"I have been so worried." she added.

'There's the dinner bell," said Daisy

Daisy was an observent little girl,

"There's lots of trouble in the world,"

doesn't want to go to the dining-room.

But I just know she could eat a nice

What a delightful "picnic" dinner

55 56

Dorothy's Auntie Anne.

Dorothy's own dearest Auntie Anne

Clad all in pink, to her feather fan,

With roses pink on her head.

And give the flowers surprise.'

And Dowofy nebber tan."

breezes on'v

cold land-

out of mischief.

York Observer.

She looked as sweet as an auntie can,

"Go right to sleep," said her Auntie

"Shut up your bonny brown eyes;

Dorothy's eyes but the bigger grew;

She laughed at her Auntie Anne;

"You is big 'nuf; why, I sought you

"Then I'll bring a breeze from a cold,

"To pinch your nose and nip at your

The fan waved high and fast-

To freeze you asleep with icy hand

And quilt of snow that will last."

'But I like it tool, dear Auntie Anne,

Will make our baby run off wid a man

v, v

Rex

It was moving time. Grandma said

ne could pack her trunk herself, if

'My back isn't what it was once. You

an hand me things, Lawrence, if you'd

Grandma knew it would keep him

Rex, the very knowing dog, wanted to help also. He watched the work

gravely. Pretty soon he trotted off, though Lawrence whistled him back.

In two minutes he came bringing in his

mouth a worn-out slipper. Standing on

his hind legs, he dropped it into the trunk, and barked, as if to say, "There!"

"Rex, grandma doesn't want that!' Lawrence threw it out of the window.

Rex looked ashamed, but soon off he

ent, coming back with the slipper,

When grandma unpacked her trunk

took an uncommon interest. All at once

he dived in and brought out that same

"He must have done it when my back

was turned. Here's a lesson for you,

Lawrence," Grandma liked lessons for

small boys. "It's a long word, but you

may as well learn it now, Pe severance.

Try again. That's what Rex did .- New

23 23

Bedtime.

Three little girls are weary— Weary of books and play;

Sad is the world and dreary-

Slowly the time slips away.

Bowed is each little head:

When there is mention of bed.

Just for a minute or two, Then, when they end their clatter,

Down again drops their head-

Night after night they protest,

Claiming they're sleepy never-Never in need of rest.

Nedding and almost dreaming,

Drowsily each little head

Still is forever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed.

DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD

ROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED

CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION

CLINTON, ONT.

Coleman's

CELEBRATED

AND FARM

Though they're not ready for bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,

Sleep comes quickly to woo.

Slowly their eyes are closing,

Three little maids are dozing.

That is their method ever-

Yet they are up and shaking

Six little feet are aching-

old slipper, shaking it in triumph! "Well, I never!" said grandma.

An' to feel my fles' go cweep, I'll s'ut my eyes if your fedder fan

An' let poor Dowofy s'eep."

I'll bring a breeze with my feather fan

Leaned over Dorothy's bed;

and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne,

"Let me take care of the baby while

growing sick, too."

doing all day?"

go now."

some more trouble to clear off.

my head?

WOMAN AND THE WORLD

The Ideal Hostess.

She must make you feel individually that you are the favored guest. She must make you feel perfectly at She must see everything, and yet

possess the art of seeming to see no-

She must never look bored. She must know how to get congenial people together.
She must know how to keep conver-

sation always goirg.

She must never let anyone be slighted or overlooked. She must know when to ask the amateur musician to display his or her talents.

She must be perfectly unselfish about her own pleasures. She must remember that nothing is so tiresome, so surely death to all enjoyment, as the feeling that one is beng entertained.

* * Tidiness.

In days gone by, before the new woman appeared upon the scene of ac- restore it. tion, girls were rigidly taught the to which is added a tablespoonful or good old-fashioned principle of tidiness. "Neatness" hardly expresses the Iron on the wrong side. meaning as well as does the quaint, oldtime word. To be "tidy," Webster tells us, to to be arranged in good order: neat; kept in proper and becoming neatness. Nowadays girls are neat to a certain extent, and in a certain way. They bathe freely and wear clean clothes; but are they tidy? Frequently they are not. Their hair is often loose and prone to tumble down; their gloves are sometimes ripped at the finger-tips, and one or two buttons are lacking om their boots. The collar is often fastened on with an ordinary pin that is very obvious; and the veil has occa-sionally a hole over the nose or chin. Our girl is charming; but is she as careful as she should be? The other day (says an American writer) I was making a morning call at a friend's house, and there met another caller, woman who made a most agreeable impression upon me. She was not elaborately dressed, but her black tailor-made gown fitted her well, and there was not a spot or a speck of dust on it. I knew that it had been brushed carefully before she left her room. Her linen collar and cuffs were snowy white, and did not twist or shift from their proper places. Her gloves did not wrinkle, but buttoned smoothly over the wrists; her shoes were like the rest er attire-dainty; her bonnet rested firmly and straight on soft brown hair that, while wavy and fluffy, was neatly dressed. A thin veil covered a fresh complexion and bright face. The tout ensemble gave one the idea of daintiness and delicate finish. In speaking of this woman afterwards to man who knows her, I said: "There is something about her appearance that charms one. What is the secret?" 'I will tell you." he said. "She is a well-groomed woman. There are never any rough or loose ends about her." "You mean that she is tidy," I said to "You call it 'tldy,' I say 'well-ned.' We both mean the same thing." However one may express it— in sporting terms or with the old-fashioned word-is the condition not well orth striving for? Nothing is so detrimental to the fascination of beauty or personal charm as the lack of this

Men as Kitchen Maids.

quality.-[The Young Woman.

It is an interesting development of the woman suffrage agitation that Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the Woman's Journal Boston is devoting a good deal of her time and attention to finding situations for men as kitchen maids. She says that the chief difficulty she meets in the way of getting housework for her proteges to do is the conservatism of women. In her ex-perience there are always more young willing to take domestic service than there are Yankee housewives willto give them a trial. She affirms that it is as hard to convince some women that men can do housework as man can be a principal of a public school. But, she continues, the women SURANCE CO., Waterloo, Ont. it is to convince some men that a wowho venture upon the new departure Gentlemen, are sometimes rewarded by finding in it a perfect solution of the vexed "dorows, who is one of the innovators, proclaims that the young man now dohousework is the best help she has had in 30 years. The man giving to reduce the annual premiums. such distinguished satisfaction is a

tion most useful in the kitchen.
It may be necessary to explain that
Miss Blackwell and Mrs. Barrows are giving themselves, heart and soul, to the task of finding employment for Armenian refugees. These refugees are nost all men, and, when unable to find work in their trades or professions, they have, in many cases, shown their Willingness to take any work they can get by going out to service. Miss Blackwell says that during the last eight months between 100 and 200 Armenians have gone to situations through her assistance, many of them to do housework, and that she has yet to receive the first complaint from any employer of dishonesty or any serious misconduct, even in the case of those who proved unsuited to the work and who proved unsuited to the work and had to be sent back. From which appears the good sense of some numbers of Armenians, as well as the oppor-

Womb Diseases and disorders of

the organs Itching. peculiarly feminine, often

cause intense itching, which in many cases amounts to agony. In bed at night it grows worse and scratching intensifies the trouble.

is magical ntment in soothing

giving instant relief, and ensuring rest and comfort.

Sold by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Ont.

tunity open to men, harassed by the of women, of carrying the war into the enemy's country by presswomen .- [New York Tribune.

* * Practical Directions for the Housewife.

[Philadelphia Record.] It is well to have nice things and come amiss to the careful housekeeper: Prints, if rinsed in salt and water, look brighter.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should e washed in salt and water and iron-

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton by setting them in the broiling sun. Velvets should be held over the steam of boiling water and kept well stretched until the moisture has evaporated. When ammonia is used to remove stains on colored fabrics, if the color is dulled, a little weak oxalic acid will

Wash black stockings in weak suds. ox gall. Rinse until no color runs, An excellent starch for dark clothes, blue calicos, etc., is made by using cold coffee left from breakfast, instead

of pure water. Make the starch as Colored muslins should be washed in a lather of cold water. If the muslin be green add a little vinegar to the water, if lilac a little ammonia, if black

a little salt. A heaped-up teaspoonful of chloride of lime mixed with one quart of water in clear water as soon as all the spots | can no longer hold.

have disappeared. Black serge or cashmere dresses are improved and cleansed by being sponged with this mixture: A tablespoonful of ammonia and another of spirits of wine to three of boiling water.

For scorches in linen spread over

them the juice of an onion, and a quarter ounce of white soap. The articles should be exposed to the sunlight after being saturated with the mixture. Velvet or plush that has become creased, and whose nap is matted, should be damped on the under side with clear water. Then hold the goods tight over the face of a hot flatiron and rub the marred piece with a clothes

brush Nothing is so easily spoiled or made shabby as a veil. Instead of tossing it into a crowded drawer, to lie in tumbled heap, until wanted again, stretch it carefully over a bit of cardboard or other stiff material, as is al-

ways done in the stores. Black silks of every description are much benefited by having the dust removed by rubbing with a clean towel, with the following mixture: A teacupful of soft water and seven or eight drops of liquid ammonia.

Put one ounce of oxalic acid into one pint of water; one cup of this is enough for one bucket of water. clothes into this water, stirring them all the while, and when you take

turning yellow with age and rotting with the dust it has accumulated till

it really drops to rieces.

If you wish to clean a mackintosh cloak lay it flat on a board or table, take a brush used for scrubbing cloths, some lukewarm water in a basin and plain yellow soap. Thoroughly brush the cloak, both right and wrong sides, until all dirty marks disappear; then rinse thoroughly in different sorts of cold water, and hang up to dry, not near a fire.

What Mrs. Frank Yeigh Thinks About Life Assurance for Women.

Toronto, April 8, 1897.

My Ten Year Endowment Policy in company for \$2,000 matured on nestic problem." Mrs. Isabel C. Bar- April 1, and on April 2 I received your check for \$2,017 32, the \$17 32 being the profits for the last year, the profits of former years having been applied wish to thank you for your prompticollege graduate, who finds his educa- tude, and to express my entire satisfaction with my investment, which vielded me (besides the insurance during the term) three per cent compound interest-that is, I received back in cash \$311 54 more than I paid in premiums. I regard endowment insurance as the very best plan for systematic saving, the compulsion of providing for a premium being an adequate incentive when any voluntary plan might fail. Life Assurance on the endowment plan ought to be very popular with women, it is so easy, so satisfactory; and in a company such as yours, so safe. Yours very sinas yours, so safe. Yours very serely, MRS. FRANK YEIGH,

nee Kate E. Westlake

Picked Up in Passing.

We find this advertisement in the columns of the British Weekly: "On sale—John Wesley's First Pulpit his first Chapel in Bristol, brought at his first Chapel in Bristol, brought to Holyhead in 1829—Apply to Rev. Evans, Holyhead." * * * *

The oldest living creature in the world is said to be a giant tortoise boy didn't ecently removed from the Island of Aldabra, in the Indian Ocean, to London. It weighs over a ton, and has a record going back 150 years. How can say.

they are numerous enough to differ widely among themselves." There s no unifying principle in such manmade doctrines.

The Dancing Masters' Association Kathie, despairingly. "And how'll I ever get peas enough for dinner, has denounced the waltz as a romp, and ruled it out of fashionable so- then?" ciety. Lord Byron tried to ridicule it out of existence because he was a Daisy, encouragingly. "Make haste." eripple. It has survived the assaults

masters can do. The other day at Mayence, Ger-

remembers the impression which Na- looking quite pleasant as Daisy finishpoleon I. made on her as a child. She es is in such good health that not long since she expressed to her 60-year-old peo son a wish to come to this country and visit her grandchildren.

She ran down the steps and paused, glancing at an open window above. It will be a comfort to bald-headed A low, wailing cry sounded within, people to know that they have less and a sweet, faint voice singing a cradle-song.
"I'll help Mrs. Verne take care of chance of becoming criminals than who have a great deal of hair the baby," she thought; and she ran upstairs with a happy song on her lips. The mother's face brightened. on their heads, if prison records in Indiana are to be taken as a basis for general estimates in this regard. For these records show an unusually small number of bald-headed prisoners.

.... "Pilgrimages" nowadays are by no leans the laboroius and painful af-Pilgrims fairs that they once were. to a shrine at Temesvar, in Hungry, for example, recently received permission from the bishop to make the journey on bicycles. And it is even doubly well to know how to take care said that some of the cowboys of of them. The following hints will not South Dakota are speeding their herds slowly under the trees while the baby while mounted themselves on bicycles instead of horses. Truly, the world moves, largely on "wheels."

Men are but too apt to judge God by their own changeable states of enough," Mrs. Verne said, when she reliow spots on the fine of cotton reeling toward nim. A man in Eng. awoke rested and refreshed. barn the inscription, "God is love." so Spurgeon remarked to him, "Do you him mean to say that God's love is as changeable as the wind?" "Oh, no!" confidentially. "You see it costs so said the man; "I mean that God is much for us to stay here, and I was love which ever way the wind blows," afraid the money was all thrown That man was possessed of the truest, away—baby was no better, and I was because the Christian, philosophy of

So Mr. Jones gave \$500 to missions at you are eating. his death, did he? The question was asked of a city pastor the other day. asked of a city pastor the other day. mother said, coloring a little. "I'd And the answer was: "I did not say have to dress first—and I'd rather not the gave it, but that he left it; per-haps I should have more explicitly said that he relinquished \$500 because and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne, he could no longer hold it." The distinction needs to be kept in mind. One vation. She did not press the point, gives only when living; he relinquishes but ran off to the kitchen. There is plenty of scripture commendation for giving, but none that we recall for relinquishing what the cold, stiffened fingers of Death "Mrs. Verne's baby is sick, and she will remove mildew. Rinse the cloth the cold, stiffened fingers of Death

The most curious thing in the news-paper line at present in operation appaper line at present in operation appears to be the material on which an with roast lamb and green peas and enterprising editor of Madrid prints his raspberry tarts, and gave it to Daisy. journal. This is a kind of linen coated with a composition which is easily they had under the trees! Daisy's removable by water. When a sub-mamma was away for the day, and no scriber has read the news he sends his one came to look for the little girl, so paper to the washerwoman, and it she and Mrs. Verne ate at their comes back a handkerchief. Two ure; and then the young mother lay queries, however, arise in this con-down in the hammock with her baby Why is the periodical still on her arm. Daisy waited until they called a "paper," and what would a both slept again.

subscriber with only an average When Daisy's mamma returned and subscriber with only an average amount of nose do with so many saw her little daughter's bright face she said: "What has my girlie been amount of handkerchiefs?

ne famous American dentist, Dr. "Helping people," said Daisy. "Clear-mas W. Evans, who has long been ing away trouble, and it's lovely— The famous American dentist, Dr. resident in Paris, is now on a visit ever so much nicer than play."—Woto this country. He opened his Paris man's Journal. office in 1846, and in time came to possess the patronage of Napoleon III .. through whose friendship he gained a distinguished and lucrative practice. After Napoleon's fall, Dr. Evans saw and then spunged on the wrong side that the Empress Eugenie was safely conducted outside of Paris, and he took her in his own carriage from the capital to Calais. With the exception of Queen Victoria, Dr. Evans has attended to the teeth of every sovereign Put in Europe.

While the astronomer is sweeping That will take you off to Yucatan, them out rinse them. This mixture the face of the heavens with increaswill not injure the finest fabric in the ingly powerful lenses year by year, the explorer reaching out farther and It is a very great mistake to keep farther toward Arctic or even Antchoice lace for years without washing. arctic polarity, the mineralogist is Many women believe that it is ruined scrutinizing the earth with renewed by soap and water, and will keep some interest and piercing deeper down to-cherished length for years and years, ward its center. Prof. Wm. Hallock, of Columbus University, for example, is directing the sinking of a shaft near Pittsburg, by means of which he hopes to reach a depth of 10,000 feet by Nov. It is expected that in this way valuable information will be obtained respecting the strata of the earth and the comparative heat of its crust at various depths.

For Boys And Girls

A Long-Felt Want. By Carolyn Wells. One day wee Willie and his dog Sprawled on the nursery floor. He had a florist's catalogue,

And turned the pages o'er. Till all at once he gave a spring. 'Hurrah!" he cried with joy; 'Mamma, here's just the very thing To give your little boy!

For when we fellows go to school, We lose our things, you know; And in that little vestibule They do get mixed up so.

'And as you often say you can't Take care of 'em for me, Why don't you buy a rubber plant And an umbrella tree?" -From St. Nicholas.

2 E How Daisy Helped. "Oh! there's lots of trouble in this vorld!" the cook said as the grocer's boy pased out of the door. Daisy, resting in the wide, cool

porch, turned her blue eyes toward the speaker. "Who has lots of trouble, cook?"

she askea. "Lots of people," said the cook.

Daisy pondered a while, her chin resting on her plump little hand. Then she said suddenly, "Do you, cook?"
"I should think so! There's that bring half the things I ordered. He says the children are all sick and the grocer's worried, so he forgets things. And he can't come much longer it may have lived no one with him; and Kathie is in the back till he's delivered what he's got garden gathering peas, and I can't hits off the nonsense of theosophy neatly when it says: "The theosoph-lsts are not numerous in this countries."

"Ill go," Daisy said, jumping up and tying her white sunbonnet.

As she ran across the latest cakes even to call her." eave these cakes even to call her." As she ran across the lawn a group of children—summer boarders like herself-called to her to join them. But she shook her head gaily and hurried down between the long rows of pea-

vines.

"I'll pick till you come back," said The nimble little fingers pulled the of satirists and moralists for a century plump, green pods swiftly, and when -now we will see what the dancing Kathie returned, hot and breathless, the big basket was nearly full. Then Daisy sat in the porch again, and helped to shell them while she rested. "I don't see how we'd have got many, Madame Christine Codini celebrated her 101st birthday. She well along without you." the cook

Daisy laughed. "It's nice-helping people," she said. "I'm going to find The Poets.

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'. De massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guard de sheepfol' bin. "Oh, Daisy, dear, you are like the unshine!" she said. "Baby has been ook out in de gloomerin' meadows, Whar de long night rain begin-So he call to the hirelin' shepa'd, ill all night, and I am worn out for want of sleep. Would you sit by his Is my sheep is dey all come in

crib for a minute or two, while I bathe Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd. "And then we'll take him out-doors," Dey's some, dey's black and thin, said Daisy eagerly. "Under the big trees it is lovely and cool! And I'll And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's, But de res' dey's all brung in, hold him while you rest in the ham- But de res' rey's all brung in

Den de massa ob de sheepfol' Ten minutes later Daisy sat rocking Dat guard de sheepfol' bin, Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows. slept quietly in her lap. The tired Whar de long night rain beginmother in the hammock close by had So he le' lown de ba's ob de sheepfol, Callin' sof' Come in, Come in! forgotten her troubles and was sleep-"Oh, Daisy, I never can thank you Callin' sof' Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomering meadows, T'ro de col' night rain and win' And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf, so much better able to take care of Whar de sleet fa' piercin' thin

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol' Dey all comes gadderin' in, De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfo!' Dey all comes gadderin' in.

\$ F, The Sea.

lonely sail in the vast sea-room. I have put out for the port of gloom. "No, dear, thank you," the young The voyage is far on the trackless tide,

wide.

steer.

The headlands blue in the sinking day Kiss me a hand on the outward way. The fading gulls, as they dip and veer, Life me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come and the heaving The restless mother is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild. Searching the night for her wandered of. Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,

In the drift of doom I am here, I am

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear, From bourn to bourn of the dusk I

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream Of a roving tide, from dream to dream. -[Bliss Carman.

Lost Opportunity. There is a nest of thrushes in the glen. When we come back, we'll see the glad young things,' He said. We came not by that way again;

And time and thrushes fare on eager wings! 'Yon rose,"-she smiled-"but no; when we return,
I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a sum-

mer day.

The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn Lie hidden well. We came not back that way. again Or, passing by that way, no thing we

As it before had been; but dearth or stain

The very earth is envious, and her arms Reach for the beauty that detained our eyes; Yea, it is lost beyond the aid of charms, If, once within our grasp, we leave the prize!

Thou traveler to the unknown ocean's Through life's fair fields, say not "Another day This joy I'll prove," for never, as I Never shall we come back this selfsame way! -[Edith M. Thomas.

B. S. The Everlasting No.

Thou who hast seen for once and all the vision, Thou who hast felt high discontent, And known the bitter sweet of great ambition. Not for these short-lived follies thou wast meant.

Yet which to follow of the striving Faith, knowledge, nature, still to Surfeit in pleasure, in faith supersti-In knowledge weariness, in love deceit?

and again dropping it in the trunk.
"I'll hide it, old fellow," said Lawrence. He forgot that a dog has a Forth to the wilderness? Ah, I see only Desert winds shaking the desert reeds: Ignorant and thirsting still and lonely Shall solitude suffice my thousand the boy and the dog were on hand. Rex

> What though the inner eye be filled with seeing, What though the mountain and the plain be great. Only to think and brood in dreams of This cannot solve the riddle of our fate.

Sight of the stars and conscious sense of duty, These are but drops in the still vacant heart. These have I known and felt and loved their beauty With half my soul, nor filled the other part. --[Herbert Warren.

STANSTEAD JUNCTION, P.Q., Aug. 12, 1893. MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.: GENTLEMEN-I fell from the bridge lead ing from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a load of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and I struck on the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for its being very fleshy, would have broken it. In an hour could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LINIMENT, and the third day went to Montreal on business and got about well by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best Liniment that I know of in use. Yours truly, C. H. GORDON.

OYSTERS. . . Fresh daily. Served in all styles Meals at all hours.

DINNER - -Stevens & Nicol, European Hotel,

A Smile: A Laugh.

\$x *x=====xxxx== B. F. "At what age were you married?" she asked, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency, and

The tickets to a village ball were not transferable, and this was the way a great deal of suffering. they read: "Admit this gentleman to ball in Assembly Rooms. No gentleman admitted unless he comes him-

The ruling instinct is strong in a thrifty housewife. "My dear," said the husband, who had to tell his wife that he had failed, "the wolf is at the 'Tell him to wipe his feet," said she, absently.

Minister (to elderly female crofter) -I'm sorry to hear your potatoes are very bad this year, Janet. "Deed they are, sir: but I've reason to be thank-fu' to Providence that other folks are as badly off as mysel'." * * *

"I shot a turkey once," said the returned traveler, "so big that it took five men to hold him." After the usual expression had been passed around, he continued, "I meant to hold him, after he was cooked."

Mrs. Mulvaney (the laundress)-In-The watch is long and the seas are dade, ma'am, and it's miserable I am. I'm but jest on my feet wid the pain in me back, an' Jimmy he's as bad off; he has a cough on um that sounds loike an empty bar'l. Cough for the and choking at night, and in conselady, Jimmy.

Kind neighbor (accompanied by a are completely restored to their large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—He's a good dog; he never hurts anyone. Don't you see how he wags his tail? Little Girl (still shrinking back)-Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid

* * * *

Willie (handing his uncle a bottle of glue)-I hope you will have a very happy birthday, Uncle Dick. Uncle Dick-Thank you little man, but what is this for? Willie-Oh, I thought you would be so pleased with it. heard papa say the other night that you never could make your stories stick together.

As two Highlanders were walking through Govan one afternoon, a trolley car passed them. Both were struck with astonishment, never having seen any before, but at last one them managed to gasp out: "Lor" pless me, Tougal! did you ever saw the likes of that before? Ta coach has run away frae the horse."

Among the replies to an advertisement of a musical committee for a candidate as organist, music teacher etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist or music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my ser-A certain rector in a Suffolk village

who was disliked in his parish had We do not pass the self-same way a curate who was very popular and, on his leaving, was presented a te timonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this PRICE BY T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTCAST testimonial." "Why, sir," said the testimonial." old lady, "if you'd bin a-going I'd 'ave subscribed double."

> has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth. I think he has the baldest head I ever saw on an infant. It has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day gently patting the "Be careful, Dorothy," said the mo "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting his teeth." Dorothy patted the bald head re-"Mamma," she said, "is it going to make him sick when he cuts his hair?"

Dorothy has a baby brother who

The Bladder

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

I was troubled for three years with inflammation of the bladder, the neck of which was nearly closed up. Doctors and medicines gave me no relief until I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Seven boxes completely cured me. I work in Tuckett's tobacco factory, and all my fellow-employés know of my disease and can testify to my wonderful cure. THOMAS JOYCE,

124 Peter St., Hamilton. Dodd's Kidney Pills Always cure Bladder Troubles.

Now for Your Suit

SLATER'S. OPPOSITE THE V. PRICES LOW

LONDON SHOW CASE MORKS having removed to new quarters, corne pared to take orders for Show Cases, A few good Second-Hand Cases for sale Estimates given and contracts taken for wood carving by an expert,

S. Gillies & Son.

Will give great bargains for one month in pedroom sets, extension tables, lounges chairs, springs and mattresses, to make room for fall stock. Cooking stoves and baseburners, with oven, and heating stoves. Agood organ for sale. Stoves and 857 Talbot Street South of King Street

AND LUNG TROUBLE

Mr. Jas. B. Jones, 115 Wellington quietly responded, "At the parson-age." street, London, Ont., says: "Four years ago I was very sick with lung trouble, and from that time my heart has not been right, and has caused me

> "Just before going to bed and during the night I had stoppage of breath, and I felt as if I was smothering. Sometimes I was afraid to lie down lest I should choke to death. I seldom got to sleep before 3 o'clock in the morning. The loss of sleep and exertion from strangling spells which I endured exhausted my strength, so much so that oftentimes my heart almost stopped pulsating. I was in constant dread of instant death through heart failure, and had frequently sharp pains through my temples, together with dizziness and a mist before

> "My memory became very uncertain, and it was a task to recall what hap-pened even a day before. In addition to this I had almost to force myself to eat. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at W. T. Strong's drug store some weeks ago, have proved a remarkable remedy in my case. From the time I commenced their use their good effects have been apparent. I had little faith in any treatment, having tried so many things without effect, but I am thankful to say that these wonderful pills have made my heart strong. It now

> beats naturally. "I no longer suffer from smothering quence get restful sleep. I have gained in vigor and strength; my nerves mer condition: I can eat my food with

ness. "To put the matter in a few words. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the only medicine that did me any good. They have raised me from a state of despair to a condition of hopefulness and health. I have great reason to be thankful that I began taking them, and hope that all others who suffer in a similar way will read this testimony and try these pills, so that they may get the benefit for which I now am so thankful."



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