevated character to suffering men and women. His best hours were devoted to the production of what is now known in every household as Paine's Celery Compound, or nature's food for the brain, nerves and blood.

Every day happy and cured people bear witness to the miraculous virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. Physicians themselves have acknowledged its wondrous powers after other agencies failed. It has snatched men and women from the grave, and given them new lives.

Reminiscences of Robert Browning.

[By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, in the Independent.]

I have heard Mr. Browning narrate two stories, both of them Eastern legends about King Solomon, which impressed me much. One was as follows:

I had been telling him the well-known Mohammedan myth, how Solomon, in his intense pride in the horses and chariots, which were a dubious and half-forbidden innovation among the adjuncts of Jewish royalty, had once been surprised in the midst of his review by the voice of the muezzin (Eastern legends are always perfectly indifferent about anachronisms) and the summons to the evening prayer. Not knowing how to attend in time to this religious duty, Solomon magnificently consecrated all his 40,000 horses to Allah and his service. In reward for this sacrifice, Allah presented him with a magic carpet, which would at a wish transport him to the person who sat upon it. Once, as Solomon was consulting with his Grand Vizier, Azazel, the magic carpet, and he had it transported him to the center of Arabia. No sooner had he gone than Azazel said to the King: "I looked at that man so closely because, having been bidden to summon his soul from the center of the great desert, I saw him, to my surprise, standing here with you."

Mr. Browning agreed that the legend was a magnificent illustration of the two truths, that no man can ever escape his destiny, and that often he fulfills it the more certainly by the very endeavor to escape it. "But," he added, "I have heard the legend in a far finer form. In this version the King and the Vizier were standing together on the topmost pinnacle of the temple, to which they had ascended by a vast flight of stairs. As they stood there talking, they often heard, as he came to the foot of the steps, he cast one glance upwards, and then that one glance both of them recognized the awful lineaments of the Angel of Death. He heard the King mount the steps, and then the terrified Vizier, borrowing the magic carpet, desired to be transported to the left summit of Caucasus. The angel ascended the steps and said to the King: "I have heard the legend of the King to take the soul of your Vizier from the top of Mt. Paros and I saw him here." He heard the King bowing his head and pointing with his finger, "He awaits thee on the highest peak of Caucasus."

The other legend was that of the death of King Solomon, which the late Lord Lytton heard from Mr. Browning, and clothed in magnificent verse, in his "Chronicles and Characters." The King had gone into the holy place to worship, and while he stood there, in his jeweled crown and in all the golden splendor of his royal robes, the finger

WOMAN AND THE WORLD

The Red Cross Organization in Japan.

Clara Barton's report of relief work in Turkey, under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, calls to mind what this humane organization is accomplishing in other parts of the world. It was my privilege when in Tokyo, a year ago last October, to visit the Red Cross hospital. Our party was fortunate in carrying a note of introduction to the medical director from Miss Asada, who had been educated in America, a graduate from Bryn Mawr College, and who speaks English very fluently.

The substantial brick buildings which constitute the hospital are placed in spacious grounds on the outskirts of the imperial city. Grassy lawns with numerous trees and shrubs adorn the grounds. Quite a large garden is devoted to the culture of herbs and plants that can be used in medicine. Through the corridors and in the wards the nurses were passing to and fro in their white cotton uniforms with the red cross conspicuous on the breast. Instead of the simple cap of our nurses these tiny Japanese women wore a towering white headdress with just a fringe of their glossy black hair visible. They invariably stopped and earnestly asked you to test the medicine they were giving you.

Six classes of patients are admitted. The first class pay three yen a day (equal to \$1.50 in our money), which gives them two rooms and a private nurse. They also have the privilege of bringing a friend with them, and so down, through diminishing grades, to the sixth class, who can pay nothing, and yet receive excellent care.

Everything was spotlessly clean. Even the kitchen could bear inspection. The operating rooms were brightly lighted and well ventilated, with raised seats for the students to watch the processes, and electric jets just over the operating table.

Indeed, the great establishment was well equipped with every appliance which modern surgery and science demand. Several large rooms on the second floor are furnished in foreign style, with carpets, curtains and tables. The sight of a chair is always most gratifying to the foreign guest, who finds it somewhat difficult in our costume, to sink gracefully upon the knees and sit upon the heels, while the inevitable tea and sweets are offered.

One of these apartments is where the empress is received on her visits to the hospital, and this room is adorned with a life-size portrait of Japan's beloved empress. Raising a fund for those patients who are unable to give any remuneration for services rendered is a favorite charity with the Japanese ladies of rank, and one hears of all sides stories of the kindly deeds of the empress. One incident was told me which only illustrates the true Japanese goodness, but shows of what the Japanese character is capable.

One day the empress was visiting the wards with several of the court ladies, and they came to a poor woman who was suffering from a malignant disease. One of the ladies put her handkerchief to her nose while the empress stopped to speak to the patient. She did not suppose that her action had been noticed, and the empress said nothing at the time, but she was very retentive. She proved her for her disregard of the feelings of the sick person, who would not have been so easily offended if she was the victim of an offensive disease.

Japanese are often called the Frenchmen of the East, with the implication that their exquisite politeness is simply an external veneer of fine manners. As far as my observation goes, however, there is a great deal of that delicate consideration for the feelings of others even among those who have not accepted Christianity.—Union Signal.

The High Hat.

Woman's headgear is just now receiving most flattering attention from legislative councils. High hat bills seem to be the fad of the season among our state and municipal lawmakers. A drastic law has passed the Colorado House providing for a penalty of \$10 for the first offense of wearing a high hat in a theater, and \$50 in aggravated cases. It was an occasion for much applause, we are told, when the vote of the three women representatives was cast in its favor. "It is strange," the New York Voice aptly remarks, "how wise legislators are at a hat and swallow a gin mill!"

But we cannot help being amused to notice that in this kind of "personal liberty" and "individual right," where anything so drastic as a "sumptuary law" is not to be for a moment tolerated, nobody has raised even a faint little war-whoop in view of the fact that women are now under strict orders to wear hats as tight as the "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and whereabout shall we be" motto. It is the power of the law, the invasion of the "liberty of the subject." After this anything is possible.

What Is Curry?

As the use of curry has often been mentioned in the various recipes which have found their way into this department from time to time, several young housewives have decided that they will find out, if possible, just what curry is, and have written, collectively, requesting a description of its growth and preparation.

Curry is a vegetable; rather, curries are. It is anise, coriander, sunnith, mustard, poppy seeds, allspice, almonds, asafoetida, ghee, and salt. Chilli berries, cinnamon, cloves, the coconut, coconut milk, oil, cardamom, fenugreek seeds, an Indian nut, cannot spell, garlic, onion, ginger, lime juice, vinegar, mango, mangoes, nutmeg, pepper, saffron, salt, tamarind and turmeric. Rather a long list, but it is claimed that all these ingredients really find their way into a certain mixture, which is our well-known curry. All these are pounded together and dried in an oven or in the sun.

When bottled, it is the powder which comes to us as Indian curry. Now, is it not worth admitting the wit and skill that have brought together such a number of ingredients, and out of them have evolved an article so entirely different from each, and in which there is not one elementary trace?

In India curry is produced at first hand. Different provinces vary the ingredients and the proportions, brought together, the ladies of Madras and the ladies of Calcutta would prob-

ably compare recipes, each, of course, with her own preferences, as do the ladies of Philadelphia and Baltimore on the steaming of terrapin, and the ladies from New Orleans and Charleston over the boiling of rice. In one province coriander seeds predominate, in another turmeric encroaches. Doubtless there are family recipes for curry among the Brahmins as precious as the recipes of Aunt Glegg and Aunt Ellet.

The Mother Training.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch makes an appeal to the colleges to train every student for married life. In the course of an address on manual training in our schools, Mrs. Blatch declared that it was necessary for women to prepare for this special mission in life. When one remembers the thousands of mothers who today are studying their own children under the direction of experts, the mothers who are attending kindergarten mother classes to be found in almost every community, the literature on the training of children which has appeared within the last fifteen years, with the new cross-conscience of the relationship that has grown up within a few years in families of all social grades, one feels that nature's environment and the moral standards of the community demand today that a mother shall give the best of herself to her children, and that many are doing just this. The whole of education is to fit one for life. How can we specialize, and not narrow? A thoroughly educated woman is capable of taking her training for special duties in the doing of them.

What Girls Are Doing.

What started the idea was the talking over between them of the different sewing classes they belonged to, and also of their millinery class, which has been so successful. Their conversation jumped from one subject to another, when one of them started up with: "Here, girls, I have it. Let us give a 'Men's Hat-trimming Bee.' Let us ask all the men we know to come, and do not let us tell them until they get here what we expect them to do." And so it was all arranged. The invitations are out, and the plan is to have a good pond, or enclosure, made of sofa cushions on the floor in the center of the room. In this are to be placed the hats, with ribbons, feathers, and everything to trim a hat with. The men are to sit round the table, and trim the hats, and pins of all sizes, and at a given signal from the hostesses they are to make a dive into the pond, fish out the hats, and bring them back to the best of their ability in the short space of twenty minutes.

The hats are then to be inspected by the girls, who will wear them just as they are, and the remainder of the evening will be spent in the trimming, which most men possess of the art of hat-trimming, the result will undoubtedly be a very successful one. Our friends were guardedly, thus: "My dear Mr. Robinson—Will you come and spend the evening with me and my friends. Come prepared to make yourself useful as well as agreeable, and be ready to be sent to the hospital if you see me at half-past eight o'clock, punctually."

"Believe me, yours sincerely," "ELEANOR MUNROE."

Of course, the girls will all be told beforehand what the fun is to be, but the men, they hope, will be thoroughly surprised. After the hat-trimming is over there will be a small supper and a dance to end up the evening. The girls have asked about \$5 in all.—[Harper's Bazar.]

Hair Is Worn High.

Hair is worn much higher than formerly in Paris. No chignon should now be seen. The hair is to be pulled up to the crown of the head, and then twisted, and fasten it up straight, not twisted, with a comb that goes across the back of the head, and is fastened to the crown of the head. Then the hair is made into a loose twist just at the top of the head.

A Watery Story.

The patron saint of Chelsea is a very irritating person; I can't say so, because he is still very much alive in the spirit. Interest in him is kept up by a sort of museum of relics, into which his old Cheyne Row house has been converted—a shocking waste of money, according to some ideas. This house used to be a museum of cats and dogs, and was found very undesirable by the neighbors. This is probably no news to Americans, but I have heard of the "cat museum" as it is called, which have not, so far as I know, been published.

Lady X—(who told me to me) was one day approaching the modest home in Cheyne Walk. Poor, long-suffering Jeannie Welsh Carlyle, up in the balcony, looked down at her.

"Oh, do," she called out, "come in! Mary Ann and I are so tired of waiting Carlyle."

Lady X—entered, and was escorted to the little garden at the back of the house. There it was a hot day, and the great man in a pool of water. For hours the two devoted women had been taking turns in deluging the flagstones around him by means of a large watering pot. He was very particular that not a drop should touch his sacred person, which no doubt doubled the difficulty of the operation. The other lady, who was very Mrs. Carlyle had a dog which she loved; but it would come in with dirty feet, and she would have to wash it. No one was willing to wash the creature, yet he had to be cleaned somehow. Finally there was an arrangement made with a local laundress, and she washed him every week, sending him home in a basket with the clean clothes! I wonder how long they remained clean? But perhaps the dog had a basket all to himself.—[Harper's Bazar.]

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning, Sore, A Discharge Relieved in One Day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings relief, and the itching and burning is relieved. It is perfectly safe, and does not cause hemorrhoids, eczema, barber's itch, and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 25 cents.

Sold by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

INDIA RUBBER.

The Inconvenience That Would be Experienced Now If This Product Was Unobtainable.

In our own day it really seems as if we couldn't possibly get on without India rubber and gutta percha, says Long's Magazine. There are so many comparative recent productions, the number of purposes to which they are applied is so immense that they would be a tedious list to compile. They are very different from the form in which we actually know it. To lump a few miscellaneous articles in a single paragraph—without those two submarine cables would be almost impossible. Geography would assume many unlike modifications, gutta percha would not exist, waterproofs and mackintoshes would be a beautiful dream, and a rubberless world a hideous reality. Elastic in the sense in which the ladies use the word, spring hats or morning garters, would never have been evolved, tobacco pouches would still be of silk or leather, our combs would be of horn, and our buttons, stiller knives, penholders and pipes much dearer than at present. As for machinery where would we be without India rubber cinctures and tubes and cups and valves and buffers? Where would engineering be without the end-less minute applications of the elastic gum? Where would surgery be without the innumerable devices, the syringes and squirts, the belts and bandages of which India rubber forms any kind of a part? As for the indispensable basis? Fancy putting out fires without the invaluable rubber hoses, or whirling manure barrels without the inevitable gearing. The bicyclist would miss his pneumatic tires, and the street sweeper his handy eraser.

When we go to the dentist, which is always in itself a delightful excursion, the sole aid is made happier for us by the India rubber sheet with which the dentist contrives to check up the patient's teeth, and the apparatus we employ is based on it. And what would life be but the process day without India rubber hot water bottles?

SAVED HER LIFE.

The Narrow Escape of a Fergus Merchant's Daughter.

Had Been Weak and Sickly From Infancy—Neither Doctor Nor Friends Thought She Would Survive—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her Life—Advice to Parents.

From the Fergus News-Record.

Mr. C. M. Post, fruit and confectionery dealer, St. Andrew street, Fergus, last week related to a representative of the News-Record the sad story of the terrible suffering and sickness of his little daughter Ella, his only child, now a strong and healthy little maiden of 10 years of age. At the time the child's mother, Mrs. Post, was a resident of Hamilton. His story is substantially as follows: "My daughter had been very delicate from childhood until about three years ago, and the money it cost me for doctor bills made me poor, as it was said she was without a doctor's care, and at times we have had as many as three doctors in attendance and hope of saving her despaired of. The doctors succeeded in keeping her alive, but she was gradually growing worse, and we thought she was going to die. I thought she was going to die, but a regular physician had given up hope of saving her life, and remarked that it was only a matter of time before she would be a corpse. I was then told of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I bought a box of the Pills, and began giving them to her, half a pill at a time. After a short treatment there was such an improvement that neither her mother nor I could doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were helping her, and I decided to abandon the doctors' services altogether. The Pink Pill treatment was continued, and although the progress towards health and strength was necessarily slow, it was none the less certain, and it was continued until she is as well and strong as you see her today, and I am thankful to say she has had no occasion for medical treatment since. I am a strong believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for weak and delicate children, and I firmly believe it was this medicine that saved my child from a premature death."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an all-round-year medicine, and are quite as efficacious in the case of children as in adults. They restore to the blood its lacking constituents and make it rich, red and pure. In this way they strengthen the system and drive out disease. There are many cases like the above in which this wonderful medicine has restored health and strength after the best medical advice had failed. The genuine Pink Pills are sold in every drug store, and the wrapper which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is a sure guide to the genuine. Beware of cheap imitations, offered only because they give the dealer a greater profit. They should always be refused.

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Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture.

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.

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