A Teacher's Worries.

FREQUENTLY RESULT IN A BREAKDOWN OF HEALTH.

Headaches, Backaches, Dizziness, Poor Appetite and Insomnia the Outcome.—How to Avert These Troubles.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Only those engaged in the teaching profession realize how much care, worry and perplexity is met with daily. It is therefore little wonder that there are so many health breakdowns, especially among young ladies who follow this calling. Miss Christine Pare, of Ojibway, Ont., is one who has suffered much in this respect. To a reporter of the Windsor Review, Miss Pare said :—'For several years, while teaching school, I was continually troubled with headaches, dizziness and a weak back. I tried several doctors and medicines, but got no relief. I became so badly run down that I thought possibly a change of employment would give me relief. I gave up my school and tried other duties, but the result was disappointing as the trouble seemed to have taken a firm hold upon me. The headaches grew more and more severe, my appetite failed me and I was frequently compelled to take a rest in order to overcome dizziness. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try a box, and before they were all used I found much relief. I continued taking the pills for some time longer every day gaining new health and strength, and now I feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am never bothered with the old troubles. You may say therefore that there is nothing I can recommend so highly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Young girls who are pale and weak, who suffer from backaches, headaches, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms that overcome so many in early womanhood, will find a certain and speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and give new life and vigor to the whole body. The genuine bear the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OSTRICH FARMING.

Latest Reports as to the Welfare of the Industry in Cape Colony

A correspondent writes from Cape Town that for the past fifteen years ostrich farming in Cape Colony has been a highly successful industry. In the past ten years ending in 1899, before the beginning of the war, the number of the birds increased from 115,000 to 261,000. Twenty-five years ago the statistics of Cape Colony said that there were only ten tame ostriches in the colony.

The birds each yield about a pound and a half of feathers every year, the average value being about $12 a pound. The finest feathers, of course are the wing feathers of the male bird, which are long and white and bring from $50 to $70 a pound. It takes eighty of them to make a pound. The wing feathers of the female ostrich are much lower in value because they are always gray. The supply was much smaller when it came wholly from wild birds and the best quality of feathers frequently brought as much as $135 a pound. As each male bird yields only about twelve or fifteen of these feathers and as there is always a steady demand for them the price is not likely to fall much until the ostrich farming industry becomes larger than it is now.

Twenty years ago almost all the feathers that came into the markets were from the wild birds, most of them from North Africa. Now, however, a dealer in feathers says not more than 1 per cent. of the feathers are from wild birds. The business in South Africa, which is the source of nearly all the supply, is now centred in the hands of men of considerable capital, who raise the birds in the sandy, dry bush-land northeast of Cape Town. In the early days of the industry many small farmers engaged in the business, but they were largely forced out of it in the years of experimentation when the industry was subject to many vicissitudes and they have not gone into it since then.

Formerly wild ostriches were killed to get their feathers, which were obtained by plucking them from the dead animals. Now the crop is gathered about once in every eight months by cutting the feathers from the bird.

BABY'S ILLS.

Every Mother Should be in a Position to Relieve the Minor Ailments of Her Little Ones.

The baby who is always plump always has a good appetite, always has a clear eye and a rosy cheek, and is always active and playful, is the choicest treasure this life affords. The medicine which keeps babies in such a condition or which restores them to it when they are ill is certainly a priceless boon to humanity. There are many medicines which produce sleep, but their action upon the child is similar to that which whisky or opium has upon a full grown man. They deaden and stupefy and are the most injurious things which can be given to children.

The only safe course is to use nature's remedies. Nature has provided a vegetable cure for every ill, and her remedies for children's disorders are scientifically compounded in Baby's Own Tablets. For diarrhoea constipation, colic, simple fever, croup, irritation when teething, indigestion and all the disorders of children so familiar to mothers, this remedy is conceded by the medical profession to be without an equal. Its effect is gentle, soothing, promptly curative and never failing. It will save pain, anxiety, doctor bills and perhaps a life. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones speak of them in terms of warmest praise. Mrs. Ben. Seward, Forfar, Ont., says.: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can highly recommend them to all mothers. My baby was cutting his teeth, and was very cross when I first gave them to him. They acted like magic he cut his teeth almost without my knowing it, and gave him such ease that they proved a blessing both to the child and myself. He has not been sick since I gave them to him, and I would not be without them in the house." Baby's Own Tablets can be procured at any druggist's, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ONLY HALF THE BATTLE.

Brown—"Are you anything of a linguist ?"

Jones—"Well, I can read and understand French, German, golf, yacht, baseball and football ; but I can't talk 'em."

Queen Margherita of Italy has the record among Royalties of being able to read and write English, French, German, and Italian. She also knows Greek and Latin.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Forgetting the narrowness of the ledge, and her own danger, she bounded forward and knelt beside him.

His face was white, his eyes closed. She thought he was dead, and all the love that she had so carefully repressed went out to him, as with a low wail she threw herself on him and pressed her cheek to his, her lips to his.

Not a word passed her lips—in that supreme moment all power of thought or speech seemed to desert her.

Last night she had for the second time sent him from her—had bidden him go forever, and he had obeyed her and gone to his death. She could never send him away again.

For an age it seemed she crouched thus, then suddenly a thrill ran through her, and she shrank away from him. She had felt the heart beating beneath her arm, the dark, mournful eyes were fixed on her, open and staring in confusion.

With a low, eager cry of hope she tried to rise, but he put out a weak hand and feebly held her.

"Not yet—not yet," he muttered, a spasm of pain crossing his white, handsome face. "So, it is really you! Oh, do not leave me! No, it is a dream."

For she had drawn her arm away, and, as she did so, his head fell back and his eyes closed. Then her voice came back to her.

"No, no!" she cried. "It is I, Constance! I am not going. Oh, what shall I do?"

And she sprang to her feet and looked eagerly along the beach. Her voice roused him again, and, with a great effort, he raised himself on his arm, but still staring at her.

"Constance?" he said.

"Yes—yes, it is I," she answered, looking down at him in wild agitation. "Let me go for help; there are others there below us. Oh! How did you come here? Are you much hurt? Let me go?"

"No," he said, staying her with a feeble grasp of her gown, "do not go for a minute. Let me have you all alone for a few seconds. I—I am not much hurt. How came you up here alone.

"What does that matter?" she cried, wringing her hands. "How did you come here, and—and—how did this happen?"

He beckoned her to come nearer, and in her agitation she could not disobey.

"I obeyed you," he faintly said. "I left the castle this morning. But I knew you were coming here, and—and it was weak and foolish, but I thought I could come here by a bypath, and get a last look at you."

With a sudden, crimson flush, she hid her face in her hands. He raised himself until his face was on a level with her shoulder.

"I heard you coming down the path—I was just in front; and thinking you would be displeased, I struck off by one of the narrow paths. I slipped somewhere above this and fell here, Constance, you have saved my life."

With a low sob she still hid her face. Then she sprang up.

"Now let me go for them," she pleaded, for he still held her dress.

"You have saved my life," he said, with a faint smile. "You cannot still insist on making it a curse to me. Constance do not go away from me again. I—I felt your dear face against mine—surely I did not dream it. I did not dream that you loved me. Constance—my Constance!"

With a shudder she drew her dress from his hand, and shrank from him like a guilty creature.

"No, no," she murmured, "I—I—you do not know. Let me go. They are down there. Oh, let me go!"

"Who?" he asked, eying her with a suspicious light in his dark eyes all the darker for the black line which pain had drawn around them. "Let them be!" he said, almost wildly. "Constance, I would rather lie here and die than live without you. Can you swear you do not love me?" he groaned out, grasping at her.

With a sudden pallor she put his hands from her.

"No, no!" she said. "For your sake, no. It is too late. I—I—"

"Too late!" he echoed, hoarsely. Then a fierce light flashed across his face, followed by a dull, deadened despair. "You have promised yourself to him—to Guy Hartleigh?"

He fell back, white and death-like.

With a loud scream, Constance sprang along the ledge and down the narrow path along the beach, crying for help at every step. Loud shouts of alarm arose in answer, and Guy and the rest came dashing toward her.

When they came she could only point above her, but Guy understood, and making his way up the cliff, was soon kneeling beside the unconscious man.

"Hi! you fellows!" he shouted, leaning over; "don't come up here—you can do no good yet. Go around to the point and hail the boat, then two of you come up—the two strongest."

They hailed the boat and two of them went up to him.

"Why, great Heaven! It's Caryl Wilton," exclaimed one. "How on earth did he get here?"

"Don't know," said Guy, quietly—he was always cool in moments of danger. "Is is more important to know how to get him away from here."

As gently as possible they lifted him, and with no little danger to themselves carried him down the narrow path to the beach. There they made as comfortable a bed for him as they could with their coats, and two of them volunteered to row the boat.

"I will go," said Guy, and he jumped in and took his place in the boat.

Then as he seized an oar, he said:

"We shall row to the point. The first man who gets to the top of the cliff, send a carriage to the point—send a wagonette. The dog-cart can go on to Lougham, to Dame Chester's—she must find a room in one of the cottages; the castle will be too far. Now, then!"

And with a strong stroke he sent the boat toward the point.

Long before they gained the point Caryl came to, but he still looked so white and haggard that when Lord Algy, who had come down in the wagonette, first caught sight of him, he sent up a cry of alarm and sorrow.

"My dear old man!" he cried, leaning over him as they laid him on the floor of the wagonette, "are you much hurt? How did this happen?"

For the first time Caryl spoke. On regaining consciousness in the boat, Guy's face and voice had been the first to greet him, and he had turned his head away in silence; but now he explained:

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear Algy; it was all my fault. Cliff-climbing is not my vocation, I find. How did I get there? By the quickest and simplest route—by falling. It beats an express train, my dear boy. Oh, you mean what brought me to the cliff at all? Well, you see, I could not resist this picnic of yours, and when I had got half way to the station I turned back and made straight for the Titan's what-you-call-it."

"But why didn't you wait for us?" asked Lord Algy, anxiously.

Oh, my! don't ask me any more questions," he retorted testily. "What does it matter? What does anything matter, if it comes to that? Where are you taking me?"

"I sent on to get you a room at Lougham," said Guy. "There's an old nurse of ours out that way; you couldn't be in better hands."

"All right," was the response, given with languid indifference; "that will do famously." Then he added, looking around, "You fellows have had an awful trouble. I'm very grateful."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Going at a walking pace they reached Lougham. There one of the grooms, who had gone on with the dog cart, met them and told them that Dame Chester had prepared a room in the cottage and was waiting for them. Guy looked up with a sudden start. He had not intended that they should go to her cottage, but it was too late to alter arrangements, even if he had wished to do so.

The dame met them at the gate, and Mildred stood in the door-way. He avoided her eye, but he need not have feared. She as sedulously avoided his. She waited with womanly sympathy for the sick man to be brought in. She had yielded up her room to him and was ready to do what lay in her power for him.

At first the dame was not willing, but Mildred was so persistent that she yielded and allowed Mildred to watch him during the night.

During the early hours of the night the sick man was delirious and talked incessantly of Maida Carringford and Romeo; and Mildred, hearing him, knew he was talking of the famous actress who created such a furor at the time she was in San Francisco. But after a time he mixed the name of Maida Carringford and Constance Hartleigh, and little by little told the whole of his own and her story. And Mildred, listening as if to a voice from another world learned all that had been a mystery before.

And so, all through the lonesome night, she listened to the wild utterances of the sick man, and struggled with her own thoughts. She pitied this man who had been so kind to her, and still more she pitied the erring woman who had brought so much misery to herself.

"Two weeks!" she muttered to herself; the man said two weeks. I must do something within the two weeks to save her from that man. If I had the money that would do, for all he cares for is money; but then, there is that wicked little creature who stole the memorandum book. What shall I do about her? What shall I do at all? Oh, if he would only get well in time."

But he did not get well at all, seemingly. Every morning a host of inquiries were made at the little cottage. Lord Algy was almost heart-broken, and he never allowed a day to pass without calling. Guy, too, rode over every morning, but it was not often that he saw Mildred, or if he did it was only to exchange a shy good-morning with her.

Maida seemed the only one of all the neighborhood who did not call, and Mildred, though in daily expectation of a call from her, and on the alert to slip out of sight in case she did come, was very much relieved to have her remain away, for she did not know what would be the effect of a recognition.

It was rather strange, considering how frequent a visitor to the Hall the injured man had been, that that one, of all the ladies in the neighborhood, refrained from calling.

More than a week had elapsed since the accident, and the interest in it had not disappeared, when the prospect of a still more exciting event stirred the country to its depths. The engagement of Guy and Constance Hartleigh had not made much stir, simply because it had been foreseen and predicted from the first; but now it was announced that the marriage was to take place almost immediately.

The news ran around like wild-fire, and the neighborhood was divided into two parties; the men who envied Guy and the women who envied Maida. Poor, unselfish Algy went straight to the Hall to hear if the news was true, and to get a few words with Maida.

As he drove up to the house in a low pony-carriage, which he preferred to the stately barouche he saw Guy standing on the terrace. It lacked an hour or more of dinner time, and Guy was smoking his favorite pipe. Algy's eyes were sharp, and he keenly scanned the frank, handsome face.

"He ought to look happy—as happy as a mortal can look," sighed the boy, "but he only looks grave."

When he called to him, Guy came down the steps with his open-hearted smile.

"Hello, Algy, where have you dropped from? I didn't see you coming."

"I came by the Lougham road. I have just been at the cottage to enquire after poor Caryl."

"And how is he this afternoon?"

"A little better, they say; they wouldn't let me see him. No one sees him but the doctor and his nurses. Poor old boy! but he's lucky to have such such nursing. That pretty Miss Thorpe is as devoted as a sister." Guy winced, but said nothing, and Algy went on with sudden inquiry, "But I say, Guy, is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"That you and Constance are to be married soon? You don't mind my asking do you?" and he looked up at him wistfully.

"Yes, it's true, Algy," replied Guy with a half frown.

"I am so glad," said Algy, pressing the strong arm. "Guy, you ought to be very happy, very happy—and you are, of course. And Constance, is she at home?"

"She is in the morning room, or was a few minutes ago," said Guy, as they entered the hall. "Go in and see her, and I will finish my pipe."

He opened the door, and Algy went in. The room was almost dark, lighted by a candle or two at the table; but he caught the glimmer of a woman's dress at the farther end of the room, and Maida came forward to meet him, putting her hand into his extended one.

"Is it you, Lord Algy?" she said, in her low musical voice. "I can scarcely see. Let me ring for more lights."

"No, don't" he said, dropping into a chair beside her. "I like this light, but for one thing. I can't see your face distinctly, dear Constance."

She laughed absently and invited him to be seated.

"Constance," he suddenly asked, is it true that you and Guy are to be married directly?"

There was a moment of stillness. Then she answered, distinctly and slowly:

"Yes, it is quite true. Papa wishes it, and a wish of his now is law."

Algy looked at her. Her eyes were downcast. It was not the voice or the face of a bride blushing with anticipations of happiness. With all his love for her, Algy was beginning to think he did not understand her.

"I hope you will be happy—you know that, Constance. I think Guy the happiest man in the world—you know that, too."

"Do you," she said, quietly. "Do you think he looks happy?" and there was almost a touch of irony in her voice.

"Guy always looked grave and wise," said Algy, patting her hand softly.

There was a pause; then he said, suddenly:

"By the way, I have just come from Lougham."

"From Lougham?" repeated Maida turning on him with a swift blush and a sudden quiver of the delicate lips.

"Yes; I tried to see poor Wilton, but couldn't: they don't let anyone see him. Poor fellow!"

"Is—is he better?" she asked, the words dropping from her lips slowly, as if they cost her an effort.

"A little, they think; and——" Lord Algy got up and began fidgeting about, and fumbling in his pocket. Presently he laughed shyly, and taking her hand, went on hurriedly, "I hope you won't mind, but I thought I'd bring my wedding present now. It isn't a regular sort of present, as it ought to be, fresh from a Bond Street jeweller. It is quite an old trifle. It was my mother's Constance; but you will like it none the less for that, I am sure."

For a moment it seemed to her that she could not take this thing which his mother had worn, and which could not be worn by such a one as she; but her sense of caution came quickly to her aid, and she rose and, still holding his hand, drew him to the candle light and opened the case.

A cross formed of emeralds and diamonds flashed in her eyes. At a glance she saw that it was of enormous value—a gift fit for an empress. The feeling that it would be unjust to him to take the gift once more overcame her, and she held the glittering mass toward him saying:

"Oh, no, no! Not such a gift as this—I am not worthy."

"Not worthy?" he echoed, looking at her with a rapt smile of worship. "You not worthy? Tell me who is then?"

With a gasp, she sank to the floor, and hid her face in her hands. His question had pierced her to the soul. Who was more worthy? He should have asked who was less worthy than she—than she,—the impostor, the criminal.

Lord Algy shook like a leaf, and bent over her, white and agitated.

"Constance! Constance! Dear Constance, you will kill me! Are you unhappy? What is it? Tell me; you can trust me. Constance, you know I would die to shield you from one minute's pain. What is it?"

Her good and bad angels struggled for the mastery for a moment; then she looked up, a smile quivering on her lips, her eyes wet and languid, and put her hand on his arm.

"It is nothing," she murmured; "it is past now. I am a naughty, unreasonable girl; don't tell on me, as they say at school, Lord Algy."

Only half satisfied, he bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Is it nothing?" he asked, wistfully. "Don't kneel—don't kneel. I don't like to see your proud head so low—you, who are my queen. Rise, dear Constance."

She rose slowly, and put both her hands in his.

"You will keep my poor gift," he said. "It is a poor one, too. Think of the Hartleigh diamonds. You will keep it?"

"Yes," she said, slowly; "I will keep it until——"

"Until——" he said, wonderingly.

"Until you yourself are convinced that I am unworthy to wear the gems that have shone on your mother's bosom. Hush! Here is Guy.

To be Continued.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

The Greatest Case in the History of Modern Medicine is Completed by Another Sworn Statement.

THE OTTAWA FREE PRESS SUSTAINED.

A Prominent Ottawa Man Confirms Under Oath Every Statement Made by this Paper in the Original Story Published Nearly Seven Years Ago.

(From the Ottawa Free Press)

Some seven years ago the Free Press published a graphic account of a remarkable case here in Ottawa.

A man named George H. Kent had been cured of Bright's Disease after the doctors had given him up to die, and the Free Press reporter, after a most thorough investigation, published the whole story in detail, giving credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills for the most miraculous cure.

The following sworn statement was given by Mr. Kent in order to substantiate the almost incredible statement made by the paper in its account of the case.

(Sworn Statement, Feb. 16, 1895.)

I, George Henry Kent, resident at 114 Cambridge Street, Ottawa and employed as a printer in the British American Bank Note Printing Company, in the said City of Ottawa, do solemnly declare that I consider it a duty to myself and to my fellowmen generally to make a declaration as to the efficiency of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

1. That I found them in my terrible case of Bright's Disease, from which I suffered for almost one year, of the greatest medical value. I can say confidently and assure anyone interested, or a sufferer, that I positively owe my life and present excellent health to the results brought about by their use. I was taken sick and confined to my bed on December 28th, 1893, and was successfully treated for La Grippe, then Pleurisy, followed by Kidney Troubles, and latterly Bright's Disease. I lost the use of all my limbs; my entire body became swollen to a terrible size, and my skin became as hard as and similar to leather the pores all having closed up, and I suffered the most agonizing pain. I was subject to periodical spells of utter prostration and insensibility, to a state of absolute coma. I was also a victim of dangerous convulsions in which my facial expression and other muscles would become severely contorted and tense.

2. My regular physician attended to me, and, though medical consultations were held over my case by two city doctors, nothing could be done. My case grew gradually worse and latterly I was given up as hopeless. My wife, friends and neighbors were certain from what they saw and were told by the visiting doctors that I would die in a very short time.

3. My wife was casually reading a newspaper about this time, and saw a description of a similar case, in which a patient gave testimony of the relief and cure that had been effected on him by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I started to take them right away, and from the first pill I discovered a change for the better. After the first box I was wonderfully improved, and at the end of the fourth I was sure I was to get well again. I continued taking them until the seventeenth box, and I can now positively declare that I am perfectly cured and able to do a day's work with any of my comrades in the shop, and Dodd's Kidney Pills undoubtedly cured me, because from starting to take them I took no other medicine whatever.

AND I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the ACT RESPECTING EXTRA JUDICIAL OATHS.

Declared before me at the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, this 16th day of February, 1895.

G. H. KENT.

(Sgd) CHAS. A. BLANCHET,
A Commissioner, etc.

The Free Press in the article published in 1895 stated most positively that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else were entitled to the credit of having saved the dying man's life, and this was most emphatically endorsed by Mr. Kent in his sworn statement. The Free Press also said without qualification that the cure of Mr. Kent was an absolute and permanent one. And while Mr. Kent could not make a sworn statement as to the future, he stated that he felt it was permanently cured.

Notwithstanding this there were many who could not believe that a man with one foot in the grave as Mr. Kent was could get a lasting cure.

It occurred to the Free Press the other day that it would be interesting to enquire now, after the lapse of nearly seven years, as to how Mr. Kent was feeling.

He had removed to 408 Gilmour Street, and at that address a Free Press reporter found him.

After reminding Mr. Kent of the article and his affidavit the newspaper man asked him point blank:—

"Have you lost any time from your regular work since you were cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills in 1895?"

"Not a minute," answered Mr. Kent promptly.

"Have you since had the slightest symptoms of your old kidney trouble or anything like it?"

"Not the slightest," he said.

"You are sure that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else saved your life and restored you to your present good health?"

"Absolutely sure. Why, my wife and I are so grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills that we have christened our little girl, born in December, of 1896, by the name of 'Dodds.' This shows you better than anything I can tell you to what we attribute my recovery. I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Would you be willing in order to confirm our story published in 1895 to make another sworn statement?" asked the scribe.

"If it would do you any good I have no objections," answered Mr. Kent. "The Free Press was certainly well within the truth in every statement they published about my case."

Mr. Kent, at the request of the Free Press, has given the following sworn statement:—

SWORN STATEMENT, OCT. 3, 1901

I, GEORGE HENRY KENT, resident at 408 Gilmour Street, in the City of Ottawa, and employed as a printer at the American Bank Note Company in the said City of Ottawa, do solemnly declare:—

1. That on February 16th, 1895, I, George Henry Kent, then resident at 114 Cambridge Street, Ottawa, did appear before Charles A. Blanchet, Commissioner, etc., and before him on that date did make a solemn declaration regarding my recovery from Bright's Disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills and setting forth the facts of my case and its cure.

2. That in the declaration I set forth that I believe that I was absolutely and permanently cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up to die.

3. That I am now absolutely certain that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else saved my life and I hereby unhesitatingly reaffirm every statement made in my declaration before Mr. Blanchet on February 16th, 1895.

4. That I have never since that date had the slightest symptom of the return of the Bright's Disease or any Kidney Trouble, having enjoyed unremitting good health and having worked steadily and without interruption full time at my regular employment as a printer every working day from the day Dodd's Kidney Pills sent me back to work to the date of this declaration.

5. That the evidence of our gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills for having saved my life, my wife and I have christened a little daughter born to us in December of 1896 by the name of "Dodds."

6. That I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people in this city and elsewhere, who having heard of my wonderful escape from death by their use have called on me or written to me enquiring about them; and having followed many of these cases closely, I know of no case where they have been used according to directions that has not been cured, and I know positively of my own personal knowledge of several extreme cases where Dodd's Kidney Pills have effected satisfactory and permanent cures.

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me at the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, this 3rd day of October, 1900.

(Sgd.) G. H. KENT.

(Sgd.) A. W. FRASER,
A Notary Public in and for Ontario.

Nothing could be more convincing than this plain declaration made by Mr. Kent, and the Free Press is pleased to be able to present such a complete and emphatic confirmation of our article of 1895.

The Kent case, must, therefore, go on record as the most wonderful cure ever heard of in this city or province. Every detail of which has been carefully substantiated by sworn evidence.

To Dodd's Kidney Pills is due all the credit for having rescued and restored this dying man and that after all hope had been abandoned and the cold waters of the river of death were lapping at his feet.

THE REASON.

Why the British Navy Loses So Many Ships.

Many people are quite at a loss to explain why the British navy loses so many ships through striking rocks and running aground in all parts of the world. The percentage is large as compared with other naval powers and yet the fact is beyond refutation that the captains and commanders—and more particularly British admirals—are equal and in the majority of cases far and away superior to those of their Continental and American friends.

The reason why so many British warships meet with their doom through such accidents as have been mentioned, such as the case of the Viper recently, is explained by the reason that pilots are an unknown quantity to the British navy.

Britain is the only great naval power in the world which dispenses with the services of pilots, and the value of making her naval officers responsible for the safe conduct of their ships through difficult passages, and in and out treacherous harbors, will probably never be fully realized until Britain is plunged into a naval war. However useful and worthy pilots may be in the days of peace and plenty, it would be akin to courting disaster to rely upon them in times of war ; that is, the pilots of other nations than her own One has only to point to the South African war to realize the truths of this doctrine, for the employment of guides in that campaign by unsuspecting officers led British troops into many death traps.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A FEW STATISTICS.

There was a grim-looking, middle-aged woman sitting by herself in the railway waiting-room the other day, when a man with a pencil and note-book in hand sat down beside her and quietly observed :—

"Madam, I am gathering statistics and I trust you will cheerfully answer a few questions."

The woman looked at him doubtfully and somewhat indignantly, and closed her lips more than firmly.

"It is asserted," continued the man, as he moistened his pencil with his tongue, "that the crime of wife-beating is on the increase. You are a woman."

"Yes, sir," she snapped.

"And probably a wife ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. I'll not detain you long. Of course I shall not use your name in any information you may give me. My statistics will go to headquarters, and there be compiled under a general head. Each county will be taken by itself, and in this county I hope to show that wife-beating as a crime is scarcely known to the law."

"And what do you want of me ?" she demanded.

"You are a wife, madam. You have a husband. Now, then, it is a delicate question to ask, but does that husband—does he——"

"Does he what, sir ?"

"He may come home out of sorts with the world at large, madam."

"Yes."

"He may not have any family cat or dog to kick."

"No."

"And therefore, ma'am, he may vent his spite on you. He may, in brief, haul off and——"

"And box my ears, do you mean ?"

"That's it, ma'am—that's it. What I am after is statistics, you know. If he does this——"

"I'll just give you a few statistics," said the woman, as she rose up. "I've been married three times. The first two husbands never thought of laying their hands on me, but the last one boxed my ears three weeks ago."

"Ah ! he did ?"

"He did, sir, and the statistics show that he went out of a window head first, over a fence feet first, and that he didn't stop turning hand-springs and cartwheels and somersaults for a week."

"My dear madam, I—I——"

"Look at that, sir !" she continued, as she touched the end of his nose with her fist. "And I wear a No. 7 shoe, and if it's statistics you're after I'll give you——"

But he was gone, and she sat down and breathed hard, and looked red in the face, and said to the passengers around her :—

"If he'd waited about ten seconds longer I'd have given him statistics on how many men are annually crippled for life by tryin' to be smart."

THE FEAR OF MICROBES.

Everything we eat and drink and wear runs the gauntlet of germs to an extent which nervous people had better not contemplate. For too much fuss is made of them. If we listened to all these scares there would be nothing left to do but to get into a bath of carbolic acid and stop there until starvation freed us from the dangers of life.

Catarrh can be Cured.

Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only Permanent Cure ever discovered for Catarrh.

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There are a thousand and one so-called cures for catarrh. Most of them contain dangerous narcotics. They relieve at the time, but it does not last. Now that is just where Japanese Catarrh Cure differs from all other so-called catarrh remedies. It cures and the patient stays cured. It performs what others promise Japanese Catarrh Cure is absolutely certain in its effects and has never yet failed to cure any case of catarrh, when persistently used. It is a soothing, refreshing and healing ointment, which is inserted up the nostrils, when it is quickly breathed up to the seat of all the trouble, purifying, healing and vitalizing the diseased membrane, and the trouble won't return. We do not ask you to take our word for this. We can prove it by recommendations from physicians and thousands of testimonials. We want you to prove it by sending for a sample box, which you can have absolutely free of charge. Send 5 cents for postage, to The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 E Church St., Toronto. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents.

ACCUMULATIVE WEALTH.

"I suppose," said the inquisitive tourist, "that the wealth of this country is in the soil."

"I reckon it is," replied the poor farmer, "I don't know anybody hereabouts that ever got any out of it, so I reckon it's still thar."

Mrs. De Plain—"My husband never leaves me for an hour without kissing me." Neighborly Caller—"I can readily believe it. Everybody says your husband is the most considerate, unselfish, self-sacrificing man in the world."

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The Wife—"How dare you sir, scold me before Mrs. Caller ?" The Husband—"Well, you know, Maria, I daren't scold you when we are by ourselves."

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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.

113,000 British fishermen take 380,000 tons of fish a year ; the same number of Norwegians catch only 115,000 tons yearly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

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Beddock, June 11, 1897.
C. C. RICHARDS & Co.
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A. S. McDONALD.

A Dublin jurvey was recently brought before a judge as a witness in an important trial. "Now, my good man," said the judge, "what passed between you and the prisoner ?" "Oh, thin, plaze your lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim atop of the wall. 'Paddy,' sez he. 'What ?' sez I. 'Here,' sez he. 'Where ?' sez I. 'Whist !' sez he. 'Hush !' sez I. And that's all, plaze your lordship."

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has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be the most deliciously flavored and economical Tea on the market. Lead packages, 25, 40, 50 and 60 cents.

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WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Send stamp for particulars. Standard Hose Co. Depts 3, Toronto, Ont.

May—"Yes, Jack and I are engaged. Do you know our first meeting was quite romantic. I was walking down the street one rainy afternoon, when he stepped up and offered me his umbrella." Ethel—"I see. He was caught in the rain."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

First Office Boy—"Wot's Jimmy cryin' for ?" Second Office Boy—"His grandmudder's dead and going ter be burried on a holiday !"

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.

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For Over Fifty 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."

Sixty per cent. of all tin used comes from Malay Peninsula ; another 19 per cent. from the Dutch East Indies.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"He says he loves me," she confided to her friend, "yet he has only known me two days." "Well, perhaps that's the reason, dear," the friend replied, and they don't even nod now.

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