DASHWOOD NOT PREMIER BARONET

Title Was Bestowed at Opening of 18th Century.

FOUNDED "HELL-FIRE CLUB'

Some Interesting Stories of a Celebrated English Family not Hitherto Known.

London, Jan. 8.—Sir Robert Dashwood, whose family mausoleum in Buckinghamshire has just been subjected to desecration by unknown vandals, is erroneously described as the premier baronet of the realm. The latter dignity belongs to Sir Herbert Bacon, chief of the family to which the great chancellor of England, belonged, and whose baronetcy dates from 1611. Sir Robert Dashwood's baronetcy was created nearly 100 years afterwards, in 1707, and being the first baronetcy created after the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, is designated in "Burke's Peerage," by the misleading title of the "senior baronetcy of Great Britain."

There seems to be a sort of fate pursuing the Dashwoods, and it is in keeping with the stormy character of many of their lives that they should not be left undisturbed, even in death. Superstitious people are inclined to ascribe the troubles which have overtaken so many scions of this house to the wickedness of Sir Francis Dashwood, the second baronet, and the creator of the mausoleum of the family, and who scandalized all England during the second quarter of the eighteenth century by his description of Medmenham Abbey through the foundation there of the infamous "Hell Fire Club."

In spite of all his villanies he managed to secure the office of chancellor of the exchequer, and died at an advanced old age as Lord Le Despencer, the barony of which he had inherited from his uncle, Lord Westmoreland. Leaving no legitimate issue, the peerage fell into abeyance at his death. He left, however, an illegitimate daughter, who, under the name of Fanny Antonina, furnished much material for the chronic scandaleuses of the beginning of the nineteenth century, and who, wonderfully beautiful and clever, has been immortalized by De Quincy in a vivid character sketch under the title of "The Female Infidel."

The father of the present baronet died mysteriously in Paris in 1882. He was a victim of the alcohol habit, which had reduced him to almost complete imbecility, and necessitated his being placed under restraint. His family, however, were reluctant to incur the publicity incidental to any commitment to a sanatorium, and so he was sent off to reside in Paris, in the charge of a keeper, with whom he lived in some wretched rooms in Pantheon quarter of the gay metropolis. It used to be a pitiable sight to see the old man tottering about the streets of the French capital, almost in rags, accompanied by his keeper, who would follow him to the lowest taverns, where the few cents which he was daily allowed for the purpose was spent in drink.

Sir Edwin died so suddenly that his family became convinced that he had been a victim of foul play, and instituted inquiries, which led to the arrest of the keeper. The magisterial investigation did not, however, go far. For before the second hearing came on the keeper committed suicide by hanging himself to the bars of the cell window.

The baronetcy was inherited by Edwin's eldest son and namesake, as eighth baronet and his advent to the family honors and estates found him in New Zealand, where he had been leading an adventurous sort of hand to mouth existence as a gum digger, which is about the lowest form of labor in the antipodes. On his death, about ten years later, he left everything possible to his New Zealand wife and to his daughter by her, now married to W. Selby Lowndes, being on bad terms with his younger brother and successor, the present baronet.

Of course, litigation ensued, and among the most interesting features thereof was the suit between the widowed Lady Dashwood and her brother-in-law, the present baronet, with regard to the possession of the superb Gobelin tapestries, which constitute the glory of the West Wycombe park, the ancestral home of the Dashwoods, in the county of Buckingham.

Lady Dashwood claimed them under her husband's will, whereas Sir Robert insisted that they were part and parcel of the entailed property, and as such inalienable by his brother. The judge, on learning that the tapestries had been specially woven for the room, to the walls of which they had been attached by battens for near 200 years, decided that they were a fixture of the manor house, and therefore part and parcel of the entailed property, and as such not alienable. The Dashwoods are an old Dorsetshire family, who flourished there in the reign of Elizabeth. The fortunes of the family, however, may be said to have been founded by George Dashwood, who in the reign of King James I. became an alderman of the city of London. From him are descended the Dashwoods of Oxfordshire, who have likewise a baronetcy in their family, and an older one than that of Sir Robert. The wealth to which Sir Robert is the heir originates with George Dashwood's grandson, who became lord mayor of London, member of parliament, and who was the principal Turkey merchant of his day—that is to say, he virtually monopolized the trade between England and Turkey.

Literary Notes.

The Outing Magazine for January appears as a second holiday number. From cover to cover it breathes the spirit of the holidays. It opens with "New Year's Festival at Bokhara," by James Locke, which is a vivid and picturesque description of a most unique oriental festival. This is followed with numerous articles, well illustrated and full of interest.

A perusal of the stories in "Rod and Gun in Canada," published by W. J. Taylor, at Woodstock, would go far to remove any misconception of the residential and sporting attractions of Canada and make the Dominion better known throughout the world. There is ample room for such a Magazine in Canada, and we are glad to see the field so well filled. "Rod and Gun in Canada," is engaged in a great campaign for the protection of the forest, fish and game resources of the Dominion, and in this work should command the sympathy and support of all who are interested in Canada's future. The magazine covers the whole vast country and presents a variety of information, is well illustrated, and in attractive form.

A fascinating story of double personality, entitled "I and the Other," by Jules Claretie, is the main feature of the January number of "Tales." There are fifteen other good stories, including "The She-Wolf," by Giovanni Verga (Italian), "Trackwalker Thiel," by Gerhart Hauptmann (German), "The Angel," by Leonid Andreyev (Russian), and "The Master Glassworker," by Augusta de Wit (Dutch).

In Scribner's Magazine for January, George Bancroft's diary deals with the period when he was Minister to Germany. Mr. Nadal writes about Henry Irving and Mr. E. T. Seton about the wapiti. Short stories are provided by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Helen Haines, and L. Frank Tooker; F. Hopkinson Smith continues his serial and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett ends her tale. There are several poems and an unusual number of illustrations, including some in tint and in color.

A writer in the Canadian Magazine says: "In making up their lists for 1905 Canadians should not overlook native publications such as the Westminster, Toronto; Queen's Quarterly, Kingston; Acadiensis, St. John. Among the British publications, the Studio, deserves special attention from all who love pictures other than those of actresses and outlawed women. The Monthly Review is a leader in its class, and the Review of Reviews (English edition) has improved recently. Robert Barr's Idler is a fair monthly of the lighter class, though perhaps not so comprehensive as the Windsor.

The collected poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford have been edited by J. W. Garvin, B. A. Like a wreath woven of sweet-scented flowers, this little volume brings to us the perfume and music of earth and air, of rippling waters, flying clouds and dancing sunbeams. Throughout, the poems breathe such an intimate love for Nature that, to the world-weary, they bear the odors of scented woods and dewy paths trodden in childhood's care-free days. The little ones will learn from them to love all animate and inanimate nature with a keen insight into the sympathy she extends to those who seek her lovingly. A true poet, Miss Crawford's words are brave and cheerful, and while reading them, even the "shut in," and disconsolate one feels the rush of the free out-door air of the wild wood and garden. One is tempted to quote but space will not permit. Alike the child heart of five and seventy-five will delight in them, and they form a perfect gift to bestow on either—but read, each one of you, for yourself. Briggs & Co., Toronto, are the publishers.

How the ice fields of Mount Tacoma are made to light streets and run cars nearly a hundred miles away is interestingly told by Day Allen Willey in the January Technical Magazine.

For the January McClure's, Lincoln Steffens writes of Mayor Mark Fagan, of Jersey City; Ray Stannard Baker presents the third article of his series, "The Railroads on Trial," and Henry Beach Needham in an article illustrated with rare portraits and photographs of Mr. Roosevelt tells of the routine of the President's life. Stewart Edward White begins a new series of short stories, woven together by a slight chain of narratives, with the title of "Arizona Nights."

A LABORER'S MEALS

Are All Right for Him, But Bad for the Professional Man.

A professional man writes from Chicago:

"The food question has been an all-important one to me.

"Up to a year and a half ago I had been a victim of stomach trouble and a most constant constipation, for at least six years.

"I ate a laborer's meals and did almost no manual work at all. I was fond of fried foods, meats, fresh breads, hot biscuits, etc. Consequences—many trips to the doctor, disagreeable nauseous medicines, and no relief.

"About a year and a half ago I began to use Grape-Nuts food, living on it almost entirely. Friends wondered how I could, and wonder yet how I can, make a few spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts take the place of the heavy meat courses in which I used to indulge. But wisdom is justified of her children. I have found in Grape-Nuts a perfect food.

"I have never grown tired of it yet, and I certainly have given it a good trial. And my constipation with its attendant ills has disapepared. My stomach has toned up so that I can eat almost anything, even at night, and have no trouble whatever with my digestion.

"Before I began eating Grape-Nuts food I used to find it difficult to concentrate my thoughts on my work or ward off restlessness after meals. Now the reverse is true and I can settle down to brain work and complete my task in a workmanlike manner without becoming nervous or fagged out.

"These facts, as well as the circumstances that I never tire of Grape-Nuts food, prove that there is 'something in it.' It is, to me, a breakfast food that is all of that and not a mere accessory." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book 'The Road to Wellville," in packages.

CHARITY'S BILL GROWS STEADILY

The Public Charges Last Year Cost the City the Sum of $4,693 93.

At this time of the year when the books are being closed, the charity problem always crops up. The bill grows steadily from year to year, but how to stop it no one can tell. It is principally the problem of dealing with the aged and the afflicted. The books in Inspector McCallum's office show that last year it cost the city the sum of $4,693 93 to maintain the public charges in the different charitable institutions. This amount is made up as follows: For care of persons in the Home for Incurables, $1,013 29; in the Aged Men's Home, $1,455 12; in the Aged Women's Home, $1,575 75; in the House of Refuge, Strathroy, $649 77.

Saturday an aged resident of London was endeavoring to get into the Aged People's Home, but for various reasons it has been decided to send him to the poor house at Strathroy. His name is "Hank" Chrysler, an old colored man, who is known to almost every man, woman and child in London. The old man has been sawing wood for 30 years around the city, but has grown too old for work. He has not been gifted with the faculty of saving, and has had domestic troubles which have hurt him immeasurably. The city will look after him, but it is felt that it will be better to place him in Strathroy, where he will be away from his friends.

NEW HALL OPENED

St. Mary's Dramatic Society Assists at Mt. Carmel Event.

Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last witnessed the opening of the grand new hall in Mount Carmel by the St. Mary's Dramatic Society, assisted by the Mount Carmel Dramatic Club. The hall was packed to the doors, and many were turned away. The following members took part:

Part I.—D. Quary, Mount Carmel; Miss J. Doyle, Mount Carmel, Miss J. Foley, London; J. Pickering, J. Rowland, P. Buckley, J. Buckley, J. McKeever, D. Mahoney and M. Ryan, Mount Carmel; B. Hennessy, J. Mahoney, P. Murphy, G. Pickering, M. Doyle, London.

Part II.—Miss A. Doyle, Mount Carmel, Miss Curtin, Mount Carmel; Miss McGregor, Miss H. Rooney, Miss M. Evans, Miss L. Brock, Miss A. Durkin, Miss R. Graham, Mr. A. Orndorf, Mr. P. Murphy, Mr. J. Jenkins, Mr. B. Hennessy, Mr. Chris Mockler, Mr. J. Gilligan, Mr. H. Lyons, and Miss Ethel Husk, all of London.

RIGHT MAN FOR PLACE

Military Gazette Speaks Well of Bandmaster W. E. Hiscott.

The Canadian Military Gazette has the following reference to Mr. W. E. Hiscott, until recently bandmaster of the Seventh:

"Bandmaster Hiscott, the new leader of the Forty-third D. C. O. R. Band, of Ottawa, is one whose natural ability and highly-trained skill fit him in a marked degree for the by no means tasy task he will have in hand. He is a veteran of the Canadian militia, and one of the most interesting figures in the force. Early in life he showed a desire and aptitude for military life, which he began as a lad by being attached to the Royal Canadian Rifles for tuition, and to await royal warrant from the home Government. In May, 1859, at the age of 15 years, he enlisted in the Royal Candian Rifles at Toronto, in which corps his father was a sergeant. The young soldier served faithfully with his regiment until its disbandment in 1870. He had then by steady energy and persevering study won a leading place in the regimental band of 67 pieces, being one of the solo cornets. His love of military life being unabated, the future bandmaster, upon going to London, Ont., joined the Seventh Battalion, then under the late Lieut.-Col. Lewis. A year later he transferred to the Twenty-second Regiment, Oxford Rifles, to take charge of the band, an appointment offered him by Lieut.-Col. Hugh Richardson. That position he filled with credit to himself and corps for three years, when he was offered the leadership of the Seventh Regiment, and which, with two or three intermissions, he has occupied ever since in that capacity."

IF TRAVELING IN JAPAN
or any civilized country, you can procure Laxative Bromo Quinine from any druggist. All nations use it. E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 100k-z

An old inhabitant of the village of Maids Moreton, near Buckingham, in England, has passed away in the person of Miss Mary Jones. She never possesed a clock or timepiece the whole of her lifetime of eighty years. She timed her movements accurately by instinct, as primitive people do.

SATISFY YOUR BOY'S APPETITE, Clark's Pork and Beans, tasty and satisfying, is the finest thing boys can eat. Plain or with chili or tomato sauce.

Every three years all Chinese domiciled in Siam have to pay a small poll tax. When this has been paid the collector ties a string around the man's left wrist and fastens the knot with a special official seal. The bracelet is the Chinese's receipt and must be worn one month.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

Don't be foolish and run yourself down when your neighbors are only too glad to do it for you.

THE WOEFUL TALE OF A HOTELKEEPER

Business No Cinch, He Says, as He Relates Some Losses He Has to Suffer.

"The hotel business is no cinch," said a well-known hotelkeeper yesterday. "Right here in London, the people have no idea of what a hotelman has to contend with. Just to give you an idea of some of the petty annoyances, I may tell you that every day two or three cakes of soap are stolen out of the washroom.

"Who steals them? I don't know, of course, or you'd see trouble somewhere. But I have been told that people steal the soap to equip washrooms in factories. It saves buying, you know.

"The combs and brushes are stolen on an average of a pair to the week. And now and then a towel is taken off the roller. The combs and brushes are chained to the wall, but the thieves break the chains.

"Towels and napkins also disappear with amazing regularity. "Troopers," that is, theatrical people, generally bag a few towels. They are traveling all the time, and they take them to the theaters. Sometimes they leave the towels in London, which they have picked up in Hamilton or Detroit, and then we don't feel so bad, but, as a rule, they take all they can lay their hands on, and leave nothing.

"As to losses on board bills, I can show you half a dozen trunks which people have left behind as security for unpaid bills. I never open a trunk when a man skips out now. It's only a waste of time. He leaves the hotel wearing two or three suits, and nothing is left in the trunk. I tell you, a man must needs be a wise guy to keep even with the hotel game nowadays.

"The most serious loss we sustain through pilfering is in the matter of silver spoons," the hotelman concluded. "When a big musical comedy comes to town there are probably 50 girls in it. It may be their first trip across Canada, and they take the spoons as souvenirs. Then they scratch the name of the town on them, and send them home to relatives and friends. One girl confessed to me that she had spoons from over 300 places in the United States and Canada.

"'A spoon is never missed,' she said, sweetly, 'and you know it makes such a nice souvenir.'"

Thoughts of police and axe entered the hotelman's mind, he said, as he remembered that it had cost him $30 for spoons in a single year, but he curbed his anger and contented himself with wondering how people can steal, and yet excuse themselves.

UNCLE JOE HAS "MANNERS"

Wipes His Shoes on White House Grass Before Entering.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 8.—Speaker Cannon, umbrellaless, slopped up the walk to the White House executive offices in a downpour this morning. A dozen feet down the drive he stopped and carefully wiped his feet and muddy shoes on the wetter and muddier grass and emptied a pint of water from the brim of his hat. Then he stepped inside with the complacent conviction that he had been properly neat.

"If I had had an umbrella when I left my house to walk up here," said Mr. Cannon to a friend and colleague whom he met in the lobby, and who, gloved, umbrellaed, galoshed, mackintoshed, scarfed and gaitered, was still cussing the weather, "I wouldn't have it now. The umbrella habit would be mighty expensive for me."

Then Uncle Joe went in to see the President to pay his respects.

CUP OF TEA? FIVE DOLLARS

Sugar and Milk Cost $2.50—Served by Aetresses.

Paris, Jan. 8.—Cups of tea were sold at $5 each at the fete of the Ministry of Marine, in aid of the Paris Art Orphanage. In addition to this, those who took sugar and milk had to pay an extra $2 50 for the privilege of being allowed these luxuries.

All the prettiest actresses were selling, and all Paris was buying, at prices that would have been abnormal were it not for the admirable cause. Mlle. Dieterle, the charming blonde, who is credited with possessing the prettiest smile and the most silvery laugh in Paris, sold tickets for a lottery for as much as she could get.

Mlle. Lavalliere, of the Varieties, sold face powder at the rate of $20 the tiny box. It was Mme. le Bargy, who not long ago appeared at the St. James' with Geo. Alexander, who carried out the tea extortion. Mme. Polaire sold sweets, and only took banknotes in payment.

A very large sum must have been realized for the orphanage, which provides for the daughters of artists, authors, actors and musicions who have died penniless, keeps the girls until they marry, and then provides them with a dowery.

Blizzard at Montreal.

Montreal, Jan. 8.—A heavy snowstorm set in here early yesterday and present indications are that the deficiency of the winter along those lines is about to be supplied. The temperature, however, continues unseasonably low.

Church Union Report.

Toronto, Jan. 8.—Rev. Dr. E. D. McLaren, secretary of the conference on church union, Saturday received a delayed report of N. W. Rowell, chairman, and John A. Patterson, secretary of the committee on law, regarding the manner in which the lands of the various denominations are held.

Christmas in Russia.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 8. — Fine snow sifting down from a cold sky furnished ideal weather for the Russian Christmas, so far as St. Petersburg was concerned. The day passed without untoward incident. At the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo the Emperor presided at the Christmas tree. Later, accompanied by his children, he visited the quarters of his imperial Cossack escort.

THE MISSIONARIES OF FAR NORTH

Clergymen Back in England From Northern Station--Most Desolate in the World.

Liverpool, Jan. 8, — The Rev. E. J. Peck, who has returned to England after conducting missionary work in the Arctic regions for 30 years, gives a vivid account of life among the Eskimos.

His mission station is one of the most lonely and inaccessible in the world. The headquarters are on the south shore of Cumberland Sound, at Blackhead Island, a little spot two miles long and 700 yards broad, round which it is possible to walk in a couple of hours.

"There are no trees and vegetation, except moss and very light grass, and no fuel," Mr. Peck said yesterday. "It seems like the last place on earth.

"There is no food in the country except seal, and for all our stores we have to be dependent upon what we take out from England. Our only communication with the outside world is by means of a trading ship, which, especialy chartered, visits us once a year.

"Our little settlement consists of a church, a hospital and two dwelling houses—one for the traders and one for my colleague and myself. These are, of course, all of the rudest description, being fashioned out of materials shipped from home.

"Our earliest church was made of sealskins, but had to be replaced by a wooden structure, as it was devoured by the dogs. The scene from Blacklead is the most desolate one imaginable, nothing but snow and ice being visible in any direction.

"The most trying time we have known was last winter, when the usual relief ship failed to reach us. It came to within 15 miles of our station and was within range of our glasses, and yet it was not until ten months afterward that she reached Blacklead.

"For fourteen days we watched her struggle amid the ice-barriers, and despite the most gallant attempts to afford us the needed relief, she was eventually driven back.

"We suffered considerably from cold, as our supply of new coal was on board the missing vessel, and we had to bury our houses in snow to keep out the cold.

"The Eskimos were not the only sufferers from want of food, for one night in January a pack of hungry wolves surrounded our house and attacked the dogs, eventually escaping into the darkness. Afterward they devoured one another."

Secretary Shaw is quite the best story teller of any member of the cabinet, and following all of his numerous trips his official friends are sure of many hearty laughs.

GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c. sv

Key West sent to the north the first six months of this year about 16,000,000 cigars; Porto Rico threw into the United States during the same period about 40,000,000 cigars, while there came from Cuba during that time 25,000,000 cigars.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.
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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION
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On call any Minute-Day or Night

When Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Headache, Bad Breath, Coated Tongue, Belching of Stomach Gas, or any of these forerunners of Indigestion appear, Old Dr. Cascaret wants to be right on the spot in your pocket.

He wants to check the coming trouble instantly before it can grow into a habit of the Bowels to be costive.

Ladies, who extend to Dr. Cascaret the hospitality of their Purses or their Dress Pockets, will be rewarded with a fine complexion, and healthy Happiness.

These will about fifty times repay for the trifling space occupied, and the ten cents per week at cost.

* * *

Dr. Cascaret guarantees to cure the most obstinate cases of Constipation and Indigestion, without discomfort or inconvenience.

His medicine does not gripe nor purge, nor create a drug habit.

Because it is not a "Bile-driver," nor a Gastric-Juice Waster, but a direct Tonic to the Bowel Muscles.

It exercises naturally the muscles that line the walls of the Intestines and Bowels.

Want of Exercise weakens and relaxes these Bowel-Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg muscles.

Old Dr. Cascaret goes directly after these Bowel-Muscles. He wakes them up just as a cold bath would wake up a lazy person.

Then he works them (through the nerves) till they get so strong from that Exercise that they don't need any more help to do their duty.

But Dr. Cascaret wants to be right on the spot, in your Pocket or Purse, where he can regulate these Bowel-Muscles all the time, in health, and out of health.

Because, even the strongest Bowel-Muscles may be overworked.

Heavy dinners, late suppers, whiskey, wine, or beer drinking, nervous excitement, sudden exposure to cold or heat and a dozen other every day likelihoods tire the Bowel Muscles.

In such cases a little Cascaret in time is worth fifty dollars worth of Treatment later on, to say nothing of the suffering, discomfort, loss of Business Energy, and loss of Social Sunshine it saves.

* * *

Old Dr. Cascaret carried constantly in your Vest Pocket, or in "My Lady's" Purse is the cheapest kind of Health-Insurance, and Happiness - Promotion, that ever happened.

Little thin enamel Cascaret Box, half as thick as your watch, round-cornered, smooth-edged, and shaped so you don't notice its presence.

Contains six Candy tablets—Price Ten Cents a Box at any Druggist's.

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

Big box of tablets (to re-fill pocket-box) at 50 cents.

Carry Cascarets constantly in Vest Pocket, or Purse.

A sample and the famous booklet, "Curse of Constipation," Free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 669

Sin's Consequences

Innocent Indulgence Often Brings Trouble —Simple Means of Escape.

The consequences of violating physical law are often as unpleasant as the breaking of a moral rule. The innocent indulgence of over-eating brings consequences that amount to real suffering. Indigestion is not natural; it is not right; it should not be. We offer a means of escape in Mi-o-na Tablets that is simple and practical.

These simple tablets are composed of such valuable medicinal agents as bismuth subgallate, which is superior to all other remedies for stomach troubles; cerium oxalate, and tonics and correctives which promote the action of the digestive organs, strengthen the whole digestive tract, and make it possible to eat what you like and when you like.

If you suffer with headaches, indigestion, flatulency, heartburn, dizziness, sleeplessness, backache, or debility and weakness, begin the use of Mi-o-na at once. Just one tablet out of a 50-cent box before each meal, and you will regain perfect health and strength.

If you cannot obtain Mi-o-na of your druggist, it will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Write us for advice on your case from a leading stomach specialist, which will be sent free. The R. T. Booth Company, Ithaca, N. Y

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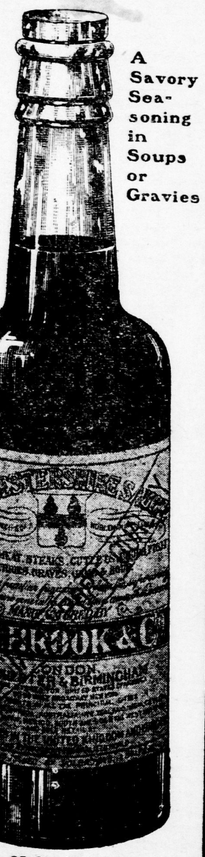
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MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

Next Time
you try your hand at baking make up your mind to succeed, and you will succeed beyond your expectations if you
Use "Diamond" Flour
The most successful cooks and housewives in the city attribute their success in baking to the success-winning qualities of "Diamond" Flour.
With "Diamond" Flour at hand it is always possible to turn out the lightest, whitest, sweetest and most wholesome bread and rolls and the most delicious cake and pastry.
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Put up in tins and bottles. For sale at any grocery store in the city or at the importers, 292 Dundas street.
Price, 25 cents bottle, or $2 tin.