NEGROES AS GOOD SONG WRITERS

way the negroes are making. They have been written by negroes, and this his merits, too.

There are several white men who are supposed to be negroes because of their faithful interpretation of negro talk and melody, particularly Harry Von Tilzer, Leo Friedman and Bob Adams, whose most popular songs are "I Wants to Be the Leadin' Lady," "Coon, Coon," and "My Girl from Dixie.

Song-writing from the standpoint of its highest possibilities is not by any means unprofitable, and even so legitimate a writer as Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, has wilted under its financial blandishments. He has eased his obstacled career with the proceeds from "Darktown Is Out To-

Mr. Dunbar has been fortunate in as Will Marion Cook, also a negro, and admitted to be the most learned colored musician in America. He signs his serious compositions with his full

FINE MUSICAL TRAINING.

Cook studied harmony, counterpoint and composition under the best teachers in Leipsig and Berlin, and his original intention, of course, was to compose serious operas. But he found that the colored composer was not especially wanted; and since it is popularly assumed that one must live he put his erudition aside and sought the easiest means of connecting with com-

About this time George Lederer, the theatrical man, heard of him, and was interested, and some months later Casino Girl" was produced, the score by Will Marion Cook. He later wrote "Clorinda," an operetta, which also took well, and he has no difficulty now writing one or two successful songs a year. Just now he is at work on the score of "In Dahomey," a musical comedy written by Paul Lawrence Dunbar and designed for Williams and Walker's company, also all negroes. As Cook is recognized as the most

learned of America's colored musicians, so is Al Johns recognized as the most melodious. Unlike Cook, Johns has not been educated in music, but nevertheless he writes well anything from a coon song to an intermezzo. He has a composition on the market representative of every branch of music writing, and the most of what he has written has been successful. To identify him more closely, he is the 'Way Back and Sit Down" and "My Lady Love."

"UNBLEACHED AMERICAN." once subtitled him, "the unbleached which music publishers say are

writing business of today is the head- highest salary ever paid to a negro way the negroes are making. They for a vaudeville act-\$200 a week. He is so black that he does his turn withhave the actual supremacy in popu- out make-up. He recently broke the larity. The majority of the popular negro record by appearing ten concoon songs of the past three years secutive weeks at one New York theater. He is otherwise famous as the author of the first ragtime songs is probably the only avenue of en- ever published. "The Pas-ma-la" and deavor where the negro actually leads, "All Coons Look Alike to Me." Hogan and, as may be imagined, strictly on is of the opinion that, black or white, a man should go on his mental merits, and this point recently involved him in a quarrel with a gentleman in have written popular coon songs who Honolulu, where he was playing at The affair was considered the time. of enough importance to be cabled to

the United States. Colored performers have had their dreamlike careers as well as white performers. Four years ago Williams and Walker, both colored, were singing in a Chicago dive theater for \$15 a week. A New York theatrical manager happened to see their act and was so impressed with it that he promptly signed them for a year at \$50 a week each. They appeared in a New York Casino production called "The Gold Bug," which ran only one week, but it served to make stars of Williams and Walker.

Today they are at the head of their own company, and have an earning night," "Down Lovers' Lane," "Emcapacity of perhaps \$15,000 a year each. ancipation Day," "Who Dat Say Bert Williams, the big comedian of Chicken in Dis Crowd," and others the team, is the author of "Why Den't You Get a Lady of Your Own?" and "The Fortune Telling Man," besides collaborating with so clever a composer having suggested the plots of many of the successes that have been sung in his company.

Johnson, Cole and Johnson are a his serious compositions with his full colored vaudeville team who write name, and his more trivial ones Will songs together on the side. They are the joint authors of such successful songs as "I Must a-Been a-Dreamin', "The Wedding of the Chinee and the Coon," "The Maiden with the Dreamy Eyes," "If Dat's Society, Excuse Me," and "The Steamboat Song," popular ized by May Irwin."

Will Accooe, the musical director of Williams & Walker's company, is a West Indian negro and a very talented composer. He has collaborated with Harry B. Smith, James O'Dea and noted writers of lyrics, and is the author of "The Phrenologist Coon," one of the most successful songs of the year.

"Dreamy Eyes" was written for Anna Held, and was sung with success in "The Little Duchess." The Johnson brothers write the words of the songs and Cole the music. Rosamond Johnson is now the choirmaster and organist in a church in New York. Three of the coon song successes of this season are by a team of colored writers, R. C. McPherson and James T. They wrote "Good Morning, "Josephine, My Jo," and Brymn. "Please Let Me Sleep." Brymn has the distinction of being the blackest man in New York.

As may be noted by the above list of songs, which are representative of what the colored race in America has written, no negro has yet written anything thoroughly high-class, such as a ballad, a lullaby or a characteristic instrumental piece, that has become nationally popular. It has been altogether ragtime, and of a very ephemeral type. A negro did not write A Hot Time in the Old Town Next in importance undoubtedly is night," "Coon, Coon, Coon," or "I'd Ernest Hogan, or, as a press agent Leave My Happy Home for You," American." He is a legitimate actor only coon songs yet written that have as well as the foremost coon-song a chance to outlive this generation.

J. WILKES BOOTH'S FAMOUS OIL WELL

Destroyed by Lightning the Night of Lincoln's Assassination.

"About the close of the year 1864." said an old-time Venango County (Pa.) oil operator, "when the Prather boys were scouring about the country trying to raise money to buy the Holmden property at Pithole, before oil had been found at that afterward famous and rich but short-lived petroleum center, John Wilkes Booth was at Meadville one day, waiting for a train eastward on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, now the Erie. He was in the office of the McHenry House. One of the Prather boys was there talking up the prospects of oil at Pit-

"Booth became interested. He began to talk with Prather. He stood by a window, and as he talked he scratched his full name, John Wilkes Booth, on one of the panes of the window with the diamond in a ring he were. The signature was written on the glass heroic characters. The upshot of Mr. Booth's talk with Prather was that he

invested \$15,000 in Pithole property.
"In the following April the drill struck the oil vein on this property, and the famous Homestead well began opouting 500 barrels of oil in a day! Pithole had in the meantime turned out to be even richer in oil than the Prathers had prophesied, and a teeming city had sprung up in the wilderness like Prather boys had bought well for \$100,000 and sold It for more nan \$2,000,000. The Homestead well, in which Booth had his \$15,000 investment, was only one of a dozen equally large spouting wells, rouped at Pithole. Oil was then \$6 a barrel, and the smallest fraction of ownership in a Pithole well was a

"The night that President Lincoln was shot a thunderstorm, something unusual at that time of year, gathered over Pithole. There was but one flash of lightning and one clap of thunder. This was not regarded with any significance at Pithole at the time, but subsequent revelations clothed it with a significance that awod the superstitious and startled those who

The tidings that the war was over had reached the oil regions, and the American flag was flying from the top of every derrick. The one thunderbolt of that storm at Pithole struck the rig of the Homestead well and set it on fire. When, next day, the news of the assassination of Lincoln by Booth, came to Pithole, the city was over-hung by a dense pall of black smoke from the burning Homestead well. As far away as Oil City the ominous black pillar was seen hanging against the sky over Pithole. The fact that the assassin Booth

owned part of the Homestead well at when it was learned that the bolt had descended upon it at the very hour and minute that Booth had fired the cowardly shot that martyred the President. the coincidence seemed so significant that every effort that had been making to extinguish the fire at the well and stop the great waste of wealth, every lap of the flames was adding to,

ceased on the moment, and the very spot was shunned by all but the others nterested in the well, who at last succeeded in getting control over the "The moment the news of the assassination reached Meadville, indignant guests at the McHenry House, Meadville, would have shattered to fragments the window whereon Booth had inscribed his name a few months before, but the proprietor of the hotel

succeeded in saving it, as he had a thrifty eye to its future value. He removed the offensive pane from window, and subsequently sold it for a good price to a Philadelphian who, I believe, presented it to the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

Hatchod Eggs in Armpit.

M. Kolomaizeff, a medical student, of ow, has discovered an ingenious od of hatching eggs. He carried for eighteen days a turkey's egg in one of his armpits, and lo! on the nineteenth day a young turkey made its appearance. For some months M. Kolomaizef has been experimenting in this direction, and considers he is amply rewarded

now he considers he is amply rewarded for all his labor.

The news of his discovery went at once to St. Petersburg, and now, according to a Russian journal, several persons there are trying to hatch hens' eggs and ducks' eggs in a similar fashion.

HURRY UPI

Everywhere one hears that expression "hurry up!" It is a genuine Americanism expressive of the "rush" in which we live. Nothing is swift



enough for us. We race against steam and lightning and find grudge the time given to eating, and rush eating, and rush through meals as though life depended upon our haste. Life does depend on our haste, but not in that sense. Look at the obituary columns of the papers and see how many promi away by "stomach trouble," "acute indigestion" and other related diseases. Their lives have in general been sacrificed to the haste and rush of business which over looked the fact that food can only nourish

the body when digest ed and assimilated and that the digestive and assimilative processes can't be hurried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, cures diseases of the stomach and the asso-ciated organs of digestion and nutrition. The source of all physical strength is food, properly digested and perfectly assimilated. By enabling the perfect digestion and assim-lation of food "Golden Medical Discovery" creases and enriches the blood supply and sends new strength to every organ of

the body.

"I was at one time as I thought almost at death's door," writes Mr. J. S. Bell, of Leando, Van Buren Co., Iowa. "I was confined to my house and part of the time to my bed. I had taken quantities of medicines but they only scemed to feed the disease; but I must say that 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured me, and to-day I am stouter than I have been for twenty years. I am now forty-three years old."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser sent free to you on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send fifty one-cent stamps for cloth bound book, or thirty-one stamps for paper covered, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Spectacles for Soldiers. [American Medicine.]

Because of the necessity of making the soldier a good marksman the army regulations in Continental Europe have allowed the use of spectacles. It is strange legic, however, that sees in this a proof of national degeneration. It is, in fact, the reverse, because it shows that we are at last becoming aware of the stupidity of the prejudice against spectacles, and that it is easy by their use to make a good and useful soldier of one who, by reason of bad vision, was a poor soldier because he shot at random instead of with precision. That it is evidence of ocular degeneration in the nation or race there is not a particle of scientific or statistical evidence. Ametropia, which causes amblyopia, is probably decreasing with the progress of civilization.

Civilization makes us need glasses more bacause we need to see better, not because the eye is poorer than it We know of one railway superintendent who was so opposed to spectacles that his trainmen feared to use them, and thus ran constant danger of accidents. Doubtless many wrecks have been due to the poor vision, which itself was caused by lack of proper spectacles. The only objection to their use by soldiers, engineers, etc., is that in rain and fog the lenses require protection or frequent cleansing. An indirect benefit of the army regulations may be that at last some continental opthalmologist may some time learn the art of refraction, and that he may teach others, so that in the course of centuries millions may secure the good vision and the consequent health and usefulness of life now denied them by unprofessional ophthalmology.

BARON MIKOSCH'S ENGLISH KNOWLEDGE

Curious Twists Made by Celebrated Viennese Nobleman.

(Philadelphia Times.) Baron Mikesch, the Hungarian nobleman who became famous throughout Europe by his endless series of blunders, was prouder, perhaps, of his knowledge of English than any other accomplishment. That he did not speak the language with absolute perfection never seemed to occur to him, any more than the fact that unusual and unceremonious methods of saying things might strike Englishmen and Americans as ridiculous. This, perhaps, was not to be wondered at, seeing that part of his knowledge, at least, had been acquired from the phonetically spelled pages of Josh Billings' works, which an American wag to whom he had appealed for guidance in English literature had presented to him. Thereafter it was impossible to persuade the baron that "American' was not a language distinct from that

spoken in the British Isles. Although unwilling to admit the possibility that his mastery of English at the moment was not complete, the baron most illogically was open to flattery on his progress in the language.
"Oh, yes." he said on one occasion when complimented on his linguistic improvement, "I have made great for-ward steps Last year I would have said, 'I go by a party,' but now I must

say, 'I go at a party''
On another occasion the baron was the recipient of a favor from an English lady, for which he expressed the most profuse thanks. 'Oh, please don't mention it, baron,'

said the lady, overwhelmed by his gratitude. 'No, madam, I won't!" he replied in a confidential whisper.

The most noteworthy manifestation, however, of the baron's tendency to interpret English in its most literal sense was on the occasion of a formal call

which he paid an American girl in Munich lady as he was leaving. "Do come soon "I shall, indeed," said the Hungar-

ian, and, having passed two hours in a nearby restaurant, he then returned to keep his promise As the possessor of a garden of considerable extent in Vienna, the baron of the expense. Four hundred acres of found himself molested by trespassers, land were given him as a fee at the

and in order to check the evil he prepared a polyglot notice to the effect that trespassing was forbidden. The English portion of the notice read as "This ground is private. You will please keep out immediately."

CANADA AS COMPARED WITH OTHER LANDS

Its Vast Area Would Accomodate One Hundred Millions.

It is always an interesting pastime to formulate comparisions by which the vast area of Canada may be more fully realized. In an article in Leisure Hour for August, Frank Yeigh has the following paragraph, under the head of "The Bigness of Canada:" The Canadian can at least boast of the area of his native land, comprising 3,square miles, or nearly onetwelfth of the land area of the world. and, excluding Alaska, larger than the United States. It extends over twenty degrees of latitude, equal to the distance from Constantinople to the north pole. Twenty-eight United Kingdoms, seventeen Germanys, eighteen French Republics, twenty Spains and 33 Italys could be accommodated within its borders, or three British Indias, or the whole Australian Commonwealth. Canada forms one-third of the whole British Empire. It is large enough to give each inhabitant of the Dominion over 400 acres of land. The American Geographical Society has asserted that there are over a million square miles of practically unexplored territory in Northern Canada-one-third of the entire country. There are 12,000 miles of coast line, and the waves of three oceans beat upon her shores. Switzerlands could be sunk in Lake Superior. Hudson Bay, 600 miles wide and 1,300 miles from north to south, would swallow up Norway, Sweden Denmark and Belgium. The great dis-tances are indicated by the water-There is continuous navigation ways. from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to the read of Lake Superior, a distance of 2,384 miles. The Mackenzie River, flowing into the Arctic Ocean, is over 2,000 miles long; if it ran east and west it would stretch half way across the Dominion. There are four great parallel mountain ranges on the Pacific slope, Mount Hooker—16,000 feet high—being the King of the Peaks. Halifax is nearly 4,000 miles from Victoria, greater than the distance across the Atlantic from Halifax to London Canada has room for one hundred million people.

HIS WIFE'S UNDISCOVERED LIE

glass on her dressing table, staring hard at the reflection of her face; it was a woman who rarely looked in a glass at all. It would seem cruel to catalogue in detail every defect of the face she saw there; she was not and never had been beautiful. She had always known it. Ten years before. when she had married a blind man, she had known perfectly well how desperately amusing her friends and acquaintances would be about the event, as they discussed it behind her holiday of funniness from time to time. And she was much in love with the blind man, and he with her.

She had the body of a very beauti-

ful woman; that made the ugliness of her face more sardonically cruel. Her voice was sweet; her laugh-she often laughed-was musical. She had told her husband often that she was not beautiful; her truthfulness had made her do that. But her love of him was more than her love of truth, and she ute to give some trifling orders as to was content to leave him quite un- preparations for her husband's arrival, convinced and saying that it was always so-that no woman would own of the station. in so many words that she was beautiful, even though she must know it. There had always been the chance early." that he would recover his sight. She had pretended to him that she prayed and longed for this. It had been the one horror of her life. One day per-haps this man would see her face. He would act beautifully and give no start of horror nor let the expression of his face betray him. He would be very kind and very polite. And he would not love her any more. In a for her to have stepped out of the thousand ways, so small that she road. But she seemed dazed with terwould be unconscious of them, unable to name and describe them, she would the tragedy, the paper pointed out, know that he did not love her any was that this was the very train more. Yet it was not quite all pre-tense; at times, when she saw how desperately he longed for the light of the sun again, she found that for had regained his sight. his sake she, too, was hoping that he were found in her hand. would recover his sight, even though she knew what must happen to her That was all over now. He was

away in London. It had been only a scandal-it gives pain to relatives. ful. Today he was coming back to her, as one who has escaped from her, as one who has escaped from her husband—an easy, portly man—has not married again. The miniature

She turned from the looking-glass of the picture. and sat down at the writing table. All her preparations for this had been made long ago. There lay the miniature which had been painted for her. It was the face of a beautiful woman and her ugliness had something in common. There also was a sheet of

A woman sat in front of the looking- | note paper, stamped with the address of a house where they had once lived; they had left three years before. She had kept that sheet for her purpose. She dated it a little more than three

years back, and wrote: "Dearest, I have been vain enough to have my miniature painted. It is thought to be very like, though it seems to me far prettier than I am. If I die before you, I want you to have this miniature, even though I fear that your dear eyes will never be able to see it. It is to be all entirely for you, and I pray you never to show it to anybody. It is for you alone. You will find it in the drawer of my writing table, together back. She did not mind; the habitu-this letter. You have all my love always. Good-bye, dearest." that had yellowed a little with age

She put the letter into an envelope fastened it, and addressed it to her husband, marking it, "To be opened after my death." Then she put the letter and miniature into the drawe of the table and dressed herself to go out in her newest and prettiest things. "Take those flowers out of the din-ing-room," she said to a servant that she passed on her way out. going to get some of the wild anemone from the embankment for the table tonight." She paused still for a minand then she started in the direction

"She'll be full twenty minutes too

The local newspaper gave a harrowing account of the tragic accident which led to the lady's death. She ha been picking flowers on the embank ment, and was on the rails as the down train swept round the curve. The engine driver whistled and put on ror-stumbled-and fell. The horror of which was bringing her husband back to her, he having been absent in Lon-don for an operation, by which he Of that "accident" one might possi-

bly give another version. She was a clever woman, and she arranged things well. She did not want any

foy and beauty of living. She had more than confirmed what he had alhis letters, full of delightful wonder— ways thought, and when her spirit letters that were her death-sent- visits him in his dreams it is always with the beautiful and imaginary face

And maybe that beauty was her birthday gift in the dim land of the hereafter. For though she died by a cowardly suicide, and her last act was false-the perpetration of a lienot her own face, though its beauty yet it may be that still much is forgiven to them that love much .- Barry

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF MASSACHUSETTS

How Non-Churchgoers Fared Berkshire County.

Among the first settlers of the town of Great Barrington, Mass., a number of whom were English Presbyterians, were also a few Dutch families connected with the Reformed Church, says the Christian Intelligencer. These had come from Kinderhook. N. Y .. and formed a well-to-do part of the community. All of them agreed to Woodbridge, of Stockbridge. help in building a house of worship "Good-night, baron," said the young and settling a minister. The land was given by David Ingersoll, an Episcopalian, and what was known as the old Presbyterian meeting house was erected. A minister was settled Dec. 28, 1743, the Dutch bearing their part time of his settlement. The number of families in the town was then a little over thirty.

The Dutch people, naturally, found it difficult to understand preaching in English. They were anxious to hear, now and then, the Gospel in their own language. So they asked the minister to allow them, at their own expense, the use of the meeting house for a service in Dutch, at such times as it was not otherwise occupied, perhaps three or four times a year, and on week days. The request was peremptorily refused with the reply: "What, Dutch preaching in the meeting house? No, that shall never be.' The Dutch resented this rebuff and

stayed at home from church. One Sunday the minister, thus deserted by part of his congregation, challenged the tithing men and asked them: "What are you doing with your oaths? Where are those delinquents? Unless you complain of them, I will the Rev. Stoffel Barkmire, to preach complain of you." Accordingly these men had the Dutchmen summoned before the magistrate to show cause why gaged the Rev. Knoll, of Kinderhook,

INDIGESTION

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besides the sense of discomfort in the stomach, often results in weakness of the heart, palpitation and fluttering, shortness of breath, pain in the left side, and constipation.

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they did not attend the preaching as often as the law required. One of these was Mr. Isaac Van Deusen, who is described as "a devout man, of unblemished character, of the strictest integrity and universally respected for his benevolence and hospitality. lived beloved and died lamented the 14th day of January, 1706, in the 98rd year of his age and in full communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church." Among them were also three brothers, Peter, John and Garret Burghardt. As they had no defense to make, the magistrate was obliged to fine them or to condemn them to the stocks, according to the statute. At their request he mercifully granted

them a few days' delay. Then Mr. Van Deusen, with one or two others, went to consult Judge judge advised them to submit, but not to pay the fine, saying: "For it is your money they want, nothing else; and if they find they cannot get your money the business will cease otherwise there will be no end to it while you have a farthing left." When they objected to the disgrace of suffer ing in the stocks and to the abuse to which they would be subjected, the judge promised to be on the ground himself to protect them against all indignities.

There being no stocks in the town at the time, the punishment was put off until some had been erected near the meeting house at Sheffield. On the day set, Judge Woodbridge was early on the spot to cheer the criminals and shame their persecutors; while Hendrick Burghardt, the eldest brother of the three mentioned, accompanied the offenders armed with his gun, and when they were put into the stocks he solemnly declared that he would shoot the first man that insulted them.

For a time after their punishment they attended the preaching as often as the law required. But one Sunday the minister, in the course of his ser mon, turned upon Mr. Van Deusen who was occupying his pew near the pulpit, and said to him: "Every Sunday you are not here you are in hell. This was too much to bear. Long provoked, the Dutch people set about seeking relief. They sent to Duanesburg, N. Y. (?) for a Dutch dominie, to them on every fourth Sunday. On the expiration of his term they ento supply them. As they needed the money to keep up their own services. they asked to be relieved of the tax for the support of the Presbyterian minister, but the request was refused. At a town meeting, where the raising of money for the preaching wa's discussed, a member of the Presbyterian Church suggested that it was not best to raise the full amount of the minister's salary by taxation, but to have it made up in part by subscription, giving as his reason that there were several in the town who did not like the minister's doctrine. The minister replied: "Whosoever does not like my doctrine may pull up stakes and be gone." Isaac Van Deusen retorted: We shall see whose stakes stand the deepest.'

"Now, there were a few Episcopalians-among them David Ingersollwho sympathized with the Dutch people, and were not unwilling to take advantage of their situation. Accordingly they persuaded them to call a Palmer, an Episcopal clergyman of Litchfield (Conn.?), and promised them their help toward his support. So it came about that, under the Rev. Mr. Palmer's leadership, an Episcopal church was organized there in the year 1760. As they were without a house of worship, they together with their English associates, and with but little help from outside, built what was called St. James' Church, Mr. Isaac Van Deusen alone contributing \$1,500. Thus the Dutch settlers of Barrington became Episcopalians.

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How Watterson Writes.

"I haven't anything to say," remarked Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal to a would-be interviewer who accosted him in the lobby of a Washington hotel where he was recently staying. "When I have anything to say,"

went on the facile oracle of the Democratic party, who finds great joy in his close view of the dissension of the Republican party, "I write it; then I put it in my pocket. After a while I take it out, read it and write it again. "Once more I put it away. Then I

write it again and send it down to the printer and have it put in type. When I get the proof I run over it closely and write it again, and again it goes to the printer. Afterward it is sent to me again in the revised proof. "Then I make the last corrections and send it down again. And then, continued Mr. Watterson with a heav; sigh, "the counfounded printer gets it

Humor of a Husband.

wrong!'

[From the New York Times.] Mark Twain is said by those who now him in his home life to be many things of excellence besides a humor ist; among them, a model host, a loyal husband, a gallant framer of fine compliments. A friend who spent an evening in that family circle not long ago tells this incident as apropos: When, after dinner, coffee had been served for three before an open fire conversation turned on the subject of the author's critics. When Mrs Clemens had grown vehement in her enunciation of those who had called her husband selfish, he interrupted "But I am selfish, my dear-I will

Mary"-calling to the servant-"close that door, please.' "Yes," said Mrs. Clemens, drawing up her chair a little closer to the fire "let us keep out all the cold." "Now there you are," he added. "I was not afraid the cold would get in, but that some of our cosiness would

prove it to you and our visitor here.

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