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Epsom. On this point no certain decision can be given; it is enough to say that both crowds are of enormous size. At Epsom, however, the large majority of visitors, know next to nothing of and care less for racing. The "fun of the fair," as typified on the "hill," the drive to and from the course, and the outing generally, are the objects in view. Proof of this is afforded in the fact that while the great race is being run, thousands are so placed in the hollows of the downs, that they cannot possibly see what is taking place. Derby Day, indeed, is practically a great national holiday, of which Londoners of all conditions take advantage in tens of thousands. At Doncaster on the other hand, the race and the horses are the sole attraction. On St. Leger Day the scene is a wonderful one. Almost at daybreak the flocking to the course—fed by the trains which arrive in endless procession—begins and it is steadily continued up to two o'clock. For about six hours the continuous human stream going coursewards flows steadily on, the trains, cabs, and carriages proceeding through a double line of pedestrians down the long avenue of lines, which form a fine approach to the greatest of all northern race-courses. And perhaps while one in a dozen, or one in twenty of the Derby crowd may possibly know the name of one horse—the favorite for choice—it would be equally as difficult to find a member of the Doncaster crowd who could not give a full list of the starters and jockeys for the St. Leger, and who would not have some idea of his own as to the probabilities of the race. It is inherent in Yorkshire men, this love of horse, and nowhere is it more in evidence than at Doncaster during the race week. Yorkshire can almost claim to be the birthplace of racing, and the Thoroughbred; for a hundred and fifty years at least, Doncaster has been the headquarters of the northern racing in England.

At Doncaster, the St. Leger is a never-failing topic of conversation, both before and after the race the Yorkshire roar which greets the winner, and the mobbing of the favorites in the paddock

are practically unknown elsewhere. The course, too, is worthy of the race, being quite one of the best in the United Kingdom. Old turf it is, of course, almost like a cricket patch in appearance, presenting as it does every race week a brilliant aspect of emerald green. The crowd is not allowed on the run-in, between the races as it is at Epsom, Ascot, and many other places. Thus the going remains good to look at to the end of the meet, with always a plentiful supply of herbage.

Besides the St. Leger and other important races the sales of bloodstock constitute a most important feature of the Doncaster meet. These are held in the town, midway between the station and the course, on each day of the racing. At these sales yearlings hold the most important place in the catalogue. The two sales-rings are used each forenoon. Stock to the value of something like \$500,000 is put forward, and about three-fourths of it sold every year. These sales give additional importance to the meet, and, naturally enough, draw breeders and buyers from all parts of the world.

Of changes, perhaps fewer are to be noted concerning Doncaster than of any other race meet. But it is a lamentable fact that while St. Leger in its earlier years was the great struggle of the year between the north and south, it has been, for many years past, a southern race only, both as regards the constitution of the fields, and the winners of the race. In early Victorian days northern trained horses were very often successful. Then it was that the celebrated John Scott, of Whitewall, trained no fewer than fifteen winners of the race; but thirty-two years have passed since Apology scored the last Yorkshire victory, and now there is seldom a Yorkshire trained horse in the field. Well does the writer remember that eventful day. The whole city was out for the favorite, George Frederick, was scratched. Apology had pulled up in her gallop lame as a tree, so that the query went round, "Out of all this wretched lot which horse will win—Glenalmond or Trent?" What excitement there was when it was known

that Osborne, the trainer of Apology, had telegraphed to her owner, Rev. Mr. King, (who raced under the name of "Launde") for instructions! What an uproar it was when the answer was posted at the subscription room: "Run her on two legs for the sake of the public." And finally—and it would require a far better pen than mine to describe the scene—when, starting anywhere from 30 to 40 to 1, the splendid little mare brought John Osborne home an easy winner, what cheers there were for Parson King!

But even if there is no longer St. Leger rivalry between north and south, the race still attracts, in nine years out of ten, the pick of the three year olds; and very often the question of supremacy between Derby and Oaks winner is decided at Doncaster. Of the five classic races the St. Leger yields prestige to the Derby only. Indeed from many points of view, it is a more important race than the Derby, firstly, because it is run over a course longer by two furlongs, and is therefore a greater test of stamina, secondly, because it is decided in September, when fillies are in a position to show their best form. Again, it is a very true test of merit, because the course is long enough—and wide enough, to allow of a little bad luck being overcome, and finally because a speedy non-stayer is almost sure to have his weak point discovered, especially in these days when races are run from end to end—this, thanks mainly to the American jockeys—and in these days when there is little of that waiting which was such a prominent feature in some of the earlier contests.

## VARIATION IN THE REPORT.

'Yes, my family is at Lethargy Beach. They write that they are sleeping every night.'

'Ah, the same old story. Under blankets, eh?'

'No; this is a new story. They write that they are sleeping under difficulties.'

—Philadelphia Bulletin

## HIS IMPRESSION.

An official of the Government insane asylum at Washington is a firm believer in the beneficial effect of amusement on a deranged mind, and, being himself a good amateur comedian, occasionally gives his patients a little entertainment.

His last performance was especially ludicrous and absurd; but one man in the little audience sat through it with a most grave countenance, a look of perplexity at times coming into his eyes.

'It certainly is a remarkable state of affairs,' he confided to a visitor after the doctor had finished an amazing sort of Highland fling—a very remarkable condition of things, when they shut me up here and leave him on the outside!'

—The Sunday Magazine.

The minister felt annoyed that a certain one of his flock always went to sleep shortly after he commenced his sermon. 'Look here,' said the minister to the little boy who always sat next to the old offender, 'if you keep your grandfather from sleeping during the sermon I will give you a penny every Monday.' 'Well, I'll try,' said the boy. The following Sunday Tommy kept his grandfather awake by poking his ribs in no gentle fashion. A week later the minister was surprised to see the old man drop into his former habit, while the boy seemed to pay no attention to his erring grandfather. 'Why did you let your grandpa go to sleep yesterday, Tommy? Did I not give you a penny to keep him awake?' 'Ay, a' hen that, but ma grandpa gied me impudence to let him sleep.'

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:

'The news of English we tell the latest in perfectly style and most correct. When a murder, git commit, we tell it. Is a mighty chief in borders of the Kipling and the Kipling and the Kipling. We tell every town and every advertisement. All each of you it. Ready on Friday. The Times.'

Men, Look! Electric Belt Free!!  
UNTIL YOU ARE CURED

I believe in a fair deal. If you have a good thing and know it yourself, give others a chance to enjoy it in a way they can afford.

I've got a good thing. I'm proving that every day. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache, to get the benefit of my invention.

Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this Belt is yours without one cent of cost to you until you are ready to say to me, "Doctor, you have earned your price, and here it is."

That's trusting you a good deal, and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my Belt. But I know that most men are honest, especially when they have been cured of a serious ailment, and very few will impose on me.

As to what my Belt will do, I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten.

So you can afford to let me try, anyway, and I'll take the chances. If you are not sick, don't tifle with me; but if you are, you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial. I want you to know what I have done for others. Read the evidence just received. It comes like this every day:

Dear Sir,—Your Belt has worked wonders in my case. It is well known here that it was your Belt that put me on my feet again.—Wm. J. Myers, Nipissing, Ont., July 18th, 1906.

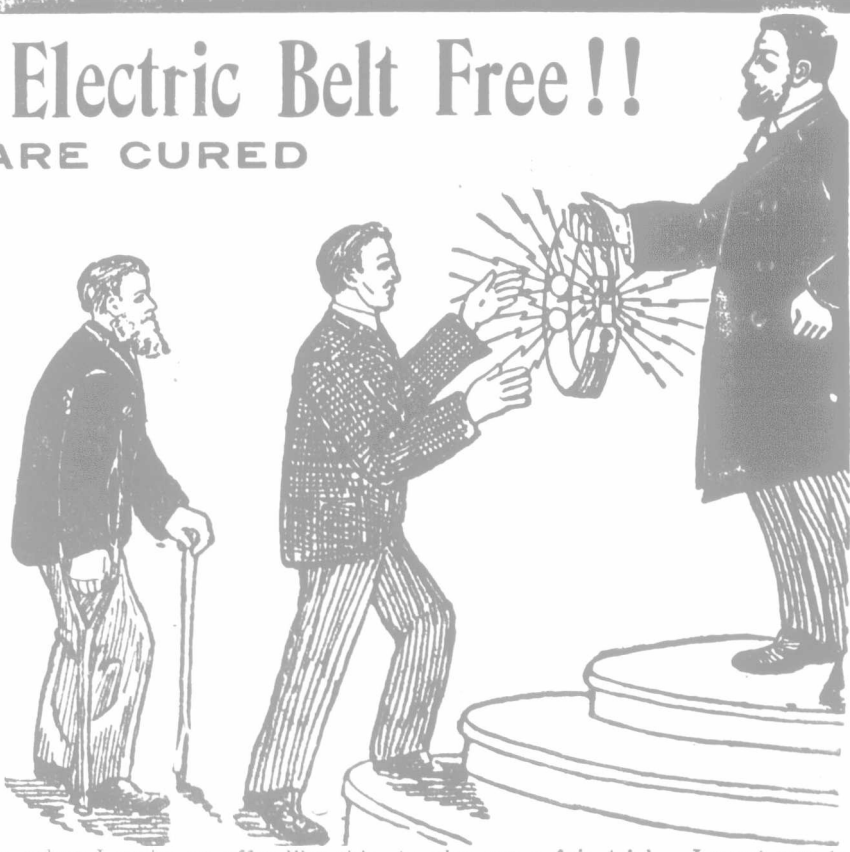
Dear Sir,—Your Electric Belt is a sure cure for Rheumatism; I am not bothered with it now.—John Noble, Jr., Hanover, Ont., July 18th, 1906.

Dear Sir,—Your Belt has made a new man of me. I feel all right, and do not need to wear it any more.—Michael Nigier, Temiscamingue, Ont., July 6th, 1906.

If I don't cure you my Belt goes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spent on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing at all.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me, at my expense.

CALL TO-DAY.—Come and see me, and let me show you what I have, or if you can't, then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt and a book that will prove you to be a man among men. All free. My hours, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.



DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN  
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WHITE