

YOUNG AGAIN AT SEVENTY-TWO

How Calixto Richard J.P. Feels
After Using Dodd's Kidney
Pills.

They Make the Kidneys Strain out of
the Blood all the Seeds of the Dis-
eases that Trouble Old Folks.

Acadie Siding, Kent Co., N. B., Feb.
13.—(Special).—After suffering for
forty years from Kidney Trouble,
Calixto Richard, the well known
Justice of the Peace here, is fully re-
covered and he says that Dodd's Kid-
ney Pills cured him.

"Yes," says Mr. Richard, "I had
Kidney Trouble over forty years, with
the result that I was worn out
man at seventy-two. Then I started
taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the
result is that the pain is gone from
my back, and I am able to work
again."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make the old
feel young again. They make the
Kidneys sound and strong. They
strain out of the blood the seeds of
the diseases to which the old are sub-
jected, such as Backache, Rheuma-
tism, Urinary and Bladder Troubles,
etc.

PILOT BOYS OF NORWAY.

The hardy Norwagian takes to the
sea like a duck to a pond. He is al-
most amphibious. The youngsters on
the coast begin to work for their liv-
ing at an early age, and it is aston-
ishing what different phases of sea
life the boys fill to the satisfaction
of their employers and themselves.

The Norwegian pilot boat, a clumsy
looking craft of some thirty feet in
length, is, perhaps, as seaworthy a
craft of her size as swims the sea.

She has a large cruising ground.
She carries a sprit sail of fair size
and several jibs to suit the weather.
Carefully handled she will ride out
the heavy gales, which in the German
Ocean kick up a dangerous and chop-
py sea that calls for all the sea-
worthy qualities of a sailing vessel.

The boat is manned by a pilot and
his boy. Her cruising ground is be-
tween the Naze and the Skaw—prom-
inent land-marks for vessels bound to
Norwegian ports or harbors in the
Baltic or Gulf of Finland.

The pilot boat is run alongside the
ship, the pilot jumps aboard and the
boy trims sheet and steers for his
home port, which may be as far
north as Stavanger.

The sail is long and lonely, but the
"boy" contrives to navigate thither,
blow high or blow low. He seems to
have the homing instinct of the
pigeon, as the only aid to navigation
that he has is a chart and a com-
pass. An easterly gale often blows
him far off his course.

Some of the boys are only thirteen
or fourteen years old. They are the
youngest navigators on any sea.
Flaxen of hair, with blue eyes and
rosy cheeks, they are brave and
sturdy sailors. Their diet is chiefly
salt fish and sea biscuit when afloat,
but sometimes the vessel that takes
the pilot will throw the youngster a
chunk of cooked salt beef or pork,
and sometimes a hunk of plum duff
for his own private consumption; but
these cases are comparatively rare,
and the boy generally has to depend
upon the narrow resources of his
own larder.

His little craft carries no side
lights. Whenever a vessel approach-

es him, he lights a flare-up signal—a
torch of oakum soaked in tar or ker-
osene.

On his solitary voyage to his home
port he sleeps in the day time, his
boat steering herself. In this way he
prepares for the vigil of the night.

The dangers he encounters are
many and great, but he takes them
in a matter-of-fact way highly credit-
able to him. It is strange that so few
boats are lost. The truth is that their
model is such as to withstand just
the weather they meet. In their
principal features they resemble the
viking ships of old, which in their ad-
venturous voyages weathered the
heaviest Atlantic gales and ravaged
the British and Irish coasts in
many a hostile and bloody raid.

The young Norwegian after his
training in the pilot boats or mack-
erel boats mans trading ships of every
country.

Lars or Nils or Oscar has one ideal,
and that is to ship aboard a British
or American yacht, preferably a
steam craft, where he lives a happy
life, well fed and well treated. He is
a frugal, thrifty sailor, and his earn-
ings, with but few deductions, are
sent home to gladden many a Scan-
dinavian fireside.

He gets on an average \$30 a month
on a yacht, an amount which looks
very big to him in comparison with
the scanty wages paid to sailors un-
der the Norwegian flag.

SMOKING IN JAPAN

Both sexes in Japan are great
smokers. All indulge in the Indian
weed, which is grown in the south-
ern island. The tobacco is light in
color and mild in flavor. It is finely
cut and stuffed into the lipitipian
pipes. The smoker's paraphernalia is
of the daintiest description. Pipes
and pipe cases are hung on the belt;
the tobacco boxes are often of the
rarest beauty, creations of artistic
thought. Some of them are curi-
ously made out of the dried rind of
a lemon or orange, folded while still
soft into the form of a Japanese
bag. Others are made of the bark of
a tree, shells, fungus, skins, lacquers,
or exquisitely carved in wood; but
the material plays a secondary part
in their creation. It is the skillful
work, the silver clasp, the fittings,
buttons, charms, etc., which are the
pride and joy of the owner, and
showing the manifest power to ob-
tain the best results with the least
material and simplest possible means.

HOW IT SPREADS.

The first package of Dr. Leon-
hardt's Hem-Roid, the infallible Pile
Cure, that was put out went to a
small town in Nebraska.

It cured a case of Piles that was
considered hopeless.

The news spread and although this
was only two years ago the demand
prompted Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, of Lin-
coln, Neb., the discoverer, to prepare it
for general use. Now it is being
sent to all parts of the world.

It will cure any case of Piles.
There is a month's treatment in each
box.

Sold for \$1.00, with absolute guar-
antee. It is for sale by druggists, or by
The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara
Falls, Ont.

THE DIFFICULTY IN PLEASING.

Premier Whitney must be wonder-
ing to-day how Santa Claus can re-
main so popular while disappointing
people by giving them neckties or
slippers when they expect gold
watches or pearl necklaces.

Present adversity is easier to bear
than past prosperity.

When a woman wants to find fault
she likes to select the most direct
method of doing so.

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can
say that?
Or perhaps you are dyspeptic
and don't know it.

Have you any of these
symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feel-
ing at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied
hunger, a loathing of food, rising and
scurrying of food, a painful load at the
pit of the stomach, constipation, or are
you gloomy and miserable? Then you
are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet;
avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not
drink at meals, keep regular habits, and
regulate the stomach and bowels with
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoline, Belle Anse, Que.,
says of its wonderful curative powers:—

"Last winter I was very thin, and was
fast losing flesh owing to the run-down
state of my system. I suffered from
Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood.
I tried everything I could get, but to
no purpose; then finally started to use
Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first
day I felt the good effect of the medicine,
and am now feeling strong and well again.
I can eat anything now without any ill
after-effects. It gives me great pleasure
to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for
I feel it saved my life."

LATEST THING IN LONDON

One of the latest developments of
modern life in England is a hotel for
babies in London.

Norland Nurseries, as the hotel is
called, is a home for the children of
well-to-do parents who are travelling
and is a scene of happy childhood,
from little one month to vet-
eran of eight or nine.

From early morning until bedtime
the health and happiness of the
children are the nurses' chief con-
sideration, and, judging by an afternoon
which the writer spent with the
children, their lot is, indeed, an envi-
able one.

The daily menu is most carefully
chosen, and, as far as possible, each
child is given the food which is
found most suitable to its constitu-
tion, but as a rule a plain diet suits
every child.

Punctually at eight o'clock the
children, fresh from their morning
nap, range themselves round the
breakfast table, where they have an
ample meal of either porridge, bread
and milk, rusks, or eggs.

After breakfast comes a period of
play, and then, weather permitting,
the children go out for a couple of
hours' exercise. Half-past eleven is
the signal for a siesta. Lunch con-
sists of soup, or fish, chicken and
milk pudding, while the world-worn
veterans of eight are allowed biscuits
and butter—a privilege on which
they are most insistent.

Exercise is again taken in the af-
ternoon, and tea, consisting of cake,
bread and butter and jam, is served
at 4.30, and then the children troop
off to bed. The "veteran brigade,"
however, are permitted to sit up un-
til the dignified hour of 6.30 or sev-
en o'clock.

Lessons are a hardship only in-
flicted on the older members, for
kindergarten exercises such as paper
folding, clay modelling, or bead
threading have been found to answer
extremely well. When necessary,
nurses or governesses are engaged to
initiate the "hotel residents" in the
mysteries of addition and other ele-
mentary "horridnesses," as one little
lady of seven termed her lessons.

To see the children playing is a
sight which would make the most
trouble-stricken individual feel years
younger. In a corner of one day
nursery, the writer watched three
little children busily engaged in
building a rather substantial
house on a miniature table standing
only eighteen inches off the floor, so
that to stand on a chair is a super-
fluous undertaking for the youngest
resident. A rocking-chair is also a
popular article, especially with the
seniors. In order that the children's
well-being can be accurately ascer-
tained, each child is weighed once a
week, and it says much for the
nurses' care that in not a single case
has even the most delicate child lost
weight, while one baby recently
broke the record by increasing in
weight over 8 ounces in one week.

In the basement of the hotel is a
laundry, where the greater part of
the children's washing is done "at
home," and, in fact, luxury tempered
with sound common sense is the order
of the day in the babies' hotel. —
London Daily Mail.

The Prime As a Chess Player.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is a
skilled and, in some respects, a won-
derful chess player. Once when on a
visit to India he stayed with an offi-
cial who had the superintendence of
the laying of a new railway line,
and in the daytime he made long
tours with his host over the new
route. On these occasions the two
constantly played chess without either
board or men. All the moves were
made verbally, they never forgot a
move or a point of the game, and
each could tell at any moment what
was the exact position of the imagi-
nary men on the imaginary board.

A FOUR THOUSAND DOLLAR WATCH

Four thousand dollars seems an
enormous price for a watch, yet this
sum has just been paid for one that
was recently completed by a firm of
French watchmakers. And when it is
considered that the watch is without
an equal in artistic and scientific
workmanship and that the man who
made it has devoted to it all his lei-
sure hours for the last seven years,
the price is by no means extravagant.
The watch in question is the achieve-
ment of a French expert, one M.
Junod, who has been endeavoring
therewith to satisfy the scientific
taste of Count A. A. De Carvalho
Monteiro, of Lisbon and Rio de Jane-
iro. It has two dials, one of which is
open while the other is protected by
an artistically decorated case. The
principal or front dial, besides the
ordinary indications of the hours,
minutes and seconds, shows, on four
small extra dials, the phases and ages
of the moon; the day of the month
and of the week (for 400 years); the
year (for one century); the months,
the seasons, the solstices and the
equinoxes; a chronograph indicating
the hours, minutes, seconds, and frac-
tions of seconds for scientific obser-
vations; a spring development mak-
ing known the exact moment the
watch was last wound up; and indica-
tions, by a separate hand, of the
mean solar time and of the equinoctial
of time.

The reverse side bears a thermo-
meter; a hair hygrometer; an aneroid
barometer; with corresponding alti-
meter for heights not exceeding 5,000
meters; two dials giving the hours of
sunrise and sunset at Lisbon; a gat-
chet system permitting to rectify the
setting without opening the case; the
corresponding hour (and hence the
longitude) of the different regions of
the globe identified with 128 different
cities; the firmament.

This latter indication is very inter-
esting. In fact three firmaments are
represented, viz., those of Paris, Lis-
bon and Rio de Janeiro (of course but
one at a time). The stars—tiny golden
points—are not thrown upon these
dials at random. The horizon is so
disposed that in the revolution of the
disk, which executes the motions of
the stars, the different stars rise and
set at their respective hour, as de-
termined astronomically. Even the
Milky Way is traced on the disk.

Such a marvellous watch could but
be a repeater, not only of the hours
and the quarters, but also of the
minutes elapsed since the quarters
struck. Thus when the writer ex-
amined the works it was 11.19 a. m.
On his touching a button, the watch's
"rapid little pulse" first beat eleven,
then a triple chime indicated a quar-
ter past, and finally a tiny bell
struck four, making up 11.19.

From an artistic standpoint also
this time keeper is a marvel. The
case represents, in beautiful bas re-
lief, the Fates with their attributes,
and Time, with his scythe and his
ancient water-clock. In the centre of
these figures is the monogram of the
purchaser of the watch. Above the
second dial is the Brazilian globe,
and beneath Time the coat of arms
of Portugal.

The stem-winder is simply the
crown of a count, surmounting a
helmet, and inside the enameled top
is a very neat mariner's compass.

Midnight Visit To London Zoo

Continued from Page 9.

The lantern above the railings and
peer into bushes for creatures which
only move and have their being by
night. The beaver came and stared
at our lantern with beautiful black
eyes, and many a strange cat-like
and rat-like creature, whose names
I had never heard, crept towards us
through the darkness, placed little
paws on the wires, and reared them-
selves up to sniff with twitching
whiskers at the light.

All this is pleasant and diverting,
but one never quite shakes off the
sense of the imminence of animal
enmity towards man. In my cheer-



The Economy of it.

Armour's Extract of Beef

is an economy as well as a necessity. There's a "thousand and one"
uses for it in the modern home.

It's the cheapest of all stocks for soups, gravies and sauces. It
makes the most delicious addition to chafing dish sauces. Hot water
and a teaspoonful of Armour's Extract makes the richest bouillon
and beef tea you ever tasted.

It's so handy to have in case of emergencies for luncheon and din-
ner—indispensable for the sickroom—always ready for use—instantly
prepared.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO, Sole Packers and Shippers for Canada

fullest moment a low wail suddenly
broke upon my ear and rose slowly,
persistently, and without a break
into the dimmest howl ever uttered
by despairing souls. The wolves had
heard us through the fog. At first
it was like wind wailing down an
ancient chimney, afterwards like the
acknowledgement of damned souls
that their punishment is just.

We came to the place, and there
were the great grey wolves tearing
up and down their cages, charging at
each other, throwing each other
down, and all the time, in their per-
petual unrest, uttering that terrible
wail. Then from his kennel rushed
the Enge, and with arched, bristling
back, head thrown back, and his four
feet slipping on the floor, with the
vehementness of his rage, barked and
bayed discordantly with the ceaseless
wail of the wolves.

How they hate us! And yet cap-
tivity has its rewards. The fear of
momentary death is removed, the
starving search after food is averted,
and they lie down night after night
in warmth and security. Everything
is improved—save the temper of the
animals towards man. For ever they
must hate us, and for ever we must
bait and bar.

"JUST AS I AM"

In the March Delineator Allan
Sutherland gives an interesting ac-
count of the origin of "Just as I
Am." Charlotte, Elliott's famous
hymn. After telling how the hymn
came to be inspired through a re-
mark of Dr. Caesar Malan to the in-
valid composer, when she had told
him that she did not know how to
find Christ—"Come to Him just as
you are," said Dr. Malan—it is re-
lated that the hymn first appeared
anonymously in The Yearly Re-
member. Dr. C. S. Robinson, a
noted clergyman, states: "Begin-
ning thus its public history in the
columns of an unpretending mag-
azine, the little anonymous hymn,
with its sweet counsel to troubled

minds, found its way into scrap-
books, then into religious circles and
chapel assemblies, and finally into
the hymnals." That the hymn has
had a deep influence for good upon
humanity may be seen from the tes-
timonies of ministers given in this
article, and from the fact that after
the death of Miss Elliott, about a
thousand letters were found among
her papers thanking her personally
for the great blessings which had
come to the lives of the writers
through the instrumentality of "Just
as I Am."

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Sitting alone in the twilight,
Alone in the twilight gray,
The spirits come thronging about me,
That I deemed were gone for aye.
The spirits of vanished moments,
Of words I might have said,
Of loving and thoughtful actions
Undone to the silent dead.
And I vainly try to escape them,
And their sad, reproachful eyes,
For swiftly as one may vanish,
In its place will another rise;
And each voice has a strain that
pierces
With its evidence of untold woe,
For the strain is like to the tones of
friends

Once heard in the long-ago.
"Tell me, ye sad-eyed spirits,
May I never grasp you again?"
But low comes the sorrowful answer
In the accents fraught with pain!
"Never, ah never, oh mortal!
A great gulf lies between,
And we must wander forever
In the valley of Might-Have-Been."
"Yet our brothers are always with
you,
Each day they are by your side,
Then earnestly, swiftly seize them
Before they, eluding, glide
Into that mournful valley,
Which man hath never seen,
But which lives in his memory for-
ever—
The Valley of Might-Have-Been."
—Amy K. Lloyd.



"I used to think when it
first came out that there were
other shoe polishes equal to it,
but now

2 in 1

is the only shoe polish I keep.
I fill my window with it and
draw a crowd. I believe if I
filled my store with it I could
easily sell it all. No kicks now from selling 'just as good
goods.'"
Black and Tan—10 and 25 cent boxes and 15 cent collapsible tin.
At all dealers.

I WILL CURE YOU FIRST THEN YOU PAY ME



The physician who has not sufficient confidence
in his ability to cure his patients first, and re-
ceive his pay afterwards, is not the man to in-
spire confidence in those who are in search of
honest treatment.

My acceptance of a case for treatment is
equivalent to a cure, because I never accept in-
curable cases. I am satisfied to receive the
money for the cure I have given the patient,
but I expect to prove my worth and show positive
and satisfactory results before I ask for the fee.
So, should I fail to cure the case, the patient
loses nothing, while when I cure him I have
given what is worth much more than money.
I have given him his health again. I am the
very first specialist in the United States who
has had sufficient confidence in his ability to
cure the afflicted.

NOT ONE DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURED

There is no guess work, no experiment about
my method. I am a known expert in my chosen
specialties, and offer you the best and only the
best treatment. When your life or your health
is at stake, inferior treatment (which leaves
after-effects worse than the disease itself), is dear
at any price.

I have 14 Diplomas and certificates from the various colleges and state boards of
medical examiners, which should be sufficient guarantee as to
my standing and abilities. It makes no difference who has failed to cure you, it will be
to your advantage to get my opinion of your case free of charge.

PHYSICAL CURE

The Latest Method Treatment is a heaven-sent boon to nervous sufferers. There are
scores and hundreds of persons suffering from severe nervous disorders resulting from
overwork, hurry, worry, business and domestic cares, bereavements, dissipation, etc. To
them life is one continual round of misery, while peace, comfort and happiness are impos-
sible. They suffer from headache, loss of memory, mental depression, strange sensations,
dizziness, dimness, restlessness, irritability, constant indescribable fear, forebodings,
sleeplessness, weakness, trembling, heart palpitation, cold limbs, utter fatigue and
exhaustion. In this class of cases almost immediate relief is afforded by my treatment.
The use of narcotics and poisonous stupefying drugs is done away with, and permanent
cures accomplished.

I Cure Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Stricture, Early
Decay and Waste of Power, All Nervous,
Chronic, Blood and Skin Diseases.

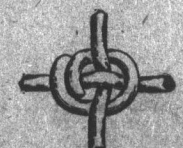
X RAY EXAMINATION, ADVICE AND CONSULTATION FREE

HOME TREATMENT

If you are in or near the city you should apply for treatment in person, but if you
live too far away, write me a full and unreserved history of your case. You will re-
ceive as careful, conscientious and painstaking attention as if you were in my office daily.
As men in different parts of Canada and Mexico, as well as all over the United States,
are being cured by my system of home treatment, I feel fully justified in claiming that it
is the most perfect and successful system ever devised. All physicians coming to me for
consultation over obstinate cases which they are occasionally called upon to treat will
receive the usual courtesies of the profession. Medicines for Canadian patients shipped
from Windsor, Ont. all duty and transportation charges prepaid.

DR. GOLDBERG, 208 Woodward Ave., Suite 411 Detroit, Mich.

PAGE FENCE—The WHITE Brand



This cut shows the knot or lock
in the Page "Empire" Fence.

9m
9m
8m
7m
5m
4m
3m
2m

All Page Fencing and Gates shipped from our factory in future (except our railroad fencing) will be painted
WHITE, a trade-mark as it were, in order that ours can be readily distinguished from others at a glance.

There now are other fences which at first appearance look much like ours though they are much different in
quality. By coating ours WHITE there can be no confusion among buyers.

While this coating of WHITE gives Page Fence and Gates a distinguishing feature, it will also be a preserva-
tive as an aid to the galvanizing in preventing rust. It is now commonly known to everyone that even galvanized
wire will, in certain localities, rust.

In addition to these, we are making several other changes and improvements in our goods that will make them
still better than ever, and still further ahead of all competitors. Get from us, or local dealers, printed matter
explaining everything about our Fences, Gates and Lawn Fences.

Remember:—Page Fence is WHITE, WHITE, WHITE. And Page Gates are WHITE.

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Minnard's Lintment Cures Disasters