DOCTORS FAILED, RESTORED BY PERUNA

Catarrh of the Lungs Threatened Her Life.

Miss Ninette Porter, Braintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by Peruna.

"I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me.

"I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and I commenced using it.

"I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me.

"After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued the treatment.

"I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

A Real Grouch.

Two New Englanders were one day discussing the friends of their boyhood, when mention was made of an old schoolmate possessed of a peculiarly grouchy disposition.

"It always seemed to me," the friend said, "that Tom could not possibly get any enjoyment from life, or any sort of work that suited him. I wonder how he's getting on?"

"Fine!" exclaimed the second New England man. "I saw him in Iowa last year. He has a job that suits him to a T. He's station master in a town where there are thirty trains coming and going every day and he sees somebody miss every one of them."

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of woman which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

Let the Poison Bottle Tinkle.

A wise housemother, with half a dozen little folks needing all sorts of medicines and medical applications, has purchased in a toyshop a handful of tiny bells, and when a bottle containing poison is added to the medicie chest it is adorned with a bell tied around its neck with a narrow ribbon. No danger, with the bottles thus equipped, of taking by mistake in the dark a dangerous medicine. The moment the poison bottle is touched the little bell tinkles its warning.—Pittsburg Post.

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 his firm.

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 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Cynicism.

A romance is where a couple wed who are totally unfitted for each other. —Kansas City Times.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 77, Windsor, Ont.

"Of course," said the very talkative person on the back platform, "no man ever is a hero to his valet."

"And what is much more to the purpose said the sour-faced individual in the doorway, "no woman ever was a saint to her hired girl." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Beverly twins, Fred and Frank, were such exact counterparts of each other that none of the neighbors could tell them apart, and even their mother sometimes had her doubts. The resemblance is accentuated by the fact that they are dressed exactly alike.

"How in the world can you yourself tell which is which, Mrs. Beverly?" asked a caller one day.

"To tell the truth," she answered, "I can't always; but if I hear a noise in the pantry and I call out, 'Fred, is that you?' and he says, 'Yes, mamma,' I know it's Frank, and that he's in some kind of mischief."—Youth's Companion.

The Umbrella Conscience.

An insurance man declares that he tried this scheme the other day and that it worked. He found himself caught in a rainstorm, and being in too much of a hurry to wait for it to stop, he was obliged to acquire an umbrella right away, quick. He paused under an awning and waited, he says, until somebody came along who sized up as a man with a guilty conscience. Then the insurance man stepped up to the stranger, saying abruptly:—

"I'll trouble you for my umbrella!"

The stranger stared at him a moment, handed over the umbella and walked away, muttering a word of apology.

Of course, the insurance man admits, the scheme might not always work and a certain amount of discrimination should be used in the selection of the victim.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Pessimistic View.

Among the patients in a certain hospital of Harrisburg there was recently one disposed to take a dark view of his chances for recovery.

"Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful medico attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as sick as you are. Look at me now!"

The patient ran his eyes over the physicians stalwart frame. "What doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.

DISCOVERIES AFTER DEATH.

Wedding Breakfast Seventy Years Old Found In Room.

The recent discovery, after the death of a well-known man in the Midlands, of a roomful of unopened parcels, the accumulation of over forty years, recalls many a similar case in which dead men have left behind them some very remarkable and quite unexpected possessions.

When the effects of the Rev. Mr. Hagemore, a Leicestershire clergyman, were examined after his decease, the following singular assortment of articles was found among them: Thirty gowns and cassocks, one hundred pairs of breeches, the same number of boots, four hundred pairs of shoes, eighty wigs (though he never wore a wig in his life), eighty wagons and carts, eighty plows (not one of which had been used), fifty saddles, thirty wheelbarrows, two hundred pickaxes, two hundred spades and shovels, seventy-four ladders, two hundred and forty-nine razors, and several scores of walking-sticks.

When George III. died no fewer than five hundred of his pocket-books were found, each containing money; there was a large collection of women's hair, locks of all colors and lengths, some with the powder and pomatum still adhering to them; and scores of pairs of ladies gloves, each pair, no doubt, with a romantic history of its own. "There were also," to quote Greville, "all the coats he had worn for fifty years, three hundred whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, and the costumes of all the orders in Europe."

Not long ago when a Yorkshire lady, reputed to be well-to-do, died, no trace whatever could be found of the money she was supposed to possess. There were, however, scattered through almost every room of the house, scores of tiny pincushions, each of which was found on examination to contain a single diamond of considerable value. The eccentric old lady, fearful of losing her capital, had invested every pound of it in jewels, which she had placed for safety in these innocent-looking receptacles.

Equally curious was the discovery made after the death of Mr. Peter Jackson, a North country bachelor, who during his life had been noted for the shabbiness of his attire—indeed, it was said that he had worn the same suit, patched and repatched until practically none of the original cloth remained, for the last thirty years of his life. And yet, among his possessions, were found sixty-three complete suits of good material and fashionable cut, not one of which showed any signs of having been worn.

Equally strange is the story told of Miss Elizabeth Howard, a West-country lady, who died early last century at the great age of ninety-six. Miss Howard had in her early womanhood been engaged to a young squire, who had been thrown from his horse and killed on the very morning of his wedding-day. When Miss Howard died there was found in a room, which had never since been opened, a table spread for the feast which had been prepared for her wedding more than seventy years before.

The Swearing Box.

In certain English public houses there are boxes on the bar counters which have a curious use.

These are called swearing boxes, into which customers betrayed into the use of bad language are required to drop a coin.

In one hostelry — which shall be nameless—there is a swearing box of this sort; but the peculiarity of the public house in question is that it is largely patronized by women. They are employed at an adjacent factory.

One would imagine that among women a swearing box would be an unnecessary article of furniture. But in this case it is in frequent use.

Perhaps the work in this factory leads to violence of language, but whatever the reason may be, it is a matter of fact that the box is not left empty. Indeed, the women make so many "slips of the tongue" that the box is filled not once only, but many times, so that considerable funds have been accumulated. What is the exact figure of the money obtained by this bad language box has not yet been recorded, but that it is a large amount will be realized when it is stated that on a slack Monday in the late autumn forty women had a day's outing on a four-horse brake, the expenses being paid for entirely by this means.

A Very Shy Novelist.

Particular interest attaches itself to Mr. Stanley Weyman's story, "The Long Night," in view of the fact that this famous novelist has practically retired from active literary work. Hating personal publicity, Mr. Weyman has always preferred that the public should judge him by his books alone. There is a story told to the effect that some friends of a brother novelist were on one occasion anxious to meet Mr. Weyman. After some manoeuvring the novelist, assisted by Mr. Anthony Hope, succeeded in luring Mr. Weyman into a cab and convoying him to Kensington. Having mounted the stairs, his friend threw open the door, exclaiming triumphantly: "Here he is; we've got him at last!" and turned round just in time to catch a glimpse of Weyman's coat-tails disappearing through the front door!

"Old Salts" In the Lords.

When Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Fisher takes his seat in the House of Lords he will find quite a large number of "old salts" ready to welcome him. The Duke of Hamilton was at one time a lieutenant in the Royal navy, a position also held by the Earl of Berkeley. The Earl of Hardwicke is a retired naval captain; the Earl of St. Germans was also at one time in the navy, in which the Earl of Wharncliffe attained the rank of commander; and Viscount Sidmouth served for eleven years in the same service. Viscount Exmouth also served as a cadet. Another well-known member of the Upper House, Lord Ellenborough, saw active service; and the Earl of Glasgow is a retired captain.

Yarmouth Rows.

Great Yarmouth contains what is said to be the narrowest street in the world, known as Kitty Witches Row, and its greatest width is fifty-six inches. Its entrance would seriously inconvenience a stout person trying to pass through it. Twenty-nine inches from wall to wall is all the room that can be spared in this part.

Yarmouth is a quaint old town containing many streets like Kitty Witches Row. They are all called rows, and are more picturesque than convenient. A hundred and forty-seven of these narrow streets of a length of over seven miles in all are to be found in the town.

Chapped Hands AND Cold-Sores

Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night, Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, end the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Mrs. Yellen, of Portland, says: "My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them until I tried Zam-Buk, and it succeeded when all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands."

Zam-Buk also cures chafing, rashes, winter eczema, piles, ulcers, festering sores, sore heads and backs, abscesses, pimples, ring-worm, etc., cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, sprains. Of all druggists and stores, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Price 50c a box.

Zam-Buk

Substitute for Hat Pins.

An English woman has invented a substitute for hat pins which may prove to be a boon for women. The device consists of an elastic bandeau of very fine steel, covered with velvet, which is placed inside the hat or bonnet. It is very light, and when fixed to the crown, this being done by a few stitches, it makes any hat or bonnet fit quite closely and comfortably on the head. It is claimed that the long hat pins so much in use are not only dangerous, but that they will ruin any hat in the course of time.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning?

Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath.

Physician—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—Boston Globe.

BOYS, START IN BUSINESS!

Be independent. Sell our Hockey Tape, Everybody buys at sight—Hockey, Lacrosse, Baseball players, Automobilists, Bicyclists, Electricians and others use it to wind handles, punctured tires, leaky garden hose, mending broken furniture, factory belts, insulating wire and thousands of other uses. We make it in small rolls, 16 to the pound, 10 feet to the roll, nicely wrapped in tin foil.—They sell fast at 10 cents each. Will send sample trial pound package by Registered Mail 75 cents. Write quick and get the Agency for your town.

Walpole Rubber Co., Limited, Dept. C., Montreal.

Mother (to her daughter) — You'd better accept Peter, my dear. He is a nice boy, though he may not be handsome. After all, good looks fade, don't they papa?

Father—Rather! — Fliegende Blaetter.

Free to Our Readers.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try it in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

General — My friend, I'm the supreme officer in command of these manoeuvres.

Colonel—Your wife isn't here, then? —Fliegende Blaetter.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Mame—Isn't this muff aunt Sarah sent me for Christmas a beauty?

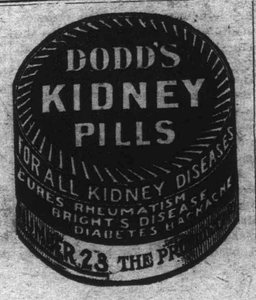
Dorothy—It's nice, but I want a much larger one.

Mame—Of course you do. But this is plenty big enough for my hands.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"I want some more chicken," said a little girl at dinner.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," rejoined her mother. "You can't have any more now; but here is a wishbone that you may pull with me. Whoever gets the longer end will have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it. What is your wish?"

"Some more chicken," said the child.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



THE FREE AD. GRAFT

TOO MUCH VALUABLE PUBLICITY GIVEN AWAY.

The Smooth Press Agent Continually Trying to Work Country Newspaper Man, Says W. P. Wortman in Recent Address Before Brother Publishers of Iowa.

The country editor of the old dispensation is rapidly passing away and with him go many of the abuses and follies that made him the butt of frequent ridicule, kept him poor and restricted his usefulness. We have passed the day of pumpkins and cordwood on subscription, the subscriber who subscribes just to help us along; the advertiser who takes space just to keep the paper going; the politicians who directed just what should be printed; and have entered an era in which the newspaper is being placed upon a business basis and is recognized as a legitimate and lawful enterprise, capable of taking its place in line with the other leading industries of the community in which it is located; and in addition, a recognized factor in the upbuilding of that community and the elevation of its normal and intellectual life. The editor is rapidly coming into his own.

And yet the abuses are not all corrected and the editor is still behind the times in some things, one of the greatest of which prompted the committee to give us this subject for discussion, "The Free Advertising Graft."

As a rule we are getting a higher rate, and getting the cash for our subscriptions; our prices on job work have in a measure advanced until the job office is a paying proposition; in many instances we have brought up the price of our advertising space to a profitable basis, and we are getting more and better advertising contracts and this branch of our work would pay well too, were it not for the tireless grafter who seeks and in many cases gets our advertising space in one way or another without paying for the same.

People do not ask us to donate them subscriptions, although they frequently beat us out of them; we are not even requested to donate our job printing; but we are everlastingly and continually being worked for our advertising space, a great deal of the time with very gratifying results to the party wanting the space.

Every organization or institution of any moment now employs its press bureau or agent whose business it is to get from the press of the country the cream of their advertising space, in locals or readers, without paying to it. So persistent and so smooth are they in this work that they command large salaries for getting what we in our weakness give them free of charge. Occasionally, it is true, they will purchase a small amount of our display space, at the same time furnishing three times the amount, in readers, which are to be run without charge. Hardly a mail comes in but brings to your desk some one or more of these good propositions to furnish us with splendid copy if we will only use it for the good of the cause, and be it said to our shame we all allow ourselves to be worked more or less.

It may be, and frequently is, a private concern asking the favor but more often it if a public institution or enterprise willing to pay for everything else, but expecting to get their advertising free.

Then there is another class of business that is attempting to work us. These are the regular advertisers who after getting just a low a rate as possible from the publisher, keep asking him to run free readers and paragraphs, often many times in excess of what the paid contract amounts to. Don't do it. We have never heard of a publisher losing a contract by refusing to donate the free reader. You may rest assured, however, that they are getting results from some one or they would not be sending them out. Shut them off and they will save their postage.

The local advertiser may be treated much in the same way although there are many things we local papers give that are for the benefit of the community in which we live that in the end may better conditions or increase business in a general way in which all may receive a benefit, the editor included. These matters are to be determined by the individual editor for himself. Conditions in different places are vastly different.

There is one thing true here, however: No one has any especial consideration for an "Easy Mark," and you gain no particular business prestige by allowing even your friends to work you. People as a rule appreciate what they pay for. This is true of their advertising.

Always be a booster for your town and community, but don't make a pack horse of yourself. When you give anything give your share cheerfully, but when you have anything to sell get your price. Be consistent in these things and you will keep your self-respect, hold the respect of those who do business with you and make your business as profitable and as dignified as the other.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet. For Washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies. tf

His Introduction.

"A hundred years ago we were satisfied to travel ten miles an hour."

"Yes."

"Fifty years ago we thought fifteen miles an hour was going some."

"Yes."

"Ten years ago sixty miles an hour was considered the limit speed."

"Yes."

"Now we are hitting up nearly a hundred miles an hour."

"Yes."

"And it won't be long before one hundred and twenty miles an hour is slow."

"Well, what are you trying to get at?"

"I'm going to prove to you the necessity of accident insurance, as I represent——"

But the other man was walking away at the rate of six miles an hour. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Smile Came Off.

In a Pennsylvania town, where the Friends abound, a prim old Quaker spinster recently attended the marriage of her grand-nephew, a young person who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a pause in the wedding breakfast, the happy bridegroom looked over at her with a beguiling smile.

"Tell us why thee never married Aunt Patience?" he said, teasingly.

"That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress, calmly. "It was because I was not as easily pleased as thy wife was."—Circle.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-Four Hours and Cure Any Cough That Is Curable.

The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds, and other throat and bronchial trouble: Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whiskey. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

A nature faker declared that he heard the following conversation the other day on a doorstep of upper Fifth avenue.

Said one small brown sparrow wonderingly, as he pecked at certain white grains scattered over the brown stone: "Why-ee, this is lots sweeter than what we found here last spring!"

His pert little wife cocked her head saucily. "Of course, stupid!" she chirped. "That was only rice; this is peptonized baby food!"—New York Tribune.

DEEP-SEATED COUGH

CURED IN FIVE HOURS.

New Home-Made Syrup.

(Cut this out.)

From Boston Press.

Progress in medical compounds never ceases, and now it is stated by a prominent medical man that any deep-seated cough or cold on the lungs can be actually cured in five hours by the clock. Opium and morphine have been resorted to in the past, as relief measures. But now it is learned that the system must be treated to rid it of inflammation and congestion. A tonic laxative cough syrup does the work so quickly and thoroughly as to be almost magical. What heretofore has taken weeks to cure can be accomplished in hours. Get this formula filled or mix it at home and always keep it on hand. One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then take one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times a day until the system is purified and toned up. Give children less according to age. One filling will usually cure a whole family, as the dose is small.

He Didn't Propose.

"Could you be content with love in a cottage?" timidly inquired the poor young man.

"Oh, yes," answered the girl with large ideas. "What we saved on the size of the house we could put into the automobile."—Kansas City Journal.

THE DOCTOR SAID HE COULD NOT LIVE

An Almost Fatal Illness Following An Attack of LaGrippe.

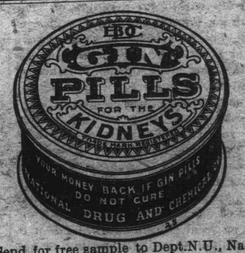
The danger from grip is seldom over when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the headache and the depression of spirits, pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin, watery blood, impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of strengthening the blood and nerves during convalescence, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which contain the elements necessary to enrich the blood and restore weakened nerves. Mr. James L. Whitman, Mulgrave, N.S., says: "Following a severe attack of La Grippe I was completely prostrated. The doctor who attended me said that my whole system had gone wrong. My heart was affected, my kidneys weakened, digestion impaired, and to make the trouble worse I had a hemorrhage of the bowels, and nearly bled to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle up my worldly affairs. I did not care to live my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of these, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would help me I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me for my appetite improved and my heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the pills it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who knew of my case look upon me as a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Supers are very particular about the distribution of parts. In a fairy piece a set of dominos was represented by men wearing on their backs boards marked with the different numbers. A discontented super gave in his resignation, and told the management they must find a substitute. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished director; "don't you get your fifteen sous a night like the others?" "It isn't about the sous at all. I am one of the oldest artists belonging to the theatre, and they ought to have made me the double six; instead of that I am the lowest number—the double blank. Rather than submit to such injustice I prefer to leave the theatre."

"The man who knows just what he wants is bound to be successful."

"Not half so much as the man who knows how to get what he wants."



Send for free sample to Dept.N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto.

What He Wanted to Say.

The new principal of New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Whyte, was asked on one occasion by a Highland minister for financial assistance for work in the north. Dr. Whyte regretted that he could not afford to assist the Highlander, but advised him to visit a wealthy layman in the city. The latter was not only disinclined to give, but ungracious in manner.

Netted at his reception, the Highlander answered brusquely. Resenting the tone, the rich man asked, "And whom do you take me for?" "A hell-deserving sinner like myself," came the quick retort. Returning to Dr. Whyte, he explained the circumstances. "You did not say that?" eagerly asked the doctor. "Aye, I did!" replied the other.

"Well, well; I've been wanting to say that to him for the last fifteen years. Here's a five-pound note for your fund."—Tit-Bits.

An Unknown Sex.

The English language has pitfalls for others than our continental neighbors. In illustration of this an instructive anecdote has already been imported from India. It is to the effect that when a battalion of the Middlesex regiment was ordered to take part in a recent ceremonial parade at Delhi, the commanding officer determined to refit it with new boots. He accordingly telegraphed to a Calcutta firm: "Send me 1,000 pairs of boots for Middlesex by next train." Days passed and no boots arrived. The colonel's anxiety increased hourly. Just when he had become almost frantic, the Babu manager in Calcutta sent him this telegram:

"Order received but not comprehended. Male sex know; ditto female sex; middle sex, however, not known. Please send specimen."—Cosmopolitan Financier.

Sixty Victims.

"Extry spcshul! Piper! Sixty victims! Grite swindle!" The excited newsboy dashed through the streets at the speed of an express, and landed in the white waistcoat of a city magnate. "What's that I hear you shouting?" gasped the gentleman, as he recovered his wind. "Great swindle! Sixty victims!" "Yussir! Pipersir!" The city magnate perted with his halfpenny. "Hi, boy!" he shouted, as the youngster began to edge away. "But I don't see any mention of a great swindle here!" "Quiteritesir!" piped the urchin. "That's the swindle! You're the sixty-first victim!" And, while the disappointed buyer stood speechless on the pavement the newsboy darted off again, yelling, "Grite swindle! Extry speshul! Sixty-one victims! Piper!"

Ants Have Six Ears.

In the matter of some of their sense organs the ants are more than ordinarily endowed. Strange as it may seem, each has at least six ears. Aside from the multiplicity of ears, they are located in just about the queerest place imaginable—on the legs.

They seem deaf to all sounds made by the vibrations of the air, but detect the slightest possible vibrations on solid material. This is supposed to be to their advantage, in that such things as approaching footsteps tell more of the possibility of danger than such sounds as are transmitted through the air. So sensitive are their feet that they detect the impact of small birdshot dropped on the table from a height of about six inches and about fourteen feet distant from an artificial nest placed at the other end of the table.—St. Nicholas.

How's Business.

"Business is poor," said the beggar.

Said the undertaker, "It's dead."

"Falling off," said the riding school teacher.

The druggist, "Oh, vial!" he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author.

"Picking up," said the man on the dump.

"My business is sound," quoth the bandman.

Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottler declared it was "corking."

The parson, "It's good," answered he.

"I make both ends meat," said the butcher.

The tailor replied, "It suits me."

"I had a hemorrhage of the bowels, and nearly bled to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle up my worldly affairs. I did not care to live my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of these, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would help me I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me for my appetite improved and my heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the pills it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who knew of my case look upon me as a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

—Boston Transcript.

Among the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city, whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me, either!"—Lippincott's.

Probably the earliest form of timepiece was the "gnomon," or index rod of a sun dial. At first this was merely an upright stick placed in a sunny spot, and measuring the passage of the day by its shadow cast upon the bare earth, because the dial was a later innovation. The sand glass, still frequently used as an indicator for the boiling of eggs, dates back 2,000 years and was always reliable in making a fixed space of time, such as the hour. A still earlier instrument was the clepsydra, which measured time by the efflux of water through a tiny orifice. There were two types of these. In the first the water trickled from a small opening in one vessel and slowly filled a receptacle which was gradually graduated to indicate periods of time, and generally a "floater" pointed out the height of the water on the side of the vessel. In the second variety of clepsydra the graduated vessel, having a small orifice in the bottom, rested upon a surface of water and gradually filled and sank at the expiration of the fixed interval.—London Telegraph.

"So you rode that toothpick salesman out of town on a rail?" interrogated the tourist in the mining town.

"By George, yes," thundered the Mayor in the cowhide boots and red shirt. When he tied to sell us toothpicks with our names on them he almost started a fight, but when he asked us if we wanted them flavored with old rose or tutti frutti that was more than we could stand, so the boys just pitched into him. The old bowie knife is the only kind of toothpick we need in these diggings."—Chicago News.

"He called me a silly ass. What should I do?"

"You'd better see a vet."—M.A.P.

Official (collided with in the passage)—What a clumsy ox (recognizing superior)—I am.—Fliegende Blaetter.

She—What do they make in a chafing dish?

He—Indigestion.—Smart Set.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

ALL OVER THE WORLD thousands of housewives use Sunlight Soap in preference to any other, because it cleanses the clothes more thoroughly, and at half the cost without injury to hands or fabric.

Every Dog Has His Day.

M.P. (on the stump)—Gentlemen, in all my career I have never been approached with a bribe!

Voice from the rear.—Cheer up, old man. Your luck may change!—Pick-Me-Up.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Halloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

"He has a sure thing."

"What—in contesting the will? Ha, ha!"

"Don't laugh. The lawyers have agreed to give him ten per cent. of what they get."—Buffalo Express.

ANOTHER TREADWELL MINE.

Highly Favorable Reports on Combined Gold Fields Property.

It was learned yesterday that the operations which have been conducted on the Combined Goldfields properties at Larder Lake during the present year, are turning out much more satisfactory than was anticipated. Information in connection with the company's claims, which consist of a large acreage, it is thought is being held back. Reports from some of the best engineers who have been at Larder Lake and who have looked at these properties, indicate that they are some of the best in New Ontario.

J. Sampson Handley, C. and M. E., who made a report on the company's claims, say that on two of the claims the gold reef on one property is 30 feet wide and stripped for 200 feet, while on another claim the reef is 200 feet wide and stripped for over 600 feet. An average assay taken after this year's development work on the property is stated to run between $8 and $9.

With such a tremendous gold bearing area, many people think that the Combined Goldfields will more than equal the record of the famous Treadwell mine.

Elder Sister—Do you want women to have votes?

Younger Sister—No.

Elder Sister—Why?

Youger Sister — Because I like to hear about the Suffragettes.

The proof that women are more clever than men consists in the fact that few men can avoid matrimony.

The Count—Vat! Economize?

The Countess—Yes. Father says we are living beyond his means.—Lippincott's Magazine.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

SAVE DOCTORS' BILLS

Feel Headachy?

It probably comes from the bile or some sick condition of the stomach or bowels. No matter which, put yourself right with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

Stories of Success

An inspiration book for young people. It tells of boys and girls who have attended our schools and are now making a success of life in the great profession of business.

We will send you a copy free as long as they last. Better write now.

THE KENNEDY SCHOOL, 9 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.

W. R. WILLMOTT

Agents Wanted to push and sell a full line of The Willmott Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Shockers, Shock Loaders, Etc. Apply

HENRY W. KING, Western Representative. Regina

FURS Do you trap or buy Furs? I am Canada's largest dealer, I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; remit promptly. Also largest dealer in Beehides, Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free.

JOHN HALLAM, TORONTO

SOPHY C

By A

Author of

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(Continued.)

Chapter Thirty-three

VOLSENI forgave Sophy and wounded sons. H larity blazed up in a la flickering fire. The gu taken; they would go to Slav would never batter the walls seni into fragments. Slavna defied Volseni. That was the gr to Volseni, and it made little of the snakelike line which over St. Peter's pass and dow brava and on to Slavna. Let hated Slavna—reckon with th if the snake or another like h Volseni? Well, that was be knuckling down to Slavna. King Sergius was avenged, a Sophia had returned in victor

For the first time since t death the bell of the ancie rang joyously, and men sang ed in the gray city of the pill from Volseni had beaten a from Slavna; the guns were s tom of the Krath; it was ev Sophy had bidden them, th have streamed down on Sla night in one of those fierce which their forefathers of t ages had loved to swoop plain.

But Sophy had no delusi saw her crown—that fleeting ornament, fitly foreseen in t of a charlatan—passing from without a sigh. She had n Dunstanbury's arguments to her that there was no place in Kravonia. She was conte It so; she had done enoug had not passed from her serenity had come upon it measure. She had struck seigneur, and the blow was her love. It was enough h enough in little Volseni. Let her avengers do the rest!

She had allowed Dunsta leave her after supper in ord preparations for a start to t at dawn. "You must certa she had said, "and perhaps with you."

She went at night up on t always her favorite place, the spaciousness of air and try before her there. Basil found her deep in though came to tell her of the prog wounded.

"They're all doing well, Vassip will live. Dunsta made him promise to co when he's recovered, so him again at all events, Zerkovitch and her husba settling in Paris. You wo your Kravonian friends."

"You assume that I'm c you tomorrow morning?"

"I'm quite safe in ass Dunstanbury won't go unle he answered, smiling. "Wa you alone here, you know."

"I shouldn't stay here a said, "or at any rate I shou nobody could hurt me." Sl a dim lantern fastened tower by an iron clamp, her hand toward the sunro ness. "That's life, isn't it

"You say he was a frien They had turned away f and Cagle answered:

"Yes, a friend and a qualifications, but an idle

Brewster stooped to pic paper at his feet.

"What is this?" he asked

"Some of that patient volunteered the attendant

Brewster read, "An idle to himself and a menace

He stopped and rere thoughtfully. "It is the t mured under his breath.

But Cagle caught the smile of satisfaction slip tail of his eye.

Beyond the gates Cag ruptly to his companion.

"Brewster, what are y days in the way of en your time?"

"Nothing, absolutely that is what has started to ruin."

"A friend of mine is in of a secretary, and I th suit him. The salary w your while if you're not

"Hang the salary; it need. You have come in most opportune time for and brought me around At any rate, my mothe look happy again, and y of it, though I don't q you have done it."

Cagle had turned awa a look that mingled pi passed over his feature

Within a few months had entered upon his recognized as a comin of the highest qualif had dropped back into game here and a gam sake of the sport, philo ly and watching with terest the procession o casionally he would where Brewster lived a name on the doorplat Brewster thought of C ognized the tremendou ter had done him. strange that he shoul as he lay one day in h pital a crushed and bl result of a trolley ac

He sent for Cagle, find a man of that m tory did not give it. the haunts that Brew it. He then described ly, and a messenger man answering the found, and the messe him.

"Are you Dent Cagl