NATURE'S BLESSING.

IS FOUND IN HEALTH, STRENGTH AND FREEDOM FROM PAIN.

This Gift is Meant for All—On It the Happiness and Usefulness of Life Depend—Without it Life is an Existence Hard to Endure.

Health is nature's choicest gift to man and should be carefully guarded. Ill health is a sure sign that the blood is either insufficient, watery or impure, for most of the diseases that afflict mankind are traceable to this cause. Every organ of the body requires rich, red blood to enable it to properly perform its life-sustaining functions, and at the first intimation that nature gives that all is not well, the blood should be cared for. Purgative medicines will not do this—it is a tonic that is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been proved, the world over, to surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening, and health-renewing qualities. From one end of the land to the other will be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that they owe their good health to this great medicine. Among these is Mr. Elzear Robidoux, a prominent young man living at St. Jerome, Que. He says :—"For some years I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. My appetite became irregular and everything I ate felt like a weight on my stomach. I tried several remedies and was under the care of doctors but to no avail and I grew worse as time went on. I became very weak, grew thin, suffered much from pains in my stomach and was frequently seized with dizziness. One day a friend told me of the case of a young girl who had suffered greatly from this trouble, but who, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had fully regained her health and strength, and strongly advised me to try these pills. I was so eager to find a cure that I acted on his advice and procured a supply. From the very first my condition improved and after using the pills for a couple of months I was fully restored to health, after having been a constant sufferer for four years It is now over a year since I used the pills and in that time I have enjoyed the best of health. This I owe to that greatest of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall always have a good word to say on their behalf."

Through their action on the blood and nerves, these pills cure such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, kidney trouble, partial paralysis, etc. Be sure that you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

$1,000,000 FOR DINNER.

Sumptuous Coronation Feast Eighty Years Ago.

Now that the approaching coronation of King Edward VII. of England is one of the principal themes of public gossip, it is interesting to recall one great incident of the coronation of one of King Edward's predecessors. It outdid everything of its kind that had ever taken place before as part and parcel of a coronation festivity, and it has never been equalled since in amount of material used or in the price that it cost. That incident was the coronation dinner of George VI. It took place in Westminster Hall eighty years ago.

The bill of fare was as follows:

HOT DISHES.

Soups—Eighty tureens of turtle, forty of ri(e, forty of vermicelli.

Fish—Eighty dishes of turbot, forty of trout, forty of salmon.

Meats—Eighty dishes of venison, forty of roast beef, three barons of beef, forty dishes of mutton and veal.

Accompaniments—One hundred and sixty dishes of vegetables, 180 silver boats of sauce, 210 lobsters, twenty boats of butter, and 120 of mint.

COLD DISHES.

Eighty dishes of braised ham, eighty of savory pies, eighty of a la daube, two in each dish; eighty of savory cakes, eighty of braised beef, eighty of braised capons, two in each dish; 1,900 side dishes, eighty of lobsters, eighty of crayfish, 161 of coast fowls, eighty of house lamb.

WINES.

Champagne, 100 dozen quarts; Burgundy, 20 dozen; claret, 250 dozen; hock, 50 dozen; Moselle, 50 dozen; sherry and port, 300 dozen; iced punch, 100 gallons.

DESSERT.

Three hundred and twenty dishes of mounted pastry, 400 of jellies and creams, 260 pineapples, 410 pines.

As the size of the "dishes" is not specified in the bill of fare, a pretty good idea can be had of what a big banquet this coronation feast was from the total quantities of all the edibles. They consisted as follows:

Beef, 7,422 pounds; veal, 7,133; mutton, 2,474; house lamb, 20 quarters; legs of lamb, 20; lamb, 5 saddles; grass lamb, 55 quarters; lamb sweetbreads, 160; cow heels, 309; calves' feet, 400; suet, 250 pounds; geese, 160; pullets and capons, 720; chickens, 1,610; fowls for stock, 520; bacon, 1,730 pounds; lard, 550 pounds; butter, 912 pounds; eggs, 8,400.

This grand feast and the other coronation incidentals cost $1,340,000. A good estimate of what the banquet alone cost can be made by considering that the cost of the coronation of William IV., nine years afterward, when there was no banquet, was only $250,000.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

The Best Medicine in the World for Children of All Ages.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages from the tiniest, weakest baby to the well grown child, and are a certain cure for indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other minor ailments of children. There is no other medicine acts so speedily, so safely and so surely and they contain not one particle of the opiates found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. Mrs. R. M. Ness, Barrie, Ont., says :—"I first began using Baby's Own Tablets when my baby was teething. He was feverish, sleepless and very cross, and suffered from indigestion. After using the Tablets he began to get better almost at once, and slept better and was no longer cross. I think the Tablets a fine medicine for children and keep them on hand all the time." The Tablets are readily taken by all children, and crushed to a powder can be given to the very youngest baby with a certainty of benefit. Sold by all druggists or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER IX.

The year is drawing to its close,—is rushing with mad haste into the arms of death. There is no shrinking, such as you and I might feel; no eager longing for delay, no touch of faintness as the end draws near; with storm, and rain, and raging tempest the strong year hurries onward, age, and the weight of all the bitter griefs and cruel crimes it carries, being powerless to stay its flight.

It is bleak December. And this day week will be Christmas day. Kitty has been married now for more than a month, and has written two or three happy letters to the Towers from her resting place in Rome.

The day is murky, and full of unshed rain; that is, the clouds lower, and the winds moan, and a gray veil covers the land, and one expects the coming deluge every moment. Yet it tarries spitefully, as though it knew that, though grief saddens, suspense kills.

Such days are trying to the temper. Even Brandy, who has obtained leave for Christmas, and has been at home now two days, and who has absolutely no temper to speak of, grows slightly intolerable. Having tired of flattening his nose against the window pane and making impossible bets about the rain drops as they hurried madly down the glass, he desists, from such light amusement and turns his kind attention upon Flora. It is so kind that presently it reduces her to tears and extreme anger.

"Brandrum and Flora, why is it that you two cannot be alone for five minutes without causing unpleasantness?" says Mrs. Tremaine, entering the room where both are.

"My dear mother, it is nothing," says Brandy, elaborately. "I happened, unfortunately, to tell Flora I thought I saw a suspicion of verdancy in her eyes, and she rather took it to heart; though I'm sure I don't know why. I rather prefer green eyes myself. But that is all, I give you my honor."

"You are always teasing me," declares Flora, still dissolved in trars, "and my eyes are not green; they are quite blue. Kenneth said yesterday they were very like Gretchen's, and she has lovely eyes. As for your own,"—spitefully, — "they are the image of a cat's."

"As I say," remarks Brandy, affably. "It evidently runs in the family, like that very much overdone wooden leg. It is plainly hereditary. Indeed, to prove this to you, my dear Flora, I could repeat an expression formerly much in vogue among our progenitors, but which of late years has been adopted by the canaille and has become somewhat hackneyed and decidedly vulgar. You may have heard it; it is just possible. Shall I repeat it to you?"

"No, thank you," — angrily; "I don't care for your repetitions."

"But, my dear child, that is wrong of you. One should hold the traditions of one's forefathers as sacred, and not treat them lightly or with ignominy. I am surprised at your want of proper feeling; but, as I think it arises from ignorance and the mere callousness of extreme youth, I pardon it, and shall give you the expression I speak of."

"I shan't listen to it."

"Nowadays, goes on Brandy, unmoved, "when one man meets another he makes use of the silly formula,—which means so little, — 'How d'ye do?' but in bygone days when one of our ancestors came in contact with his fellow he said, 'D'ye see any green in my eye?' and was invariably answered in the affirmative. This is an indisputable proof that the green tinge was considered a charm even in the earlier and darker ages. You have it very slightly as yet; let us hope age will help to develop it."

"I don't believe you know anything about 'darke(ages,'" says Flora, contemptuously.

"I have read more than you give me credit for," replies he, with dignity. "That was the age in which the sun was always behind a cloud; and people walked about in sheets, with candles in their hands, looking for honest men. The fashion, I believe, was led by a certain Jane Shore of happy memory. At that time, too, candles were in such request (as was only natural) that Alfred the Great made clocks of them, and could tell you the hour to an inch."

"I wonder how you can talk such arrant nonsense!" says Flora, with a disdainful curl of her pretty lip. "Have you forgotten papa is waiting for you? He says he wants to speak to you,—no doubt about another unpaid tailor's bill."

"That is the 'unkindest cut of all,'"—rising negligently. "It makes me shiver in my boots. Now that you mention it, I think I did see a baleful light in our father's face when the post came in."

"I shouldn't wonder. Poor man!"

"And yet"—cheerfully — "I think you are mistaken. Hope tells me a flattering tale; perhaps the governor is sending for me to present to me a little gift,—a delicate offering in the shape of a check for fifty pounds. If I get it, Flora, you shall have at least half of it. Now, will you not thank me for such a noble promise?"

"I will,—when I get it," replies she, with scornful emphasis.

"That will be in a moment or two. The instant my fingers close upon the desired bit of paper, I shall fly to you on the wings of love. You will stay here till my return with it?"

"Not likely! I shouldn't fancy remaining here forever," returns she, witheringly.

* * * * * * * * *

Meantime, Gretchen, having read Kitty's last happy letter of the morning to her mother and every member of the family, runs down to Kenneth—who is still a visitor at the Towers—to give him sundry extracts from it. To leave the Towers before Christmas, Mrs. Tremaine had said to Dugdale, would be simply madness, as of course he would have to come back again, for that festive occasion, and going backwards and forwards was "such a worry." So Kenneth had staid on, saying, with a laugh, the time would surely come when they would want to turn him out, and he should refuse to go. "Possession was nine points of the law," etc.

"I have had another letter from Kitty," says Gretchen, entering the library, with large eyes full of gladness and a bright smile.

"One always knows that by your face," returns he. "I can tell the day the foreign post arrives before you speak of it. Kitty is very fortunate; her life seems rich in love. Well, and does her letter please you? Does she still feast with the gods? So long married, and as yet no flaw, no 'little pitted speck?' It sounds like a fairy tale."

It is one of poor Kenneth's bad days, when all the world seems less than nothing to him and faith in any good appears impossible. He has turned his eyes from her grieved ones, and with an impatient gesture pushes back the hair from his forehead, which throbs intolerably.

"Kitty is quite happy—quite, if that is what you mean," says Gretchen, gravely. "Why should you question it? Why should you sneer at happiness? Surely there is such a thing, and you believe in it?"

"You accredit me with too much fine feeling," replies he, with a short laugh. "Don't throw me over altogether if I confess I do not?"

"You cannot mean what you say. Kitty's case alone contradicts you. She, I know, will be always happy, —always."

"I'm sure I hope she may," says Kenneth, in an abominable tone. He shrugs his shoulders and gnaws viciously at the end of his fair mustache.

"I wish you would not speak in that tone; I quite hate it. It almost sounds as if you wish evil of my dear Kitty," says Gretchen, with some severity. "It is all in very bad taste. When people love they must be happy; and you know as well as I do that Jack and Kitty perfectly adore each other."

"I know I am a very ill-tempered fellow, and, what is worse, an ungrateful one, to speak to you as I do," says Kenneth, in a voice difficult to translate. "Why do you waste your time here, Gretchen? I am not worth it. Go to the others, and get what good you can out of your life."

"Your head must be aching very badly to-day," says Gretchen, gently, ignoring this speech altogether.

"It irritates me that you should stay here boring yourself to death with a most uninteresting invalid," goes on Kenneth, with fretful pertinacity. "I know I am a miserable wretch, only half alive, and good for nothing—and surly into the bargain; and that it is the extreme pity you feel for me that alone makes you bear with me as you do."

"I'm afraid your head is very, very bad to-day, my dear Kenneth," says Gretchen, with deep sympathy.

"It has often been worse" — half angrily.

"Not very often, I think. At least talking must be wrong for it. So do not say any more, but let me read to you. And, Kenneth" — laying a soft, kind little hand on his—"you must not think it is 'pity' brings me to see you; it is — that I like to come."

Kenneth makes no reply. He does not even press the kind little hand. He turns his head resolutely away and stares out of the window at the tall bare trees that in the far distance fling their naked arms wildly to and fro.

"What is it, Ken?" asks Gretchen, kneeling upon the footstool beside his couch and regarding him anxiously.

"Nothing."

"But surely there is something; some thought troubles you?"

"No."

"You cannot deceive me,"—seriously. "I am your friend, yet you will not trust me."

"There is nothing I can say to you,—nothing I dare say,—my dear, my darling! Can I speak of love to you,—I?" returns he, with sudden and mournful agitation.

Gretchen's hands tremble slightly. She does not blush, but a little pallor grows upon her, and a faint smile comes and curves the corners of her lips. For a long time she has believed herself dear to him, and now to hear the thought made a certainty is inexpressibly sweet to her.

"I am very glad you love me," she says, simply, without hesitation, letting slip but luminous eyes meet his for an instant.

"Gretchen!"

"Yes. Very glad. Why do you look at me so strangely? Is it not true, then, that you do love me?"

"I never said so."

"No,"—laughing, — "your lips didn't, but your eyes did. And — you would not have called me your 'darling' had I not been dear to you."

"How could I have so spoken?" exclaims he, with bitter self-reproach. "To betray myself after the careful suppression for months! Gretchen, forget—forgive what I have said."

"But why should I forget, Ken? and what is there to forgive? Is it not beyond all question the truth? And why should I not rejoice at it, when—when I too love you?"

"What folly—what madness has possessed you?" he exclaims. "Gretchen, I forbid you to speak to me like this. Let me never hear you say such words again. It is a mockery,—an insult to such as I am."

"You mistake me——" begins Gretchen, growing very pale.

"Hush; I will listen to no more. You have said too much already. If" —with vehemence that hardly conceals his pain—"I ever led you to believe I loked you, I lied. I do not love you. Go, leave me. What have I to do with love?"

Frightened, stunned by the passion he shows, Gretchen rises and goes slowly towards the door. She is bitterly wounded by his words, while understanding perfectly his motive for using them. She has her hand upon the handle when his voice arrests her. It is full of deep contrition.

"Gretchen," he says, entreatingly.

"Well?" coldly, without turning round.

"I have offended. I have behaved with unpardonable roughness; yet do not go until I have asked your pardon."

Slowly and with seeming reluctance she closes the door, and, again returning to his side, stands gazing down at him reproachfully, with clasped hands.

"I wonder how you can wish me to stay, when you do not love me," she says, tremulously.

"Perhaps" — with a sigh and a quick frown — "I wish you to go, because I do love you."

"But how unreasonable that is! I think were I in your place I should be thankful if I found some one to care for me; that is, if I cared for the 'some one.'"

"I do care for you; it is useless my denying it now." Taking her hand, he holds it closely. "I love you madly, foolishly, because hopelessly. Day by day and every hour of the day, lying here upon my couch, I think of you only, and torture myself conjuring up scenes that can never be realized. This time last year I should have thought myself more than blessed in the knowledge that your heart was given to me a free gift. Now—— How happy, how contented we might have been together, you and I! What a perfect life ours might have proved! But it is too late."

He pauses, but Gretchen makes no reply. Her hand lies passively in his. Her long, black eye lashes effectually conceal the expression in her eyes.

"Sometimes I picture to myself us two on board my good old schooner cruising in the sunny Mediterranean, finding each happy day happier than the last. Then we are in Italy, and I can see your beloved face grow grave and solemn over the past glories of mighty Rome; or dimpling with laughter in merry Paris; or calm with sweet thought in our English home. And then suddenly I awake, my fond dreams vanish, and again I know myself to be—what I am. Oh, to be strong and well once more!" he cries, throwing his arms with a passionate movement about his head. "Gretchen, is there in all this world a sadder thought than 'It might hake been?'"

"Such as you are, I love you," replies the girl, earnestly. "Can you not find some slight comfort in that thought?"

"No. 'That way madness lies.' It is too dangerously sweet a thought. I dare not let myself find happiness in it. Dearest, what I said so roughly some time since I meant. What has passed between us to-day must never be repeated—never. You must promise me this, or I shall be compelled at once to leave this house, where I have been so content. You should not refuse me in this matter, Gretchen; you should give the promise I require willingly, because I cannot, of course, forbid you to speak in your own home, and — I cannot run away from you," —with a smile more sorrowful than bitterest weeping.

Gretchen, touched by it, burst into tears.

"Have I grieved you, my own, asked Kenneth, pressing her hand gently to his lips. "You see, Gretchen, there is sadness in every thought of me."

"Yes, but gladness too,—my chief gladness," says Gretchen, with a sob.

(To be Continued.)

Blood Vessels of the Eye.

Purkinje discovered a very simple and highly entertaining experiment by means of which the retina, with all its veins and blood vessels standing out in relief against it, can be thrown into the air before one's eyes. It is called the aborescent figure, to its likeness to a many branched tree, and is produced in the following manner: In a dark room at night move a candle backward and forward before the eyes. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood vessels in bold relief, while toward the center of the figure there rises up a dark trunk, from which the veins branch out on all sides.

The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye, and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood vessels, since these cast their shadow on to it and can be seen as clearly as any other object externally.

They Didn't Interfere.

Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee had a heart as tender as a woman, and the way he pardoned out convicts was something awful. He was waited upon by a committee of the legislature, who very flatly and in no uncertain way told him that this "wholesale pardoning must stop."

"Gov'ner Bob" looked at the committee, tapped a bell, asked for his pardon clerk and when he came said:

"Make out pardons for every man in the penitentiary."

The clerk bowed and withdrew. Then the governor looked at the committee, who were staring as if they thought he was going mad.

"Gentlemen," he said finally, "I am governor of Tennessee, and if this committee or any other ever again seeks to interfere with my constitutional right to pardon I'll sign every one of those pardons which the clerk is making out. Good morning."

The House Was Shaky.

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years of age, he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said, "Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams today?"

"Thank you," was the ex-president's answer. "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, sir; quite well."

With that the venerable sixth president of the United States moved on with the aid of his staff.

Hid His Whip.

The late Lord Queensberry's famous protest at the performance of Tennyson's "Promise of May" had a quaint sequel. A society journal, now deceased, made some scathing comments on the incident.

Lord Queensberry armed himself with a heavy whip and called at the office, asking to see the editor. He was conducted to the presence of an elderly woman, who regarded him severely through her spectacles.

Remembering the "Queensberry rules," he hid the horsewhip and merely remarked that he had called to talk the matter over.

His Obligation.

The Duc de Roquelaure was far, very far, from being handsome. One day he met in the street an ugly Auvergnat who had some petition or memorial to present at Versailles. He immediately introduced him to Louis XIV., remarking that he was under a special obligation to the gentleman. The king granted the favor asked and then inquired of the duke what was this pressing obligation. "But for him, your majesty, I should be the ugliest man in your dominions."

It Wasn't Lighted.

A mother was calling the attention of her little boy to the moon, which was to be seen clearly but pallidly in the early afternoon.

"Why, you can't see the moon in the daytime," replied the youngster.

"Oh, yes, you can. There it is over the trees."

The little fellow looked hard and had to admit the fact that he saw it, but he added, "Tain't lighted, anyhow."

The Parting of the Way.

He (who parts his hair in the middle) —I will never marry a woman who parts her hair on the side.

She (who parts her hair on the side)—And I can assure you that I will never marry a man who parts his hair in the middle. (Silence.)

He—We may as well part forever then.

Single Blessedness.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have married on $50 a month.—Chicago Record-Herald.

APOLLINARIS LEMONADE.

Take the juice of six lemons, the rind of four, sliced very thin, and two cups of sugar. Mix together and add one quart bottle of Apollinaris water, ice cold. Serve in goblets of cracked ice, with straws.

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar #37

A LECTURE FOR CANADIANS

SLOW IN DEVELOPING RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY.

Too Much Concern for the Present —How to Advertise What We Have.

Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, addressed the Canadian Club at Toronto the other day on the exploitation of Canada. Mr. Walker said that he had been asked to speak either on art or Canadian banking, but chose his subject according to the need of the hour. In part Mr. Walker said:

"What is to be feared in a country like Canada, with its vast area, is the ignorance of its own people about itself. We have no right to complain of the ignorance of other nations, so long as we know so little about our own resources. We are patriotic, and proud that we are Canadians, but that was an accident of birth. I was born in the backwoods, and am a Canadian, and proud of it, but the real point at stake is, what can we do to make Canada what it ought to be?

CONCERN FOR PRESENT.

"We take altogether too much concern about the present, and we should be interested in the trend of things more than continually comparing the small present results accomplished with the money expended."

Mr. Walker pointed out that, while the value of the North American fur trade of years ago, as represented in actual dollars, was meanly small, yet it was to this trade that the present commerce of Canada and the United States was due. It was on account of the trials that the railroads came, and civilization followed.

Continuing, Mr. Walker said: "Every new beginning is important in, not what it has done to-day, or will do to-morrow, but what it will do for the country in 25, 50 or a hundred years from now. It is not what will be done in our lifetime, but rather what foundation stones we are laying. We are pioneers, and the men who build transcontinental railroads are still pioneers, in a larger sense perhaps than our fathers, but yet the same. When a man acquires a big territory, if he is a practical man, he will want to know just what it is worth. We are just that one man multiplied a million times."

SAYS CANADA IS SLOW.

Mr. Walker gave his opinion that the Canadians were the most backward people in the world in making the wealth and resources of their country known. Comparing Canadians with the residents of the Western States, who had, he said, poured out their money like water in bringing their lands under the notice of the world, Mr. Walker said that Canada was entirely behind.

The speaker mentioned the museum at Washington, where any person interested in the forestry of the country, could see at once all the different trees that were native of any part of the States, and then and there gain any information that he desired. He would like to see such a museum in Canada, where not only the woods, but the fur-bearing animals, the birds, and minerals might all be seen. Not only this, but Mr. Walker stated that he would like to see a museum in each Province. He said: "A nation needs a shop window to advertise its goods in, just as much as the shop-keeper in King street."

OUR VAGUE IDEAS.

Mr. Walker also charged that we were behind in printed information about our lands. He mentioned the fact that 25 years ago, when gas was exploited in Ohio, and much done with it, no word was mentioned about Canadian gas, and the people did not know that any existed in the country. Mr. Walker said that while Canadians were proud of being Canadians, many had but a vague idea as to what they were proud of.

The speaker instanced the case of a man at the Soo, whose name he did not mention. "This man," he said, "has a room in the Soo that is locked up, where a corps of men work, for that are said to cost him $100,000 a year. These people know so much about the land up there that they are almost a revenue to the country, and can make bargains with the Government, when the Government doesn't have the knowledge of the land that it should have."

IN THE NORTHWEST.

Mr. Walker alluded to the rush of Americans to the Canadian Northwest, and stated that he shared no fear that they might become a menace politically. He foresaw good citizens in them all. The speaker, however, believed that many difficult questions of transportation, banking, judicial, legislative and municipal importance would come up. He thought the Northwest was merely in the infancy of its possibilities, and gave his opinion that the two railroads there would not begin to furnish the transportation necessary for the future.

INSISTED ON HIS RIGHTS.

Some parents still believe the old adage that sparing the rod spoils the child. A paper tells of one of this class who stode into the schoolhouse and confronted the teacher after the scholars had been dismissed for the day.

"I understand you whipped my boy this morning!" he began, angrily.

"Yes, sir, I did," the terrified teacher responded, "but I did not whip him severely."

"That's what I'm complaining about," rejoined the parent; "you didn't wallop him half enough. Now, look here. I am one of the largest tax-payers in this district, and my boy is entitled to as good a whacking as you give any other boy. If you slight him again you'll hear from me. Good afternoon, sir!"

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

France pays for her paupers by means of a tax of 10 per cent. on all theatre tickets sold.

AS USUAL.

"John, are you going with me to the De Styles' party to-night?"

"No, my dear, I'm not."

"Why not, John, dear?"

"Because I've got to get up at seven o'clock to-morrow morning and work hard all day."

"But we won't stay late."

"That's what you promised last week when you inveigled me into going to the Crowders' and it was after three when we got home."

"But, John, you know I can't go without you."

"Why not?"

"Don't be idiotic, John."

"That's my endeavor, my dear."

"It's just like you to refuse, for no reason at all, to do anything to please me."

"Humph!"

"And you put your selfish pleasures before mine."

"Now, dear, that's hardly fair."

"And treat me with no consideration whatever."

"My dear, I——"

"And act the perfect brute, and—oh, oh, oh why did I ever marry you?"

"Tut, tut, my dear. If you really have set your heart so upon going, I suppose I must go with you."

"There, John, I knew you could if you only wanted to."

A THOUSAND THANKS.

JEAN BOIVUE IS VERY HEARTY IN HIS EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE.

In Graceful Sentences He Pours Out His Praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Remedy Which Has Done So Much for Him.

St. Elzear, Que., May 26.—(Special)—It is a well known characteristic of our French Canadian people, that they are fearless and enthusiastic in their praise of anything or anybody that has befriended them.

No one is more capable of gracefully expressing gratitude than the average French gentleman.

A recent case illustrates this point. Mons. Jean Boivue has for many years been afflicted with a terrible malady of the Kidneys.

He suffered a very great deal of pain, and his disease forced him to rise every hour during the night.

He was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking a short treatment, found himself completely cured.

His gratitude knew no bounds, and ever since he has recommended to all his friends the wonderful remedy which cured him so promptly and completely.

When he finds anyone who has no confidence in them, his first act is to give them some Pills, and explain to them how to use them, and he has found this method very soon convinces the most skeptical of the truth of the statement he makes that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest medicine in the world.

Mons. Boivue says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are good.

"I know this because while at one time I suffered very severely from Kidney Disease, now I am well.

"Not long ago I used to have to get up several times during the night now I can sleep well all night without rising.

"You can believe me, I am glad to have regained my health, and I say thanks a thousand times to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"

"He is an officer in the bank."

"The Mr. Upjohn that went downtown on a trolley car this morning?"

"I presume he went on a trolley car. What is——"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street car accident."

"Didn't hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out o' the car when the train run into it?"

"No, my little boy; you frighten me. What has——"

"Didn't hear how he run into a drug store for a piece o' court-plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over the eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy's sake——"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No; he's——"

"Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes; that's his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stoppin' to have one o' his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' danger, y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can bear it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hospittle with four ribs broke, an' one leg's in a sling, an' his nose is knocked kind o' sideways, but he's gettin' along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter f'm the doctor tellin' y' all about it, ma'am."

THE REVIVAL.

THE CURIOUS UPS AND DOWNS OF THE WHEEL.

Almost in the Catalogue of "has beens"—Now Popular Everywhere.

The varying mood of the public, influenced as it is by fads and fashions, is a curious study. In this regard there is no more interesting history than that of the bicycle. From its crude introduction until the pneumatic tire and cushion frame were established its progress was remarkable, and the climax was reached three years ago when whooping amounted to a positive craze. Then there were black days, but this year again finds it in universal favor. The truth is, there never will be anything to take the place of the bicycle as a convenience, especially in the country where one has not city accommodation for travel. The big revival is due to this and to the fact that a good bicycle is now within easy reach of any pocket book.

Thinking about a Wheel?

If you want to get one of the best wheels made anywhere—wheels made for comfort and wear—enquire about the "Massey-Harris," "Cleveland," "Brantford" and "Perfect" bicycles. Drop a card for a catalogue to Canada Cycle & Motor Co., 34 King St., West, Toronto.

The average depth of the Irish sea is 240 feet; of the English Channel 110 feet.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

London consumes 11 tons of salt a day.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Ceylon Green tea is gaining daily in popularity. If you want the best you should buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green. Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

Pineapples.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY THEM; THEY ARE GOOD AND CHEAP AND WILL BE OVER IN A FEW DAYS.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

Consignments of Produce Solicited.

The Frost 10 Wire and 6 Stay Fence

is the strongest and heaviest wire fence made—good openings for good agents; write us at once for terms. Ask for catalog.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO., - - WELLAND, ONT.

THE VERY BEST.

Paint up your house, your buildings, your fences, everything that should be painted, and do it well. Pay a fair price, but don't pay any more. Get

Ramsay's Paints

and you get the best that goes in the world of paint making. You get pure colors, pure oil; better than white lead or any other mixture to preserve, to beautify, to last, and at the right price.

Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE, showing how some homes are painted.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Estab. 1842 MONTREAL. Paint Makers

FLAKE PIE TRUST.

Take one-half cupful lard to a pint of flour, rub well together (or better, cut it in the flour with a knife); take water sufficient to make a dough (not too stiff). Roll out and spread with butter; fold over evenly after sprinkling the butter slightly with flour. Then form it into a roll from the opposite direction and roll out and spread again with butter and flour; then roll over and over into a large roll, and cut from the ends. A very little of the stiffly-beaten white of an egg stirred into the water is an improvement.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

9,000,000 birds'-nests, for soup-making, are brought into Canton in a year. It takes 50 to make a pound, and they cost $2.50 an ounce.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

There have been 2,100 explosions in coal-mines in the last 50 years, involving a loss of 8,800 lives.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

100,000 bales of cotton lasted the Lancashire mills for a year in 1800; now the same amount would feed their spindles for a day and a quarter.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN, Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

"Marry my daughter? Why, she's a mere child." "I know it; but I thought I'd come early and avoid the rush."

Sunday Island in the Pacific is really the tallest mountain in the world. It rises 2,000 feet out of five miles of water.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

British charities have an endowment of £2,500,000; those of France, £2,400,000. But British have an income from subscriptions of nearly seven millions; French of only a million and a half.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Nelly—"Cholly's the most stupid man I ever met. He never has a thing in his head." Nell—"Oh, you wrong him. I met him in the street to-day, and he said, 'Aw, good bordig, Miss Nelly.'"

DEAN HALE'S WIT.

In his new volume, entitled "Now and Then," which the venerable Dean Hole of Rochester has just issued, there are many pleasurable anecdotes, a few old and many new. One of the most time-worn, but still one of the most tickling, is that about a jury at an Irish assizes, most of whom when told by the Judge to go to their usual places forthwith walked into the dock.

Another anecdote, bearing on the temperance question, is as follows:—"John," said a clergyman to one of his parishioners, who had been in the habit of tarrying long at the wire, "John, I'm pleased to see you've got a nice new pig. I know you've been wanting to buy one for a long time. How did you manage it at last?" "Well, sir," said John, "I guv up makin' a pig of myself!"

But the Dean's best tale is of a parson who was in the habit of offering up the following prayer for Queen Adelaide:—"O Lord, save thy servant, our sovereign lady, the Queen! Grant that as she grows an old woman she may become a new man; strengthen her with thy blessing, that she may live a pure virgin, bringing forth sons and daughters to the glory of God; and give her grace, that she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains."

The value of the houses in London is 700 million, against 300 millions in Paris.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Sandringham, which King Edward VII. purchased out of his savings, has a rental of £7,000 a year.

W P C. 1130

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CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

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SUNBURN

Like any other form of inflammation is readily healed by CILEADINE. No other ointment relieves pain so quickly. It is not an anæsthetic, but a healer.

25c, Druggists, or Gileadine Co., Toronto.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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