Aman

witha

thin head

of hair is

the big?

bald spot

is not the

Too many men in

their twenties are bald. This is absurd

and all unnecessary.

Healthy hair shows

man's strength. To

build up the hair from

the roots, to prevent

It always restores

color to faded or gray

hair. Notice that

word, "always." And

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"My business calls me out among strangers a great deal. I would actually feel ashamed every time I would take off my hat, my hair was so thin and the bald spots showed so plainly. I began the use of your Hair Vigor less than three months ago. Today I find I have as fine a lead of hair as I ever had. I tell everybody what I used, and they say 'it must be a wonderful remedy." GEO. YEARL, Dec. 14, 1898. Chicago, Ill.

We have a book on The Hair and Scalp which we will send free upon equest. If you do not obtain all the senefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about

The London Mail-that most enter

prising of British papers-has summed

up the lessons of the war so far, They

have taught the government the im

portance (1) of increasing the propor-

tion of mounted forces, (2) developing

power, (3) of adding to the transport

facilities, and (4) of improving the

dress and personal equipment of the men. "Not since the Crimea," says

the Mail, "has England encountered

a white enemy, and this is the first

occasion, with the exception of the

gests the utter worthlessness of the ar

nual gatherings and reviews in which

the British forces have participated

These have not partaken of th

realness of campaigning when life and

In Dominion elections in tutare the

simple white paper ballot will be used.

nes of candidates. The vertical line

with the exception that there will be

none but horizontal lines between the

dividing the name from the space for

the cross will be done away with, and

there will be two counterfoils to the

ballot. These will bear the same num-

ber, and one will be exhibited, so that

the agents of the candidates may see

the number. Upon the marked hallot

being returned the returning officer

will tear off the second counterfoil

which will show whether the ballo

was the one which was given the

That when a young woman no long

That it looks like a waste of money

Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people

wait until "down sick" be-

fore trying to ward off illness

or cure it. The wise recog-

nize in the word "Hood's"

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

assurance of health.

to buy wood carpet when one can have

the bare floor for nothing.

"A Word to the

er takes an interest in what other

women wear it's time to call in the

doctor

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass,

it cures dandruff.

kind of a mark most

men like.

and to

cure

bald-

ness.

#### RELIGIONIST OR POET.

At the present day the religionist the poet draw to themselves more of the public attention than all other men. To be therefore, a Talmage, or ustin is a sufficient ambition youth of Saxon blood. To be or both of these, in miniature ot considered as a distinction at all religionist is one who possesses reon; a noet is one who posses Religion is that sentiment entertain toward God; poetry is sentiment we entertain toward another. In other words, religion etry are each love, or a feeling otten of love. Poetry is here ned the significance it bears in s line: "The poetry of earth is dead." It is the "society, friend d love, divinely bestowed upon poken of in Alexander Selkirk definitions of religion and of are correct, more people are religionists or poets than might at first seem. Webster gives four definireligion; one of them is to the effect that religion is a form of worship, as the religion of Moham-medans. In this article, religion indicates the feeling which inclines us worship God, rather than the form of worship a people may adopt. This atter meaning is that which obtains in

this how poor's Religion's pride." Religion being that sentiment we entertain toward God, the connecting link between the human and the divine (the former, flesh : the latter, spirit) is the soul. Hence a dog or horse, having no soul, can never know God; having no mind they can never know of God. A man sesses a mind as well as a soul. With his mind he may know of God, by reading or hearing of Him; but it the man desires to know God he must know by means of the soul. This is referred to by Lamarcine, in a verse of his poem, Hymne de Enfant, as fol-

the line of Burns' : "Compared with

"On dit que c'est toi qui fais naitre ; Les petits aiseaux dans les champs, Qui donnes aux petits enfants Une ame aussi pour te connaître !"

Which, treely rendered, might thus ad: They say that it is Thou who d'st also create the tiny birds in the lds, who did'st also give to little children a soul by which to know Thee. Thus religion has to do entirely with the soul; and religion has not been born in him whose soul does not know the Great Soul. In like manner, poetry is of the soul and not of the mind. Poetry is that sentiment we entertain towards one another that sentiment is love, or a feellog b otten of love. Therefore a great

et, as Shakespere, is one with a at soul, namely, a large soul, with a at capacity for loving. We indeed and, in Dryden's critique on Shakespere, this passage: "Shakespere, then, of all the moderns-and, perhaps of all the ancients-had the larges and most comprehensive soul." Re ligionists and poets, consequently, are parallel in this respect, that they are nearer being Talmages and Austins in proportion as they have much or little

We are sometimes curious to know in the case of new converts, how pro minent they will be as religious work ers; in other words, we would know how great or strong their religion will Also, when we know of a young man (or, sad to relate! a young wom an,) writing poetry, we desire to be able to estimate that person accurately and determine how great a poet he (or poetess she) will be. Both religion and poetry depending on the measure of the soul, and the mind being an index of the soul, we determine their religious or poetic power by determin ing how broad are their minds. There fore, if Talmage were of a mediocre mind, he would not be above medio crity in religion. If Austin were teeble minded, he would not be poet-laureate of England. His mind ndexes his soul-volume. If Austin is not a religionist, and should becom converted, it would be judged from the grasp of his mind, how deeply he imbibe at the Cleansing Foun tain. Many confount soul and mind as Byron. "When coldness wrans this suffering clay, ah! whither strays the

## TRESSILIAN

A Kingstopian has received a letter from a friend in Des Moines, lowa, which states that that city has decided to test the virtues of prohibition. It has a population of 80,000 people, and enjoys the distinction of being the only city in the world under prohibition All its hundreds of saloons are nov closed, and it will be interesting to watch the result. Unless the manufacture and importation of liquor is prohibited as well as the sale—and it s unlikely that it is—the test will not be a fair one.

## Do You Know ?

That some literary men do wrong when they do write.

That the lay of the hen is more valuable than the song of the lark. That the man who takes the cake thinks that it is no more than his just

That many man would have a etter wife if he wasn't such a poor user and a such a poor wasn't such a poor was husband.

husband.

That you can always a bend upon a man who isn't affaid to be 'I don't toow' occasion.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

e they brought her warrior deal

Then they praised him, soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe, Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place, Lightly to the warrior stept,

Took the face cloth from the face,

Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee;
Like summer tempest came the tears—
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."
—Alfred Lord Tenny

#### ••••••••••••••••••••• Mrs. Middlerib's Letter

Her Husband Unintentionally.

**ૻૄ૾૾૽૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱** Mr. Middlerib paused with his coffee cup raised half way to his lips, as his wife took the letter from the servant. She turned it over once or twice, gazed earnestly at the address, and said:

"I wonder who it can be from?" She looked at the stamp.

"I can't make out the postmark," Mrs Middlerib said, carefully studying that guide to the authorship of letters. "It isn't Perrysville. It looks something like Tonawanda, but I don't know anybody in Tonawanda. I wonder if it isn't intended for York? Cousin Ann Jackson used to visit in York. Why don't they make the postmark plainer, I wonder? I believe it's Indianapolis, after all! Then it's from Eleanor McPherson. whose husband you met last summer in Canada. It isn't Indianapolis; it's Lacon. That's where Lilias Marshall lives. That isn't an L, either. No; it's New Philadelphia, Ills. I can make it out now. Don't you remember? Uncle Abner Beasix went out there in the grindstone business. I wonder if anything has-oh, pshaw, it's-what is it? It's R: R-o-m-oh, now I see-R-o-m-e, Rome. Why, it must be from-oh, dear me, it isn't Rome, either. I can't make

And she turned it over and looked nournfully at the receiving stamp on the back.

"It was received here at 7 o'clock this morning," she said finally. "Now, where would a letter have to come from to get here at 7 o'clock? If you knew that, we could tell where it came

"Let me look at it." said Mr. Middle rib, who was beginning to fidget with

impatience. "No," replied the wife, turning back to the postmark once more. "I can see what it is now. It's Spartansburg, Ky Sarah Blanchard went there after she married. I expect she wants toisn't Spartansburg, either; it's Gridley. That's where Cousin Janie Buskirk lives. Her husband went out there and bought a grist mill. I wonder if she's coming on this summer? I hope, if she does, she won't bring the children. But it isn't from her, either. I think that it s Mount Pleasant-oh! it's from Aun Harriet Murdoch, and I know they've all been killed in that dreadful cyclone I can't open the letter, my hand trem-Do you know the last thing said to her when she moved out west? said- It isn't Mount Pleasant, ei ther. There are only five letters in it.

can't make anything out of it.' "Perhans," said Mr. Middlerib, with slight tinge of sarcasm in his inflection-"perhaps we'd better send after the carrier who brought it. He may

"But it is so tantalizing," complained Mrs. Middlerib, "to receive a letter and is from."

"Did you ever try opening a letter to ascertain these facts?" asked her hus-

The lady looked at him with an expression of speechless disdain upon her 27 Jacksons in the country, 30 Washfeatures and half whispered, "If that isn't like a man," as though any woman ever looked into a letter until she had guessed all round her circle of 23 the name of Jefferson and 22 the relatives and friends and clear through the United States postal guide to decide whence and from whom it came.

This particular postmark, however "blind" for the most ingenious expert to decipher, and at last, with a deep sigh and a little gesture of despair, Mrs. Middlerib yielded to the inevitable and resignedly opened the letter, pausing once or twice in the act, how ever, to look longingly back at the tantalizing postmark.

"At last," groaned her husband, who by this time was burning up with curi-

But she laid the envelope down and looked at it a little while before she turned to the unfolded letter in her

Her husband by a desperate effort controlled his rising wrath, and in a voice hoarse and strained besought to read the letter, as it was late, and he should have been down town

She did not answer. She opened the letter, turned the first page to look for the end of it, went back to the first Manila bay. Transporting pigs through tion and said:

on in silence and Mr. Middlerib ground his teeth. Presently she said: #H'm!"

with eager eyes and noiseless lips, and suddenly exclaimed: "I don't believe it!"

Then she resumed her voiceless perusal of the document and a moment later astonished her husband by looking up at him and asking: "I wonder if that is so?"

Mr. Middlerib replied in mocking daughter.

tones that "it must be se or the post-"Well, pape, what must I say whe mark wouldn't have said it;" but her I mean I

eyes were glued to the page once more nd she made no response.
"Oh!" she fairly shrieked. "Did you

The writhing man at the other end of the table said he never had, but he would if this intellectual entertainment

lasted much longer. "It's too bad," murmured Mrs. Middlerib, turning a page of the letter

without raising her eyes.
"Well, what's too bad?" he broke out wrathfully. "Who is the letter from, and what is it all about? Either read tally as you read.

"I've half a mind to go," she said, in firm, decided tones. "Oh, have you?" he interjected with

mild sarcasm. "Shall I go and pack your trunks while you finish that let-"I don't see how they can do it," she

said, after an interval of silence.
"Why don't you look at the postmark, then?" he growled. "Maybe that would tell you.'

She read on, silent and unimpressed for two or three lines further, and then with an exclamation of as ment said: "How very low!"

"Ah, well," her husband snarled.

"I'm glad to learn something about that letter at last. It's about your un-She did not hear or heed. She glued ber eyes to that precious letter and

went on ejaculating at irregular inter-"H'm!" "Oh, that must be lovely!"

"It can't be the same!" "I never heard of such a thing!" "Oh, my goodness Finally she concluded the persusal of

with profound and exasperating deliberation folded it carefully and replaced it in the envelope. Mr. Middlerib looked at her in blank

the important document, sighed and

amazement. "Well, by George," he said, "you are a cool one! Here I've waited full 15 ter is about, and all I know about it is that you couldn't make out the postmark. By George, woman"-

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she exclaimed, with unfeigned . "Here it is if you want to see it. I didn't suppose you cared to hear

"Didn't want to hear it!" he shouted. "What do you suppose I waited here and missed my train for if I didn't want to hear that blessed letter?"

"Why, it isn't a letter at all," she said in the tone of a superior being commiserating measureless and inex cusable ignorance. "It's a circular from Wachenhelmer's about their mil-

linery opening next Thursday"-The bang of the street door cut off the rest of the sentence, and Mrs. Mid- the artillery force and supplying it dlerib became aware that she was with guns of great range and shell alone and that her husband was the angriest man in the state.

"And what had occurred to vex him." she said to her neighbor, who dropped in during the morning, "I can't for the life of me imagine. Everything about the house had gone on smoothly and I can't recall a single irritating incident or circumstance. Men are Spanish-American war, in which strange animals," she sighed, "and strange animals," she sighed, "and smokeless powder has been employed there is no accounting for their vagaries and peculiarities."-London Evening News.

Popularity of Franklin. Benjamin Franklin has received one sort of monumental tribute to a degree second only to that of Washing- national honor are at stake. ton. More towns and postoffices hav been named after him than after any other man, even Washington himself although the bestowal of the name

Washington on the capital of the coun-

try transcends, of course, any of the similar honors accorded to Franklin. Thirty-six places in the United States, the name of Franklin simply, and 34 others bear names into which the word enters in combination, such as Frank linton, Franklinville, Franklin Falls, and so on. As against this there are

ingtons and 25 Jeffersons. Thirty-one counties bear the name of Washington, 24 the name of Franklin name of Jackson.

The naming of the first town for Franklin was regarded by him as a great honor. This was in 1778, during the Revolutionary war. The town of Wrentham, Mass., was divided, one part of it taking the name of the cele brated diplomatist and philosopher. In recognition of the honor, Franklin presented the new town with a bell for its church.-Youth's Companion.

The Manila Pig One of the curious sights to an American visiting the Chinese and native quarters is the ever present pig; but, as pigs are not allowed at large, they have an ingenious method of tying the pigs by the ears. They cut a hole through the pig's ear, one-half to an inch in diameter. Through this hole they insert a rope, with a large knot on one end. This rope securely confines the pig's liberties about the premises. The same sights are seen often on the native boats and even on the swell steam launches plying en page, settled herself in an easy posi- the streets of Manila always attracts a crowd, although the sight is com-"Well, I will declare?" Then she read mon. The legs of the pig are tied together securely, and the pig is then suspended on a long pole resting on the shoulders of two native carriers. She read three or four more lines The pig, with his legs up and head down, makes about as much noise while in transit as the pig under a gate in Missouri and never fails to hold the crowd.-Manila Freedom

> The Only Word She Had. "Don't tell me you won't," said an east side citizen to his 5-year-old

'to"-Ohio State Journal.

# THE OLD COW-BELL.

To John T. Dickey, my esteemed friend, is the simple verse most faithfully ascribed. You may boast of classic music with its grace notes and its swells, st about your grand pianos and your high toned chiming bells, of hair is a marked man. But Of your horns and barps and organs tuned up to the highest C, But the old time metal cow bell somehow has a charm for me

It restores to me fond memories, cheers my wanderings to an' fro, Takes me back to home and mother, to the happy long ago, To a little rustic cottage, to the meadows in the I'm a boy just for the moment, listening to that old cow-bell

I remember the log stable, with its boarded gables grey. Where beneath the eave the swallows built their cosy nests of clay ; I remember the old farm-barn and the shed with opening wide Where the sheep would stamp defiance at the collie by my side The old corn crib and hay ricks and the unthreshed stooks of grain, Oft I fancy I can see them standing 'long the narrow lane; And there steals a longing o'er me for those scenes I loved so well When I ran to hunt the cattle, list ning for the old cow bell.

I remember the old chapel, standing on the shady knoll, The old dam and water-mill and the old time "swimmin' hole." Where we'd burn our backs to blisters running naked in the sun. There we'd gather in the twilight when the day's hard task was done. How I long to see my playmates, grasp their little sun-burnt hands, Meet them on the village green where the dear old school-house stands, Scamper o'er the bills and meadows, through the woodlands, down the dell, Run away and drive the cattle, listen to the old cow-bel

Yes, it calls me back to childhood, to companions young and gay, To the old farm and the homestead with its roof moss-grown and grey ; To the maples and the elms, where the song bird built her nest, To that little turret bed-room, there to take a pleasant rest; To the old friends and the best, to that girl sweet-heart so shy, Oft I fancy we are strolling through the woodlands she and I-As we pluck the nodding daisies, gather ferns a-down the dell. From the pasture-lands old brindle gently tinkles the cow bell.

Often when the hav was making and the cattle had not come Twould be late ere I would scamper off to hunt and bring them home Hat in hand I'd run with fleetness, my young heart so filled with fear, Halting here and there a moment that old cow-bell just to hear-Calling "co-boss" in my fleeing, thinking it would serve to scare. Casting many glances backwards lest things catch me unaware. How my heart would beat with gladness as upon my ears there fell Just the faintest tinkle, tinkle of the old time metal bell

How it filled my heart with courage, that faint tinkle from afar, As the strains of martial music spur the soldiers on to war; Through the thickest bush and bramble, fearlessly then I would go Just to hear that tinkling cow-bell, then I leared no woodland foe Soon the cattle would be wending down the long and narrow lane, I behind them blithe and merry, whistling on in sweet refrain. Could I but return to childhood, to those scenes I loved so well, Be a boy, go hunt the cattle, listen for the old cow-bell

Ah, the years have been so varied since I left that cottage home, Still those childhood scenes they cheer me as afar I whither roam And a longing sweet steals o'er me, back through many years now fled beneath the rafters, to that little trundle bed, To the old friends 'round the homestead, to a boy so blithe and gay, Sharing in a mothers kindness 'round her knee at close of day, Scampering o'er the hills and meadows, through the woodlands down the

Run away to drive the cattle, listen to the old cow bell.

You may boast of classic music with its grace notes and its swells, Boast about your grand pianos and your high toned chiming bells, Of your horns and harps and organs tuned up to the highest C, But the old-time metal cow-bell somehow has a charm for me CRAWF. C. SLACK.

# SEE DATES BELOW.

J. Y. EGAN, Rupture Specialist. 326 W. Richmond St. P.O. 539, Toronto,



## CURES EFFECTED WITHOUT AN OPERATION,

THE MOST RELIABLE and Successful Authority in the treatment of Rupture without an o eration, he who makes a specifly of one department must certainly be more experienced and capable than those having "many irons in the fire." Stop wasting time and money in useless efforts eisewhere, but so to one whose itel-long study has taught him what to do. Have you to had experience enough to justify you in adopting some change for the hartor? If you eyer intend to be ented now is the best time—"inext week may be toolnte." LETNO ONE DESPOND: Do not be deterred from seeking my advice, because after having been treated by many who failed to cur. you, you have become discouraged. This is the very time you should make OKE MORE TRIAL WHEN I take a case, I exert my whole mind, energies and skill to perfect a cure, irrespective of any money consideration and bring to bear on it all that science, honesty knowledge and exp. rience will someomy consideration when the exertions of these ever fail to bring their just reward in due time. THE FACTTHAT YOUT may not be (AT PRESENT) in a fire ancial way able to have yourself properly attended to—should not keep you from consulting Specialist. ADVICE IS FREE, and this alone may prove very valuable in your case.—Read dates carefully and tell your friends of this visit.—Send two cent stamp for a valuable circular with fuller information, etc.

VARICOCE LE (false rupture of the scrotum) men of all ages suffer from this terrible affliction in some way—there is no other affliction to which man is heir that so completely unfits him for worse and more compilicated.

VARICOSE (ruptured or congested velns of the limbs, male or female). If you suffer consult Specialist and be successfully treated. All letters of enquiry, containing stamp, will have prompt attention. Letters should be addressed J. Y. Egan, Specialist, P.Q. Box 559, Toronto, Ont.

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We guarantee its merits superior to any other iron, and claim it is the only suc-cessful self-heating iron on the market to-day.

It is almost indianaeable It is almost indispensable in Tailor Shops, Hand Laun-dries and Millinery Estab-lishments.

For all blood troubles, scrofula, pim-ples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is No waiting for irons to get No fire needed in the stove or range.

Blood Purifier—"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, and find it beneficial for myself and baby. It purifies the blood and strengthens the system." Mrs. Henry Wall, Clinton, Ont. Strength Bulder - Myself, wife and children have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it strengthened us. It relieved me of a lame back." David McGroßer, caretaker,

The construction iron is very simple and being nickel-plated and highly pol-isked it presents a handsome appearance and is easily moved on the table.



Manufactured by the Gro

thens

OR LEEDS COUNTY