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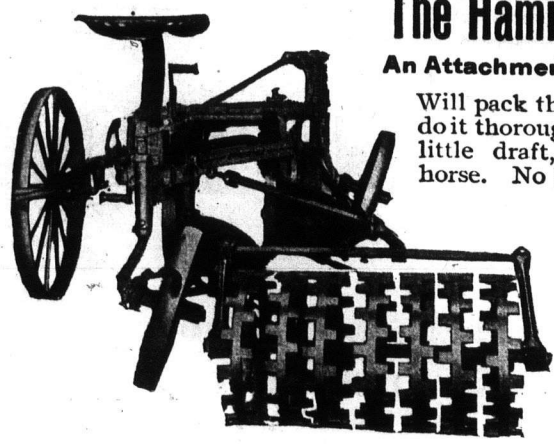
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ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

A Roving Commission.

Many of the famous art connoisseurs of Europe finance travelling agents, and give them a roving commission as bargain hunters. One of these once picked up an engraved crystal circle for 10s in a curio shop in Brussels. It turned out to have belonged to Lothaire, one of the old Kings of France, and eventually the British Museum bought it for nearly 300 pounds.

A Bad Bargain.

On the other hand, the curio collector can be deceived. One of the most recent cases of a bad bargain, however, was that in which a well-known London firm of dealers bought for 4,000 pounds a canvas which they were perfectly satisfied was a genuine Constable. In due time they sold the picture to a rich art-loving peer at a profit of 6,000 pounds. Great was the amazement of everyone concerned when the greatest living authority on this master pronounced the picture a forgery. The purchaser began legal proceedings forthwith, and it was ultimately discovered that the so-called "Constable" was the work of a clever, but obscure, artist in the North of England, who thought himself extremely lucky to get 300 pounds for it.

How the Greek Royal Wedding Was Conducted.

Some curious, and at the same time impressive, rites marked the marriage of Prince George of Greece to Princess Marie Bonaparte, at the Metropolitan Church, Athens, on December 12th. Needless to say, the Greek capital was *en fête* for the occasion, the whole population, in fact, taking a day's holiday; and as the bridegroom and his father, King George, who is a brother of Queen Alexandra, rode to the church on horseback, one on each side of the father, the acclamations of the people testified to the popularity of the marriage.

The head of the Greek Orthodox Church performed the ceremony, which was very long, but most interesting. In the first place, there was the "Espousal," two rings, one of gold and the other of silver, being blessed by the priest, and given, one to the bride and the other to the bridegroom. Long prayers followed, and then came the "Crowning" ceremony. The priest stood in the nave, and before him was a low table on which were two golden crowns, the bride and the bridegroom being on the other side of the table. Presently, after a great many prayers and chants, the priest joined the hands of the happy couple, and at the same time attendants lifted the crowns, which were held above the heads of the Prince and Princess.

The final ceremony, consisting of the presentation by the priest of the "common cup," containing wine, was, perhaps, the most curious of all. After blessing the wine, the priest presented it three times to the bridal couple, who turned three times in the form of a circle, with their attendants following behind with the crowns. Many more prayers and chants concluded the service, after which the Prince and his bride embraced each other in view of the whole assembly, the congratulations of Royalties present following as a matter of course.

Hand in hand, the happy couple advanced to the dais, where they signed the register, and ultimately drove back to the palace together in the gilt coach, with the King of Greece and Prince Roland of Bonaparte, the father of the bride, riding one on each side.

The Supreme Test.

He was no coward; nay, rather, men had even called him brave. At the peril of his own life he had

stopped runaway horses, had plunged into the sea to rescue a child from drowning, and had gallantly charged up San Juan Hill in the face of the Spanish bullets. But now his face paled and he trembled.

"I dare not," he muttered. "But," he added resolutely, "since she whom I vowed to love and cherish has asked it of me, I will not falter."

So, with calm courage and a resolute mien, he descended to the kitchen to discharge the cook.

Turf Superstitions.

Money carried for three days in a man's shoe or a woman's stocking is invested with absolute confidence in its winning powers.

Some men never back a horse except at odds of six to five or nine to five. They assert that they always win at those prices and lose at others.

Few betting men have the courage to wager their money after having seen a cross-eyed person.

When an accident occurs at the starting-post, and a jockey finds it necessary to dismount, there is a great scramble among the superstitious to bet on his horse.

Women who bet have their favorite messenger boys, and will allow no others to place their commissions. "Oh, where is my lucky boy?" is the anxious inquiry that is heard. If the lucky boy fails to turn up there is no bet.

Sticking a pin through the programme from back to front is a popular method of picking winners, and it is about as good a way as any in these degenerate times.

An Important Exception.

An old man who entered the Meteorological Office the other day said:

"This 'ere's where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I would come up and give you some tips."

"Yes," said the clerk, politely.

"Yes; I've thought it out a little an' I find that ye ain't al'ays right."

"No; we sometimes make mistakes."

"Course ye do. We all do some time. Now, I was thinkin' as how a line that used to be on the auction handbills down in our county might do first-rate on your weather predictions an' save ye a lot of explainin'."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an' weather permittin'."

He went off without waiting to say good-bye.

Peeresses in Business.

To the list of titled ladies who are devoting their time and energies to the conducting of successful businesses must now be added the name of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has hit on the idea of starting a fruit-bottling industry. Lady Gordon-Lennox is such a sound organizer that the success of this new departure is almost assured. Her sister, Lady Warwick, it may be remembered, made a splendid success of her milliner's shop in Bond Street; while one of Lord Amherst of Hackney's daughters has done splendidly as a gardener. Perhaps the most curious enterprise yet entered upon by a peeress is that of Ellen Countess of Desart who has started tobacco growing in Country Kilkenny. In Ireland too, is to be found the successful violet farm run by Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."