TRINITY
CANADA'S LEADING
RESIDENTIAL UNIVERSITY
NEW CALENDAR NOW READY
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DR HACKLEN, TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO
12—14

THE HEIGHT OF LAZINESS.

There was once a club formed of lazy men.

Fines were inflicted on those who ever forgot themselves so far as to do anything in haste.

One day several members saw an old doctor who was renowned for his laziness drive past the door of the club at a furious rate, and loudly they chuckled at the thought of fining him.

But on applying to him on the ground of his having been in such a hurry, the doctor slowly replied:

"No, I wasn't in a hurry, but my mare wanted to go fast, and I was too lazy to stop her."

WANTED THE DINNERS.

Freddy — "Papa, may I study elocution?"

Proud Father — "Indeed you may, my boy, if you wish! You desire to become a great orator, do you?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And some day, perhaps, have your voice ringing in the vaulted chamber of the first legislative assembly in the world?"

"I shouldn't care for that. I want to be an after-dinner speaker."

"Ah, you are ambitious for social distinction then?"

"No—I want the dinners!"

SIGNS OF SPRING.

It Is a Season When Most People Feel Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out.

The spring season affects the health of almost everyone — of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle appetite, sallow cheeks and lack-lustre eyes are other signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone — young and old — need a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, rich, red blood. That's why they give you a healthy appetite and cure all blood and nerve diseases — anaemia, skin diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart and a score of other troubles caused by bad blood and bad blood alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give you new blood, new life, new energy — you cannot do better than start taking them to-day.

Mr. Jos. Poirier, M.P.P., Grand Anse, N. B., says: "Both my wife and daughter have been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My daughter was in very poor health; pale, thin and apparently bloodless, but through the use of the pills she has regained her health and is again able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine when the blood is poor." Substitutes are sometimes offered, but they never cure. If you can't get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

Wife (to newly-made husband) — "Now, Charles, this is our honeymoon, and while it lasts we must contrive to exact all the sweetness we can out of it. We must remember that life is short and honeymoons are shorter."

Newly-made Husband (interrupting) — "My dear, let us hope that happiness will perch upon our banner and stay there."

Wife (looking at him pityingly) — "Charles, this is your first experience in this line, while I may as well confess to you that it is my third; and I'm the better judge."

CHOOSING THE WEDDING DAY.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scottish districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced, the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck, and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

A WONDERFUL ARMY.

The Moorish Sultan's army is a wonderful affair. It fights by making a noise rather than by killing the enemy. The army consists of 25,000 men. Some are armed with discarded British Martini-Henrys; others with home-made imitations of the Martini-Henry, which jam and refuse to fire; while others have the old flint-lock muzzle-loader, which is of doubtful habits.

CROSS BABIES.

Some babies appear always ugly tempered. It can't be all original sin either, not in your baby anyway. Your baby is not a cross baby for nothing. He is cross because he is uncomfortable. A difference like magic is effected by Baby's Own Tablets. They do immediate and permanent good; they cannot possibly do any harm. No trouble; no spilling; no difficulty getting them into baby's mouth; for very young infants they can be crumbled to a powder or given in water. They are sweet and children like them. No mother has ever used Baby's Own Tablets without finding that they do good for children of all ages. Mrs. M. Watters, Sheenboro, Que., says: "I have used many medicines for little ones but have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets, I simply would not be without them in the house, and I strongly recommend them to all other mothers."

Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and you have a positive guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or mailed post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER II.

The Hermione lay at the head of that small branch of the sea called the Heimdalfjord. On the entire Heimdalfjord there are but two boats — mere pinewood craft heavily tarred. One is owned by Hans Olsen, who lives away at the point where the Sognfjord begins, and the other belongs to Christian Nielsen, who farms the two acres of poor soil at the head of the Heimdalfjord. No steamer has ever churned the still waters; few yachts have ventured up to the head of the inlet, where there is no attraction to the sightseer. But Nielsen looked every year for the white sails of the Hermione, and with native conscientiousness refrained from netting the river that ran past his brown log hut.

From the river mouth a small boat was now making its way under sail up the fjord. A tiny speck of white was all the girl could distinguish from the deck of the yacht, and she stood silently watching its approach until the form of the sailor sitting low in the bow of the small brown craft was discernable.

Beside the after-rail Brenda stood motionless; her eyes were resting on the dreary, lifeless scene which was nothing but a still blending of hazy blues, now that the small, white sail no longer gave life to it. She did not even turn when the sound of wet splashy footsteps upon the deck came to her ears. The newcomer had kicked off his brogues amidships, and was coming aft in wet waders and soaking outer socks, out of respect for the Hermione's deck.

As he stood there beneath the awning in the gray twilight with his head bared, the strange incongruity of his person was very noticeable. A sturdy, lightly built body spoke of great activity. It was the frame of a soldier. But the face was of a different type. In itself it was inconsistent, because the upper part of it had no sympathy with the lower. A forehead which receded slightly in a kindly curve to strong curlet hair could only be described as bland, while beneath straight, thick brows there smiled a pair of gray eyes as meek as human eyes were ever made. The chin, again, was square and slightly prominent. To judge from nose and lips and chin, this new-comer had been intended for a soldier, but the meek eyes disturbed this theory.

When at last quick defiance was hurled from one nation to another, Theodore Trist disappeared. The sound of battle drew him away from peaceful England to that fair country by the Rhine where blood has been sucked into the fertile earth to grow again into deadly hatred. The din and roar and fury of battle was this mild-eyed man's element.

In two countries simultaneously he made a brilliant name, proving that if he could not fight, because the possession of a fighting soul had become known to him too late in life, he could at least watch others battling as no man of his age could watch.

When at length Paris had fallen, an emaciated, pale-faced Englishman turned his back upon the demoralized capital and sought his native land. His groove in life had been found. Theodore Trist was a born chronicler of battle fields, a subtle strategist, a lost general — in three words, an ideal war correspondent.

In the course of a few days he called upon his various friends — Mrs. Wylie among the first; Alice and Brenda Gilholme, at the residence of their aunt, Mrs. Gilholme, shortly afterward. It was about this time that Brenda conceived the idea that Theo Trist loved her sister.

While she was still watching and wondering, Theo Trist suddenly vanished, and soon afterward there broke out a small war in the Far East. Like a vulture he had scented blood, and was on the spot by the time that the news of hostilities had reached England. He never wrote private letters, but his work in the new field of battle was closely watched by the small circle of friends at home.

When he returned, Alice Gilholme was married, and Brenda had to tell him of it. No surprise, no signs of discomfiture were visible in the man's incongruous face, where strength and weakness were strangely mixed. He inquired keenly and practically about settlements, expressed a gentle hope that Alice would be happy, and changed the subject.

CHAPTER III.

Trist approached Mrs. Wylie with slow and almost timid steps, yet there was nothing apologetic in his demeanor, for he was perfectly self-possessed, and even reposeful, with that quiet assurance which only comes with innate good breeding.

In his two hands he carried a fine stout salmon with a sharp snout. Its dark lips curled upward with an evil twist, and even in death its eyes were full of fight.

The lady dropped her book upon her lap and looked up with a smile. In her eyes there was a kindly and yet scrutinizing look which was almost motherly in its discernment. This young man was evidently more to her than the rest of his kind. She knew his impassive face so well that she could read where others saw an unwritten page.

"Ah," she said, with some interest (for she was a sportsman's wife) "that is a good fish, Theo!"

"Yes," he acquiesced in a soft and rather monotonous voice, harmonizing with his eyes. "He is a fine fellow. We had a desperate fight!"

As if to prove the severity of the struggle, he looked down at his knees, which were muddy, and then held out his right hand, which was streaked with blood.

"Ah, how nasty!" exclaimed Mrs. Wylie pleasantly. "Is it yours or his?"

"Mine, I think. Yes, it must be mine."

Brenda had approached slowly, and was standing close to him. She stooped a little to examine the fish, which he held toward her with his left hand, and even deigned to poke it critically on the shoulder with her straight white finger.

"Are you hurt?" she inquired casually, without looking up.

A slow gleam of humor lighted up Trist's soft and melancholy eyes as he looked down at her.

"He cannot answer for himself," he said, suggestively. "But I think I can volunteer the information that he is not hurt now. He died the death of a plucky fish, and did not flinch."

"I meant you."

"I? Oh, no, I am not hurt, thank you. Only very dirty, very sanguinary, and quite happy."

At this moment the steward, a dapper and noiseless man with no appearance of a sailor, came up and took the fish from Trist's hands. Mrs. Wylie returned to her book, and the two young people stood silently in front of her. Presently they moved away as if with one accord, farther aft, beside the wheel. Here Brenda seated herself sideways with one arm round the white awning-stanchion.

"There is the Admiral," he said, "coming off in Nielsen's boat. I wonder what sport he has had."

Brenda also left her seat upon the rail and looked across the water. In doing so she came nearer to her companion, and her dress touched his wounded hand.

"Are you sure," she said, as if reminded of his mishap, "that you are not hurt? Shall I sponge your hand? I am not afraid of . . . of it."

He laughed in a pleasant and heartless way.

"Oh, no, thanks! I will wash it in the ordinary way. It is only a scratch; I ought to have washed it before presenting myself to you."

She looked at him speculatively, and made a little hopeless movement with her shoulders.

"You are sometimes most aggravatingly independent."

"Yes," he answered, in a hard, practical way. "Independence is a necessity. If I have the gift of it, I cannot cultivate it too assiduously. Without independence I should be nowhere."

CHAPTER IV.

The short northern night lay over the peaceful fjord. There was no sound in the air except the soft murmurous voice of the river and the distant prattle of a tiny waterfall.

The Hermione, wrapt in utter darkness (for the Admiral would allow no riding-light, having had enough of red tape routine during his service beneath the white ensign), lay motionless upon the glassy water.

From the open port holes came light and a sound of music. In the comfortable and homeike saloon Brenda was at the piano; Mrs. Wylie worked placidly, and the two men smoked in restful silence. That sweet fatigue and utter sense of peacefulness which is the reward of a hard, unsparing day had come over them. The Admiral had caught his two fish over again, and his pleasant, garrulous voice was still. He was now inclining to slumber, lying back drowsily in his deep chair.

Trist, a model of cleanliness, and broadcloth over the whitest linen, was in a less easy pose, for he was seated at the cabin table before a huge volume of travel. His brown hands lay quiescent upon the open pages; his eyes were riveted on the printed lines.

"Rain!" exclaimed Brenda, swinging round on the music stool. The Admiral was asleep, and Trist merely nodded his head in acquiescence. Mrs. Wylie ceased working, and listened. In a few moments there was a slight creak of timber, and the small vessel heaved perceptibly beneath their feet. The muslin curtains on either side of the small port holes fluttered, and the lamp hanging beneath the open skylight flickered repeatedly.

Trist rose and closed the ports. His movements awoke Admiral Wylie, who sat up in his deep chair with a hand on either knee.

"A squall?" he inquired.

"Yes," returned Trist, without moving away from the port hole. "A squall — rain — and thunder, I think."

Even while he spoke a green light flashed out and lighted up his face for a moment. The thunder soon followed — a long, low growl, dying away in the distant echoes.

"It will be rather fine in this narrow fjord," suggested Trist to no one in particular. "I think I will go on deck."

Mrs. Wylie looked toward Brenda before replying.

"I prefer something more solid than an awning between me and a thunderstorm," she said decisively.

Brenda rose from her seat and looked round for a shawl.

"I think I will go," said the girl simply. It did not seem to occur to her that there could be any reason why she should not go on deck with Trist, nor did she appear to think it strange that he should fail to suggest it.

He came to her side and dropped the shawl deftly on to her small, square shoulders, and then they passed out of the saloon together. He climbed the narrow companion-way first, and turned to assist her over the brass plated combing.

"Come," he said, "I will guide you — I know all the ring-bolts on the deck."

Then, seeing that her two hands were wrapped in the shawl, he took hold of her wrist through the soft wool and led her aft. When they were half way across the deck toward the skylight, where there was a seat, there came a tremendous crash. A blinding yellow flame appeared to leap from the summit of the mountain above them — a flame so brilliant, so sudden, and so grand, that it seemed to burn into their eyes, and for a moment paralyzed their brains. Simultaneously the heavy atmosphere burst and vibrated into such a confusion of crackle, and rumble, and distant roar, that even Theo Trist staggered and caught his breath convulsively.

When Trist recovered himself he found Brenda clinging to him. She had abandoned the shawl, and her bare arms were upon his sleeve.

The first sound she heard was a laugh. Her first sensation was one of warmth, as her companion drew the soft wrap round her shoulders. She made no attempt to help him with the shawl, which fluttered and flapped audibly in the breeze, but stood with idle, hanging arms awaiting and dreading a repetition of the wild anger of heaven.

"It is rather grander than we bargained for," he said.

"I have never seen or heard anything like that!" she said at length, half apologetically, when they were seated.

Before he could answer, another peal of thunder broke over the mountains; and, immediately after, a brilliant flash of lightning darted down the bare face of the cliff opposite to them. The sharp, detonating thunder was simultaneous, and all nature seemed to quiver and vibrate. Where they were seated, no splash or spray could reach them.

And now the storm began to move away down the fjord. In an incredibly short space of time the heavy black clouds rolled aside, and the stars began to twinkle. There was in the air a subtle scent of refreshed verdure, and the atmosphere was less variable.

At length Brenda spoke. She was by no means ashamed of her momentary terror during the first wild assault of the storm.

"Courage," observed Brenda thoughtfully, "would be a difficult thing to define."

"You cannot reduce that to a science," he said at length conclusively.

"I think most things in life can be reduced to a science."

"I know you do — but you are mistaken. You would reduce life itself to a science, and make it quite unworth the living. Courage can no more be spoken of generally than other strictly human qualities, because no two minds are quite alike. I suppose you think that personal bravery is a mere matter of habit."

"Not entirely."

"Scarcely at all, Brenda. A brave man is a brave man on shore, at sea, and in a balloon. A fox-hunter may be nervous in a boat. If so, I say he is at heart a coward, despite his fox-hunting. When a sailor is uncomfortable in a dogcart he is not naturally a brave man, though at sea he borrow a false confidence from familiarity with what landsmen take to be danger."

"What suggested the idea to me," said the girl after a pause, "was that flash of lightning just now—when we first came on deck. I was not really frightened. I know that one never sees the flash by which one is struck. . .."

"Scientific courage," interrupted Trist gently.

"But I was startled. You never stirred excepting a mere physical motion caused by the brilliancy of the flash. Where was the difference then?"

"I think that was habit. I have watched men of different constitutions in moments of danger, and have found that the mere act of jumping back or bobbing the head is a physical effect caused by surprise as much as fear. I have seen a man who was distinctly startled act, and act wisely, as well as rapidly, sooner than one who betrayed no sign of being moved."

"I have often wondered," murmured Brenda reflectively, "how certain people would act at a crisis. I have often longed to see you, for instance, on a battlefield."

"I cannot return the compliment. Much as I enjoy your society, I would much rather not see you on a battlefield."

The girl laughed at his gravity, and then continued, in her thoughtful, analytical way:

"I cannot picture you at work — at all! What are you like?"

He shrugged his shoulders and presently answered, in a slow, indifferent way, such as most men acquire at sea, where time is of comparatively small value:

"Just like other men. Much the same as in a drawing-room. Men do not change so much as you imagine. Not so much, perhaps, as women. There is a lamentable monotony about us; we behave at a funeral as at a wedding."

"Women don't do that. They overdo the smiling, and exaggerate the weeping, while between times they take note of each other's bonnets, and mentally measure the depth of crape trimmings."

"There is more good in the world, Brenda, than you are aware of."

"And," said the girl, "more courage. Excuse my returning to the subject; but it is one which is full of interest, and I think you must know something about it."

He turned and looked at her, and in the twilight his meek eyes were as soft as any woman's — softer than Brenda's, which were habitually wistful and much too grave.

"I do," he said simply.

"And . . . ?" she murmured interrogatively.

"And I think there can be no doubt that there is more courage in the world now than there has ever been. We are the bravest generation that has ever lived—though our bravery is of a different type. All brutal attributes are expunged, and it is purely mental. There is no excitement in it, and therefore it is pure, independent courage. The Crusades were marvelous campaigns; we never try to realize now what it must have been for those men—most of whom had never even set foot on the deck of a ship—to go to sea in small ill-found vessels on a mere wild-goose chase, to a country of which they knew absolutely nothing. But the Crusades have been outdone; greater knowledge has told us of greater dangers, and yet men are ready to face them."

"Without the incentive of religion?"

"Yes."

"Then, Theo, you consider that religion has nothing to do with personal bravery?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"That is a bold theory. Do you mean to say that a man will not fight the better for possessing a strong faith in a future life which will in every way be better than this—that his present existence will be of less value owing to the possession of that faith, and that, therefore, he will be readier to risk losing his life?"

"It is not a theory," urged the man in his strange gentle way, which was crudely out of keeping with his words. "It is an experience. Fanaticism undoubtedly generates courage; religion does not. On a battlefield, and on a sinking ship, I have found that a future existence, and all the unending questions that it arouses, occupy a very small place in men's minds."

"Then of what are they thinking? What emotion do they show?"

"They are thinking of trifles, which we all do, all through life; and they gradually either laugh or swear!"

"Then I give up attempting to understand human nature!"

"I gave that up years ago, Brenda."

She did not answer him, but sat gazing across the dark waters with an unsatisfied expression upon her sweet, intellectual face.

"It is no use," continued Trist in a lighter tone, "attempting to understand anything, because sooner or later you will find yourself confronted by a great wall which no knowledge can surmount."

"We either know too much or too little," said the girl discontentedly.

"Too much," he affirmed without any hesitation. "Fortunately, we have learnt to acquire a mental courage with our knowledge, or else we never would be able to face life at all."

"Either," she said in a dull voice, "you are on the verge of atheism, or you love Alice. Only one of those . . . calamities could account for the utter hopelessness of your creed."

At this moment Mrs. Wylie appeared on deck, and playfully chided them for staying away so long.

With the utmost unconsciousness of an unanswered question, Trist rose and crossed the deck to meet her.

(To Be Continued).

WHERE LABOR WAS SWEET.

Not many young ladies in Canada can boast of having cut the entire crop on their father's farm.

The two young daughters of Mr. George Wells can do so, however.

Mr. Wells' farm is situated one mile south of Wellwood Station on the famous Carberry Plains. He cultivates 320 acres.

Owing to scarcity of help, Miss Edie and Miss Emma Wells volunteered to drive their father's Massey-Harris binders through the harvest. As a result of their efforts, Mr. Wells was the first farmer on the Plains to finish cutting.

How much of the spirit of Canada and Canadians there is in this! This is the spirit which is steadily bringing our fair nation to the fore.

One of Mr. Wells' Massey-Harris binders is six and the other four years old, and Mr. Wells asserts only seventy-five cents' worth of repairs have been put on them up to date, and that the binder first bought is good for five years yet, to say nothing of the younger one.

"Do you think, young man, that you could my daughter all she asks for?" questioned papa, grimly. "I—aw—think so, sir," murmured the lover, bashfully. "She says she wants only me."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters."

Of course, she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part from it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course, he had offended her in some way, and she wished to test his love, but it is unnecessary to inquire how.

The answer to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late day to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 500, and would request that you return all except your own by passenger train at my expense."

GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND.

"That woman showed wonderful presence of mind when her horse ran away."

"Is that what you call it? She threw down the reins and yelled."

"I know she did, and the horse ran straight down the street. If she had held on to the reins she would have doubtless steered him into the pavement."

HALF THE WORLD IS SICK
Because of Weak Hearts

When you are sick your heart is faint.

If it were pumping good blood through your system, you could not be sick in any part.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred have weak hearts—they are sometimes sick.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will relieve Heart Disease in thirty minutes. Will with certainty effect a lasting cure.

GEORGE CRITES, Dominion Customs Office, Cornwall, Ont., says:—

"I was troubled with severe Heart complaint for a long time. I was under the doctor's care, but not receiving benefit, I asked him about 'DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART,' and I used it with good results."

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is ridding the world of piles and skin rashes, eruptions of all sorts. Its healing powers are marvelous. Price, 35c. 1c

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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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A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes 4B
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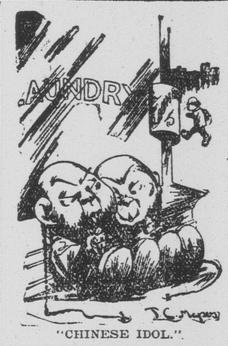

"CHINESE IDOL."

"I don't believe our new neighbors amount to much." "Don't you?" "No. Why, nobody ever gossips about them."

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 services.

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.

1903 WILL BE UNLUCKY.

French astrologists are telling us that this is going to be a very unlucky year, because in no fewer than three cases the 13th of a month falls on a Friday, and last year, when this calamity only happened once, we had the eruption of Mont Pelee as a perfectly obvious consequence.

INVENTION.

We have received from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, of Montreal, an admirable compendium of condensed information on the subject of Patents and everyday statistical data. This little book, entitled "INVENTION," is just the proper size for the vest pocket, 2½ x 4½ inches, is bound in handsome celluloid covers, and contains not only quadrille-ruled blank pages for memoranda, but also 28 pages of interesting printed matter including quite a surprising amount of novel and useful information not heretofore published. Among the items of information contained in this compact little volume are graphically illustrated tables showing the Growth of the United States and Canada Patent Offices, Geographical Distribution of United States and Canadian Patentees, Distribution of Canadian Patentees among the different countries, the Inventiveness of Canadian Provinces, the Comparative Inventiveness of the United States and Canada, the World's Greatest Inventors, and legal markings for patented articles, in addition to the very full and useful description of the mode of patent and trade mark procedure and the extensive equipment of Messrs. Marion & Marion for their work. A full schedule of costs is also given, and a highly interesting list of some of the fields of invention in which they have obtained patents.

The book is prepared especially for the use of the technical and industrial clients of Messrs. Marion & Marion, and does this enterprising firm much credit. It can be had from them by the readers of this paper on request, for 10 cents. (stamps or silver).

Kindly Old Lady — "You say that you are a fancy baker?" Weary William — "Yes'm; I'm trying to achieve the biggest loaf on record."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Of the 757,000 strangers living in the German Empire, 890,000 are Austro-Hungarian, and 88,000 Dutch.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

Fifty-three years ago France began giving medals to women for bravery in war time. Since then 33 decorations have been bestowed on brave women. The first to be so decorated was Jeannie Rossini, on June 7, 1859.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Willie — "Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?" Ma.—"No: don't be ridiculous." Willie—"Well, Mr. Jiggs said he was going to the Tyrol for his lungs."

SOMETHING NEW.

Probably the best invention in the agricultural implement world for 1903 is the new oiling device on the Massey-Harris Mower Pitman.

A roomy oil chamber is placed in each end of the pitman, and the natural action of the pitman throws the oil up through the oil hole and gives thorough and constant lubrication without waste.

The best feature of the device is that the oil chambers are roomy and one filling will last for many hours of cutting.

We understand Massey-Harris Company are making a great hit with this new feature, and that it is filling a long-felt want.

IT RAN IN THE FAMILY.

"That boy will be the death of me some day," declared the head of the family. "I'm sure I don't know where he gets all his impudence and self-assurance; surely not from me. He returned home from college the other day to spend the holidays, as I supposed, and, entering my office, he threw his hat on the floor, selected an easy chair, put his feet on my desk, lit a cigarette, inhaled a few puffs, and then, turning languidly to me, he drawled:

"'I say, dad, do you remember the time when you were sent home from college?'

"I did. There was no use denying it, for one day in a burst of confidence I had told him some of my escapades as a boy, and I lived to regret that I had been so indiscreet.

"'Well,' said he, 'history has repeated itself.'

"'What do you mean, you young scallywag?' I roared.

"'Oh,' said he, easily, 'I've been sent home, too. Astonishing, isn't it, dad, how such things will run in a family?'"

"But I am so unworthy, darling!" he murmured, as he held the dear girl's hand in his. "Oh, George!" she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we could be!"

t-f
"O woman in your hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please."
There is one thing that will certainly please you if you get it, and that is
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1-45
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EVERY CANADIAN HOUSEHOLD.
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REDUCED COPIES OF GENUINE LABELS.
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are of immense value to the weak and ailing. Although thoroughly searching, their action is so gentle that delicate persons need have no hesitation in taking them; indeed, they should never be without a supply. The Pills give speedy relief in cases of Headache, Biliousness, Nausea, Dizziness and Trembling Sensations. Females will find them highly efficacious.
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is pre-eminently a household remedy; once used it is sure to have a permanent place in the family medicine cupboard. It quickly allays inflammation and irritation, and is in the highest degree soothing and healing. Apply it to Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Boils, Abscesses, &c. It also relieves and cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, Quinsy, and other affections of the Throat & Chest.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly by a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertions. Reading or sewing with a side light injuries the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their general health by correct habits of living, and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops have become an indispensable home friend for suffering women.

Miss Elderby — "Do you really think that women propose?" Oldbach — "If they don't there are a great many marriages I cannot account for."

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8—59

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England has 42 missionary societies; the United States 49.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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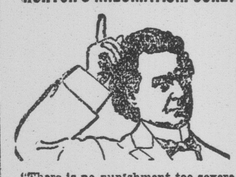

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1-4