

PALE AND BLOODLESS.

Thousands of Anemic Girls Hurrying to the Grave.

A Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anaemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble.

It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anaemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hope of a cure.

CUNNING PAUL.

Wouldn't Starve if He Had no Extras to Pay. When Oom Paul first visited this country he was the subject of much concern to his fellow passengers on board the liner from Cape Town.

Helping Her to Bear It. "What troubles you, poor girl?" the kind-hearted man asked. The sweet faced maiden looked up at him through her eyes and said: "They have taken my brother to jail because he received stolen property. I am disgraced forever!"

Lest We Forget. Ladies of Canada: The bond of union between the mother country and her colonies is strong. In time of necessity the colonies have always been loyal.

Cameo Cutter's Nerve-Trying Work. The cameo cutter can put in only a few hours' work at a time as a usual thing, because of the tension on his nerves.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. Manila's Trying Climate. A naval officer who has spent much time in Manila says that the women, and even young girls, seem to grow old and faded from day to day from the effects of the climate.

TRIED TO STEAL A CHILD.

For This Offence an Eagle is Imprisoned for Life at Denver.

Imprisonment for life was the sentence passed upon an eagle which visited Denver recently. The offence was attempted child stealing, and the prisoner is already biting at the bars of the old Highlands town jail, which now does duty as an eagle cage in the City Park menagerie.

Two wires which are strung across the lawn at the Court House yesterday morning saved a four-year-old boy from feeling the talons of the eagle in his tender flesh. That it was the intention of the bird when it swooped down to carry off the child there can be little doubt, but that it could have done so is doubtful.

The child was leaning over the coping of the fountain on the lawn of the Court House playing with a chip "boat" in the placid water. John Stoddard, a clerk in the county treasurer's office, was in the store-room, which is in the basement, and he happened to look up in the sky and saw an eagle soaring at the height of several hundred feet. The great bird swung in a circle high over the rooftops and then began swoop lower and lower. It came down to about the height of the Court House tower, then folded its wings and swooped straight for the unsuspecting child. It was done before Mr. Stoddard could shout a warning, and the bird would have landed directly on the child had it not struck the wires. The force of the blow was such that the wires were torn from their fastenings at one end, and the bird fell with a mighty splash stoned in to the basin of the fountain.

The little boy screamed and ran for home, while Mr. Stoddard ran out to find a spread of black wings which almost filled the space in the basin. The eagle apparently was dead, but after being taken from the water it revived and fought viciously with its wings, beak and talons. It was put in a box and the park commissioners notified. Later in the day it was taken to the City Park and put in the cage. Mr. Stoddard is a member of the Eagles and he made the stipulation that if the bird died the body should be given him to be stuffed and mounted for the lodge room of the Order.

A French Peasant's Luck.

At the last lottery connected with the Paris Exposition, the drawings for which were made just before the opening of the international show, the first prize, one of half a million francs was captured by a poor peasant, who had never earned more than 20 francs a week.

It is interesting to learn, says the London Express, that the winner of the great prize for 1898—a woman—has not yet been paid. This woman won the 500,000-franc prize, but had cut off a small portion of her ticket.

Now, the law regulating these lotteries is that the ticket must be presented intact. Should it be mutilated in the slightest the winner is barred from receiving the prize until thirty years has elapsed.

Rheumatism Cured.

Jas. McKee, Linwood, Ont. Lachin McNeil, Mabou, C. B. John A. McDonald, Arnprior, Ont. C. B. Billing, Markham, Ont. John Mader, Mahone Bay, N.S. Lewis Butler, Burk, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Farmers to Own 'Phones.

Municipal ownership is proposed on a large scale in Wisconsin. An enactment of the Legislature last winter gives any municipality the right to issue negotiable bonds, on the petition of a majority of the freeholders, for the establishment and maintenance of a telephone system. The Farmers' Telephone Construction Company, with a capital of \$500,000, has been organized to establish a plant in any town, or a part of a town, and to guarantee a return of 100 subscribers at \$12 per year, taking its pay in the township bonds. These bonds are to be paid in twenty years, 5 per cent, being set aside annually for a sinking fund. It is assumed that the income from the lines will provide for the operating expenses and interest on the bonds and the sinking fund. With the maturity of the bonds the plant is to become the unincumbered property of the township.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, it has become incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Lemon Drop Cakes With Sauce.

One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, the whites of two eggs, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of lemon extract, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Flour to moisten very stiff. Place large spoonfuls on a pan at equal distances apart, and brown quickly in a hot oven. Make a rich sauce similar to the orange sauce, flavoured with lemon juice and grated rind. Serve hot.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. Manila's Trying Climate. A naval officer who has spent much time in Manila says that the women, and even young girls, seem to grow old and faded from day to day from the effects of the climate.

AN EDITOR'S WIFE.

The Things She Learns in Early Dawn.

NOT AFRAID OF BURGLARS. (Woman at Home.)

The girl who marries an editor should possess her soul in patience, and like the lady in the Proverbs, find her comfort in "locking well to the ways of her household." She must not, like Blanche Inoxy, require the grandes emotions, or have a "stormy soul"; for these things demand the attentions of a thoroughly unpreoccupied husband. She must not be vain of her accomplishments, for her husband will think nothing of going to sleep during her most masterly efforts at Mozart or Chopin. She will gradually accustom herself to regard her music as the humblest of her editor's duties, and she will find in the editor's office a refuge from the rack of office work—the crushing juggernaut of politics. She must not rebel if, like the husband in "Elizabeth's German Garden," he fall "to speak a single whole sentence in three weeks," and she must expect not to see her husband until he has had his usual relaxations. An editor does not, as a rule, bring his wife home enticed parcels from Fuller's, or bouquets from Covent Garden. His wife must endure his absence for at least a fortnight, and must tolerate the fact that his meals, his waking and sleeping hours are all extraordinary and irregular. When he comes home after an hour late owing to the stray call of some belated lunatic at the office, she must bear, unmurmuring, the complaints of the overcooked dinner. She must resign herself to the sad fact that her husband has barely time to notice her or her toilettes; she may even wear the same dress for months, and if there happened to be a strike on, or a colonial war, or even a new budget, it will matter little for his eyes are fixed, so to speak, on Berricholus, or on the through three courses and a desert. Like Trollope's hero of "The Three Clerks," "his heart is in his office; his heart is always there," and his wife only gets the reverberation of his mind. His whole attention is never yours, for even when you are your poor way, his brow will be corrugated by an impending libel case, or a new linotype, or twenty million things. There is, however, one exception to this rule. If he comes in at half-past three in the morning, filled with woe and the prospect of an European war, his wife must be ready to soothe and sympathize. "My dear," an editor's wife of some thirty years' experience once said to me, "Thomas has told me all I know of politics when he came home in the early dawn and the sparrows were twittering. Poor woman! What dismal associations those sparrows must always have had for her! The editorial husband in the slightest communicative by day; for if his wife were a political question, he will probably crush her by remarking, "Why don't you read your paper?" it comes every morning!"

The girl destined to be the wife of an editor should not be afraid of burglars, for it will be her sad fate to keep the front door unbolted till her spouse lets himself in. In the unearthy hours with his latch-key, if socially inclined, she must early make up her mind to go everywhere alone—or else to stay at home. If she and her husband do not have a strange chance, go out to dinner together, she never sees him after they once sit down, for he goes on to the office, and she must return home with the latch-key, eighteenth century tied up in the corner of her handkerchief, and maybe a kicking hansom horse and a tipsy driver—to her lonely abode.

It may be said, in some extenuation of the editor's many grievances, that, so far as he is concerned, he occupies, so to speak, a throne far above his fellow men. The girl who marries an editor must either be remarkably thick-skinned, or else be firmly resolved to live her own life and have only her own friends. She must resolve sternly to ignore the crushing responsibilities of office, which offer, so far as she is concerned, no compensation. She must be a world unto herself, capable of enduring much solitude—even of enjoying her life in a kind of lonely and enchanted palace, to which her husband returns only once in a while, to return with a latch-key in the dark.

Be Patriotic.

Your brothers and lovers are returning covered with glory. The whole empire awaits the result of their achievements. In Africa they met their cousins—British tea planters—also fighting for the cause. Dear Cousins—You can aid the comrades of your soldier brothers. Try Ceylon and India GREEN teas, if you now drink Japans. Leave the rest to your dainty palates. Salada, Monsoon and Blue Ribbon packets await you.—Colonist.

Why Buttons Are on Sleeves.

Frederick the Great liked to see his soldiers smartly dressed. Many of the men were in the habit of wiping the perspiration from their faces with their coat sleeves, which soiled the sleeves and gave the coat an untidy appearance. To put a stop to this practice, Frederick ordered a row of buttons placed on the upper side of each sleeve. In this manner the habit was broken up.

Worth \$10 a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nervine will tell you that it is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes, in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Small bottles, 25c. and 50c. Why not try it today? Large bottles 25c. Sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure—Nervine.

Statues are Dearer.

Bronze statues cost more to make at Paris than they did a year ago, the rise in the price of metal having caused an increase of 10 to 15 per cent. In the price of bronze castings. Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

FEED THE TREES. Where People Want Leaves Piled Around Them. It is said to be most essential to the growth and vigor of trees that the leaves which fall off in autumn should be allowed to remain on the ground and thus become a fertilizer for them. This is certainly nature's provision, and yet how often they are collected and otherwise disposed of, especially in the case of shade trees on the streets of our town, for the purpose of making it easier to clean away the snow which usually falls shortly after the leaves. When the trees are deprived of their fertilizer in this way and nothing else provided as a substitute it can scarcely be wondered at if they make poor growth and present a stunted and starved appearance, falling an easy prey to insect pests. In many public parks where the value of the fallen leaves is known as a fertilizer strict injunctions are made against their being diverted for this purpose. This should be the law with regard to shade trees in Owen Sound.—Owen Sound Advertiser.

Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns removed in a few days by the only sure, safe and painless cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor. Try it. At druggists.

Frankie's Threat.

Frankie was bathing one day with his playmates when his big cousin caught him up suddenly and ducked him in a huge wave. He came up spluttering, and as soon as he caught his breath he shrieked—"If you drown me I will tell mamma!"

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's Great Peppermint Cure.

Small Boy's Pluck.

In a Kew bridge tram in London last week a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked him why he was so excited before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following—"Please charge it to my papa; I've swallowed the money!"

LUNG TROUBLE AND CATARRH

Of the Nose and Throat Permanently Cured by CATARRHOZONE. A REMARKABLE RECOVERY. Tenapee, N. S.—"Throughout the greater part of last winter I suffered from terrible colds. Thoughtlessly I followed them to run without any regard to the result, and they would work off, but they didn't, and while they were on my lungs, and I knew that my condition was indeed precarious, then I tried myself and tried to get well. My remedies such as cough mixtures, poultices, spraying of the throat, etc., were resorted to, but they didn't seem able to reach the trouble. CATARRHOZONE was recommended to me and I gave it a trial. After using the inhaler five minutes I realized it was just the proper treatment in my case. I could feel the progress of the respiratory passages, and knew that I was going to cure. I continued CATARRHOZONE, and I was cured in a few days. My lungs then gained strength and tone and I was soon well. CATARRHOZONE also cured my husband of nasal and throat catarrh. I firmly believe in this medicine and can witness its magical action. My Best Friend. If you are a sufferer from colds, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, if your lungs are weak, if there is consumption in your family then use Catarrhozone. It prevents and cures these diseases, and is pleasant and convenient to use. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail. Price \$1.00. A six trial size sent free if the inclosure for boxing and postage. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont.

Handsome Watch

Slim winder, American size, and Gold Ring with Pearl and Garnets, in heart-shaped case. Gold and Bow, an Autograph or Accordion. SEND us your name and address, and we will send you by return mail 9 boxes of our famous old English remedy, Dr. Price's Sarsaparilla Blood Pills. Sold here and sent us the money, and we will give you for your trouble the premium you select, sent postpaid. These pills are the best in the world for blood impurities, and kidney diseases, rheumatism, general debility and all stomach troubles. Write us today. PRICE M'FG. CO., 88 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

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We have made dropsey and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Cures worst cases. Book of TESTIMONIALS and 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE. DR. H. W. GREEN'SONS, BOX 0 ATLANTA, GA.

MAN AND HIS TROUBLES.

Substance of a Recent Oration at the Fathers' Congress.

At the fathers' congress, held in this city, shortly after the adjournment of the mothers' congress, Fred Pressery delivered an address on "Man; How, When and Why is He?" He said, in part—

"Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of microbes. He hopped out of bed in the morning and his feet are pierced with the tack of disappointment. He walks through the streets of the city in the pride and glory of his manhood and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune and unjointeth his neck. He smoketh the cigar of contentment, and behold, it explodes with a loud noise, for it was loaded. He siliceth down the banister of life and encounters many slivers of torture. He meditates upon all the days of his life. In his infancy he is afflicted with the worms and colic, and in his old age he is afflicted with rheumatism and ingrowing toe-nails. He droppeth straight for the unsupporting relaxations. An editor does not, as a rule, bring his wife home enticed parcels from Fuller's, or bouquets from Covent Garden. His wife must endure his absence for at least a fortnight, and must tolerate the fact that his meals, his waking and sleeping hours are all extraordinary and irregular. When he comes home after an hour late owing to the stray call of some belated lunatic at the office, she must bear, unmurmuring, the complaints of the overcooked dinner. She must resign herself to the sad fact that her husband has barely time to notice her or her toilettes; she may even wear the same dress for months, and if there happened to be a strike on, or a colonial war, or even a new budget, it will matter little for his eyes are fixed, so to speak, on Berricholus, or on the through three courses and a desert. Like Trollope's hero of "The Three Clerks," "his heart is in his office; his heart is always there," and his wife only gets the reverberation of his mind. His whole attention is never yours, for even when you are your poor way, his brow will be corrugated by an impending libel case, or a new linotype, or twenty million things. There is, however, one exception to this rule. If he comes in at half-past three in the morning, filled with woe and the prospect of an European war, his wife must be ready to soothe and sympathize. "My dear," an editor's wife of some thirty years' experience once said to me, "Thomas has told me all I know of politics when he came home in the early dawn and the sparrows were twittering. Poor woman! What dismal associations those sparrows must always have had for her! The editorial husband in the slightest communicative by day; for if his wife were a political question, he will probably crush her by remarking, "Why don't you read your paper?" it comes every morning!"

"What is man but the blind worm of fate? Behold, he is impaled upon the hook of despair, and furnishes bait for the leviathan, death, in the fathomless ocean of time. Sorrow and travail follow him all the days of his life. In his infancy he is afflicted with the worms and colic, and in his old age he is afflicted with rheumatism and ingrowing toe-nails. He droppeth straight for the unsupporting relaxations. An editor does not, as a rule, bring his wife home enticed parcels from Fuller's, or bouquets from Covent Garden. His wife must endure his absence for at least a fortnight, and must tolerate the fact that his meals, his waking and sleeping hours are all extraordinary and irregular. When he comes home after an hour late owing to the stray call of some belated lunatic at the office, she must bear, unmurmuring, the complaints of the overcooked dinner. She must resign herself to the sad fact that her husband has barely time to notice her or her toilettes; she may even wear the same dress for months, and if there happened to be a strike on, or a colonial war, or even a new budget, it will matter little for his eyes are fixed, so to speak, on Berricholus, or on the through three courses and a desert. Like Trollope's hero of "The Three Clerks," "his heart is in his office; his heart is always there," and his wife only gets the reverberation of his mind. His whole attention is never yours, for even when you are your poor way, his brow will be corrugated by an impending libel case, or a new linotype, or twenty million things. There is, however, one exception to this rule. If he comes in at half-past three in the morning, filled with woe and the prospect of an European war, his wife must be ready to soothe and sympathize. "My dear," an editor's wife of some thirty years' experience once said to me, "Thomas has told me all I know of politics when he came home in the early dawn and the sparrows were twittering. Poor woman! What dismal associations those sparrows must always have had for her! The editorial husband in the slightest communicative by day; for if his wife were a political question, he will probably crush her by remarking, "Why don't you read your paper?" it comes every morning!"

In Memory of King Alfred.

The colossal memorial to King Alfred the Great, now in course of preparation, which is to be erected in Winchester, England, will probably be one of the most remarkable pieces of sculpture in the kingdom.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. To Welcome Gen. Buller. In the south of England General Buller's friends are turning up with great vigor for the return of the conquering hero. The Duke of Westminster has received a cordial welcome at Chester from his friends and tenants.

A VALUABLE RECIPE

For Coughs, Colds and Lung Diseases. Take a half teaspoon full Flax-seed Tea with a dose of EBY'S GERMAN BRUST BALSAM. Four or five times a day. It never fails to give immediate relief. 25 and 50 cents at all Druggists, or from M. F. EBY, Chemist, Port Elgin, Ont.

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THE GREAT THROUGH LINE TO Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Rochester, Philadelphia, New York, Washington, Baltimore and All Points South.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

COACH HORSES. About 17 hands high; weight from 1,100 to 1,300 must be sound; age not to exceed 5 years. Address: ALEX. MCGARR, Windsor Hotel, Montreal, Que.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE.

One of the finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton, on two railways. 150 acres, 45 to 50% in fruit, mostly peaches, 12,000 bushels of fruit, mostly peaches in sight this season. Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. This is a bargain. Address: JONATHAN CARPENTER, P.O. Box 409, Winona, Ont.

FITS PERMANENTLY CURED BY DR. KILNE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

No fits or nervousness after first day's use. Send to 581 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for treatise and free \$2 trial bottle. For sale by J. A. HALL, 110 St. James street, Montreal, Que.

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Is by Public Analyst's report 100 PER CENT. PURE. OUR GOLDEN YELLOWS are the best Yellow Sugars made in the world. A TEST WILL PROVE IT. ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERY

The Largest Handlers of Apples in the World.

Simons, Shutteworth & Co., Liverpool, England. Simons, Jacobs & Co., Glasgow, Scotland. Garcia Jacobs & Co., London, England. Proceeds of sales are promptly remitted by cable. Full and accurate Market Reports are issued to weekly Exporters of apples will be furnished with market reports, sellings of steamers and other information, by applying to J. M. SHUTTLEWORTH, "BOW PARK" FARM, BRANTFORD, ONT. W. M. FRENCH, 185 McGill street, Montreal, will attend to the prompt dispatch of all consignments made to the above named firms.