WEAK AND FAINTING

THE SAD PLIGHT OF ANAEMIC PEOPLE.

They Have Headaches and Backaches—Are Languid and Unable to Stand Exertion.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid. They have headaches and backaches. They can't eat—or they can't digest what little they do eat. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. Banish anaemia at once by enriching your blood and toning up your nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of grateful women have said that these pills have restored them after all other means tried had failed. Mrs. Josias McIlroy, of Orangeville, Ont., was a great sufferer for several years and spent much money looking for a cure. To a reporter of the Sun Mrs. McIlroy said: "Several years ago my health gave out completely. I was so weak that I could not do my housework. If I went upstairs my heart would palpitate violently, and sometimes I would faint away through weakness. My nerves were unstrung, and I suffered much from dizziness. I tried many remedies, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to do so. I am glad I did for the pills soon built me up and made me a well woman. My health remained good until last spring, when I was again taken with weakness. I now knew by experience the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once got a supply. The result was as beneficial as before and I can conscientiously say the pills have done me untold good. I am grateful for this and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured more sickly, pale-faced girls and women than any other medicine ever discovered, for they supply new, rich, red blood and so strengthen every part of the body. They are equally suitable for men, women and children, and cure not only anaemia, but decline, consumption, indigestion, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ailments which all women dread. These pills can be had through any druggist, or will be sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Look for the full name on every box, so that no worthless substitute may be palmed off on you.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

An infirm old gentleman was found by a rogue moaning sadly for something lost.

"What is the matter, sir?" said the fellow.

"Oh, sir, a villain has just stolen my new white hat from my head, and ran away with it."

"Why don't you run after him?" asked the rogue.

"Bless your heart, I can't run at all; I can hardly walk."

"You can't, eh?" said the rogue. "And he stole your hat?"

"Yes, he did, sir."

"And you can't run?"

"Not I."

"Nor catch him?"

"No."

"Then here goes for your watch!" And accordingly, snatching his gold watch from his pocket, the fellow went off like a shot from a rifle.

THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD.

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO TREAT HIRED MEN.

It is not a difficult job. The golden rule will reach it. Elbert Hubbard has phrased it as follows:

"They will do my work. Therefore I treat them as I would like to be treated. They are I and I am they."

When a man does your work be as patient with him as you would wish yourself if you were doing it. Use no harder language to him for his mistakes or short comings than you would to yourself when you make mistakes.

Always it is the spiteful word that breeds trouble. Actions do not make half the trouble in this world that words do. Kind, patient men make good hired men, if anybody does.

The ordinary howitzer or siege gun weighs 2,500 lbs., and is 6 ft. 10 in. long.

W—10

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

By way of reply she raised her eyes to his. A faint cloud of tobacco-smoke floated upward, passed overhead, and left his strange incongrous face exposed to the full light of the shaded lamp. The beautiful eyes searched his features, and I maintain that few men could have looked down at that lovely woman, could have met those pleading eyes, could have ventured within the reach of that subtle feminine influence, unmoved. If Trist was uneasy no outward sign betrayed him; no quiver of the eyelids, no motion of the lips. During some moments there was a tense silence, while these two looked into each other's eyes, probed each other's souls. The veil which hangs round that treasure we all possess—the treasure of an unassailable, illegible, secret individuality—seemed to fall away. Without words they understood each other. Indeed, no words could have explained as that mutual searching glance had done.

Alice Huston knew then that she had met a man—the first in all probability—who was totally impervious to the baleful influence of the charms she had wielded so long, without defining or seeking to define them. She only knew that a turn of her head, a glance of her eyes, a touch of her hand, had been sufficient to work her will upon men.

Trist broke the silence at last, and his voice was hollow, with a singular "far-off" sound, like the voice of a man speaking in great pain, with an effort.

"If the world has made a mistake, Alice," he said slowly and impressively, "I hope to God you have not!"

She made no answer. The power of speech seemed to have left her beautiful lips, which were livid and dry. She rubbed her hands together, palm to palm, in a horribly mechanical manner, which was almost inhuman in its dumb despair. Before her eyes a veil—dull, neutral-tinted, impenetrable—seemed to rise, and her vision failed. The tendons of her lovely throat were tense, like wires, beneath the milky skin.

At length her senses returned, her bosom rose and fell rhythmically, and she looked round the room in a dazed, stupid way like one who has fallen from a height.

She saw it all as in a dream. The conventional furniture of mahogany and deep red velvet, the varigated and deep red velvet, the variegated upon the mantelpiece. Then she looked into the square, open fireplace, where some logs of wood smoldered warmly. Upon one of these, unaffected by the heat, lay the half-burnt cigarette which Theo Trist had thrown away before speaking.

Seeing it, she looked round the room again with drawn and hopeless eyes. Trist was not there. He had left her. There was a simple straightforwardness of action about this man which at times verged upon brutality.

Slowly Alice Huston rose from her chair. For some moments she stood motionless, and then she went to the fireplace, where she remained staring at her own reflection in the mirror, which was only partially hidden by the glass-shade covering the hideous clock.

"And," she muttered brokenly, as she turned away with clenched fists, "I used to think that we were not punished upon earth. I wonder how long . . . . how long. . . . I shall be able to stand this!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

In Suffolk Mansions the absence of Alice Huston left a less perceptible vacuum than that lady would have imagined. Mrs. Wylie was intensely relieved that the yodng widow had, so to speak, struck out a line of her own. Brenda was less philosophical. She tried to persuade herself that her sister's presence had been a pleasure, and, like all pleasures withdrawn, had left a blank behind it. But the pretence was at its best a sorry one.

The daily life of these two ladies soon assumed its normal routine. Brenda studied political economy, Shakespeare, and the latest biography by turns in her unproductive, resultless way. Her mind craved for food and refused nothing; while, on the other hand, it possessed no decided tastes. Before January had run out its days she heard from Alice, who had moved southward to Monte Carlo with her friends the Martyns.

One afternoon in February Brenda was sitting alone in the drawing-room in Suffolk Mansions when a visitor arrived. It was no other than William Hicks. His entree was executed with the usual faultless grace and savoirfairs. He carried a soft hat, for it was foggy, and his long black cloak was thrown carelessly back to the full advantage of a broad astrakhan collar.

This was the first visit he had paid since the death of Captain Huston; consequently he and Brenda had not met since the ball to which Trist had conceived the bold idea of bringing his enemy. With this fact in view William Hicks smiled in a sympathetic way as he advanced with outstretched hand, but said no word. They shook hands gravely, and Brenda resumed her seat.

"Mrs. Wylie has just gone to your mother's," she said, in some surprise.

Hicks laid aside his hat, and slowly drew off his slate-colored gloves.

"Yes," he answered meaningly; "I know."

Brenda turned her small, proud head, and looked at him in silence. Her attitude was hardly one of surprise, and yet it betrayed her knowledge of his possible meaning. Altogether it was scarcely sympathetic.

Hicks allowed her a few moments in which to make some sort of reply or inquiry as to his meaning, but she failed to take the cue.

"I found out by accident," he continued, "that Mrs. Wylie was upstairs with my mother, and had just arrived. It struck me that you might be alone here—the opportunity was one which I have waited for—so I came."

Brenda's eyes were much steadier than his, and he was forced to turn his gaze elsewhere.

"It is very good of you," she said with a strange simplicity, "to think of my solitude."

Hicks caressed his matchless mustache complacently, although he was in reality not quite at ease.

"I wanted to speak to you," he said, in a tone which deprecated the thought of a purely unselfish motive in the meritorious action.

"About . . . . what?" inquired the girl, without enthusiasm.

"About myself—a dull topic, I am afraid."

"Brenda," he said, in a carefully modulated tone, "I am only a poor painter—I—hat is to say, I am not making much money out of art. I am, however, making a name which will no doubt be valuable some day. In the meantime I am fortunately in a position to disregard the baser uses of art, and to seek her only for herself. I have a certain position already. I intend to do better—to make a greater name. And in that aim—you can help me!"

"Are you," she inquired, "asking me to be your wife?"

Hicks stared at her vacantly. He was wondering what sequence of thought brought Theodore Trist into his mind at that moment. The question remained unanswered for some time.

"Yes," he said at length weakly.

"I have," he said eagerly, giving her no opportunity of interrupting him, "known many people—moved in many circles. I am not an inexperienced schoolboy, and therefore my conviction should carry some weight with it. I am certain, Brenda, that I could find no more suitable wife if I searched all the world over. Your influence upon my art cannot fail to be beneficial—you are eminently fitted to take a high place in the social world; such a place as my wife will find awaiting her. I have made no secret of my financial position; and as to my place in the art world of this century, you know as much as I could tell you."

He paused with a graceful wave of his white hand, and intimated his readiness to receive her answer. He even moved a step nearer to her, in order that he might with grace lean over her chair and take her hand when the proper moment arrived.

There was no emotion on either side. William Hicks had delivered his words with faultless intonation —perfect pitch—allowing himself (as an artist) a graceful gesture here and there. Brenda took her cue from him.

"It is very good of you to make me such an advantageous offer," she said, in an even and gentle voice, in which no ring of sarcasm could have been detected by much finer ears than those of William Hicks, whose organs were partially paralyzed by self-conceit; "but I am afraid I must refuse."

The artist was too much surprised to say anything at all. A refusal—to him! One of the most popular men in London. A great, though unappreciated painter—a perfect dancer—a social lion. He had been run after, I admit that, for most men are who take the trouble to be universally and impartially polite; but he had never taken the trouble of investigating the desirability or otherwise of those who ran after him. He had not quite realized that there was not a woman among them worthy to button Brenda's glove.

"Will you not," he stammered, with blanched face, "re-consider your . . . . determination?"

The girl shook her head gravely.

"No!" she replied. "There is not the slightest chance of my ever doing that, and I am very, very sorry if from anything I have said or done you have been led to believe that my answer could possibly have been otherwise."

To this Hicks made no direct reply. He could not with truth have accused her of the conduct she suggested. The fact merely was that he had not excepted Brenda from the rest of womankind, and it had always been his honest conviction that he had only to ask any woman in the world to be his wife to make that woman the happiest of her sex as well as the proudest. There is nothing extraordinary in this mild self-deception. We all practise it with marvelous success.

Hicks had never been refused before, for the simple reason that he had never hitherto thoight fit to place his heart at any maiden's feet.

"But why," he pleaded, "will you not marry me?"

Her answer was ready.

"Because I do not love you."

"But that will come," he murmured. "I will teach you to love me!"

She raised her eyes to his face and looked calmly at him. She respected him—not individually, but generally—because he was a man, and because she felt that some women could look up to him and admire him for his mere manhood, if she herself was unable to do so because he fell short of her standard.

In the meantime Hicks had realized the emptiness of his boast. From her calm glance he had read that her will was stronger than his own—that she did not love him, and never would. We, who have passed through the mill can sympathize with this young fellow, despite his follies, his vanity, his conceit, his affectation; for I verily believe that Brenda cured him of them all in those few moments.

The artist dropped his argument at once. He turned away and walked to the window, where he stood with his back toward her, looking out into the dismal misty twilight. Thus the girl allowed him to stand for some time, and then she rose and went to his side.

"Willy," she said, "I am very, very sorry!"

She was beginning to think now that he really loved her in his way, although by some curious oversight he had omitted to mention the fact.

He turned his head in her direction, and his hand caressed his mustache with its habitual grace.

"I don't quite understand it," he murmured. "Of course . . . . it is a bitter disappointment to me. I have been mistaken."

She made no attempt to alleviate his evident melancholy—expressed no regret that he should have been mistaken. The time for sympathy was past, and she allowed him to fight out his bitter fight alone. Presently he went toward the chair where he had thrown his cloak and hat. These he took up, and returned to her with his hand outstretched.

"Good-bye, Brenda!" he said, for once without affectation.

"Good-bye," she replied simply, and long after William Hicks had left the room she stood there with her white hands hanging down at either side like some delicate flower resting on the soft black material in which she was clad.

When Mrs. Wylie returned home about five o'clock she found the drawing-room still in darkness. The maid had offered to light the gas, but Brenda told her to leave it. In the pleasant glow of the firelight the widow found her young friend sitting in her favorite chair with interlocked fingers in her lap.

Mrs. Wylie closed the door before she spoke.

"This is bad," she said.

"What is bad?"

"I believe," replied Mrs. Wylie in her semi-serious, semi-cheerful way, "that I have warned you already against the evil practice of sitting staring into the fire."

Brenda laughed softly, and met the kind gaze of the gray eyes that were searching her face.

"It has always seemed to me," she said, "that your philosophy is wanting in courage. It is the philosophy of a moral coward. It is braver and better to think out all thoughts—good and bad, sad and gay—as they come."

Mrs. Wylie loosened her bonnet-strings, unhooked her sealskin jacket, and sat down.

"No," she answered argumentatively. "It is not the creed of a coward, no more than it is cowardly to avoid temptation. A practical man, however brave he may be, will do well to avoid temptation. A sensible woman will avoid thought."

"I was thinking," replied the girl diplomatically, "of tea!"

From the expression of the widow's face it would seem that she accepted this statement with reservasions. She made, however, no remark.

After a little pause she looked across at Brenda in a speculative way, and no doubt appreciated the grace and beauty of that fire-lit picture.

"Willie Hicks," she said, "has been here?"

"Yes. How did you know?" inquired Brenda rather sharply.

"Emma told me."

"Ah!"

"Brenda," said the widow in a softer tone, after a pause of some duration.

"Yes!"

"I have constructed a little fable for myself, in some part founded upon fact. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes," replied the girl with a slightly exaggerated moue of indifference; "tell me."

"Shortly after I arrived at the Hicks', Willie went out. I happened to know this, because I was near the window in the drawing-room and saw him. I also noticed that his gait was slightly furtive. I thought 'That young man does not want me to know that he has gone out.' On my way home I met him going in the contrary direction. He avoided seeing me, and did it remarkably well, as might have been expected. But there was a change in his gait, and even in his attitude. The strange thought came into my head that he had been here to see you. Then I began to wonder what had caused the change I detected. It seemed as if William Hicks had passed through some experience—had received a lesson. The final flight of my imagination was this' that you, Brenda, had given him that lesson."

Mrs. Wylie ceased speaking and leant back comfortably. Brenda was sitting forward now with her two hands clasped around her knees. She was looking toward her companion, and her eyes glowed in the ruddy light.

"I think," she said, "we should respect his secret. Naturally he would prefer that we were silent."

"We are neither of us talkative. . . . Then . . . . then my fable was true?"

Brenda nodded her head.

"I am glad," murmured the widow after a short silence, "that he has brought matters to an understanding at last. It is probable that he will turn out a fine fellow when he has found his level. He is finding it now. His walk was different as he returned home. All young men are objectionable until they have failed signally in something or other. Then they begin to settle down into manhood."

"He misrepresents himself," said Brenda gently. "When he lays aside his artistic affectation he is very nice."

(To be continued.)

TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

COULD NOT STAND BEFORE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Charles Gilchrist had Diabetes for Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Port Hope, Ont., July 20 (Special)—Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Chief of Police here for fifteen years and afterwards Dominion Fishery Overseer, is always willing to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

"I am a healthy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the job," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diebetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark bricky color and I would suffer something awful while passing.

"I tried everything and tried the doctors but could get no help till I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man."

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years but he feels young. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

"I say, Parker, why does that dentist go round telling strangers funny stories?" "Why, he has an eye for business. When they laugh he notices their teeth, and if they need seeing to he passes over a card."

Little Boy—"I wonder what dollies are fed on." Little Girl—"I know. When my Iphigenia Matilda fell downstairs and broke her head I looked inside her, and she was just full of health food."

Newitt—"Yes; old Goodman's three boys are a bad lot. Two of them at least ought to be in gaol." Brown—"Some redeeming quality about the third one, eh?" Newitt—"Yes, he's already there."

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

t—f

FARM · FIELD AND GARDEN

ADVANTAGES OF CLOVER.

Clover is the chief crop upon which the farmer relies for improving or maintaining the fertility of his land. Other crops are sometime substituted, but never with such good effect as clover. There are many ways, however, in making use of clover as an improver of tilessoil, which are attended with different degrees of benefit, and with which much depends upon the locality, distance from market, etc. There are certain principles which are alike applicable in all cases. The roots of clover are the most important part of the plant, so far as the improvement of the land is concerned, not that the tops are any less valuable (as there are many other plants which for bulk and quick growth above ground may be said to excel it), but which, when turning under with a view of improving the land, are far less beneficial in their effects. Buckwheat, for instance, has a much more rampant growth of top, but the effects of this, when turned under, are not nearly as good as those of clover, for the reason that buckwheat and such annuals do not penetrate the sub-soil and bring up therefrom and deposit near the surface the mineral matter contained therein, which is so essential to the successful growth of plants, their growth being due only to what the roots take from the ordinary surface soil. In other words, the roots of the clover plant bring up fertilizing matter from the deeper subsoil, which the roots of buckwheat and such other annual plants cannot reach.

Clover should never be turned under until it has reached its largest growth, as well below as above ground. For this reason the old practice of

PLOWING IT UNDER

when in bloom is objectionable, for although the growth of the stem and leaf is then at its minimum, the roots have not then completed their growth. But by cutting the first crop, a second growth is the sooner induced, which although much less in amount, secures an enormous increase in the growth of the roots, thereby placing it in the best condition of turning under. The better way, then, to secure the full benefit of clover in the improvement of the soil, is to allow it two full seasons of growth before turning it under, as the plant is biennial, more or less of the roots drying out at the end of the second year, thus causing the weeds to spring up and take their place, leaving the after condition of the field as a damaging offset to any good effected by the growing of the clover, but when the first of the second year's crop is taken off the second starts as soon and makes as strong a growth as to completely smother the weeds. It has been used for two seasons as hay, as the roots will then attain their full development and be richest in fertilizing elements. What the farmer who wishes to avail himself of the full advantage of this crop should do is to turn the sod under when full of roots, preparatory to putting the land in corn and wheat, oats and wheat, as the case may be, and then seed down to clover again. Cut the clover two years for hay, or pasture it, which is nearly the same thing, then plow under the sod as before, and so on, turning under good clover sod every three or four years until the land is completely renovated, applying at the same time whatever barnyard manure can be spared to hasten the process.

USES FOR COAL OIL.

Coal oil, which is always at hand when needed, is an invaluable article in the stable, garden and many other places on the farm, but it is of the greatest benefit in the poultry houses. When mixed with lard and applied to fowls afflicted with scaly leg it is a specific and will invariably result in a cure. Sprayed on the roosts, walls and ceilings of the houses and coops, it will destroy the lice and pests that make life miserable for the fowl and render them unfit to return a profit to their owners. By adding one part of olive oil to two parts kerosene and injecting it into the nose and mouth of fowls suffering from a it and exposing it to the air tends to prevent souring, but it also exposes the milk to the danger of being contaminated with bacteria, always present in the air, which causes bad flavors in the cheese. This fact emphasizes the importance of stirring the milk, where that process is necessary to cool it, in pure air. The air a few feet from the barn is generally the most heavily laden with germs, and, consequently, the milk should not be exposed any more than is necessary near the barn, but should be strained and otherwise handled some distance away, and in a place where currents of air do not carry contamination from the barn to the milk.

Cooling the milk with ice or water would be the better way, where ice or cold water could be had, as this exposes the milk less to contamination. In such cases sufficient stirring could be given to cool all parts of the milk as quickly as possible. Aerating might also be practical where ripe turnips or other strong-smelling foods are given the cows, but the use of such food is not to be commended. Stirring the milk for an hour or more just over the barnyard fence, or anywhere near the barnyard, cannot be too cold, a cure will be effected. These and many other uses can be found for diseases of the flock, and as the article is cheap it can be used freely. The lower grades, which sell for lower price and are not satisfactory as illuminant, will be found fully as good for poultry yard uses as the refined article.

COOLING MILK.

There are two ways of cooling milk that must be kept over night before being sent to the cheese factory. One is to give it a good stirring, and the other is to set the can in cold water. The best way, however, is to combine the two methods. The object of cooling milk is to prevent it souring and souring is the result of the development of bacteria. Cooling milk by stirring strongly condemned, as it adds to the cheese-maker's troubles and tends to injure the quality of all the cheese made at the factory, by carrying to it germs that cause bad flavors and pinholes in the finished product.

THE TREATING HABIT.

It Costs Its Victims Many a Dollar and Many a Pang.

Is it not a fact that men really spend in treating amounts that they would hesitate to give away, no matter how deserving the charity? It is a trait of human character that comes through this all absorbing disposition to "hold your end up" when with a friend. Hundreds of men take thousands of drinks that they do not want, and other hundreds pay for thousands that are not desired.

Two men meet, and one says: "Mighty glad to see you. Let's have something." Neither generally needs or even wants a drink. But the man who offers it wants to show that he is generous. He takes this method of proving that he is glad to meet his friend. The friend, after he has taken the drink that he did not want, to prove that he, too, is a good fellow, insists upon a second round.

The German custom of entering a saloon, taking a drink and paying for it and for no others, if adopted in this country would prove a blessing. The custom of treating is decidedly a curse. What we do for friendship's sake costs us many a dollar and many a pang.

HE HADN'T A DOOR.

A stubborn horse is an annoying creature under any circumstances, but the story of an incident which happened during a regimental drill raises the question whether such a horse may not simply be over-conscious.

The sun blazed down on a field of hot, tired horses and excited men, all waiting for a big, raw-boned animal to succumb to the urgings of a trooper and get into line.

"Bring up that horse!" shouted one of the officers at last, his patience having given out. "You'll get into trouble if you don't!"

The youthful rider of the refractory horse looked at his officer despairingly.

"I'm as tired of it as you are, sir," he said, with dull resignation, "but I can't help it. He's a cab horse, sir, that's what he is. He won't start till he hears the door shut, sir, and I haven't got any door to shut!"

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 cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. Thinkhard—"Of late years the spread of intelligence among all classes has been simply wonderful." Old Bachelor—"Yes. I notice there has been a great falling off in the number of marriages."

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA EXCURSION.

On July 31st to August 13th inclusive, the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco or Los Angeles, Cal., at the lowest rate ever made from Canada, tickets good to return until October 15th, 1903 All tickets should read via Detroit and over the great Wabash line, the short and true route to Pacific Coast points. This will be the last, best and cheapest excursion to California this season, do not miss it. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

He offered to act as her escort, but she declined the offer. "You are as full of airs as a hand organ," he spitefully declared. "Possibly," she retorted, "but, all the same, I don't go with a crank."

"Hallos, Pippy! I just met Bogan. He says his wife's gone away visiting, and he feels like a fish out of water." Pippy—"I should think he would—out of hot water."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day?" "Yes, sir," answered the earnest young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Kate—"Just look, these boots are ever so much too big." Mary—"Yes, you must have given him the number of the house instead of the number of your shoe."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

AN ADHESIVE BORROWER.

Bob—"Is it safe to lend books to Dave?"

Tom—"Oh, yes; if you are prepared to give them to him."

THE RT. HON. **JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN** AND THE **MASAI WARRIORS.**

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honour. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspondent of *The Sphere*. Indeed,

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

are used wherever the white man has set his foot.

The Masai warrior carrying his grease pot slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

THE PILLS are a wonderfully prompt and effectual, but gentle and benign, remedy for all disorders of the Liver and Bowels. They cleanse and thoroughly regulate the system. Females should never be without them.

THE OINTMENT is the greatest healing agent known for Old Sores and all skin affections. Rheumatism and Sciatica yield to its influence quite magically, as also most throat and chest troubles.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

t 12—38

BLUE RIBBON TEA COMPETITION

Owing to the great number of advertisements received in the Blue Ribbon Tea Competitions, the labor of selecting the prize winners has taken several weeks. The following are the successful competitors:

1st J. H. Morrow, Ellen St., Winnipeg.
2nd Ed. Doran, Westminster Block, Winnipeg.
3rd J. B. Mitchell, 518 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que.
4th Ed. Hawke, Moose Jaw.
5th J. Dow, Burr Block, New Westminster.
6th Ralph N. Reade, 252 D'Aiguillon St., Quebec, Que.
7th W. C. Forman, Ingersoll, Ont.
8th R. N. Meredith, Regina.
9th F. D. Smith, 250 King St., Winnipeg.
10th Sara Chapman, Niagara-on-the-Lake.
11th Mary Forman, Ingersoll.
12th Jennie Beaton, Lorne, Ont.
13th S.F. Killaby, New Westminster.
14th Mrs. Foivest, Robson St., Vancouver.
15th C. J. Thacker, Winnipeg.
16th, R. W. Torrance, Galt, Ont
17th Miss S. J Harivel, Stellarton, Pictou Co., N. S.
18th Robt. Keeping, 10 Windsor St., Toronto.
19th A. G. E. Lowman, 275 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.
20th J. C. Tudhope, Ingersoll
21st Jos. Lay, Reaburn, Man.
22nd Mrs. W. Nickel, Waterloo, Ont
23rd D. M. Fleet, Ingersoll.
24th A. R. Smith, Box 543 Woodstock, Ont.
25th Geo. H. Lairvill, 628 Broadway, Winnipeg, Man.

t—f

"A Boeckh Broom for a Clean Sweep."

The necessity of reliability—saves labor—saves carpets—saves time—saves money.

BOECKH'S Bamboo-Handled Brooms.

Shrewd buyers need no urging—they insist upon being supplied with those Brooms that stand alone. At all dealers.

UNITED FACTORIES LIMITED . . . Head Office, Toronto

t—f

OUR BRANDS.

King Edward 10c 3c
"Headlight" 5c 3c
"Eagle" 10c & 2c
"Victoria"
"Little Comet"

EDDY'S PARLOR MATCHES — HULL, CANADA

Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S

t—f

NEW BULLET FOR FRANCE.

In connection with the extensive manufacture of the new bullet invented for the French army several sets of cartridges have been stolen at Lyons. It is thought that they have been sold to foreign powers. The new bullet's propelling power is so great as to drive the bullet in a straight course for half a mile without any of the rise and fall of the present trajectory. This insures terrific speed and certainty of aim.

There are at least 1,750,000 Freemasons in the world, of whom 150,000 belong to 3,430 British Lodges.

I was Cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was Cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
FRED COULSON.
Yarmouth, N. S. Y. A. A. C.

I was Cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES

t-f

She—"George, dear, you remember that lovely sideboard that I told you I should like to buy because it was so cheap? Well, I've discovered a plan to make room for it." He—"How, my dear?" She—"By taking a larger house."

For Over Sixty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 1-19

23-74

Mr. Nag—"Well, I don't dig up the past, Matilda, because it's disagreeable." Mrs. Nag—"No; and you'd better not look into the future either, or you'll find that a great deal more disagreeable."

PLAN NOW FOR SUMMER TOURS

No matter where you are going, if in the United States, write to Fred. P. Fox, care Lackawanna Railroad, Buffalo, N. Y., for rates and routes. Very cheap excursions during the summer to Atlantic City, Boston and New York. Excursion rates now in effect to all resorts. Plan now.

15,000 to 20,000 sailors are shown by a return just issued to have valid claims against the Admiralty for prize-money, which they have so far neglected to take advantage of.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Popps?" "Sh-sh! Donjt speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got he cries for it."

"Oh, Major Bloodgore!" said the girlish gusher, "they say that during the war you were always cool in action." "Cool!" declared the major; "why, my dear girl, I was so cool that when I shivered people insinuated that I was trembling."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

She—"Who rocks the cradle rules the world—remember that." He—"Then—ah—you come in and rule the world. I'm tired."

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease.

"Look here," said the magistrate to the old offender, "this is the third time this year I have sent you to the Assizes. "You're becoming a considerable expense to the country." "Yes, your worship. Don't you think it might be advisable to buy me a season ticket?"

FRENCH CLEANING.

For made up Goods, Suits in Cloth, Velvet, Silk or Furs and all valuable home Hangings, nothing to equal it if done by the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Montreal

1—44

If scientific principals count for anything the patent inflated air pad truss should be a success. It holds the parts in such position that with fair play they must heal. It is light and comfortable to wear, and your confidence is restored the moment it is adjusted. You can procure it only from the Belt and Truss Mfg. Co., Hernia Specialists, 437 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Write now.

22—47

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.

Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co. 17 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

9—60

INFANTS' DELIGHT Toilet Soap

Best for Big Folks Best for Little Folks

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. Perfumers and Soap Makers TORONTO.

ORANGES We have Mexicans, California Navels, Valencias, and Sevilles.

LEMONS WE HAVE THE BEST

BANANAS.

Carload every week. All the above at market prices. We can also handle your

Butter, Eggs, Poultry,

Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

THE CAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, Cor. West Market St., TORONTO.

1—45

Meet every requisite of the impromptu or hot weather meal.

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue, Ox Tongue (Whole), Veal Loaf, Deviled Ham, Brisket Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef, Etc.

All natural flavor foods—palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them.

FREE—The booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat." Send five 2c stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

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