

A SERIES OF SIDELIGHTS

EDITED BY HELEN HALL.

The art gallery of the Pan-American Exposition did not attract nearly the attention that that of the World's Fair at Chicago did. This may be partly accounted for from the fact that the home of art, the old world, was not represented in a Pan-American exhibit. Be this as it may, one could carry some pleasant memories from an hour's stroll through the building. A noticeable feature of the portraits, especially those of the women, was that the strong, sensible, homely—in the true sense of the word—faces predominated over the pretty ones. One easily recalled in a middle aged woman that you knew was a mother and one who had more up-hill work than otherwise in this old world of ours. Looking at her face, however, one felt that if she were her mother she would help out of many a tight place. Another one was of a younger woman, who looked as though she would be a bright and jolly companion to the man, evidently her husband, standing behind her. There were two large pictures hanging on the same wall, which, while they could not be said to leave a particularly "good taste in one's mouth," will be remembered for their strength. The larger one was "The Salem Witches," by W. McEwen.

The room was plain and bare. The men's faces were stern and hard, while those of the women were eulien and dogged. One of the women's faces had a look of entreaty on it but there was too much agony to change the general impression of the piece. The other work was a picture of "Mass in Brittany," by Walter Gay. The room was just as bare, the people were also of peasant origin, with the same severe faces, but the religious thought had eliminated all the hard, unpleasant lines. Another picture in the same room was "The Sheep Fold," by C. E. Pearce. The central figure is a shepherdess—a strong, muscular girl, with a complexion that gave evidence of being exposed to all kinds of weather. In front of her are the quiet, peaceful sheep, passing to the fold, cropping the grass as they go. There is nothing else in the picture to detract from the central figure. The whole treatment is severely plain and full of repose. A picture with more of the element aesthetic beauty than the above is a study in "Reflected Sunshine," by J. L. Stewart. The figure is in nude, standing on green grass with trees overhead. A rose-pink veil is held by the hand of the figure between it and a bright sunlight. On the skin is the reflection of the green from the grass and the trees, the pink from the veil and the bright sunshine, and all this without the skin losing any of its clearness and beauty. It certainly was exquisite.

There were four pictures by J. G. Brown, which seemed to be the most popular in the gallery, judging from the crowds always seen around them. The one above was a picture of some fifteen street Arabs, evidently admiring one of their number who is standing on his head. It is perfect in detail. Even the dust is on the soles of the feet of the little bare-footed performers.

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, sharp, cutting pains at times, weak organs, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or boring you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD CURE DOES NOT absorb the stricture tissue, hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened, the nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

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A Case of Kidney Disease that Could not be Cured by Ordinary Drugs and Medicines.

THE DREAD DISEASE WAS BANISHED AFTER USE OF TWO BOTTLES OF Paine's Celery Compound

A Statement Carrying Warning and Encouragement to Every Sufferer.

While the body is the life of the system, carrying to every part its share of force and energy, it is also the means by which the waste matter, the result of decomposition of the tissues is removed from the body. If disease has touched the kidneys, there is grave danger, and deadly oppression will settle upon the body and mind.

If you have any of the symptoms of Bright's Disease or diabetes, Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine on earth that can stay the ravages of the disease and cure permanently. Mr. C. Kevill, of Dunstable, Ontario, testifies as follows:
"For the past 15 years I have been troubled with diseased kidneys. Often while working in a stooping position I would find it difficult to straighten up at once, and could only do so after repeated efforts. While under very severe attacks of my trouble, I became very nervous and continually had tired, worn-out feelings. My rest at night seemed to me no good, as I always felt tired in the morning. I had been taking medicines, and was getting worse all the time. At last I decided to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial. I procured a bottle and took it as directed, and found its effects wonderful. Before I had finished the first bottle, I began to improve; after I had used the second bottle I felt as well as ever I did in my life. It banished all my pains, and my nervousness disappeared. I can go to bed now and sleep well, and rise in the morning rested and refreshed."

formers. The expressions on the boys' faces are so different and so natural. You could think of some boy you knew that was like any one of them. Beneath these were three smaller pictures, all of old women. "The Gossips," "What Say?" and "Quitting." The same naturalness was to be noticed in these faces as in those of the boys. You knew immediately that there was nothing transpired in the village that did not receive a due amount of attention from those two old dames. The next face was that of a kindly old woman who would be likely to pat you on the head and call you "dear," even after you felt you were too old for such a treatment. The last one portrayed a hard-working woman, one that you felt would give a crabbed refusal to any request whatsoever. The detail work in these was also excellent. The little homelike touches, the rooms seemed to be alive, pleasing and satisfying. What a boon Ruskin bestowed on mankind when he demanded as an art critic that all art should be according to nature!

MAN'S DAILY TASK.

Number of Words Used by Various Persons in Twenty-four Hours.
"I have been trying to figure out how many words the average man utters in every twenty-four hours," said a gentleman who had a penchant for peculiar things, "but I have been unable to reach any satisfactory conclusion on account of the different rates of speed at which different persons talk. Of course I have no reference to the different kinds of words, but the total number of words uttered, counting repetitions and all, during every twenty-four hours."

"There is the quiet, melancholy gentleman who will not speak on an average of 500 words a day, and there are many who for one reason or another would not utter anything like this number." On the other hand, there is the conversational gelling gun, not always a woman, either, who will roll off words at a fearful rate of speed and whose aggregate for one day would run up to dizzy heights. Then there is the normal talker, who will strike a good decent average—the man who will neither bore you with his indifferent silence nor tire you with his meaningless verbosity.

"But suppose that we figure that the average person will utter an average of sixty words every minute. This would amount to 2,400 words for every hour, or about 57,600 words for every twenty-four hours. Of course no person will talk this much, as the windiest of men and women would probably break down before they had talked as much as fifty-seven columns in the average daily newspaper. The only question is as to how much time each person puts in talking during each day. Some men and women are situated so that they cannot talk during the day, except at mealtime, on account of the character of the work they have to do. There are others, such as travelling men, for instance, who depend upon talking for a living. I have figured that the high man, probably the travelling man, will utter an average of every twenty-four words every day. I have figured that most any sort of man will talk as much as ten minutes out of every twenty-four hours, and this would give him a total of 600 words for the day."

"These are the two extremes. I am satisfied that the normal man—the man who strikes a decent average between the indifferent silence and disgusting verbosity—will talk probably one hour, all told, each day, which would allow him 2,400 words. And this, by the way, is considerable talk, for it will fill all columns of a newspaper, and a whole lot of wisdom can be crowded into two columns."

ANIMALS.

Seven species of wasps secrete and store up honey just as the bees. The jawbone of the average whale is twenty-five feet in length. The tongue of such a monster will yield a ton of oil. Cats and several other animals have a false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong a light.

During the summer thrushes get up before 3 o'clock in the morning and sing. They usually sing after 9 o'clock at night. So they work nearly nineteen hours. The Telega polyphemus, the best known species of American silkworm, feeds readily on the leaves of the oak, maple, mulberry, willow, elm and several other trees. The value of haddock landed on English coasts is usually \$4,000,000 greater than that of herrings and constitutes one-third of the value of all the fish annually taken.

The big gray kangaroo of Australia measures about seven feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. He can run faster than a horse and clear thirty feet at a jump.

In the stomach of a ten pound pike taken from Loch Gave, Scotland, was found a full grown rat, quite intact, except that the head and neck were slightly cut, presumably by the pike's teeth.

Swiss Cure For Cold In The Head.
Camphor is much used as a remedy in the beginning of a cold in the head. Those of our readers who have faith in its virtues will probably be interested in what is said to be the Swiss method of applying it. The method certainly appears simple and efficacious: Half fill a jug with boiling water, and into that put a teaspoonful of well powdered camphor. Fashion out of writing paper a funnel, with the neck cap the top of the jug. The camphorated steam should be inhaled through the nose for ten or fifteen minutes, the inhalation being repeated, if required, every ten or twenty hours. In spite of its unpleasantness, the inhalation is persisted in, it is said that three repetitions will always effect a cure, however severe the "cold in the head" may be.

Greatness is not being lifted up but in growing up.

Years of Suffering.

HOW RELIEF CAME TO THOMAS FINDLAY, OF PETROLEA.

He Had Suffered for Forty Years from Dyspepsia—Food Became Detestable and Stomach Cramps Made Life a Burden.

From the Topic, Petrolea, Ont.

Few men in Petrolea are better known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who has resided here nearly forty years. In 1862 Mr. Findlay came here, and before the railroad connected with Petrolea he drove a stage coach bringing the early oil men. When the railroad came here Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil business, and before the railroad was built he was that of a kindly old woman who would be likely to pat you on the head and call you "dear," even after you felt you were too old for such a treatment. The last one portrayed a hard-working woman, one that you felt would give a crabbed refusal to any request whatsoever. The detail work in these was also excellent. The little homelike touches, the rooms seemed to be alive, pleasing and satisfying. What a boon Ruskin bestowed on mankind when he demanded as an art critic that all art should be according to nature!

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MUTINY IN THE REGIMENT.

Seaford Highlanders Once Rose Against The Officers.

The Seaford Highland Regiment may be surprised perhaps to learn that their renowned corps once rose in mutiny against their officers. The regiment was raised by Lord Seaford among his tenants, but a large proportion of the men were not Mackenzies, as would have been expected. At some prehistoric date—history does not go far back in the Highlands—the Clan Macrae emigrated to the Mackenzie region, and became henceforth the most devoted supporters of the chief. Many of them joined the new regiment. In 1778, the men being trained and fit for service, it received orders to embark for Jersey. A rumor spread among the soldiers, a few of whom sold them to the East India Company. The Macraes headed a protest, which was disregarded, and so, quite calmly and quietly, they marched out of Edinburgh Castle, where the regiment lay, and occupied Arthur's Seat, the crest of the mountain above. When it came to the days and those nights, keeping the strictest discipline. Fortunately the Scottish commander-in-chief at the time was a man of sense. Instead of attacking the innocent criminals, who meant no harm, he discussed matters with them, and finally gave them a written undertaking that their suspicions were unfounded. The Duke of Buccleugh and the Earl of Dunmore countersigned, and the Highlanders marched down from Arthur's Seat as quietly as they marched up—London Standard.

Sailors' Troubles.

Everybody knows that British sailors wear their trousers wide at the bottom, but everybody may not know that they can either make, mend or wash their own clothes. One time, every sailor had sufficient cloth given out to make the articles in question, with just a bit over for future repairs. But here came the difficulty. He was not allowed to have any pockets. So, quite naturally, he kept the repairing bit in a handy place, where it could not get lost. If he wanted to mend a hole in his jumper all he had to do was to cut a piece out of his trouser waist. It will be readily seen, therefore, that by the time the trousers were altogether worn out they had become the same width of the whole of the way down, or, better still, the much desired peg-top shape. The navy is very conservative, and that's why sailors' trousers still continue to float in the breeze to-day.

Little Homemaking Hints.

The coffee should be served very hot and with hot milk. The plates should be properly heated and placed before the carver. A meal should never be announced until everything is in readiness. The dining-room should be in perfect order before the breakfast is served. The table should always be so kept as to be ready for a guest with but a moment's notice. A cotton flannel "silence cloth" not only makes the tablecloth look infinitely handsomer, but preserves the varnished surface from stains from hot dishes. The butter should be kept in the refrigerator until the last minute in summer, but kept where it will be soft enough to spread easily in winter.

Turns Flank on Monitors.

It was at an exclusive South side boarding school and the young women pupils in the institution were at dinner. The preceptress was a task mistress of the most rigid sort and always paid special attention to the manners of the young women at the table. She laid down the strictest rules and she compelled her pupils to obey them to the letter. On this occasion she espied one of the young women wiping her knife with a napkin.

"Would you do such a thing as that at home?" asked the preceptress sharply.

"No, indeed, I would not," replied the young woman. "We have clean knives at home."

Two Remarkable Women Photographers.

Much interest in women's work in photography has been aroused by the series of picture pages now appearing in The Ladies' Home Journal. But no one of them is likely to attract more interest and admiration than the page in a forthcoming issue which will be devoted to five exquisitely picturesque reproductions of quaint village life by Frances and Mary Allen. These pictures recall with wonderful charm the simplicity and stateliness of bygone days.

The Smallest Pension.

The smallest pension extant is believed to be that paid to an old sailor in the Portsmouth Workhouse. It comes to fourpence a year, paid quarterly. Each quarter, therefore, he duly receives a penny stamp, with which is enclosed a stamped envelope for the receipt. He is then granted leave of absence to convert his little Eldorado into cash. The master, it is said, invariably gives him the penny admonition to take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.

Foot Evil in Cattle.

Poultice the foot with bran mash for a few days to clean it, then mix one ounce of nitric acid with four ounces of tar, put the tar in a cup, then put the cup in hot water to melt the tar, then put in the nitric acid, remove the cup out of the hot water and keep stirring with a piece of wood until it is cool; apply a little of this to the foot once a day.

Big Rent Rolls.

The Duke of Norfolk's rent roll from lands is £270,000 a year, and the late Lord Bute's estates were valued at £282,000 a year.

ANOTHER STARTLING OTTAWA CASE.

A LETTER FROM MR. S. A. CASSIDY

Following The Report Of G. H. Kent's Cure Of Bright's Disease By Dodd's Kidney Pills, An Ottawa Paper Calls Attention To Another Remarkable Cure.

From The Ottawa Citizen

A representative of the Citizen recently learned of a remarkable cure of a well-known resident of Ottawa who has suffered for years with a terrible affliction. The well-known resident is Mr. S. A. Cassidy, and the affliction was at the kidneys. The Citizen representative called on Mr. Cassidy to verify the reports of his recovery and found them to be true. He is the proprietor of the Bijou hotel, Metcalf street.

He is known by almost everybody and is liked as generally as he is known. His hostility is between the main entrance to parliament buildings and the principal thoroughfare of the city, and it is not to be wondered at that he has more than a nodding acquaintance with the gentlemen who hold the destiny of this country in their hands.

When the old residents of Ottawa are in a reminiscent mood and talk of the good old sporting days, they all ways associate the name of Sam Cassidy, who took an active part in sport 30 years ago. He was a fast runner, and jumper of local renown, and took an active part in all lines of sport. To-day he is forty years old and tips the scales at 250 pounds.

The intimate friends of this robust man have known that the past ten years he has been a sufferer from a disease that baffled medical skill, and that he has lingered between a life and death on many occasions since he was first attacked. At the initial stage of the disease he was taken with violent cramps in the left side of his stomach and the best skilled physicians could afford him very little relief. The at-

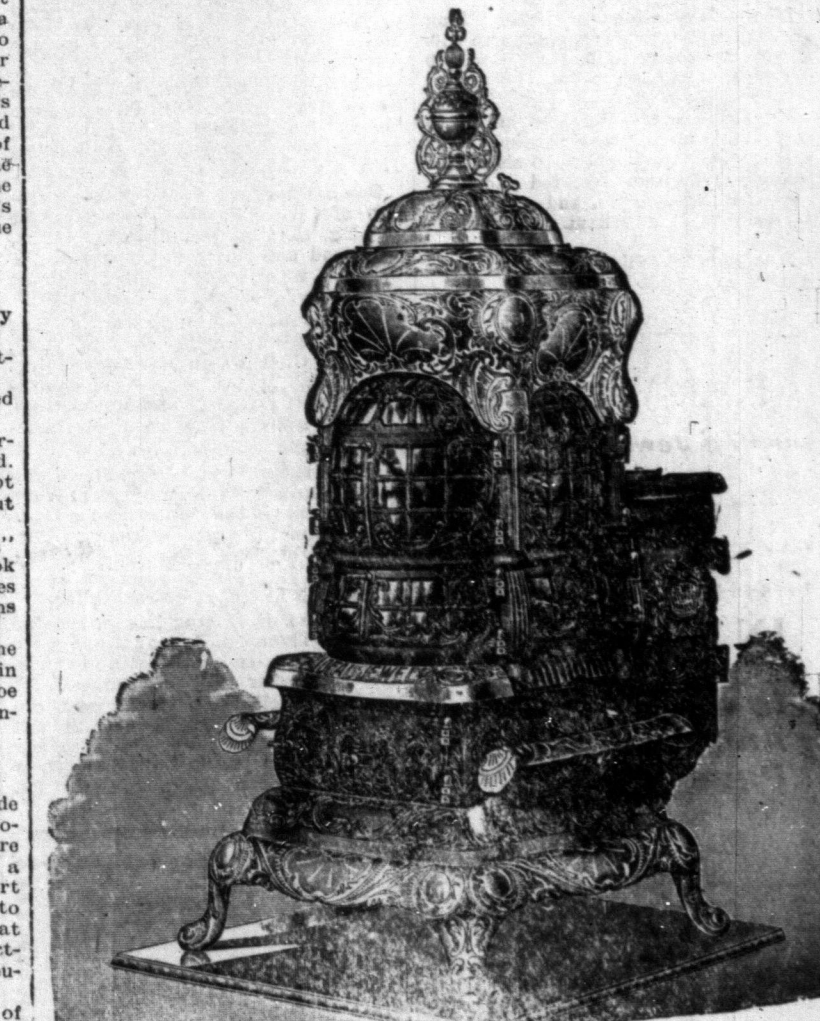
tacks were of about two weeks' duration, and when he left his bed he was reduced in flesh and almost a physical wreck. Some years ago an eminent physician diagnosed his disease as "stone in the kidney," but even after the diagnosis the physicians were unable to effect a permanent cure. To-day he is a well man. He has found a remedy that has banished the disease—a remedy that has cured where medical aid was ineffectual. The remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mr. Cassidy feels so elated over his release from the excruciating suffering that he has given the following statement over his own signature to a well-known Ottawa newspaperman.

Ottawa, Aug. 8, 1901.

Dear Sir—I want you to publish for the benefit of others who are suffering as I have suffered for years about how I was cured of stone in the kidneys. My friends all know that I have been a martyr to this disease for years. They know that besides consulting the best physicians in the city and trying every kind of remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better. Some time ago a friend of mine told me that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. This is the first year in a great many that I have not been confined to my bed with the disease. I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who is afflicted with stone in the kidney, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they have cured me. Any one who has suffered need suffer no more.

S. A. CASSIDY.

Ottawa, Canada.



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