sprung to his feet with a suddenness which fairly took away her breath. "Just hunt me up a paper collar and grease my best boots, and don't for-

grease my best boots, and don't forgit a clean handkenchief in case I
should shed tears. I 'spect the neighbors will say its airly for me to go
courtin' widders, but what they say
don't put shortcake in my mouth or
mend the holes in my stockin's. Nosir-ee," and he snapped his fingers.
"Let 'em cackle!"

The widow Jumpers' kitchen was as cozy and comfortable as fresh paint and paper, cretonne covered furniture and gay homemade rugs could make it. A cheerful log fire blazed in the old-fashioned fireplace, and Janie was in the act of lighting the evening lamps, when there came a loud rap-ra-rap at the door.

Well I guess I do!" and she threw

ways of Providence."
"I try to, marm, but it's pesky
hard," and he began to ransack his
pockets in quest of a handkerchief.
"Losin' B'lindy was a turrible blow!"
"It must have hear he."

"It must have been, Mr. Pert,' and the widow rubbed her nose with a corner of her white apron sympathetically. "But I can feel for you, dear friend—I have lost two beloved companions—"

"But four, marm—think of four—three of 'em as likely females as ever

three of 'em as likely females as ever

stirred a bannock; the other, to my

"I know you have, poor soul, but

lemon tapioca cream, and boiled cab-

upon the widow with moist eyes.
"I b'lieve I never see loveller chicken than yours, Mis' Jumper.
Rooster or pullet?"

"Rooster.

ou remember ?"

"Rooster."
"I snum, Janie, if this don't seem like old times. Come over here and set down side of me. I want to have a long talk with you."
"In just a minute, Mr. Pert."
"Oh, now, Janie," and his face took on an injured look. "Don't call me Mr. Pert. It uses! to be 'Ebby' once. Don't you remember?"

"Y-c-e-s?"
"I've thought of you all these
years, Janie. I have, I swan. I never
see anyone I loved half as well as I
did you. P'haps you don't believe it,
but it's the truth. Now things has

worked our way, sposh we line conditions. Say, Janie, will you hev me?"
"O-O-O! My, my, my, my !——"
"Say 'Yes, Janie."
"Yes, Ebby."

Gentlemen Read.

mandkerchief a yard square and groaned dismally.

"Do?" responded Cousin Deb. "Why, spink up and put the best foot forward. A widderer of your age with hine children on his hands has got to hustle. You can't lay around and eat and sleep and smoke old cob pipes same as you always have done."

Cousin Deborah was a tall, thin, female with an aggressive nose and a rasping voice. She was extremely energetic in her movements, and as she dashed about the old farmhouse kitchen, putting things to rights, Ebenezer was obliged to duck his head more than once to avoid a col-

head more than once to avoid a col-lision with broomsticks, mop han-dles, sup pails and kettles.

"I never disputed Job's troubles," snifled Ebenezer, and he flourished the glingham handkerchief spasmodi-cally, "never—he had 'em like me-but his comforters were angels com-pared to mine. 'Twould melt a heart of stone to see the way I'm fixed. But my sufferin's air about over— I shall never climb winter hill—I feel it in my bones. I ain't had a decent thing to eat since poor feel it in my bones. I ain't had a decent thing to eat since poor B'lindy died, nothing but dough cakes and slops, and my stummick is all out of kilter. Poor B'lindy! What a treasure I've lost! So prudent, so clever natered. My fust two was faithful partners and fair cooks, but when it come to bucklin' right down to hard work they couldn't hold a taller candle to B'lindy. O Deh, what do you advise me to do?" Deb, what do you advise me to do?"
And his sobs and groans broke out

"Look here, Ebenezer, I've advised has got no gumption. You've got to face facts. B'lindy's gone, you've lost 'your' berden bearer and all your howlin' won't bring her back," and Deb flashed a glance at her elderly relative which was far from symmathetic.

sympathetic.
"I know it, Deb," he whimpered, "but my poor heart is buried in her grave. Nobody knows my feelin's but myself. I shall never find another to take her place—not if I live to be as old as Methuseller! She took all the care of the critters and the milkin' and the barn and the house and the young uns,

"If," broke in Deb, sharply, "you don't stop your wailin's I'll leave this house in twenty minutes, bag and baggage. I've hearn it jest, as long as I'm goin' to. I have been here two months and you have not made the least effort to get a

stirred a bannock; the other, to my sorror, was a weak vessel, who for-sook a lovin' huspand for a sewin machine man—but she got her come-uppance. O marm, I've been called to wade through seas of trouble—yes, "I'd like to know who I'm going you must try and bear up—it is the only way. I don't suppose you have much appetite, but do set down and force yourself to eat a few mouthfuls anyway. Here is cold chicken and leaven to here or a mean the delided and leaven to here or a mean and belief and leaven to here or a mean and belief and leaven to here or a mean and belief and leaven to here or a mean and belief and leaven to here or a mean and belief and leaven to here or a mean and belief and leaven to here or a mean and belief and here or a mean and h to git?" queried Ebenezer, and he eyed her warily through his fingers.
"That is your own lookout. There is plenty of capable women to be had that will come here and look after your butter and egg business and do the housework and keep an eye on the children. Some nice, bage and canned string beans, and a two-quart jug of old cherry cider-drink every drop-do, now-it will do

steady old maid." your soul good."
Solemnly, and as though he was
performing a sacred duty, Ebenezer
proceeded to manipulate his knife dunno no nice, steady old maids, interrupted Ebenezer, cross-ly, "and I don't want to. "I shouldn't know how to approach 'cm. I would rather tackle a wid-'m. I would rather tackle a wid-

and fork, and when the plump chicken was reduced to bones and the tapicca cream had vanished from sight, when every fragment of cabbage and canned string beans had disappeared from the platter and the last dryp of all cherry sides had grant to the state of the decrease of the control of the "Well, there is pienty of widders. Elder Trigger say there out of the government right in this last drop of old cherry cider had gur-gled slowly down his throat he leaned back in his chair and smiled neighborhood

said Ebenezer, in a re-"Well," said Ebenezer, in a resigned tone, "it's pooty cold weather for a man of my years to start out lookin' up widders, but I s'pose it's got to be done, Do you think of any pertickler one you can rickermend?"
"Well, let me think—there is Mis' Holden. She's as smart as a steel

Yes, but I won't have her. She

is hemlier than a hedge fence."
"Mis' Davis is a pretty good cook,
but she is slow."

but she is slow."
"I won't have her nuther. She is crosser lookin' than outtermilk and would jar on my feelin's."
"How about Mis' Brown. She is representation." very capable.

don't want her. I couldn't relish her grub. She's got false teeth, caus' I watched her handlin' 'em down to the donation when she thought nobody was seein."

"How would Nancy Green do?"

"Nancy Green!" and he opened his little eyes in horror. "Cousin Deb Potter, air you crazy? A woman that's been disvorsted from three livin' husbands! Why, I wouldn't stay in the same house with that woman for a million dollars!"

woman for a million dollars!"

"Well, I can't think of anybody else that could fill the bill, unless its the widder Jumper over to Durham. Don't you remember, she was Jenne Dobson!"

"Janie Dobson! Well, I guess I do"!

"Janie Dobson! Well, I guess I do"!

"Choose a wife with a low, soft voice and a pretty foot," said a veteran man of the world the other day to a man about to marry. "They are the only things which won't change, and when you are old you can close your eyes and listen to your wife's chatter, or glance down at her little foot resting on the fender, and imagine you are still young. "Jame Dobson! Weil, I guess I Go", and a sickly smile overspread his withered face. "I courted her considerable when we was both young. I spose she was really the woman I should have merried, but we had a little bust-up and she merried old Proggit, and I merried Polly Dudley—and then she was a widder and merried old Jumer isst after I mermerried old Jumper jest after I mer-ried B'lindy, and things has always Poor little Janie, she was an awful

Owing to the great number of advertise ments received in the

BLUE RIBBON TEA COMPETITION

the labor of selecting the prize winner has taken several weeks. The following 1st-J. H. Morrow, Ellen St., Win-

nipeg. 2nd—Ed. Doran, Westminster Block, Winnipeg.

3rd—J. B. Mitchell, 318 St. Paul St.,
Montreal, Que.
4th—Ed. Hawke, Moose Jaw.
5th—J. Dow, Bury Block, New West-

minster.
6th—Ralph M. Reade, 252 D'Aigulion St., Quebec, Que 7th—W. C. Forman, Ingersoll, Ont. 8th—R. W. Meredith, Regina.
9th—F. D. Smith, 250 King St., Winnieses

nipeg. 16th—Sara Chapman, Niagara-on-

11th-Mary Forman, Ingersoll. 12th-Jennie Beaton, Loree, Ont. 13th-R. F. Killaby, New Westmin-14th-Mrs. Forrest, Robson St., Van

couver.

J. Thacker, Winnipeg.

16th—R. W. Torrance, Galt, Ont.

17th—Miss S. J. Harivel, Stellarton Pictou Co., N. S. Keeping, 10 Windson 18th-Robt.

St., Toronto.

19th—A. G. E. Lowman, 275 Portage
Ave., Winnipeg.

20th—J. G. Tudhope, Ingersoll.

21st—Jos. Lay, Reaburn, Man.

22nd—Mrs. W. Nickel, Waterloo, Ont. 22nd—Mrs. W. Nicket, Waterloo, Offt. 23rd—D. M. Fleet, Ingersoll. 24th—A. R. Smith, Box 548, Wood-stock, Ont. 25th—Geo. H. Larwill, 628 Broad-way, Winnipeg, Man.

door.

"My goodness me, who can it be?" she thought, and she hastily donned her best lace-trimmed white apron and pink worsted shoulder cape. "Who is it?" she inquired.

"It's only me, mis' Jumper," answered a faint voice from the outside. "Don't you remember Ebenezer Pert?"

"Well I guess I do!" and she threw Young Old People of To-day.

People quit growing old at 40 halt a century ago. They quit it when they ceased thinking themselves old at 40, ceased dressing old at 40, not to speak of drinking themselves old at 40. The young man of 50 or 60 now wears the matty sacque tweeds or serges that his son or grandson wears, tipped off with a jaunty hat. He goes to baseball, the races; he keeps up with the procession and is all in for a good time in moderation, health'uly. The young woman with him in white or col-Young Old People of To-day.

well rigues 130: and she threw the door wide open, letting a stream of warmth and light upon the shiver-ing figure on the doorstep. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Pert!" and she clasped his numb hands effuand she classed his numb hands effu-sively. "Let me take your overcoat-and muffler. You must be nearly frozen! Now set up to the fire and give your poor feet a good toastin. Have you been to supper—no—well, then, let me git you some and a cup of hot tea—shan't I?"

"I should feel turribly obleeged if you would. Mis. Junper I don't ession and is all in for a good time in moderation, health'u ly. The young woman with him in white or colors, with the gay hat, who has the manners of a youthful, but self-respecting girl of fo in the last century, is his wife, perhaps a grandmother, but none the less young and happy yet. They feel young, they dress young, they believe themselves young—by the Great Horned Spoon, they are young—Louisville Herald. "I should feel turribly obleeged if you would, Mis' Jumper. I don't mind tellin' you I'm jest about on my last 'legs. I s'pose you've heard about poor B'lindy?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pert, such sad news always travels fast. But you must try and reconcile yourself to the ways of Providence."

"I try to, marm, but it's pesky

Reflections of a Cynic. When some people make up their minds they are mighty poor material. Deafness is a terrible affliction to the man who likes to hear himself

the man who likes to hear himself-talk.

There are some queer people in this world. Occasionally a truthful man goes lishing.

Cucumbers, college graduates and numerous other green things are now in the market.

It is sometimes easier to apolo-gize than to explain how you hap-pened to acquire that black eye.

Sit down to the Washing

To economise fabric, time and strength and wash your clothes cleaner use a

New Century Washing Machine.

There is nothing washable it will not wash—perfectly clean—do it in half the time without boiling the clothes. Runs on ball bearings, just a touch does it. Send for des criptive circular, better still, ask any hardware man to show Mfg. Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

As Every One Has Seen it. Hartley Journal.

Hartley Journal.

Some women will gobble up a whole handful of the back side of their dress and skirts, yank up the guy ropes of their corset, until they almost squeeze their livers and immortal souls out of place, put a dead bird on their hats, go strutting round over town selling tickets for an entertainment to raise money to help send missionaries to some foreign clime for the purpose of teaching civilization to the poor heathens who have never known what it is to wear a corset and have been struggling on in ignorant belief that birds were created to sing instead of being worn on hats. worn on hats.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphthe-

Quite a Dangerous Woman. Life.

"Mrs. Talkyer-Blind can say some "Yes. If she could only keep her mouth closed for five minutes you could have her arrested for carrying concealed weapons."

BINDER TALK.

some of the important features of e Massey-Harra Binder are: Folding Dividers-No bolts or nuts colding Dividers—No bolts or nuts unscrew. You merely release a ring on the outside Divider and shook the inside ope to fold them. youngster can do it easily and coperly. The Dividers are very gid in their working positions and main at whatever angle they are lided over the conveyor canvas. Floating Elevators—They literally out. The grain cannot stick or oat. The grain cannot stick or loke in the Massey-Harris eleva-or, no matter how much it is inched.

niched.
Simple Knotter-Capable of stment to take up wear.
Reel-Suited for handling ops under all conditions of versions of the state of Knotter-Capable of adops under all conditions of weater or land. It will pick up tanted or laid grain and lay it neatly a the table. It also handles long or ort grain with splendid success. Roller Bearings throughout to ghten the draft and make the work asy for the horses. The beasts know hen they are hitched to a Massey-arrise it runs so easily. arris-it runs so easily. . . .

THE BOY JOHN WESLEY,

No Evidence of Any Precocion in His Religious Developme

Of the nineteen children born

Of the nineteen children born to samuel and Susanna Wesley, only ten survived the period of miancy, and of these only three were sons. John was thirteen years younger than Samuel and six years older than Charles. Of his early boyhood only one incident is recorded. On a February night in 1709 the rectory was burned. The family, harrying out in terror, left the little boy John sleeping in his attic chamber, and he was taken out through a window only an taken out through a window only an instant before the blazing roof fell

instant before the blazing roof fell in upon his bed. Wesley always retained a vivid recollection of the scene, and more than half a century later, when, thinking himself near death, he composed his epitaph, he describes himself as "a brand plucked from the burning."

His mother deemed his rescue a providential indication that her son was preserved for some great work, and resolved, as she says, "to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child that Thou hast so mercifully provided for." There is, however, no evidence of anything precoclous in the religious development of the boy, but only a certain stald over-deliberateness, which he got from his mobut only a certain staid over-deliberateness, which he got from his mother, but which, to the more mercurial temperament of the father, seemed, in a lad not yet in his teens, half amusing and half vexatious. "Sweetheart," said the rector to his wife, "I profess I think our boy Jack wouldn't attend to the most pressing necessities of nature unless he could give a reason for it."—From C. T. Winchester's "John Wesley," in the July Century. T. Winchester's "J the July Century.

TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

Could Not Stand Before Godd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Charles Gilchrist had Digbetes for Years-Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Hope, Ont., July 20 .- (Special.) Mr. Charles Glichrist, Chief of Po-lice h. e for fifteen years and after-wards Dominion Fishery Overseer, is always willing to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Dis-

"I am a healthy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the jeb," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark bricky color, and I would suffer something awful while passing. "I tried everything and tried the "I tried everything and tried th doctors, but could get no help till I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney They have made me a nev

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years but he feels young. That's wh Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

Wash Your Face.
There are few women probably who would believe it if you told them they did not know how to wash their faces properly, but it is a truth that few know how to perform this little act so as to get the best results and economize in "heauty" bills. There is no use in employing a masseuse to manipulate the muscles of the face for a half hour once a week and then wash and wipe the face several times a day for the remaining time, stroking the muscles in exactly the directions to emphasize the wrinkles ra-Wash Your Face. tions to emphasize the wrinkles rather than eradicate them. It seems so much easier to rub the face downward, but you notice that your beauty doctor rubs away and upward at the corners of the mouth, ward at the corners of the mouth, also by the eyes. Remember the tendency of the flesh is to sag, and when you whe or massage your own lace, rub the ward.—'Deborah.' 'I happen to know a good deal about jackasses. They abound, you

I was Cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oxford, N. S. R. F. Hewson.

I was Cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED. COULSON. Yarmouth, N. S. Y. A. A. C. I was Cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Unglesville, J. W. RUGGLES.

Headaches From House Paint.

At this season, when houses are ing painted everywhere, a great many headaches are suffered by those who have to breath the fumes of who have to preat the times of paint. A preventive of these head-aches was indicated by a painter yesterday. "If your bedroom is being painted," he said, "and you sleep in it while its walls are wet, or if your sitting room is being painted, and you work in it, a headache is almost inevitable and with some persons this headache is so scrious as to confine them to their rooms for some this headache is so serious as to confine them to their rooms for several days. Such fumes might be easily avoided. In the newly painted room a basin of milk should be easily avoided. In the newly painted room a basin of milk should be placed. The milk somehow will deaden the paint's odor and, since it is the odor that causes the illness, no headache will ensue. After a few hours the milk will have a distinct smell of paint about it. A basin of water in a fresh painted room is another good preventive of odors and of headaches. The water, after a little while in such a room, aca little while in such a room, acquires an oily scum "-Philadelphia

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused umps and blemishes from horses blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever



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

Terrible Risky. N. Y. Herald.

N. Y. Herald.

A prominent insurance man in New York tells of an old women who called on an agent of his company down south to arrange for insurance on their house and furniture. "We-havn't had no insurance for five years," she explained. "We hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, thet terrible risky."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in

Tate's Tete-a-tete, N. Y. Sun.

There was a young person name Tate Who dined with his girl at 8.08; At this very late date
Twould be hard to relate
What Tate and his tete-a-tete ate Tete-a-tete at 8.08.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A Kirkintilloch Story.

An old man, who was a bit of a worthy in his own particular way, resided in a house near the Fourth and Clyde Canal, not a hundred miles from Kirkintilloch. One day Johnnie (for such was the worthy's name), being dry, and seeing no way of raising the wind to get the price of a dram, thought he would tackle of a dram, thought he would tackle his wife Jean and see what she could do in the way of relieving his distress. Shuffling into the house with a very forlorn look on his face he accosted his wife as follows:

he accosted his wife as follows:
"I want tuppence, Jean I'm no'
feelin' verra weel."
"D'ye think I've naethin' else to
dae wi' my siller than gie it to ye
to gang an' drink? Faur liker ye
was askin' me to gie ye some wid
to brek to kindle the fire. Na! Johnnle, ve'!! get nae tumpence o' mine." ule, ye'll get nae tuppence o' mine.'
"Are ye no' gaun to gie me it

"Are ye no gain to gie me it, Jean?"

"Na! an' ye micht hae mair sense than ask it."

"Weel, I'll jist awa' doon an' fling mysel' in the Canaul." Taking off his jacket, he threw it down on the floor and held out his hand, saying."

"Guid-bye, Jean. Ye see whit ye hae got to answer for." Leaving the house he wended his way down through the garden towards the canal bank. When about half way down he heard Jean's voice shout-

Johnnie, Johnnie." "Johnnie, Johnnie."
"Whit d'ye want?" he asks.
"Come back at aince and put on your jacket. A honnie-lookin' corpse ye wid be wantin' it."
Needless to say, Johnnie went back for his jacket, and forgot to go and throw himself into the canal.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will re-move the grease with the greatest ease, 36

How the Jackass Was Gagged. The late Harris Cohen (the "only original Cohen, of Baxter street, used to like to tell how he once won

a bet of \$50. "I was on a gunning trip with some friends of mine," he would say, "and in a field close to the house where we slept a jackass pastured. with his

know, in Posen, the country where friends;
"I bet you \$50 that I can stop this animals noise, so that to-night

the won't bray once."
"They took the bet and that evening I treated the Jackass for a minute or two. The result was that all night long he was as silent as the grave.
'My friends in the morning paid

me what was due, and they examined the animal. They found a heavy stone tied to his tail. That

this should have kept him from boraving, so I had to explain the reason to theme Do you know the reason? No? Well, it was this; A tackess, to bray, has to have his packass, to bray, has to have his tall elevated till it is even with his backbone. As long as it hangs down he can make no sound. My bravy stone, therefore, served the purpose of a first class gag."

THE ERUPTIONS in eczema pour out disharges. Bad blood enuses the trouble. The local remedy is Wpaver's Cerate, and Weaver's Syrup drives the poison from the blood

Where the Boy is Trained. Chicago Post.

"Yes," said the father, "we are thoroughly up to date."

Then he led the visitor to the wood-

"This," he explained, "is our training school. As long as I have a shingle left I intend to see that Wil lie is properly trained.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

All Truth One. Chicago Chronicle.

The scientific studies of Leo's youth were reflected in his life attitude to science. Keen logician, he knew that there could be no contitude to science. Keen logiclan, he knew that there could be no conflict between science and revelation, all truth being one. Every new victory of man over matter he claimed as a victory for progress. All knowledge he reverenced as additional spiendor in the ritual of the universe worshiping divine power which reserved for man's investigation all physical fact,

ISSUE NO. 30, 1903

INGSTON, ONTARIO, "MAPLEHURST hosrd residence, large airy rooms, two bath rooms, good cuisine, laws, large shade trees, five minutes walk from lake, good fishing, boating, yachting, driving, cycling. Terms from five dollars per week. Apply to "Maplehurst," 174 Earl street, Kingston,

ALBERT COLLEGE.

Belleville, Ont.

840 students enrolled last year. 1 young ladies and 156 young men. One the best equipped and most largely attent colleges in Ontario. Music, Commerci Fine Art, Elocution, Physical Cultu Domestic Science, Marticulation and Tea

Will Re-open Tuesday, Sept. 8th, 1903, For illustrated circulars address PRINCIPAL DYER, D. D.



To Rochester, 1000 Islands, Bay of Quit Rapids St. Lawrence, to Montreal, Que Murray Bay, River du Loup, Tadous Saguenay River. Steamers Toronto, Kingston also by steamers Hamilton, Spar and Corsican.

Further information apply to H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto 1,000 MILE AXLE GREASE

It Has No Equal Manufactured only by THE CAMPBELL MFG. CO. of HAMILTON, ONTARIO. For sale by all leading dealers.



"What Luck!"

Libby Luncheons made ready in a few moments.

Potted Turkey Ox Tongue, &c Veal Loaf Deviled Ham

Quickly made ready to serve. Are U. S. Government Inspected. Keep in the house for emergencies—for suppers—for sandwiches—for any time when you want something good and want it quick

Handsome illustrated booklet, "Good Things to Eat" sont figse. Send five 2c stamps for large Atlas of the World, in colors. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, III.

Puck. She-I suppose it is a genuine an-

tique? The Dealer-Why, of course it is, madame! And, besides, it is the very latest thing in antiques.

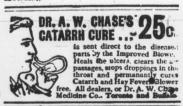
There is more Catarrb in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great man supposed to tors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore rouires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Calular and the science of the suppose of the s quires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally indoses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one -hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Departities—756.

Sold by Druggists-75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pretending.

Punch. Auntie—You know you ought not to be playing shops on Sunday. Marjorie—But you see, auntie, dear, we were just pretending it's Monday.



A Natural Inference Chicago Post.

"It was very affecting when I asked old Binks for his daughter. Why, I wept myself."
"Did he kick as hard as all that?"

"THE ONLY WAY."

There is but one way to property appreciate the advantages of a trip to New York or Boston on the trains of the New York Central Railway, and that is to use the line. See your ticket agent.

Too Early.

"General, I have the honor to report that the enemy has retired."
"That's strange. It isn't bedlime yet." San Francisco Examiner.

\$10 SEASHORE EXCURSIONS \$10 Atlantic City, Cape May,

