Bagdad Cushion Tops, 29c.

WOODS' FAIR

Ladies' Silk Belts, 25c.

Men's Underwear, 25c Garment.

Men's Fine Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, ribbed wrist and ankles, all sizes, sale price garment 25c

15c Vests, Sale Price 3 for 25c.

Ladies' Fine Ribbed Vests, in cream or white, short sleeves or sleeveless, lace trimmed or draw-string neck, value 15c, sale price, 3 for 25c

Children's Summer Vests, all sizes, sale price 5c

Children's Hose, 10c

Children's Ribbed or Drop-Stitch Cotton Hose, elastic, double knee, seamless feet, shaped leg, sale price, pair 10c

$1.25 Hand Bags, 75c.

Leather Handbags, in black and brown, with plain leather or braided handles, leather covered or gilt frames, change purse inside, value $1 25, sale price 75c

New Wash Collars, 25c each.

WOODS' FAIR

See our 50c Corsets.

WILD MOTOR RIDE TO SAVE A LIFE

Toronto Doctors Whirled Through Night in Race Against Death.

Toronto, Aug. 21.—All skeptics concerning the automobile and its uses in civilization should read this true story of how last week a Toronto motor saved a woman's life. Mr. Smith, of the Auto Supply Company, is voucher for the story's accuracy. For he was the driver of the car—in one of the wildest rides that ever happened in these parts.

It was on Monday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, when the phone rang down in the Auto and Supply Company's office.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith. What is it?"

"Dr. —— is speaking. Have you a car you can send out to the country?"

"Well, we don't make a practice of sending cars out at night on hurry-up calls, doctor. How far it is?"

"Out Sutton way—nine miles past Sutton village."

"Whew!" That's over 60 miles."

"Yes, and it's a case of life or death," said the doctor. "I've just got a 'phone message from the local doctor. Unless another doctor and myself can get out there tonight, there's not the ghost of a chance of saving the patient. There's no train now. And if we wait till the first train it's a three-hours' ride anyway. The woman will be dead before we can reach her."

There was a moment of silence before Mr. Smith said: "All right, doctor. It's a pretty rough night. There's going to be a devil of a storm, if that east wind means anything. But you get your party down here as soon as possible. We'll be ready."

There was tall hustling around the garage for a few minutes. One of the biggest cars in the shop was yanked to position and put in trim for a drive that promised to break all the speed laws ever made in Ontario. Smith decided to drive himself. At 8:50 by the city hall clock the party was all on hand at the garage, including the two doctors, one nurse and an assistant from the garage. The party of five in the big black car started up Yonge street. There may have been policemen and there may not have been. It made no difference. That car was scheduled to run through to nine miles past Sutton, if possible without a stop.

Off With a Rush.

Once out of the city and the car was opened up. The big lamps glared into the dark and the dark was as black as ink; not even a flash of lightning to relieve the gloom. The east wind howled cold off the lake and the dust flew. None of the party did much talking, for the car was doing the stunt of its history, coughing off the miles the Lord only knew how fast, for it was too dark to see the speedometer.

Through Thornhill at a break-neck gait; a few minutes later a whiz through Richmond Hill; no stop. The car was talking in good style, and all her four cylinders were chugging in unison. It was Newmarket before the first stop was made. Five minutes were consumed here in looking over the engine. Then the party started on again. Another stop was made at King, but no more till Sutton was reached.

Sutton is a village. Folks were all abed by now; scarcely a light anywhere, but those big lamps on the auto. The east wind was now a gale, with spits of rain in it, and there was still nine miles to cover—after a 15-minute halt to doctor up the car. From some of the villagers directions were got as to the rest of the journey.

"What's the time now, doctor?" asked the driver, as they got ready to steer out into the black road again.

"Eleven o'clock," said the doctor.

"Are you all ready back there?"

"All ready," replied the nurse, who was the only lady in the party.

The big car lunged out into the farm country. So many concessions north and then a turn; a certain house—and, well, the doctors knew that the house would be sure to have a light in it, even though the whole countryside was snug in bed.

Chauffeur's Work Was Done.

It was raining in gusts when the house was reached. The hour was then 11:20, and the odometer on the car read 63 miles, which was an average, not counting the stops, of nearly 30 miles an hour.

The rest of the story was not much in the automobilist's line. His part of the business was done—for the present at least. Up to that point, the doctors had done nothing but sit tight in the tonneau. Now it was their turn to do their work. The woman was still alive, but in as critical a condition as any woman could be and live. An operation was immediately decided on. Just how much of it had been rehearsed during the ride out the chauffeur never knew, for his hand was on the wheel. And while his assistant worked with the car out in the shed, getting her ready for the home trip he sat in the house waiting for the doctors to reappear.

It was long past midnight and the rain driving in dismal sheets on the east wind when the door of the bedroom opened and the three medical men came out.

"Well, doctor, how is she?" asked the anxious farmer.

"The operation was successful," replied the doctor. "If we had been three hours later no operation would have been necessary."

"Well, by George!" said the farmer, as he shook the doctor's hand. "I've said a good many hard things agin them automobiles, but I'll never say another word agin 'em as long as I live."

The Home Drive.

The doctors waited until daybreak, by which time the patient had recovered from the effects of the chloroform. Leaving her in charge of the nurse, they packed up and set out again for Toronto—63 miles down through pelting rain.

Nobody needs to be told what a storm that was or what a pelting wind went with it. Nobody needs to be informed what a drive that was in the peep of dawn, through those miles of gray rain and wind, past farmhouses just waking up with curls of smoke, past villages just beginning to peer out at the biggest storm known in years; through Newmarket, Aurora, Richmond Hill, a long black streak down old Yonge street.

When the car reached the garage, on Temperance street, a few minutes past 8 o'clock, every man in the party was wet to the skin and half way through that. The big car was half full of water, but as cocky and full of ginger as when she went out only 11 hours before.

Yes, my dear skeptical friends, the speed laws were all broken to flinders that night, but wait till you hear the rest of the story before you adjudge $25 and costs.

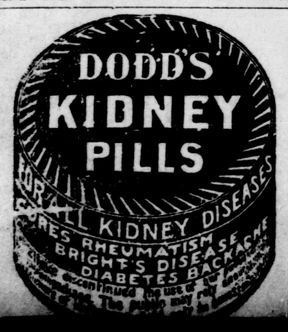
Some time on Tuesday a 'phone message came to the doctor from Sutton: "Patient is doing well; unless something unforeseen happens, she will pull through all right."

There was a lot more which only doctors can understand, but the only part of the message that went over the wire to the garage was: "Well, Smith, the woman's going to pull through all right. Say, that was certainly a great drive. It was the time of my life. An automobile is certainly a great thing and —"

Of course, a few complimentary things were said about the chauffeur, who, however, has not repeated them to the writer. Professional etiquette commands the doctor not to give his name in connection with the case.

"I should be kicked out of the council for advertising," he said to the writer.

But, thank heaven, there's no professional etiquette about the automobilist. And there are a dozen motorists in Toronto who would drive their cars through just such stunts as this one if an emergency demanded it. And nothing but the automobile and the chauffeur would have saved that one woman's life.



EPIDEMIC SWEEPS LONDON

Many Are Suffering From Painful Attack of Sore Throat.

London, Aug. 21.—The warm, sunny weather which London continues to enjoy is not without its drawbacks, for, though this month is popularly supposed to be the most healthy of the whole twelve, when the doctors usually take their holidays, during the last week something like an epidemic has swept through various London districts. Medical advice has been sought by many hundreds of persons suffering from what is called "summer throat."

The symptoms, in almost every case, are a hardness of the throat usually noticed for the first time late at night, which develops by morning into a stinging pain. The whole tone of the patients is affected and sometimes partial deafness results.

"This attack in itself is neither serious nor dangerous," was the opinion expressed by a well-known throat specialist, 'but it is distinctly unpleasant and extremely infectious. The fine weather materially assists in spreading the disease, in my opinion. It is, beyond doubt, due to myriads of disease germs that spread over the roads, particularly those paved with wood. The best proof of this is that one would be almost unable to find a case of sore throat in the country districts at the present moment."

Then there is the deadly "summer complaint," the scourge of city children, which is unusually prevalent in London this year. Every children's hospital is full, and compelled to turn away dying children and tearful mothers daily.

At Evelina Hospital, where south London sends its tiny sufferers, the kindly matron told a pitiful story of overcrowded wards and rejected applicants At the Great Ormond Street Hospital the same story was told.

"If they go away they die," said the secretary, "and yet we can't take them all in. Even when they get here, 36 out of ever 100 die. The death rate seems high, but had they not come here all would have died.

Two doctors from Lister Institute are studying the cases, hoping to discover the origin and cure of the disease. So far we only know it appears when the earth's temperature has reached a certain point. What does that mean? Possibly that a certain microbe is hatched out at that temperature.

"Another thing we have recognized is that the cases are infectious and that the disease attacks more readily those who apparently are strongest."

All of the summer complaint victims are under 2 years of age, and their hollow faces and great, staring eyes are

ENGLISHMEN ARE IN FINE FETTLE

Don't Train Specially, But Always in Pink of Condition.

AS MR. HAWTHORNE SEES IT

American Athletes All For Victory at Any Price With Accompanying Eclat.

It was Mr. Ralph D. Paine, I think, who wrote in one of the magazines the other day that there was only one rowing "stroke" in England, and that English amateurs usually kept themselves in such a wholesome state of muscular activity and of health that any group of them who had never before rowed together, and who had not rowed at all in races for months, could jump into a boat, and after a few days' practice pull a race in creditable time and form, says Julian Hawthorne in the New York American.

This statement, the truth of which I can confirm, from my own experience, is of great significance, and ought to afford food for earnest thought among our amateur oarsmen and athletes generally. It is the key to English superiority to us in rowing and in all branches of amateur sport, with the exception of sprint running and of (Irish) weight throwing. And even in sprint running Mr. Duffy, our short-distance champion, who has just come back from a tour of England and Australia, declares that in all but cleverness in getting off the mark foreign runners are as good as we are. Races of a hundred yards and thereabouts are won by feet and inches, and a good start will give the man who makes it as much advantage as that. But it can hardly be affirmed that starting is quite the same as running, and if the other man, after starting, moves as fast as we do, we have not much to plume ourselves upon. It will be said, of course, that a win is a win, no matter how obtained, but I cannot help wishing that we could beat our antagonists any old way, by sheer superiority to them at all points.

The truth is, and the bottom of the whole matter, that we do not love sport for its own sake, as the English do. What we love in sport is victory in contests, with the accompanying eclat and the cups and medals. What the Englishman loves—strange and incredible as it may appear to us—is just the exercise outdoors, the pleasure of speed and strength, the constant high health, the satisfaction of feeling himself in prime physical order. And this is proved by the fact that he will keep "in practice" for years and years on end, without any competitions at all or prospect of any. But if a competition comes in his way he accepts it with joy and is ready to start immediately. Off he goes, and sometimes he wins and sometimes he doesn't; and he congratulates the winner or slaps the loser on the back and says, "Well tried for, old boy!" with the same good nature and heartiness. "Let's take a spin along the road," he proposes to his friend, meeting him of a Saturday evening in the streets of London, and at dawn next morning you will see them striding away on the Brighton Road, throwing out their sturdy legs, swinging their arms, chatting together about the last division in the House or about the state of the crops or the war in the East; drinking milk at the wayside inns, breathing the fresh air into their lungs, perspiring and rejoicing, and finally coming to the end of their 52-mile jaunt in anywhere from twelve to ten hours, feeling a bit tired, but hungry and happy, and not imagining anything extraordinary in what they have done. And it ought not to be strange, in a properly living community, that a man taken at haphazard should be able to walk 50 miles in good time without preparation; but where one American could perform such a feat, a hundred Englishmen can do it and forget all about it next day. They love sport for its own sake.

And that this love permeates all classes of English society is shown by the enormous popularity of sporting events in England. Who goes to see the boat races at New London? They take place at the loveliest season of the year, on a course of great natural beauty, and every kind of facility is afforded the sight-seer. Observation trains are run along the banks, observation steamers give accommodation at low rates, the town is decked with bunting, there are all the appurtenances of a great festival, but the American people are not present. They care nothing about it; millions of them don't know that such a thing is taking place. The spectators consist of a few thousand friends of the oarsmen or of the colleges, and of their friends, and of folks who have yachts and nothing better to do, and of their guests, and of deputations from all undergraduates of the colleges themselves. How many are there in all? Ten thousand? Twenty thousand? Fifty thousand? Fix the number at the utmost stretch allowed by your conscience; and then go across next March or April and stand on the banks of the Thames while the Oxford-Cambridge race is rowing. The season is cold and inclement; in three cases out of five it is raining and blowing; the river banks are plashy and muddy; there are no prettily decorated observation trains, and no giant steamboats with music and drinks on board. And yet, look at those river banks—a stretch of eight miles (taking both sides of the river) black with people. And these people are the People; they are not the college men and the swells and their friends and acquaintances merely. They are the rag-tag-and-bobtail out of London streets, and from hamlets, towns and villages in the neighborhood; and there are eight solid miles of them. How did they get there? Putney is six miles as the crow flies from London and Mortlake is four miles further; and the roads leading to these places by no means follow the flight of the crow. Most of these eight solid miles of people got to the course by walking; the rest of them by whatever ramshackle rig they might be able to get hold of. Add to this crowd the assemblage that attends the New London and the Poughkeepsie races added together, and the difference would be entirely imperceptible. These people have started early in order to get the best of such choice of position as is afforded; and they stand in their places for two, three, four and more hours, many of them before the race is over, mid-leg deep in the rising river tide; there they wait, full of eagerness, enthusiasm and good nature, only for the sake of seeing two boats flash past, and be gone again, with the roar of cheers going with them all along the four miles and then they pull their feet out of the mudholes and plod back home, perfectly contented and happy. Once, in recent years, the race was rowed at half-past seven in the morning; but the eight black miles of people were there, all ready, just the same, and had already been there for hours on the bleak spring morning. What did they go there for? Was it to bet on the race and make money? Hardly; the Oxford-Cambridge race is discounted as to its result weeks before it is rowed; the men in the crews do no jockeying or lying about their form and time; their doings during training are open to any one to watch and figure on; and the only opportunity for uncertainty as to the result lies in the fact that they are often so evenly matched that a small accident may turn the issue. They both row the same stroke; their methods of training are the same; and the best men always win. No, the people do not go to the race to bet; they go for one reason only, and that is because they love square sport, and a wondrous and pleasant sight it is to see them.

Do not say that the university regatta is an exceptionally popular event in England; because I have some statistics on hand concerning other sports which are quite as wonderful, and which I shall produce at an early opportunity. Moreover, when I sat down to write, it was with the intention of telling a little personal anecdote about the readiness of the English amateur to take part in an event at short notice; but I shall have to keep that for another time. The point is, the English are a nation that loves sport for its own sweet sake; and we are a nation that loves it only when our side wins; and the small fraction of us that practices, it do so in order to win, and, having won or lost, goes out of training and forgets all about physical culture till next season. And then it goes into violent special training for just such a length of time as its professional coaches decide to be necessary. It does not enjoy its training; it makes hard work and groaning of it; and when it is over it is thankful; and the beaten ones feels disgraced and miserable. Accordingly, when we go aboard and meet men whose whole lives are athletic (and yet who never have a professional emotion or thought) we get beaten; in spite of the undoubted fact that there are men in this country who are, in their natural physical development and possibilities, second to none that the sun ever shone on. But business!—ah, yes, we love that for its own sweet sake, and are never out of training for it: and we beat the foreigners at the business game. And as long as that is the way we make our bed, so long must we be content to lie in it.

A Bilious Headache.

Is one of the meanest things in the world. To prevent biliousness use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which keep the system clean and pure, regulate the bowels, give tone to kidneys and liver. You'll never have a headache, you'll never have a sour stomach, but you will have a vigorous bracing health by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Your druggist sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills ... per

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Now, kindly mark me well, my friends, in what I have to say
Anent the coffee of this morn and that of yesterday.
That coffee served us yesterday was slaty-gray and flat,
And I who know the coffee plant know what is meant by that.
The berry grew indifferent from out impoverished soil,
Nor had the richness at its roots from which to draw the oil.
Or, if a bit of oil were stored, the roasting was not well,
And being charred the oil escaped from out each tiny cell.
And so 'twas tasteless, flat and tame, and I put in my kick;
And I am pleased that Mrs. Brown has changed her brand so quick.
This coffee has a brilliant brown, its body, too, you'll note;
Those little bubbles mark the oil—observe them where they float.
That means the berry had the best that sun and soil can lend—
'Tis CHASE & SANBORN'S growth, you know—a firm that's proud to spend
Its time and money on its plants. Care, curing, roasting, too,
Are just the best that expert hands, experienced long, can do.
And when this richness is unlocked by Nature's charm of heat,
You have the best that Nature gives,—a draught of cheer, complete
In every coffee attribute. Thus speaks your Autocrat,
And he, you know, was never caught a-talking through his hat.

STARVING SHE KEPT VIGIL

Pitiful Tale Disclosed by Death of Musician in New Orleans.

New Orleans, Aug. 21.—A story tragic in its sadness, and one that has touched with infinite sorrow the heart of New Orleans, was brought to light in connection with the death of Professor Pierre Aldal, late leader of the French opera of this city.

It was announced that one of the well-known victims of yellow fever was Professor Aldal, and that he had died in poverty and was buried by the city. Little idea did the public have of the pathetic story that lay beneath that bare announcement.

Professor Aldal not only died in poverty, but in absolute want, and his only child, his daughter, a beautiful girl of 20, who nursed him, stood at the bedside of her dying father for three days and nights without a morsel of food passing her lips, literally starving.

And this daughter, an hour after her father had been carried from the house, was caught as she was about to throw herself into the river, and resented it when she was stopped, saying to the French women who found her on the river bank:

"I have not a soul on earth, and I have not a cent, and I am in a strange city. I cannot beg, and I must die. I have no home; I must leave the place in which I live; my father owes rent, and all I have left is his violin. I will not sell that, and I must die."

"She was taken to a convent for safe-keeping, and as soon as the fund which the people of New Orleans are raising for her is completed she will be sent back to her home in France.

Since the close of the French opera, Aldal has been making a good living giving violin lessons. So prosperous was he that he decided to bring his daughter from the convent in France in which she had been raised, to keep house for him. He furnished a pretty cottage in the French part of the city, and the girl arrived here.

Then came the yellow fever scare desert him. They became poorer and poorer as the weeks went by. But father and daughter kept up their courage and hoped for better times.

Then a week ago the father was stricken with yellow fever, just at the time that he had run out of money. The daughter knew no one and was too proud to tell the doctor of their condition. The physician visited the father daily, and since the cottage was well furnished he had no idea that the daughter was hungry.

Later, neighbors across the street, looked through the window and saw the girl lying across the bed of her father. They did not know that he was dead and that she had fainted from grief and hunger. They learned the truth, and after the body had been carried from the house they found the daughter. A short time later she disappeared and was followed to the river bank.

THE WEATHER TODAY—Fine and very warm.

August Bedding Sale Now Going On.

White Shirtwaists Shirtwaist Suits, Children's Dresses 1/2 Price

We have only a few to sell of White Shirtwaists, Ladies' Shirtwaist Suits, and Children's Wash Dresses, but all we have go at half price. Remember, they are all this season's goods, and are nearly as perfect as the day they came in. You may notice, if you look carefully, that some are slightly finger touched. We can't help customers handling goods. Now on sale.

Regular 75c White Lawn Shirtwaists, Now	37½c
Regular $1.00 White Lawn Shirtwaists, now	50c
Regular 2.00 White Lawn Shirtwaists, now	$1.00
Regular 4.50 Shirtwaist Suits, now at only	2.25
Regular 5.00 Shirtwaist Suits, now at only	2.50
Regular 5.75 Shirtwaist Suits, now at only	2.87
Regular 1.50 Children's Dresses, now at only	75c
Regular 2.50 Children's Dresses, now at only	1.25
Regular 3.00 Children's Dresses, now at only	1.50

Popular Price Black Silks.

It is needless to say that if you see our popular price Silks, or send for samples, we will be favored with your order. Try it and see.

Extra fine quality soft, rich finished Black Taffeta Silk—the best money can buy; at, yard..... 50c
We call special attention to our 22-inch All-Silk French Taffetas. These have proven satisfactory to our customers for many years; prices, yard..... 65c and 75c
21-inch Black Peau de Soie—A most reliable silk—never cuts, splits or crushes; $1 value for 79c
20-inch Pure Silk Black Peau de Soie—This is a wonderful silk at the price, and we recommend it as a splendid wearing quality; special at, yard 65c
That popular Silk Chiffon Taffeta, rich sheen, firm rustle finish—20-inch at, yard..... 75c, 85c
21½-inch at, yard..... $1.00
22-inch at, yard..... $1.25
42½-inch at, yard..... $1.75
44-inch at, yard..... $2.50

New Fall Goods.

See the assortment of Plain Goods we are showing for autumn and winter wear. We advise customers to make selections early. Our stock is complete.

AT 45c—See the great special we are offering in Plain Cloth Suiting, guaranteed solid wool; an endless variety of shades to pick from; they won't last long. Remember, only 45c
AT 75c—You can buy the best Ladies' Cloth sold in Canada for the money; chiffon finish; we can give you any shade you desire. Remember, pure wool, French dye, 48-inch, only..... 75c

Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

149, 151 and 153 Dundas Street.

SHALL DOCTOR SPEAK TRUTH

Should the Condition of a Dying Patient Be Concealed?

Paris, Aug. 22.—The Figaro sent letters to the most prominent physicians in France, asking a reply to the following question:

"Doctor, in caring for a patient whose disease is incurable, death being a matter of a few weeks or days, ought he to say so?"

Dr. Charles Monod, the famous surgeon, a member of the Academy of Medicine, replies that he thinks a physician ought to tell the entire truth always and under all circumstances to a patient's family, but not necessarily to the patient himself. If the patient has no family, then it depends on the importance of the patient's preknowledge of the truth.

Dr. Hutinell, of the academy, can't make a general rule, but says he has found almost always someone among the family or close friends of a patient who can be trusted with complete and exact knowledge of the facts. It is this person, and not the doctor, who should be deputed to decide whether it is best to tell the patient the gravity of the situation. It is often useless and cruel to tell members of the family the truth too soon, and there are even cases where it is positively reasonable to tell the patient, but to keep the knowledge from the family.

Dr. Armand Gautier, of the institute, says a doctor should never under any circumstances tell a patient he is lost, for a doctor can never know for sure till the patient himself has equal certainty. In cases where he has no doubt he should tell the closest relatives, but nobody else. If circumstances force him finally to tell the patient himself, then he should never leave out hopes for at least a possibility of return to good health.

Dr. Hervieux thinks a patient never should be told unless the case is absolutely desperate, as for instance when a man is hurt fatally in a railway accident.

In general nearly all the replies hold that it is better that not the doctor, but a member of the family or a loved friend should tell a dying man or woman the truth.

STEAMERS ARRIVED.

Aug. 21.—At New York—Zeeland, from Antwerp; Rhyndam, from Rotterdam; Mesaba, from Lodo; Kron Prinz Wilhelm, from Bremen.

At Liverpool—Lake Manitoba, from Montreal; Southwark, from Montreal.

At Father Point—Corinthian, from Glasgow.

At Glasgow—Columbia, from New York.

At Plume—Pannonia, from New York.

At Cherbourg—Kaiser Wilhelm II., from New York.

Women With Weakness

For all weakness from which girls and women suffer, no surer remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They maintain that bracing health every woman so earnestly desires; they uproot disease and bring strength that lasts till old age.

"No medicine could be more beneficial than Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes Mrs. Mary E. Ayrton, of Victoria. "I have been strengthened, my digestion is better, I have improved in color, and feel considerably better since using Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Sold everywhere, 25

Nearly 1/3 more for the money.

Canada Flakes comes in the big 15c. package—nearly 1/3 larger than any other.

CANADA FLAKES

is not only the biggest package, but the best cereal. Toasted wheat—ready to eat.

With every package you receive a handsome premium.

Eat Canada Flakes and get these serviceable premiums absolutely free.

AT YOUR GROCER'S.

THE PETERBOROUGH CEREAL CO. Limited, - PETERBOROUGH, Ont.

LOOK OUT FOR GERMS NOW

Summer Months Call for Constant Vigilance and Use of Mi-o-na.

In the summer months constant vigilance is necessary, or dangerous disease germs will be absorbed from food or drink.

The so-called summer complaints and bowel troubles do not come to people with a healthy stomach, for Dame Nature kills the disease germs with the natural juices secreted by the healthy digestive organs.

Persons with a weak stomach and poor digestion in the summer season live in constant fear of germs of disease. Let these people use Mi-o-na before each meal, and the stomach and the whole digestive system will be strengthened, so that disease germs will have no effect whatever. You can eat what you want and all you want without any fear of indigestion or bowel trouble, if you take a Mi-o-na tablet before each meal.

When there are pains or distress after eating, headache, belching of gases, sour food, and bad taste in the mouth, dizziness, heartburn, specks before the eyes, furred tongue, sleeplessness, and debility or weakness, it shows that the stomach needs the help of Mi-o-na. Just one little tablet out of a 50-cent box of Mi-o-na before each meal for a few days, and you will regain perfect health and strength, and be proof against the germs of summer diseases.

Ask W. T. Strong to show you the guarantee under which he sells Mi-o-na. It costs nothing unless it restores health.

Wrapping Papers

IN ALL GRADES AND QUALITIES.

MADE BY THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited,
HULL, CANADA.

For all TRADES and USERS.

SEND YOUR ORDERS DIRECT, OR TO

DONALD McLFAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., London.

As a means of preventing the cashing of forged checks it has been suggested in London that the banks resort to the finger print system, at least for checks for large amounts.

Radium has been found in wheaten flour, said Professor J. J. Thompson, ... got there, he added, he could not explain. There was no doubt, however, that such flour would produce radioactive bread.

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36