AFTER OTHER HELP FAILED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Young Lady to Full Health and Strength.

Doctors and nurses recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they have seen their wonderful power to make new, rich, red blood, and to cure all diseases due to poor blood or weak nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a common medicine. They do not purge and weaken. They contain no poisonous drugs. They are safe, sure, simple, stimulating and scientific. That is why these pills should be taken by all who are weak, bloodless, nerveless and sickly. Here is a bit of very positive proof of the wonderful power to conquer disease which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess: Miss Esther E. Lewis, Lynn, N. S., says: "At the age of sixteen my health failed me completely. At that time I was attacked by la grippe, which was followed by measles, from the after effects of which I was left in a deplorable condition. I became very pale, suffered from headaches, dizziness and want of appetite. I tried several medicines, but they did me no good; on the contrary I was growing weaker and finally became so bad that I would take spells of unconsciousness lasting from fifteen minutes to an hour at a time, and I had become so weak that I could hardly move about. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have good reason to bless the day I began their use. I had only taken them a few weeks when I began to recover and under their continued use for some time longer I fully regained my former good health. I will be glad if my experience will be of benefit to some other poor sufferer."

When buying the Pills see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ORIENTAL BLARNEY.

Indian Grandee's Letter to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

They have blarney stones elsewhere than in the charming vicinage of Cork. The oriental is given to obsequious and fulsome flattery, generally to secure some favor. In reading oriental literature one must be on his guard against taking literally the extravagant titles and ascriptions of praise so current in the East. They either grow out of a mean, groveling servility or out of the meaner motive of cajoling flattery. The following is a good example, quoted from an English paper. It is in the form of a letter addressed to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., during a recent visit to India, by an Indian grandee:

"From . . . Sahib Sword wife's son of the late H. H. . . . Maha Rajah. . . . "To Sir Mitchell Beach, M.P., London.

"May it please your Lordship—With homage, tribute, and salute, I, like one of the indulgent, venerable, genuine, and beloved sons of London, consecrate the following to your parental Lordship;

"That on the 27th morning I saw from the balcony of my . . . Palace your sagacious, intellectual, and lustrious Lordship, accompanied by the venerable Lady my tender mother and the honourable Miss my kind sister, driving in the double horse carriage of my generous, liberal, and gracious Highness father.

"In the Theocracy of the World your polite, courteous, and perceptive Lordship, by the endowment of the God the Almighty should be ever blissful and therefore live in the golden cage of the world renowned and garnished mother city of London, born as bright gems and brooches of the world to administer justice alike to the whole universe and be popular, and so . . . stimulated me to put forth before your upright, righteous, and impartial Lordship my just claims to the throne of my Highness father for your intellectual, prudent, and philanthropic Lordship's presence. I trust that your compassionate, gracious, and merciful Lordship will very earnestly and kindly and heartily entitle me on the throne of my gracious, liberal, and gracious Highness father to reign in the District. .

"With 1,000 and infinite thanks to the benevolent, maganimous, and inimitable blessed party.

"I am

"Your affectionate, beloved, genuine and sincere friend,

". . . . . Sahib."

SATISFIED MOTHERS.

When sales are large and increasing, when customers are satisfied to the extent of continuing to buy the same remedy, then it must be admitted that the remedy has real merit. Baby's Own Tablets occupy this enviable position. Mothers having once tried them seldom fail to duplicate the order — no other remedy for children can truly claim as much. Concerning the Tablets Mr. C. W. Stradford, (general dealer), North Williamsburg, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have a large sale, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We use them for our baby and have found them all that is claimed for them."

Baby's Own Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and all the minor ills of little ones. They make baby bright, active and happy and a joy to the home. Sold by druggists or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BE TRUTHFUL TO ELEPHANTS.

After the elephant has been for some time in a circus or menagerie, he picks up ugly tricks and nasty ways, and does things that are not always honest or honorable. He becomes a mean, low brute. He very quickly learns, according to the human standard, the difference between right and wrong. If placed under people of low morality, he molds his notions on theirs, and can act a lie as well as the most of them. An elephant ought to be caught young, and educated as a gentleman in regard to truth and honor. He should never be deceived, never be unjustly punished; treated with firmness, after a fair amount of kindness; and pains should be taken to develop his love of approbation, and to keep him sensitive, which he naturally is, to blame. An elephant learns the meaning of words faster than any other animal. Elephants can be shamed by words of blame or reproach. Circus elephants are wise enough to understand what fools human beings are, and lose reverence for their keepers. Hence their trickiness and ingratitude. Care should be taken not to let young elephants go with old stagers of their species who have been perverted by a sad experience of human nature. They seem to play nasty tricks, and impress on them that nothing good should be expected of their masters.

England at present possesses 19,082 vessels, of which 9,209 are steamers.

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAP. XIX.—(Continued).

Trist did not attempt to blind himself as to the difficulties attending his strange undertaking, but he was prepared to face them courageously.

"If," he said to himself, "I can only find him . . . sober . . . I will manage the rest."

He called a hansom, and drove to the club of which the books showed a subscription as due from Captain Huston. In return for this privilege its doors were still thrown open to the disgraced soldier. Careful inquiries at the door elicited the information that Huston had been there.

"He was took . . . he went away with a friend a good half-hour ago, sir," the porter added, with a curious smile.

The smile did not escape the questioner's glance, and in consequence of it, Trist went upstairs to the smoking room. He was not a member of the club, but his name was a power in military circles.

Upon inquiry at the door, Trist made the discovery that the porter had fortunately been asked to give the direction to the driver of the cab in which Huston had been taken away.

In his calm way he suddenly determined to follow Huston. He lighted a cigar at the spirit-lamp affixed to the door-post, and then called a cab.

There was a considerable delay in the Strand, where the traffic was much congested owing to the outpouring theatres. Amidst the confusion, the roar of traffic, the deafening shouts of drivers, policemen, and runners with latest editions of evening papers, Trist sat forward, with his arms upon the closed door of the hansom, and enjoyed his cigar.

At length the driver escaped into a narrow street, and, turning sharply to the right, drew up before a tall narrow house, bearing, on a dingy lamp above the door, the legend "No. 32, Private Hotel." A hopeless waiter, with shuffling shoes and a shirt-front of uncertain antecedents, answered the summons of a melancholy bell, which seemed to tinkle under strong protest, and as briefly as possible.

"Captain Huston living here?" inquired Trist.

"Yess'r. Er you the doctor?"

The war correspondent hesitated for a moment. Then he stepped into the narrow hall.

"Yes," he said.

"E's got it bad this time, sir," volunteered the waiter, with melancholy effusion.

"What?"

"D. T., sir."

Trist nodded his head shortly, and laid aside his hat.

"Take me to his room, please," he said.

The waiter shuffled on in front, and the young fellow followed him up the dingy stairs, walking lightly where the polished knots of pine-wood peeped through the clammy oilcloth.

The doctor came, and stayed longer than he could conscientiously spare out of his busy life. It was half-past one o'clock in the morning before he went away, leaving Trist alone with Huston, to whom sleep had come at last. Before leaving he promised, however, to send an experienced nurse.

The war correspondent sat in a deep leather-covered arm-chair before the smoldering fire, contemplating his own shoes. A man of many resources, he had found himself in many strange situations during his short thirty years. He had made the best of more than one awkward dilemma by going straight ahead in his patient, steady way. He listened to the stertorous breathing of the sick man, and never thought of his own fatigue. There was no suggestion of complaint in his mind that his evening of pleasure should have had such an unpleasant finish.

As he sat and thought, the firelight flickered rosily upon his face, it gleamed in his womanly eyes, glowed upon his broad high forehead. He was quite absorbed in his reflections, and never glanced toward the bed which was within the deep crimson shadow. He judged from the heavy respiration that Huston was asleep; in this, however, he was mistaken. The ex-soldier lay on his back, but his face was turned toward the fire, and his bloodshot eyes were wide open. His lips moved restlessly, but no sound came from them beyond the strong indrawing of the sodden air. His wavering glance wandered from Trist's head to his feet, restless and full of an insatiable hatred. Upon the dirty white coverlet his fingers moved convulsively, as if clutching and losing hold of something by turns.

Presently there was a soft knock at the front door, and Trist rose from his chair. His watch was over; the hospital nurse had arrived, with her soft brave eyes, her quick fearless fingers. As he left the room, Trist turned and glanced toward the bed. Huston lay there with closed eyes, unnaturally still.

Then the war correspondent left the room on tiptoe. No sooner had the door closed than the sick man's eyes opened. There was a peculiar shifty light in the expanded pupils, and the man's horrible lips moved continuously. He sat up in bed.

"Ah!" he mumbled thickly; "I know him. That's the man . . . . that's the man who's in love with my wife."

The fire rose and fell with merry crackle—for Trist had drawn the coals together noiselessly before leaving the room—and in the semi-darkness a strange unsteady form moved to and fro.

"I know him," mumbled the horrible voice, "and . . . I'm going to shoot him."

There was a slight sound as if a drawer were being searched in a table or piece of furniture which was not quite firm upon its base, and a moment later the door was opened without noise. In the passage a single jet of gas burnt mournfully, and threw a flood of light through the open doorway.

Upon the threshold stood Huston, quaking and swaying from side to side. In his trembling fingers he held a large Colt's revolver of the cavalry pattern. The tips of the conical bullets peeped from the chambers threateningly. His clumsy hands were fumbling with the hammer, which was stiff and deeply sunk within the lock; the light was bad. He raised the pistol closer to his swimming eyes, and the barrel, gleaming blue and brown alternately, wavered in the air.

The next instant there was a terrific report through the silent house.

* * * * * *

A moment later Trist and the nurse were at the head of the stairs; they had raced up side by side. The woman seized a worn sheepskin mat that lay at the door of an empty bedroom, and, drawing her skirts aside, knelt down and raised the mutilated face.

"Don't let it run on the floor," she gasped, "it is so horrible!"

They were both old hands and callous enough to be very quick. By the time that the startled household was aroused, the dead man (for the great bullet had passed right through his brain) was laid upon his bed, and Trist had already gone for the doctor.

"No one must go in," said the nurse, standing upon the threshold and barring the way. "He is dead. There is nothing to be done. Wait until the doctor comes."

Presently Trist returned, bringing with him the surgeon and police inspector. They all went into the room together and closed the door. Trist turned up the gas and watched the movements of the surgeon, who was already at the bedside.

"Where is the bullet?" asked the inspector.

"In the woodwork of the door," answered Trist.

The doctor left the bedside and came into the middle of the room, standing upon the hearthrug with his back toward the fire.

"I should be of opinion," he said, "that it was an accident."

The inspector nodded his head, and looked from the nurse to Trist.

"Does anybody," he asked, "know who he is, or anything about him?"

"I know who he is and all about him," answered the war correspondent.

Notebook in hand, the inspector glanced keenly at the speaker.

"And . . . who are . . . you?" he asked, writing.

"Theodore Trist."

"Ah!" murmured the doctor.

The inspector drew himself up and continued writing.

"Do you know, sir, what he was doing with the pistol? Had he any intention of using it upon himself or upon any other?"

Trist looked at his questioner calmly.

"I do not know," he answered.

CHAPTER XX.

Like one in a dream Theodore Trist passed out into the narrow street somewhat later. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning; the ball was scarcely over, and yet to this unimaginative man it seemed ages since he had spoken with William Hicks, listening in a vague way to the swinging waltz music all the while. When he reached his quiet rooms, he was almost startled at the sight of his own dress-clothes, spotless shirt front, and unobtrusive feather. He had quite forgotten that these garments of pleasure were beneath his overcoat. His night's work had not been in keeping with dress-clothes.

"I will think," he said to himself, "how it is to be broken to everybody to-morrow." And with great serenity he went to bed.

* * * * * * *

It has not hitherto been mentioned that Mrs. Wylie possessed one or two vices of a comparatively harmless description. The most prominent of these was an unpunctuality at the breakfast table. This is a most comfortable vice, and quite in keeping with the placid and easy-going nature of the lady.

Brenda, being of a more active nature, was usually down first, and the fact of having been out to a ball the night before rarely acted as a deterrent. It thus came about that she was alone at the breakfast table when Trist was announced. It was a dainty, womanly little meal set out on the snowy cloth, and as yet untouched. Brenda was in the act of opening the newspaper when Trist entered the room. She did not remember until afterward that, as he shook hands, he took the journal from her and laid it aside. Perhaps she noted the action at the time, but he was never in the habit of acting just like other men, and the peculiarity of this little movement did not strike her sufficiently to remain upon her memory as a distinct incident.

"Ah!" she said gally; "you think it prudent to strike while the iron is hot—I being the iron. I am not red-hot, but quite warm enough to be unpleasant, and just too hard to be struck. Please explain why you never claimed the three dances you asked me to keep?"

Trist smiled in his gravest way—a mere reflection of her bright gaiety.

"That is what I came to explain," he said.

He passed her standing at the table, and went toward the fire. There he drew off his gloves in a peculiarly thoughtful manner.

"Theo," said Brenda, "have you had breakfast?"

"Yes, thanks!"

His manner was habitually misleading, and it was quite impossible for her to see that he had bad news to impart. His strong, purposeful hands were always steady, which is somewhat exceptional; for the fingers betray emotion when the eyes are dumb.

"Rather," she continued lightly, "than break my faith to you, I planted myself, so to speak, among the wall flowers, where I was content to bloom in solitude."

"Through the whole dance?" he asked meaningly.

"Well . . . not quite. When I was satisfied that you were not there, I danced with someone else."

He smiled, and said nothing.

Brenda moved one or two things upon the breakfast table—things which in no way required moving. For the first time in her life she was beginning to feel ill at ease with this man. For the first time she dreaded vaguely to hear him speak, because she was not sure that he was at ease himself.

At last he began, and there was a strange thrill in his voice, as if it were an effort to open his lips.

"It has been my . . . . fate . . . Brenda, to be with you or near you during most of the incidents in your life . . . ." here he paused.

"Yes," she murmured unsteadily.

"I have," he continued, "perhaps, been of some small use to you. I have been happy enough at times to tell you good news, and . . . once or twice I have been the messenger of evil. . . . Now . . ."

"Now," interrupted Brenda suddenly, as she came toward him, for a light had broken upon her —"now you have bad news, Theo? Surely you are not afraid of telling it to me!"

"I don't exactly know," he answered slowly, laying his hand upon the white fingers resting upon his sleeve, "whether it is good news or bad. Huston is dead!"

She had continued smiling bravely into his eyes until the last words were spoken, then suddenly she turned her face away. He watched the color fade from her cheek, slowly sinking downward until her throat was like marble. Then she withdrew her hand deliberately from his touch, as if there had been evil in it. After a moment she turned again and looked keenly at him with wondering, horror-stricken eyes.

"Then," she murmured monotonously, "Alice is . . . a widow."

It was a strange thing to say, and she had no definite conception of the train of thought prompting the remark. He looked at her in a curious, puzzled way, like a man who is near a truth, but fears to prove his proximity.

"Does she know?" she asked suddenly, rousing herself to the necessity of prompt action.

"No. I have not your aunt's address in Cheltenham."

Brenda looked at the clock upon the mantelpiece, a reliable mechanism, which kept remarkable time considering its feminine environments.

"Mrs. Wylie will be here in a moment; we will then consider about the telegram. In the meantime . . . tell me when it happened, and how?"

"It happened at two o'clock this morning . . . suddenly."

Brenda looked up at the last word, although it was spoken quite gently.

"Suddenly . . . ."

"Yes. It . . . he shot himself with a revolver . . . by accident!"

The man's gentle, incrutable eyes fell before Brenda's gaze. He moved uneasily, and turned away, apparently much interested in the ornaments upon the mantelpiece.

"Were you present at the time?"

"No. I was downstairs. He was in his bedroom."

"Tell me," said the girl mechanically, "what was he doing with the revolver?"

Trist turned slowly and faced her. There was no hesitation in his glance now; his eyes looked straight into hers with a deliberate, calm meaning. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows?" he murmured, still watching her face.

When at length Brenda turned away she pressed her lips together as if to moisten them, and there was a convulsive movement in her throat. They understood each other thoroughly.

"There will, of course," said Trist presently, "be an inquest. It is, however, quite clear that, being left for a moment alone, he rose from his bed in a fit of temporary insanity, and having possessed himself of a revolver (possibly for suicidal purposes), he shot himself by accident."

Brenda had crossed the room to the window, where she stood with her back toward her companion.

"Yes!" she murmured absently.

She was swaying a little from side to side, and her face was raised in an unnatural way. Trist stood upon the hearthrug, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece. He was watching her attentively.

"I have," he said somewhat hastily, as if it were an after-thought, "some influence with the newspapers."

Of this she took absolutely no notice. It would appear that she had not heard his voice. Then Trist moved restlessly. After a moment's hesitation he lifted his arm from the mantelpiece with the apparent intention of going toward her. He even made two or three steps in that direction — steps that were inaudible, for his tread was singularly light. Then the door opened, and Mrs. Wylie came into the room.

"Theo!" said the lady, with rather less surprise than might have been expected.

In a moment she had perceived that there was something wrong. The very atmosphere of the room was tense. These two strong young people had either been quarreling or making love. Of that Mrs. Wylie was certain. Her entrance had perhaps been malapropos; but she could not go back now. Moreover, she was the sort of woman who never errs in retreating. Her method of fighting the world was from a strong position calmly held, or by a steady, sure advance.

"Good-morning! Theo!" she said, "Jim Dumps found Mrs. Dumps distressed
About an unexpected guest.
"There's nothing in the house to eat!"
"There's something better far than meat."
The guest endorsed Jim's view with vim
When helped to "Force" by "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

ready for any emergency.

Farmers are Eating "Force."

"Thanks for 'Force,' I eat it three times a day. Folks call me 'Sunny Jim.' Took some to the country with me on a visit and the farmers out there are eating 'Force' now. "WM. RUFF."

Skirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 452

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

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, 453 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Write now. 22—47

Georgian Bay's Favorite Summer Hotels

THE BELVIDERE PARRY SOUND

THE SANS SOUCI MOON RIVER P.O.

Write for rates,

JAMES K. PAISLEY, Grand Union Hotel, OTTAWA, CAN

A MOVING TALE.

The absent-minded professor was walking along in the gutter, and walked right up to the polished rear of a private brougham. He stopped. The blank expanse suggested a blackboard. He felt in his pocket and found a piece of chalk, and at once began to work out a difficult problem.

As he worked away the brougham moved off, but the professor grasped the hinder bar with his left hand and walked after it, still immersed in figures. The pace quickened, and the mathematician was forced to break into a trot, which gradually increased to a smart run.

At last he could keep up no longer, and letting go, he mopped his perspiring brow, and realized for the first time what his perambulating blackboard was. He sighed, and made his way home.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

There has been some talk in England lately of endeavoring to shorten the voyage across the Atlantic by developing the harbor of Galway, on the west coast of Ireland, and connecting it by swift steamers with St. John's in Newfoundland. The distance from Galway to St. John's is 1,816 miles; that from Liverpool to New York is 3,116 miles, and from Southampton 3,095 miles. It is assumed that transit between New York and St. John's, nearly all by land, could be performed so rapidly that the time from London to New York would be cut down a whole day below the present fastest records.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In 1812 there were only 409 people in the United Kingdom with incomes of £5,000 a year and over. To-day nearly 4,000 people enjoy this income.

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.

GLADSTONE'S STATUE.

A statue to Gladstone has recently been placed in Westminster Abbey on the spot marked for it years ago by Dean Stanley. It occupies the last vacant place for a standing figure in the north transept. The London Times describes the statue. It was made by Mr. Brock of the Royal Academy, and is a marble figure on a marble pedestal, which at present contains no inscription. On one side is the statue of Sir Robert Peel, on the other, that of Lord Beaconsfield. The aisle is called the "Statesmen's Aisle," and is near the pulpit. Gladstone stands in the robes of a doctor of civil law of Oxford, with his face turned slightly to the left. The likeness is good. There is no ceremony of unveiling monuments which, like this, are erected by the authority of Parliament. No display is necessary to call attention to the honor which the nation pays its great man.

Youth—"That fellow has some queer ideas, and he actually called me a donkey when I ventured to dispute them." Friend—"Yes, it's one of his absurd notions that he can judge people by their looks."

DENVER AND COLORADO.

On June 30th to July 10th inclusive, the Wabash will sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, Colo., at the lowest ever made from Canada, all tickets good to return until August 31st, 1903.

On July 1st to 10th inclusive, special low rate excursions to San Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego, Cal., good to return until August 31st. Tickets good to stop over for thirty days west of first Colorado point. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given passengers to visit Colorado and California. Diverse routes going and returning.

All tickets should read via Detroit and over the great Wabash route. For full particulars address any Wabash Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, Northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

She—"You make love like a novice." He—"Then we're both defective. I ought to make love like an expert and you ought not to know the difference."

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

London consumes a quarter of a million tons of fresh meat a year, not counting bacon and tinned meats.

St. Martin, Que., May 16, 1895.

O. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER. 1-52

Weaver—"Poetry is something that is born in someone; it cannot be acquired. The making of poetry is a gift." Beaver—"So is the disposing of it, so far as have had any experience."

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.

Friend (to amateur artist)—"I suppose you'll give up painting when you marry?" Aamatur—"Oh, no! It'll be so convenient and economical when we have to make wedding presents!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

HOME SWEET HOME; with delicious

MONSOON

on the table and a few friends to enjoy it, there is no place like Home.

Painters' Thoughts

Think of every good point a perfect Paint Brush should have and you'll have a mind picture of

BOECKH'S

FLEXIBLE BRIDLED BRUSH

The bridle can be easily removed and replaced—is not affected by water, oil or paint—works on a pivot and thus keeps the bristles elastic.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

OUR BRANDS.

King Edward 100s

"Headlight" 50s

"Eagle" 100s & 200s

"Victoria"

"Little Comet"

PARLOR MATCHES

E D W. D E Y & CO. HULL, CANADA

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

THE Great Prairie Investment Co., LIMITED.

Capital, $150,000. Divided into 30,000 shares of $5.00 each.

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THE GREAT PRAIRIE INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED,

have purchased a huge block of land within the corporation limits of Winnipeg and embracing 4,500 building lots situate in the best residential section, where the impulse in values will be most keenly realized. This land is beautifully wooded and is conceded by all Winnipeg investors to be the best residential part of the city. A street car line is now being completed, which passes within a few rods of the north end of this property; and another line is projected to run on the east side of it.

A VALUABLE INVESTMENT

It is not unreasonable to expect a realization upon this property within twelve months of from 200 to 500 per cent. It has doubled in value since an option was obtained about eight months ago, before being finally purchased by the Company. Whatever the profits are, officers of the Company and shareholders are on the same footing, and the Company's books are always open to the inspection of shareholders.

All cheques payable on account of stock should be made payable to the order of The Trust and Guarantee Co., No. 14 King St., West, Toronto.

Write for prospectus.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS

The Company has purchased 4,500 building lots, 25 x 130 feet. Total frontage 112,500 feet.

The Company's estimate on present values of the land is from $2.00 to $10.00 per foot (according to location). This would yield at even an average of $3.00 per foot..... $337,500 00

Cost of land, advertising, expenses of management for the ensuing year, approximated at 110,000 00

Profit balance to Company $227,500.00

Mother (reading telegram)—"Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose, and four teeth out." Father (eagerly)—"And who won?" Mother—"He doesn't say." Father (impatiently)—"Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself! Now I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper."

BINDER TALK.

Some of the important features of the Massey-Harris Binder are:

FOLDING DIVIDERS. — No bolts or nuts to unscrew. You merely release a spring on the outside Divider and unhook the inside one to fold them. A youngster can do it easily and properly. The Dividers are very rigid in their working positions, and remain at whatever angle they are folded over the conveyor canvas.

FLOATING ELEVATORS. —They literally float. The grain cannot stick or choke in the Massey-Harris elevator, no matter how much it is bunched.

SIMPLE KNOTTER. — Capable of adjustment to take up wear.

REEL. — Suited for handling crops under all conditions of weather or land. It will pick up tangled or laid grain and lay it neatly on the table. It also handles long or short grain with splendid success.

ROLLER BEARINGS throughout to lighten the draft and make the work easy for the horses. The beasts know when they are hitched to a Massey-Harris—it runs so easily.

The Myling Head precipice, in Stromoe, one of the Faroe Islands, has a sheer drop of 2,200 feet from crest to sea.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, DENVER

For the International Convention at Denver, July 9th to 13th, the official route selected by the Transportation Managers for Ontario and Quebec is via the Chicago and North-Western and Union Pacific Railways. Special train of tourist sleeping cars through to Denver. Tickets on sale July 6th, 7th and 8th. Return limit August 31st, 1903. Very low rates from all stations in Canada. Write for official Christian Endeavor folder, rates and full information to B. H. Bennett, 2 East King street, Toronto.

SHORT-SIGHTED.

Warden—"Well, I suppose you are glad to get out of jail."

Prisoner (term expired)—"Well, no. I didn't commit a big enough crime to make me prominent."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Husband—"Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?" Wife—"Goodness gracious! What do you do with all the rest of your money?"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Birmingham has 14 steel-pen manufactories, more than all in France, Germany and America combined.

ISSUE NO. 27—03

Dorking fowls are distinguished from most other breeds by having five instead of four toes.

The purser of one of the Cunard steamships holds the record of having crossed the Atlantic 920 times.

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

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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 DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited., Cor. West Market St., TORONTO. 5-45

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Sliced Smoked Beef, Etc.

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