SHOOTING PAINS.

Mrs. John Quick Cured of Sciatica By Munyon's Rheumatism Cure.

A Wonderful Case and Remarkable Discovery.

"If my remedies will not do what I claim for them, their sale should be prohibited by law."—MUNYON.

"I have had rheumatism for a number of years and suffered with pains in my joints a great deal, and shooting pains all through my body. I procured a sample vial of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure at the free distribution, and I am indeed thankful. My pains have all left me. If any other sufferer wants to get cured of Rheumatism I advise Munyon's Rheumatism Cure."—Mrs. John Quick, 102 John street, Toronto.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groin and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

Personal letters addressed to Prof. Munyon, Philadelphia, U.S.A., containing details of sickness, will be answered promptly and free advice as to treatment will be given. 8b

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Personal Notes About Leading Actors on the World's Stage.

Paul Desmuke, of Amphion, Texas, who has just been elected justice of the peace, is without arms, but performs wonders with his feet. With them he handles a knife and fork with dexterity and writes with ease. For six months he was county clerk and kept the records accurately; they are models of neatness.

Queen Alexandra is a great lover of violets and lilies of the valley, and is fond of wearing them. The once radiant but now sorrowing and desolate ex-Empress Eugenie was also devoted to violets, the Buonaparte flower. The Princess of Wales, as Duchess of York, always insisted on having plenty of white rose bushes in her garden. The young Queen of the Netherlands knows all about tulip culture.

Perhaps the most extensively traveled lady in the world is Mrs. Crossley, of Indianapolis. She is now preparing to make her twenty-first voyage round the world. She has crossed the Atlantic no fewer than seventy times, has made twelve journeys to the top of the Pyramids, and has visited every town of note in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. All this amount of traveling, too, she has crowded into eighteen years, and she possesses a wonderful collection of curiosities from every quarter of the globe.

The Duke of Orleans, who was recently reinstated into the good graces of His Majesty, is a man of varied attainments, who, in spite of his failings, invariably manages to favorably impress those with whom he comes in personal contact. The Duke is an all-round athlete, a fine horseman, a good shot, a perfect skater, and is one of the best amateur boxers in Great Britain. He first put on the gloves when he was about 14, and ever since has preferred boxing to fencing, the highly favored pastime of his own countrymen.

When Sir Herbert Spencer began the composition of "First Principles," in 1860, he adopted the practice of dictating to an amanuensis. He was spending the summer by the shore of a Scottish loch. His habit was to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period, with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on through the forenoon. Neither then nor afterwards has he worked in the afternoon. Ten years later, at times when his health fell to a low ebb, he would go to a racket court in the north of London, play with the man in charge, and dictate in the intervals of the game.

Lord Forester, one of the peers who, by a grant conferred on his ancestors, can claim the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of the King, recently mentioned a homely little incident which occurred during the visit of the King and Queen to the Isle of Man. The Bishop of Sodor and Man lunched with their Majesties one morning at Peel Castle, and afterwards the King invited the Bishop to smoke. His lordship asked what the ladies would think of it, and the reply from Her Majesty, accompanied by a winning smile, was, "Let me get a light for you." She called her Indian servant, and the Queen, after striking a match, handed it to the Bishop with the remark, referring to the attendant who had brought it, "There is a light from the East for you."

THE SPRING FEELING.

Weariness, Lassitude and a Desire to Avoid Exertion.

There are few people who have not experienced what is aptly termed the spring feeling. Languor and weariness, loss of appetite, touches of indigestion, pimples and irritation of the skin. They all come with the spring. All these ills are banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They enrich the blood, brace up the nerves, and charm away all spring weariness. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the best tonic medicine in the world. They make new, rich, red blood; strengthen men and women and make the roses of health bloom on pallid cheeks. Here is proof: Miss Catherine Johnston, Gardner Mines, N. B., says: "I was very much run down, and so weak that I would frequently have to lie down. My appetite was poor and food distasteful. I often suffered from headaches, and the least exertion left me completely used up. I used a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and since then I have felt like a new person. I do not know of any medicine equal to these pills."

In this climate a tonic is an absolute necessity in spring, and health will be gained and money saved by using only Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute or something else said to be "just as good." If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50.

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER VII.

When they reached the mouth of the river they found the long boat lying alongside the huge shelving rock used as a landing stage on account of its convenience during all varieties of tide.

The man watching there had heard or seen nothing of Mr. Trist or Admiral Wylie. The ladies sat for some time in the stern of the gig, wrapped in their waterproof cloaks, without speaking. Then Brenda begged to be landed. She was shivering with cold and anxiety. She walked slowly up the smooth surface of the rock and disappeared. Once out of sight of the two boats which lay heaving softly on the bosom of the rising tide, she quickened her pace, keeping to the narrow path trodden on the peaty soil by Admiral Wylie and Theo Trist in turn.

Suddenly she stopped and listened intently. A distant crackle of dry wood beneath a human tread repeated itself. Someone was approaching rapidly.

A moment later Theo Trist stood before her, but she scarcely recognized him. Her first feeling was one of utter surprise that his meek eyes could look so resolute.

He it was who broke the silence, and he was forced to shout, because they were so close to the river.

"Where is Mrs. Wylie?" he asked.

"She is at the mouth of the river," replied Brenda — "in the boat, waiting."

"Come away!" he shouted, beckoning with his head, and they moved through the pine wood further inland, where the brawl of the stream was less disagreeable.

Then he took her hand in his, and looked down into her face with unconscious scrutiny. ...

"You must go back to her, Brenda," he said, "and tell her that Admiral Wylie is dead. I found him in a whirlpool about half a mile above here."

"When was that?" asked the girl mechanically.

"Oh, an hour ago. I have been all this time in the water recovering. . . getting him ashore."

"Was he quite dead?"

"Quite dead. It must have happened early in the day, for his lunch was still in his creel."

"Where is he . . . now?" whispered Brenda, looking through the trees from which Trist had emerged.

"Through there, on the bank. I began carrying him down to the boat, but had to give it up."

She said nothing, but moved a step or two towards the spot indicated. Then he took her hand withdrawing his and led the way.

The man who had looked on death so often, who had slept amidst the groans of the dying and the heart-rending cries of the sore-wounded, now knelt and simply drew back the covering from the still, gray face. Death was so familiar to him that the sight of it brought no familiar shock, and he scarcely realized what he was doing. Mechanically Brenda knelt down on the turf, her dress touching the dead man's hand. For some moments she remained thus, while the rosy light of dawn crept down the mountain side. Behind her stood Trist, silently watching. Presently he looked round and noted the increase of daylight; then he touched her shoulder.

"Come, Brenda," he said. "The day is breaking. We must go. I will walk back with you to the boat."

She rose and shook her head decisively.

"No," she answered. "You must stay here beside him. I will go back alone. It is better for me to tell Mrs. Wylie."

"You are not afraid?' he inquired.

"No. I am not afraid."

Trist walked by her side a few paces.

"I wish," he said, "that I could have spared you some of this."

She stood beside him, looking straight in front of her. Her shoulder was almost touching his wet coat, which hung loosely. All around them the trees dripped mournfully, while, through the low entanglement the voice of the mournful river sang its ancient dirge.

"It is only my share of the task," she answered. "Why should you have it all to do—Theo?" Besides . . . I never expected life to be all sunshine."

Before the sun's rays had crept down the bare mountain side to the sea, the two boats moved away from the rock that seemed to guard the mouth of the river.

All through the terrible journey up the fjord (for the wind was light at dawn, as it mostly is in Arctic seas) Brenda waited for those tears that never came — listened for the words that were never spoken. She stared straight in front of her toward the Hermione, and never actually looked into her companion's face; but she knew by expression that was there—the slightly raised lower lids, the close-pressed lips, and the far-off speculation in the eyes.

The gig ran alongside, and Brenda, stepping on deck, first said a few hurried words to Captain Barrow and the steward, who were standing together at the companion. Then the smaller boat moved away, and the long boat took its place.

"The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" said Captain Barrow, looking severely at the steward, with the honest salt tears running down his cheeks, as the two men received the cold burden from the arms of Trist and Barker.

Brenda turned slowly and looked into Theo Trist's face, on which there was even now no sign of fatigue. He had raised his eyes to hers on hearing Captain Barrow's simple words, and now they looked at each other in a strangely wondering way. Neither had thought of the Hand whose work this was until that moment. So the joint command of the Hermione lapsed into new hands — the man's command above decks, and the woman's rule below.

In both regions the new director stepped into the vacant place quietly, unostentatiously, and confidently. Old Captain Barrow was as the potter's clay in Trist's gentle, yet firm hands. The young fellow's strange, subtle influence soon made itself felt upon the men. The Admiral had ruled by genial heartiness, coupled with the force of past experience implied by his title; the young journalist (who did not pretend to be a sailor) enforced obedience by the magnetic attraction of his implacable will.

Mrs. Wylie uttered no complaint, sued for no sympathy — she was simply stunned — and, in her imperious little way, Brenda took over all the household duties, assumed all minor responsibilities, and gave the widow no rest.

She forced her to take an interest in smaller things, and allowed no time for thought. She herself literally put her to bed by the light of the morning sun, and calmly announced her intention of sharing the state-room. The Admiral was carried below, and laid on Trist's bed, and the latter moved, next day, into the room vacated by Brenda.

For him there was no reast that night. He did not even change the clothes in which he had been swimming a few hours before, while bringing ashore the dead man. By seven o'clock in the morning the Hermione was ready for sea — awning furled, stanchions stowed away, and the great sails shaken out.

About this time Brenda came on deck. She looked round for a moment in utter surprise at the changed appearance of the ship; then she walked aft, to where Trist was standing near the rail talking in a low voice to Nielsen, who, hurriedly summoned, had come on board to pilot the yacht down the Heimdalfjord.

The Englishman's back was turned toward her, and he did not hear her light tread upon the deck, but his companion raised his rough sable hat respectfully, and Trist turned round at once. Brenda saw that he noticed her black dress, and involuntarily glanced down at his own shabby tweed suit, which was discolored and wrinkled.

"Have you had any rest?" were his first words.

"Yes; thank you. I slept for at least two hours." She smiled a little as she looked at him, and his glance rested on her faultlessly dressed head, her dainty form, and proud little face.

"And Mrs. Wylie?" he inquired softly.

"She is sleeping now."

"Captain Barrow," he explained, in a tone which in some way implied a joint control, "has got all ready for sea. The tide begins to run down at half-past seven, when we will get in the anchor and go."

"Theo," she said, "I have moved most of my things into the large state-room, as I think it will be better for me to sleep with Mrs. Wylie. You can go into my cabin as soon as you like now — the steward and I have put it all right for you."

"Thank you!" he said.

"Will you not go and change now? It cannot be good to keep on those clothes."

"Net yet," he answered, with a smile. "They are quite dry now, and the sun is shining, so I am warm. Besides, there are one or two things I want to ask your opinion about, and we may not have the chance later on."

"The nearest village," he began in his meek way, "is Fjaerholm; we shall be there by this time to-morrow with a fair breeze. There is a church there and a churchyard, although the village itself is a tiny place, almost surrounded by glaciers, and rarely visited. It will hardly do, perhaps, to approach the question yet, but if we can find out before we reove the Heimdalfjord what Mrs. Wylie's opinion is, it will simplify matters. Whether, I mean, we are to make for Fjaerholm, with the view of burying him there, or to go down to Sognfjord, catch a steamer to Bergen, and go home."

There was a short pause when he had finished speaking. Brenda appeared to be lost in a reverie. At length she spoke.

"Which course do you recommend, Theo?" she asked.

"I am afraid, Brenda," he said apologetically, "that I am rather hard and practical in these matters. My opinion is that Fjaerholm churchyard is as good as any other. It would be a horrible journey home for her and . . . for you."

"I think Fjaerholm would be best."

"I am sure of it. Of course, Mrs. Wylie may have decided feelings on the subject, and if so we must give in, and leave the Hermione; though I think she will be better here among her own surroundings than on board a crowded passenger steamer — an object of curiosity and ostentatious sympathy."

"I do not think," said the girl, after a short pause, "that she will be influenced by any mistaken sentiment."

"Nor I. And of course it is mere sentiment. We English have a way of leaving our dead all over the world, and no doubt there are more of us in the sea than of any other nation."

"I will try," she said, "to find out Mrs. Wylie's feelings on the subject."

"Yes, Brenda, do!" he murmured, in a way which seemed to imply that the matter was safe in her hands.

Trist found the saloon deserted. He passed into his new state-room, and there he mechanically proceeded to make some sort of a toilet. A suit of blue serge was the darkest he possessed, and this he donned, toning it down with a black necktie. He shaved and bathed in a dull, dignified way, as a condemned criminal might do upon the morning of his execution—after a sleepless night.

(To Be Continued).

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS

We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers throughout Canada praising Baby's Own Tablets:

Dunbar, Ont., March 18, 1903.

Several weeks ago my baby was very cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. A correspondent highly recommended Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent for a box, used them according to directions, and must say that I have found them the best medicine for a teething child I have ever tried. One Tablet every other day keeps my baby well and I am sure of my rest at night. I echo the words of my friend and say "they are just splendid."

Mrs. Charles Willard.

Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of children, and may be given with absolute safety to even a new born baby. These Tablets are the only medicine for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORLD'S LARGEST MIRROR.

The Hotel Savoy in New York plumes itself upon the possession of the largest mirror in the world. Only two steamships of the ocean, one of them the Friesland, in which it came, have room in their holds to stow away such a large package. It is a little more than thirteen feet square, and is nearly half an inch thick. To get this perfect plate five different glasses had to be cast. It was made at the St. Gabian Glassworks, in Paris.

Spain has more hunchbacks than any other country. In some of the villages of the Sierra Modena 7 per cent. of the people are deformed in this way.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

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CLOVER, POTATOES, CORN.

My system of crop rotation is to commence by preparing the land for a crop of potatoes to follow clover. For main crop I plant potatoes about June 5, writes Mr. W. A. Eaton. I let the clover grow just as long as I dare and have time enough left to get my ground in good condition for planting. I let the clover grow as long as I can because it not only adds a far greater amount of vegetable matter to the soil, but, as is well known, clover is a great nitrogen gatherer, storing this valuable material in its roots in the soil until the seed begins to form, when the larger part of the nitrogen is consumed in seed formation. Hence, if we would derive the greatest amount of good from the clover as a fertilizer, we must plow it under about the time it begins to bloom or very soon afterward. Some seem to think to plow under a clover sod is nearly, if not quite as good as plowing under the green clover, but if the clover sod has matured a crop of seed the fall before, or just before being plowed under, it has lost much of the nitrogen.

I treat ground for corn in the same manner as for potatoes as near as practicable, though it has to be plowed some earlier than for potatoes. I know that some will say by the method I have outlined one is in danger of losing all the moisture the ground contained in the spring, but that has

NOT BEEN MY EXPERIENCE.

I have ten acres on my farm which grow as good average crops as any land in this vicinity, and there never has been a load of fertilizer put on it, either barnyard or commercial. This land has been farmed for 40 consecutive years and has not missed a crop. I do not mean to decry the use of fertilizers in any form but merely make the statement to show what can be done by a proper crop rotation including clover.

I follow my potatoes and corn with oats, on heavier lands, getting the soil in as good shape as possible with plow, disk harrow and weeder. I always, or nearly always, treat the seed oats to kill smut spores, even though the seed contains no appreciable amount of smut. I nearly always sow oats of my own growing.

After the oats are off, I plow the ground as soon as possible, following with harrow, that the scattered oats may germinate when subsequent harrowing will kill them. I harrow as often as possible and always try to harrow immediately after each shower to keep the moisture in the soil. About September 20 I sow wheat and seed down again, sowing two quarts of timothy seed and six quarts of clover seed per acre. If in the spring I have any doubts about there being a good catch of clover, I sow as much more clover seed. One can nearly always tell by

THE WEATHER CONDITIONS

and observation whether there will be a catch of clover or not.

Someone may say it makes it very expensive to sow the second seeding of clover, but experience says it is not so expensive as to miss the catch of clover, for if you do it will make a serious break in your series of rotation. I usually harvest one crop of hay, and one of seed the first year after seeding. The second year I break up the meadow and plant to potatoes and corn again.

I have paid as high as $9 a bushel for clover seed and lost it all; but since I have followed the above method I raised from ten to thirty bushels of clover seed each year, which not only gives me plenty for my own use, but from it I also derive quite a revenue. I have only about 80 acres of land under cultivation and plant about 20 acres to corn and potatoes each year.

VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

Nature has seen fit to mix the skim milk and cream, and because the law of gravitation divides them or centrifugal force separates them, is no reason why we should class one part as the good and the other as the bad. Nature has mixed the fat and milk serum together, making one of the best of foods. If we take one part from this food we cannot expect to get the best results without supplying at least a substitute. It is well known that milk serum, or skim milk, contains the food parts which go to make muscle, bone and the vital parts of the young animal, while on the other hand fat is furnished as a lubricant and as a heat-giving portion.

SEPARATOR OR SKIM MILK.

I will give briefly my method of rearing young calves on separator milk, says Prof. A. L. Haecker. Starting with the calf at birth, I allow it to nurse its dam once or twice or even longer, if in a weak condition. An ordinary healthy calf I take away from its dam after the second nursing, or say the day after birth. In this way the young animal gets the colostrum milk, and at the same time gives the herdsman an opportunity to determine whether it is strong enough to wean or not. For the first week I feed the calf its mother's milk, giving light rations say from three to five pounds twice or three times a day if the calf is weak, for the first two or three days.

At the end of the first week I begin adding a little separator milk, taking a week to change from whole to skim milk. During this period I begin adding the ground flaxseed, putting in but half a teaspoonful and gradually increasing so that when the calf is on the full skim milk ration it is receiving about a tablespoonful at a feed. Some calves will not be able to take this much, and the feeder must use judgment, as this feed is inclined to be laxative. During the third and fourth weeks I endeavor to get the calf to eat a little ground feed. This is easily taught by sifting in the grain from the palm of the hand while the calf is sucking the fingers. If the calf is in a little stanchion, it will learn to eat ground feed from one to two weeks earlier than when allowed to run at large with the other calves. I have found the earlier a calf can be taught to take ground feed the better.

DO NOT OVERFEED.

As to the skim milk ration, it is hard to state just how much a calf can properly assimilate. Always remember that it is much safer to underfeed than overfeed. Many calves have been killed because of the belief that "there is no good in skim milk," as I have often heard patrons at the creamery remark. They fail to realize that the milk is fully as strong as ever, with the exception of the oil, which can be easily replaced by some much cheaper feed.

To raise the best calves for either dairy or meat production, it is well to feed skim milk for six or seven months. Skim milk makes a most excellent ration for young pigs, in which case it will be found that the sweeter and fresher the milk the more valuable it will be for feeding purposes. Young chickens will thrive on skim milk, but it must not be given in large quantities. It is better to mix it with meal or some other food of that nature than to feed it alone. It also makes a valuable feed when coagulated.

TILLAGE LIBERATES PHOSPHORIC ACID.

The finer we pulverize the soil, the more we expose the area of the particles of which it is composed to plant roots to feed on. By thorough tillage on most soils you can get enough phosphoric acid and potash to produce good crops. Every man must decide for himself whether or not it is best to give such thorough tillage as will accomplish this or to use some commercial fertilizer in addition to the ordinary tillage.

STEAMERS WON'T STOP.

Experiments show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over a distance of two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress.

Father—"Halloa! where did you get all those toys?" Son—"I bought 'em with the money you gave me." "But I gave you that money to teach you how to save." "Yes, pa; I kept it for three weeks until I learned all about saving, and now I'm learning how to shop."

"What trade would you like to be brought up to, my son?" asked a gentleman of a boy. "The trustee trade, 'cause ever since pa has been a trustee we've had puddin' for dinner."

"And here," said the salesman, "is a very fine umbrella. The handle, you will observe, is especially attractive." "That's just what I want to avoid. Every umbrella I ever owned has been entirely too attractive."

CANADA'S EXPORTS.

Canada produces one bushel of wheat to thirty bushels grown elsewhere in the world. Notwithstanding this fact, Canada is by far the largest exporter of agricultural implements in the world, her population being taken into consideration. During the past seven years the exports of Canadian Implements have reached the vast total of ten millions of dollars, or equal to the export of twenty million bushels of wheat grown in the great Northwest at fifty cents per bushel. These facts should certainly establish in the minds of all thinking farmers the excellent quality and the high reputation which appertain to Canadian-made implements. Canadian implements are exported to every country in the world where grain is grown, except to the United States. That market is a sealed book to Canadian implement manufacturers as well as to the Canadian farmer, for hardly any of his products find a market there, while the aggressive American is competing all over the world, and in Canada, too, for every inch of ground now held by the Canadian farmer and manufacturer. Don't you think it would be to your own advantage, as well as to the advantage of Canada as a nation, that articles should be grown and made at home that are consumed by the Canadian people? Think the matter over, and see whether it is not your duty to work for this end.

"It must be a great comfort to you to own such splendid furniture." "Comfort? There isn't but one comfortable chair in the whole lot, and my wife invariably wants to sit in that."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"I didn't get home till dawn yesterday morning." "What did your wife say?" "That's the wrong way to put it. What didn't she say?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

India has just under 3 million Christians, of whom 458,462 describe themselves as members of the Church of England, and more than 1,200,000 as Roman Catholics.

With the old surety,

St. Jacobs Oil

to cure

Lumbago and Sciatica

There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c. and 50c.

tf

Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 6B

t tf.

CAUTIOUS THIS TIME.

Maude—"George, I don't think I ought to marry you, for I don't believe you love me one bit."

George (ardently) — "Why, my darling, I am passionately, desperately in love with you. I worship the very ——."

Maude—"You talk well enough, George, but those letters you wrote to me when away were so cold and distant they froze my heart. One would think you were writing to your washerwoman about her bill."

George (slowly)—"Maude, I—was—engaged—to — a—girl—once —before, and when she sued me for breach of promise all my letters to her were—read—in—open—court."

MUSICAL INSECTS.

More than 3,000 persons in Japan make a good living by breeding, training, and selling what are known as "singing insects." The insects somewhat resemble our crickets, being known in Japan by the name of kusa-hibari. The music which they make resembles that of a silver bell, and, though rather monotonous, is very clear and sweet. The Japanese keep the insects in tiny bamboo cages and take great care of their strange pets.

AN ENORMOUS APPETITE.

One of the leading restaurants of Kieff, Germany, was patronized the other day by a powerful, well-built man, who entered about 11 a.m. and ordered lunch. He consumed nine helpings of cutlets, six bottles of beer, five bottles of wine, two of seltzer water, and four glasses of Benedictine, paid the bill of $12.75, giving $1 as gratuity to the waiters, and left the restaurant none the worse for his hearty meal.

REMARKABLE HAILSTORM.

While out driving near Timaru, New Zealand, a hailstorm came on which was so severe that a gentleman was compelled to cover his horse with his rugs and the carriage mat to preserve it from injury. His own head he had to protect with the cushions. During the fifteen minutes that the storm lasted the vehicle was filled to overflowing with hailstones the size of a hen's eggs.

I suffered with nervous headache and indigestion. The use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops cured me entirely.—Frank Barnard, 410, Avenue D., San Antonia, Tex., May 22.

A STRANGE PREFERENCE.

Giving up a large fortune to his brother thirty years ago, George Sheldon, of Oswego, New York, adopted the life of a tramp. He dressed shabbily, wore long hair and a beard and boasted that he never paid railway fare in his life. He has just died.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

The ancient ceremony of weighing the Maharajah of Travancore with gold was performed with great pomp in that city recently. His Majesty being a devout Hindu and a great stickler for the rites of his religion. Months before the ceremony his Government bought a great quantity of pure gold, the greater part of which was converted into coin. After presenting an elephant to the shrine the Maharajah entered the temple and mounted one of the scales, his sword and shield being laid in his lap. In the other scale the newly-struck coins were put in by the first and second Princes until the Maharajah rose in the air, the priests chanting Vedic hymns. In addition to this the band played and the guns fired. Afterwards the coin used was distributed among about the 15,000 Brahmins.

NO RATS, NO WORK.

Rats, or, rather, no rats, furnished the strange reason for certain miners to go on strike. There had been an explosion in an iron mine in Michigan, and all the rats had been killed, and the miners refused to start work again until a fresh supply of rodents was obtained. Rats are regarded as a necessity in these mines, and are known as the miners' friends. They act as scavangers, and give warning of impending danger, thus saving miners' lives. When the rats leave a mine the miners refuse to stay any longer.

Harry—"What did Kate say when you proposed to her?" Frank—"She said 'yes.'" Harry—"Then she is really going to marry you?" Frank—"Oh, dear, no! What put that into your head? The question I asked her was; "Do you prefer to remain single rather than accept me?"

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

"That policeman reminds me of a rainbow." "Why?" "Always about after the storm."

For Over Sixty Years.

An old and well-tried remedy.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. 1-19

The world's coffee supply is at present 1,813,000,000 pounds, and Brazil grows 1,179,000,000 pounds of this amount. Only 200,000,000 pounds come from the East Indies.

Rossway, Jan. 28, 1901.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs — This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied on my breast cured me completely.

C. H. COSSEBOOM,

Rossway, Digby Co., N. S.

8—59

Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—"How many more times will I have to tell you to keep away from that preserve jar?" Small Boy (sobbing)—"No more, mamma; the jam's all gone."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

15—93

A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea to say something that will induce their friends to try it

$545.00 in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to those sending in the best advertisements for Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea.

First Prize	$200.00
Second Prize	100.00
Third Prize	40.00
4th to 13th Prizes, $10.00 each	100.00
14th to 25th, $5.00 each	60.00
	$500.00

In addition, beginning with the week ending April 4, a special weekly prize of $5.00 will be given to the one sending in the best advertisement during that week, making for the nine weeks $45.00 in special prizes, or a grand total of thirty-four cash prizes, $545.

CONDITIONS

1st. No professional ad. writer, nor anyone connected directly or indirectly with the Blue Ribbon Tea Company may compete.

2nd. Advertisements must not contain more than 50 words, and shorter ones are preferable.

3rd. One of the cards used in packing Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea—there are two in each package—must be enclosed with each batch of advertisements sent.

4th. The competition closes June 1, 1903, and all competing advertisements must reach one of the following addresses on or before that date.

Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Winnipeg, Man.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Toronto, Ont.
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Vancouver, B.C.

5th. No person shall be awarded more than one of the main prizes, but may also take one or more weekly prizes.

6th. In case of a tie, decision will be based on all the advertisements submitted by the competitors in question.

Mr. H. M. E. Evans, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has kindly consented to judge the advertisements and award prizes.

All advertisements that fail to win a prize, but which are good enough to be accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of $1.00 each.

Unless expressly requested to the contrary, we will consider ourselves at liberty to publish the names of prize winners.

A good advertisement should be truthful and contain an idea brightly and forcibly expressed. A bona fide signed letter with address and date from one who has tested the tea, is a good form. An advertisement for an article of food should not associate with it, even by contrast, any unpleasant idea. The best advertisement is the one that will induce the most people to try the article advertised.

Seek your Inspiration in a Cup of Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea and the Money is yours.

t-f

A HARD KICK.

He was courting the farmer's daughter, but one night he was very forcibly ejected from the house. Later on he made another call.

"Well, sir," said the old farmer indignantly, "what are you doing here again? I thought that the delicate hint I gave you as you left my front door last night would cure you."

"It did," said the young man, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face, "but I thought I would come and ask if you would like to join our football club."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

BANANAS VERSUS BEEFSTEAK.

"Weight for weight," it is claimed that "bananas beat beefsteak." And moreover, "there are cases on record where children's lives have been saved by keeping them on a diet of bananas."

A Woman of Forty-five

is young and loveable nowadays, but she is at the threshold of the time of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

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.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure does it.

Miss M. C. Kennedy, Toronto, writes:

"Before taking South American Rheumatic Cure, I was unable to put 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 permanent cure, very quickly. 12.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Limited,

Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man. 1-20

RUBBER GOODS

Latest Novelties, all styles. Correspondence invited. Enclose 2c stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1142, Montreal.

6-57

Cholly—"Charming widow, isn't she? They say she is to marry again." Algy—"I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband." Cholly—"Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first, doncherknow."

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

1-18

Wanted to Purchase

Any quantity of dry, mixed wood suitable for brick burning, for early delivery. State respective prices, f.o.b. your station. Address, SIMPSON BRICK CO., 1 Toronto St., Toronto. Telephone Main 797. 7—19

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St. Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland. 1-8

CLEANING LADIES' ... WALKING OR OUTING SUITS

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

1-44

ORANGES We have Mexicans, California Navels, Valencias, and Sevilles.

LEMONS WE HAVE THE BEST.

BANANAS.

Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your

Butter, Eggs, Poultry,

Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

THE LAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, Cor. West Market St., TORONTO.

1-45

INVESTMENTS

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION

BONDS

YIELDING FROM

3½% TO 6%

WE ESPECIALLY INVITE CORRESPONDENCE. BOND LIST MAILED ON APPLICATION.

DOMINION SECURITIES Corporation, Limited,

26 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

13—25

No cheap paint is as good as Ramsay's Paints, nor is there a good paint so cheap.

Every can and every color has the same high quality.

Send us a post card, mentioning this paper and we'll send our booklet showing how some beautiful homes are painted with our paints.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, MONTREAL. Estd. 1842.

14—26