

Paine's Celery Compound

Saves Sleepless, Nervous and Despondent People From Insanity.

THE GREAT MEDICINE HAS NO EQUAL.



Medical men of the highest standing, and a host of others competent to judge, declare that Paine's Celery Compound is the only effective medicine for the banishment of all the troubles that lead to sleeplessness or insomnia. In the spring season thousands are restless, fretful, nervous, despondent and gloomy. They find it impossible to obtain restful and sweet sleep, and soon become physically exhausted, some already are mere wrecks of humanity. Such sufferers cannot with safety trifle with sleeplessness and continued unrest. All in such a condition demand immediate succor and aid before nature becomes too overtaxed. The weakened, exhausted and irritated system must be strengthened. For every form of sleeplessness or insomnia there is but one remedy; one

healer; it is Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that acts in a truly natural way to produce sleep and perfect rest.

This wondrous remedy of nature should be used at once if satisfactory and immediate results are desired. Do not allow your run-down, nervous system to lead you to the very brink of the grave in spring time.

Putting off will only complicate your troubles, and deepens misery with years. Use Paine's Celery Compound, and you are assured of perfect action of the heart, stomach, kidneys and liver, and sweet sleep will be your life blessing. Get "Paine's," the kind that cures. Remember that there are miserable imitations—celery preparations that are worthless and dangerous as well. Ask your dealer for "Paine's," and take no other, if you seek for life and health.

Astor's Ambition.

Interesting Gossip About the Anglo-American Plutocrat.

His Daughter May Marry a Duke—How Astor Lavishes His Millions.

It is another love match, the gossip says, that is reported between Wm. Waldorf Astor's daughter and the young Duke of Marlborough.

A love match like that of Consuelo Vanderbilt and the Duke of Marlborough. Like that of Anna Gould and her pink and white "Powder Puff." Like any of the international marriages which have become a feature of the end-of-the-century parade.

They are all love marriages, and they all turn out beautifully.

The young duke is "a very nice chap," so say those privileged persons who know him. He is not one bit like his father of blessed memory, whose affluence and associations reeked of the pot house and the turf. The duke is scarcely 29, good-looking, was educated at Eaton, and is now a lieutenant in the Fifth Battalion of the Royal Rifle Corps.

The young duke is not so big a matrimonial fish to land as was Marlborough, for the name of Marlborough fills a big page in history. The father of the present duke was just about as bad as they make an English aristocrat. A fine-looking, apparently decent sort of chap when Consuelo Yznaga married him, he soon succeeded in establishing a standard of dissipation shocking even to those who have become hardened in the ways of the British nobility. His most disgraceful public exhibition was that of the Basle Belvedere arrest. Beesie, a model-bell singer, as reported for assaulting a woman who was trying to collect a bill from his lordship. Marlborough then Viscount Mandeville, was brought up in Bow Street Police Court as a witness to the affray, and the resulting scene was not

such as to exalt the dignity of the noble house.

It is much more agreeable to speak of the present duke who is said to be really a very decent young fellow. Pauline Astor is only 17 years old. She is scarcely out of the school-room. She has never been formally introduced to society, although last year in London she assisted at several of her father's superb entertainments, both at Cliveden on the Thames and at the beautiful town house in Carlton Terrace, where Mr. Astor has as neighbors Mrs. Curzon, formerly Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago, and Mrs. May, where John Hay, the next Minister Plenipotentiary to St. James, will reside.

Miss Astor is a slender, refined, dreamy-faced girl of brunette type, who looks very like her mother, who was the beautiful Miss Paul, of Philadelphia. She has been educated entirely by governesses, and has until last year lived a life of absolute seclusion. She is devotedly religious, and was confirmed a little over a year ago in Old Trinity.

She has been reared to look upon her father as the autocrat of the household. His will is law. Wm. Waldorf Astor governs his family as the Czar of all the Russias rules his subjects. Mr. William Waldorf Astor takes London society as it were, by the throat and forces it to consider his somewhat erratic and eccentric doings. He gets himself referred to in Parliament as "one of those insolent new millionaires." He runs a magazine. He pours money out in English soup houses and flannel blanket societies for the benefit of the poor. He knows it here, has things to show for his bright and to become a naturalized British subject, in order, so it is said in London, to be made a member of the nobility. And his coming ulterior ambition, so runs the gossip, is to expose the frivolity of the girl, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales.

To this end the savings of his ancestors, the furrier, the butcher, and the musical instrument maker, are lavishly squandered. There is nothing Mr. Astor cannot buy—a castle, whether it be in Spain or Ireland, it matters not. Everything goes in this wild headlong onslaught of the awful Astor ambition. Mr. Astor's fortune today is estimated at over \$200,000,000. His London residence is Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, the Carlton House having been occupied only temporarily. Lans-

downe House is one of the largest private houses in London and is surrounded by extensive grounds. It was leased from the Marquis of Lansdowne and adjoins Devonshire House. With other vestiges of Americanism Mr. Astor has dropped the Yankee pronunciation of his name. He now calls himself "Mr. Astor."

In 1899 he moved with his family to England. Five years ago he bought the Pall Mall Gazette and made it a Tory newspaper, and founded the Pall Mall Magazine, to whose pages only titled contributors need apply with any fair chance of success. Gentleman of quality, Lord Frederick Hamilton and Sir Douglas Straight edit this publication, and a visit to the office is one of the few good jokes in England.

Mr. Astor is not popular in England. His personality is by no means pleasant, as he is subject to fits of morose moods.

Then, too, Mr. Astor, despite his daily contact with the great of the earth, occasionally makes an alarming break which causes much innocent merriment. Last summer, when entertaining the Prince at Cliveden, he informed his Royal Highness that he was ready to take him out boating on the river, instead of awaiting his serene pleasure. Then there was the affair of the Cliveden, when Mr. Astor, when Mr. Astor bought from the Duke of Westminster that brave old house which, with its sloping terraces, drooping willows and lofty walls, is pointed out to every pleasure-seeker on the Thames; he took him out boating on the river, instead of awaiting his serene pleasure. Then there was the affair of the Cliveden, when Mr. Astor, when Mr. Astor bought from the Duke of Westminster that brave old house which, with its sloping terraces, drooping willows and lofty walls, is pointed out to every pleasure-seeker on the Thames; he took him out boating on the river, instead of awaiting his serene pleasure.

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In vain the duke demanded his visiting book. Mr. Astor, with the thrift bequeathed to him by his thoroughly business-like ancestors, prepared to defend the possession of that visiting book with his blood, if need be. The book went with the house, he stated, and he should not give it up. The affair created a great breeze at the time, and was laughed at behind the fans and over the teacups of Mayfair.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, is a woman equally well known in society on both sides of the Atlantic. Hers is a dashing and audacious personality. She is the daughter of New Orleans, she was as famous a belle as was her intimate friend, Alva Smith, of Mobile, who is now Mrs. O. P. H. Belmont.

The two Yznaga girls, Consuelo and Naticia, went to London with their handsome faces at their fortune. Consuelo was that rarest of beauties, a Spanish blonde. She was clever and quick-witted. She directly saw the light of day in London, and it lying loose and worth taking away.

The pretenders are not all of the class to which Pope and Lord Lytton belong. There are a few of a higher set. The ancient critics complained of Homer that he unceremoniously, perhaps unthinkingly, appropriated the thoughts and language of greater poets who had preceded him, and if Homer was a plagiarist, why not the moderns? The Duke of Marlborough, who has translated whole pages from the Greek and Latin poets, and who is generally so much better than their own that the finished result somewhat resembles a patchwork of quotations, but who is not a plagiarist, why not the moderns? The Duke of Marlborough, who has translated whole pages from the Greek and Latin poets, and who is generally so much better than their own that the finished result somewhat resembles a patchwork of quotations, but who is not a plagiarist, why not the moderns?

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glances through rouge and grins through patches is not only hideous, it is pitiful. Thus these great international match-makers who have tossed away his patriotism like an old glove and whose audacious pretensions have been the cause of much of the English throne are mocked at by the country he wishes to adopt; the woman brilliant, daring, a pleasure-seeker always, now poor, passe and pathetic.

It is a relief to turn to the two children, one of whom holds millions in her slender hands, the other, a coronet in his grasp. At least they are young and guileless and admirable. And every one, on Murray Hill or in Mayfair will wish joy to the childish couple, the youthful Duke and Duchess of Manchester.

—Edith Sessions Tupper.

GREAT PLAGIARISTS.

Gray, Emerson, Milton, Virgil and Homer Charged With the Offense.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There are many instances in literary history of writers very willing to be deemed original who were so far from it that they had not an important thought which cannot be traced to another source. Pope was a most conspicuous example, one of his biographers drawing a picture as unique in its way as Dr. Emerson's description of his father's work, of the poet eagerly drinking in the philosophy of Boetius and going to his room to turn it into rhyme and meter. Pope was no more than a plagiarist, yet a hinted suspicion that his matter was not original would have driven the scholar to the verge of madness. Gray no doubt considered himself original when fitting together the quotations which compose his elegy, and to do him justice, he was far more expert at the business than Emerson, for, although there is not a thought in the language, Gray was probably honest in his belief in his own originality, which is more than can be said of "Owen Meredith," who in his well known "Lucile" made pretense to talents which he knew he did not possess, for not only is the plot stolen outright from one of George Sand's novels, but the language is cabbaged from the works of other poets, and is well worth taking away.

The pretenders are not all of the class to which Pope and Lord Lytton belong. There are a few of a higher set. The ancient critics complained of Homer that he unceremoniously, perhaps unthinkingly, appropriated the thoughts and language of greater poets who had preceded him, and if Homer was a plagiarist, why not the moderns? The Duke of Marlborough, who has translated whole pages from the Greek and Latin poets, and who is generally so much better than their own that the finished result somewhat resembles a patchwork of quotations, but who is not a plagiarist, why not the moderns?

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AGE AND CLIMATE.

Figures Indicating That People Live Longer in Temperate Climates.

During 1896 the death of 188 persons over 60 years of age out of a total of 100—was recorded in Great Britain and Ireland. It is a somewhat curious circumstance that the average longevity is greater in Scotland than it is in England and greater in Ireland than in Scotland, the birth rate being larger in England and least in Ireland. Of a thousand persons, men, women, and children, resident in England, the average number over 60 years of age is 72, or somewhat more than 7 per cent. In Scotland, the proportion over 60 years of age is 7.7 per cent, and in Ireland it is 10.5 per cent. Ireland stands second to France as regards the longevity of its inhabitants, the proportion of men and women in France over 60 years old being by the last census 12.7 per cent, or 12.7 of each 1,000 of population. The official figures of the census report show that longevity is, to a considerable extent, regulated by climate, that is, in countries within the temperate zone, the duration of life is greater than in warmer or semi-tropical countries. The average number of persons over 60 years of age in 1,000 inhabitants in the United Kingdom is 72, and in the German Empire, the climate of which is similar, it is the same. In Holland it is also 72, in Denmark 84, in Sweden 88, and in Norway 80. In Russia the longevity of the inhabitants is greatest in the Northern Provinces and lowest in the Southern ones. The average of European countries in the north temperate zones, England, Germany, and Holland—72, a thousand falls to 71 in Austria and in Portugal. In Spain, where the climate is generally milder than in Portugal, the number of persons over 60 years of age in a thousand is 58 only, and in Greece it is 56. In the East Indies, as far as there are any authentic figures, the average is only 40 in a thousand inhabitants. In South America the average is about 50, though there are, of course, many exceptional cases.

The United States do not stand very high in respect of elderly persons. The duration of human life is longest usually in old, and least in new, countries.

THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

A Record of Some Answers Which Have Come to Barnet Petitions.

The annals of philanthropy present, even to the most indifferent observer, many striking coincidences, to use no stronger word, between prayers offered and benefits received. When the ancient precepts about taking care of the fatherless are complied with in earnest, the ancient promises about answers to prayer seem to have a stronger truth, and verifying themselves, Muller's orphanages, Spurgeon's orphanage, Dr. Barnardo's work for street children, are groups of awfully sad facts, for people who believe "there is nothing in prayer," and in the Sunday Magazine is a remarkable testimony, taken down by a stenographer from the lips of Mr. Quarrier in his sick room, to the connection of prayer with his great work for the orphans of Scotland.

THE TESTIMONY OF MR. QUARRIER.

"For 25 years," he says, "it has been with me a continual answer to prayer. When very young I vowed that if God prospered him" he should build houses for orphans. He worked seven years in caring for the rough street-boys of Glasgow, and was in touch with some 300 of them in the Shoeblack, Parcel and Newspaper Brigades. He was then in business, and had a wife and family to provide for. But he longed for a better way of carrying out his childish dream. For three months I prayed to God for guidance, and in the end resolved that if he sent me £2,000 I should embark in the greater work. Nobody knew of this resolution; it was a matter between God and myself. If God wanted me to do more work than I was doing, I felt that he would send me the £2,000, not in proportions, but in a solid sum."

He wrote to the newspapers urging that poorhouse and reformatory were not enough for street children. Homes were needed. "After waiting thirteen days, the answer came. Amongst my other letters was one from a Scotch friend in London, to the effect that the writer would, to the extent of £2,000, provide me with money to buy or rent a house for orphan children. When I received that call I felt that my family interests and my business interest should be second, and that my work among the children should be first."

HOW HE BEGAN. He commenced by renting a workshop in Renfrew lane. One day two boys came in, and were fitted out with clothes, except that they were no jacket for one of them. The matron concluded: "We must just pray God for it." That night a parcel came from Dumfries, with a jacket exactly fitting the boy. That was a small "thing," but Mr. Quarrier, "but if you don't see God in the gift of a pair of stockings, you won't see him in a gift of £10,000."

They kept 30 boys in the first home; but feeling the need of a larger home, he prayed for it and got it. This was Cessnock House, of which he had 100. In 1872 they had 60 children able to go to Canada. Of the £2,000 needed they had got all but £70; and having prayed for that amount they got it exactly in £20, £10, and two £5 notes at the present moment it was wanted. Similarly, in regard to a needed evangelist, it was a case of "Ask and have."

TOO PARTICULAR IN PRAYER.

Mr. Quarrier felt it no irreverence to indicate to the Almighty the precise details as well as the general outline of what he wanted. "After a number of years' work in Glasgow with the Girls' Home, in Govan with the Boys' Home, and with the Mission premises, the need of a farm became great. I prayed for money to purchase a farm of about 50 acres, three miles or so from Glasgow. It was to have a burn running through it, good drainage, and everything necessary. I was anxious to get this burn for the children to radie in and fish in; but I feel now that at the time I was rebellious against God in fixing the site so near Glasgow. We visited a dozen places, but the cost was so great that I was fairly beaten. God had shut up every door. "A friend met me on the street, and asked if I had seen the farm in Kilnblower Parish that was to be sold. I replied that I had not, and that I considered the place too far away. In talking over the matter, he persuaded me to go and see the farm, and when I did go, and standing where our big barn is, I saw that it was the landlady. "How can you tell?" He praised the prunes at dinner."

"Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again."

VICTORY FOR EAST SIMCOE.

Of One Thing Mr. W. H. Bennett, the Conservative Standard Bearer in East Simcoe, is Sure—He Suffered From Catarrhal Trouble and Found Speedy and Fixed Relief in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the coming bye-election I will not be settled until the votes are counted, whether Mr. W. H. Bennett, who has represented the constituency with ability for years, will again be the successful candidate. One thing Mr. Bennett is perfectly certain of, whatever turn the election may take: When attending to his duties in Ottawa two sessions ago he was taken down with catarrhal trouble in the head. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and over his own signature says that it worked like a charm, and quickly removed the trouble and made him fitted for his Parliamentary duties. Signed by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

"That new man never boarded before," declared the star boarder, "he landed. I saw him you tell?" "He praised the prunes at dinner."

"Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again."

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Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

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PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

A FRIENDLY BRUSH.



You are aware that you cannot go without food and still retain your strength; yet you do neglect the exercise and recreation necessary to perfect health and long life.

Why don't you buy a bicycle, ride it and add ten long years to your life? You can then, with clear brain and added energy, accomplish more than you do now, and in less time.

With an easy-running Stearns bicycle you can save enough time to enable you to make delightful outings.

The Stearns is called the Yellow Fellow because of its orange finish; we have it in black if you prefer.

Ask our Agent, or send direct for beautiful '97 "Year Book."

CAN. E. C. STEARNS & CO., MAKERS, TORONTO.

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AMERICAN RATTAN CO., CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS, TORONTO.

GEO. E. COLEMAN, AGENT FOR LONDON.

my way is not God's way; and so he shut us in amongst the Renfrewshire hills, away from the ways of men."

DOUBLING INCOME BY PRAYER. The crash of the City of Glasgow Bank was a terrible disaster, but it only roused him to more audacity of request.

All the money belonging to the Homes and all my own was in the City of Glasgow Bank when it failed, and hundreds of givers were involved as well. On my way up from the Homes on the day of the disaster, a gentleman met me and asked me to sign a petition for the Homes. At the moment I realized what the news meant to me—my own personal loss and the loss of the Homes. —for that was in September, and our financial year closed in October. . . . There and then I prayed that God would help me through, and that during the course of the following year, which I saw would be one of financial distress all over Scotland, he would double the gifts to us. The result was that we were able to clear our financial accounts with ease in my memory. October, and in the year following, when every church in Scotland, and every philanthropic body, had less money than they needed, the Orphan Homes had double what it required. In that God honored my trust.

DEFINITENESS OF PETITION. His first church at Bridge-of-Weir, proving too small, he prayed for a new church to hold one thousand persons and, to cost £2,000, and he prayed not that the money might come anyhow, but that it might be the gift of a single donor. After a period of praying and waiting, a friend turned up and plunked down £5,000 for the church. In the same way he prayed for clock and chimers for the church, and got them. He prayed for a reservoir of good water for the village, and got it. This strange interview concludes with Mr. Quarrier remarking: "The direct answers to prayers of which I could tell you would fill a volume, and what I have mentioned are only those that are in my memory. I have always asked God for a definite gift for a definite purpose, and God has always given it to me. The value of the buildings at Bridge-of-Weir, is £200,000, and since we started, the cost of their upkeep has been £150,000. And we are still building as busily as in the beginning."

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