

RAW FURS

Consignments **BEAR** Us In Mind This **SEASON** Write for Price Lists
Solicited

E. T. CARTER & CO., 82 FRONT ST. E., TORONTO, CAN.

WIT AND HUMOR

SHE HAD HIM BEATEN.

He was engaging a new stenographer, and he bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten an ordinary girl out of her wits.

"Chew gum?" he asked.
"No, sir."
"Talk slang?"
"No, sir."
"Make goo-goo eyes at the fellows when you're not busy?"
"No, sir."
"Know how to spell 'cat' and 'dog' correctly?"
"Yes, sir."
"Chin through the telephone half a dozen times a day?"
"No, sir."
"Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of its private business you learn?"
"No, sir."
He was thinking of something to ask her when she took a hand in the matter, and put a few queries.
"Smoke cheap cigars when you're dictating?" she asked.
"Why—er—no," he gasped, in astonishment.
"Take it out of the stenographer's hide when you've had a scrap at home and got the worst of it?"
"Cer—tainly not!"
"Slam things around and swear when business is bad?"
"N—never."
"Lay for your employees with a club when they get caught in a block some morning?"
"No, indeed."
"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good stenographer when you get one?"
"I—think so."
"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

THROW AWAY ALL YOUR FEARS

Backache, Gravel and Rheumatism Vanish Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Proved Once Again in the Case of Mrs. Fred Krieger, Who Suffered From the Worst Forms of Kidney Disease.

PALMER RAPIDS, Ont., Nov. 2 (Special).—The thousands of Canadians who live in daily terror of those terrible forms of Kidney Disease known as Backache, Gravel and Rheumatism, will be deeply interested in the story of Mrs. Fred Krieger, of this place.

"I was for years a great sufferer from Kidney Disease, Gravel, Rheumatism and Backache," Mrs. Krieger states. "It all started through a cold, but I got so my head ached, I was nervous, my limbs were heavy, I had a dragging sensation across my loins, and I was totally unfit to do anything.

"Reading about wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills led me to buy some. After using a few I found they were doing me good and this encouraged me to continue their use. Eight boxes made me well.

"I have been able to do my own work ever since and to-day, I am completely cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills gave me health and I feel like a new woman."

Keep your Kidneys strong and healthy, you can never have Backache, Rheumatism or Gravel. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to make the Kidneys strong and well.

"You bet!" he broke in, enthusiastically. "Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."—*New York Sun.*

Professor Brander Matthews, who is at least as good a wit as he is a reformer, was overheard once talking with Mr. Carnegie.

"I notice, Mr. Carnegie," he said "that you don't limp."
"And why should I?" asked the philanthropist.
"Well," slowly answered the professor, "Maybe they pull them alternately."

Not long ago Kuhn, Loeb and Company, the New York bankers, had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan about noon on Saturday, and as all the other employees had gone home the colored porter was intrusted with the errand. He was told to go to Mr. Morgan's office and to insist on giving the package to "Mr. Morgan, of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company, and to no other person."

By continual repetitions of these instructions to all who stood in his way, he finally broke into Mr. Morgan's presence, where several gentlemen were in session, and, wiping the big drops from his brow, blurted out, "I want to see Mr. Mawgin uv J. Peahpont Maw-gin en Cump'ny."

Mr. Morgan arose and said, "Well, I am Mr. Morgan, of J. Pierpont Morgan and Company. Who are you?"
"Who—me?" said the porter.
"Why, I'se de coon of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and heah's de dockymints I done brung ye."

"That famous editor and statesman, Charles Emory Smith," said a Philadelphia journalist, "was a modest man. He believed in modesty—even in journalism. He thought it paid no better for a newspaper than for a man continually to be bragging. I once drew up a prospectus for him. There were several blatantly boastful paragraphs in it, and Mr. Smith ran his pencil through them all. 'If I let this go,' he said, 'it would be pretty nearly as bad as the epitaph that the young widow carved on her aged husband's tomb. This epitaph said: 'Sacred to the memory of John James Greer, aged eighty-four, who departed this life bitterly regretting that he must leave forever the most beautiful and best of wives.'"

William J. Bryan, on his last visit to New York, declined to answer one of the questions put to him.

"I shouldn't know my business if I answered such a question as that," said Mr. Bryan, smiling. "Every one must know his business, otherwise failure follows; and I'm sure you wouldn't want me to fall like the young salesman of fountain pens.

"There was, you know, a young fountain pen salesman who, to his great joy, succeeded on his first trip in persuading a stationer to order five thousand pens. But all of a sudden the stationer's manner changed to the young man.

"I countermand that order," he barked, and hurried into his private office, slamming the door behind him.

"Later in the day his book-keeper said to this stationer: 'May I ask, sir, why you so suddenly countermanded your order for those fountain pens?'"

"The young salesman," the other answered, "booked my order with a lead pencil."—*New York Tribune.*

"There is a way to beat the storage commission merchant and the old hen herself; to have fresh eggs all the time in fact," said Marshal Raymond, a lawyer of Paducan, Ky.

"This method may be as old as the Chinese—at least I learned it in China when I made a trip through the East more than a year ago. I happened to run into the American Consul-General at Shanghai while over there, and when I left he presented me with what he said were eggs.

"Although they didn't look like eggs at all—looked, indeed, more like elongated mud pies with a stone stuffed in them—I faithfully brought them home, and at last opened one.

"Sure enough, there was an egg inside, and when it was broken it proved to be entirely fresh, although it may have been in that mud for a year or more. Well, with that knowledge of how the Chinamen keep eggs fresh, I salted a whole barrel of them to see how they would do under American mud.

"I bought them at the time of year when they were cheap, not caring much whether they kept or not, but willing to try the experiment. I buried them under more than a foot and a half of earth, and left them for several months.

"When winter came along, and eggs went up to some enormous figure, I just dug down into the earth and pulled out that barrel. Opened to the light of day, the eggs looked as if they had just been laid. They tasted, too, as if they never had been put away in the earth for many weeks."—*Washington Herald.*

Little Tom, dining away from home was surprised to find what he called 'green lumps' in his mutton sauce. 'They are capers, dear,' said his hostess. That evening he exclaimed, 'O mamma, we had—had—now I remember—we had didoes in our mutton sauce!'

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels.

Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc.

Liver Complaint may be cured by avoiding the above mentioned causes, keeping the bowels free, and arousing the sluggish liver with that grand liver regulator,



LAXA-LIVER PILLS

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Mr. Geo. Fawcett, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Having suffered with liver complaint for years and tried all sorts of remedies, I was advised to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I must say, that after taking two vials of them, I feel quite a new man, and can strongly recommend them to anyone."

Price 25 cents per vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

RHEUMATISM.

The Best and Safest Cure for GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, & BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS

All Druggists at 40c. and \$1.00 per box.

I Give It Free



To Men Until Cured. Not One Penny in Advance or On Deposit.

I wish you could know for yourself the wonderful effect of the galvanic current on weak and nervous men. I wish you could realize the health and happiness that will be yours when this wonderful force infuses every nerve and vein of your body as accomplished through my treatment. I have been curing thousands every year for

forty years, and have proved that my method will cure any curable case. So positive am I of my power that I am prepared to take all the risk and will give to any man suffering from Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Drains, Lack of Vigor, etc., from Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Kidney, Liver or Stomach troubles, the use of my world-famed Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with Electric Suspensory, absolutely

FREE UNTIL CURED

If I fail you don't pay me anything whatever. I leave you to be the judge, and ask not one penny in advance or on deposit. I cannot do more than this to prove the value of my treatment, so if you will call or write I will at once arrange to give you a Belt suited to the requirements of your case, and you can pay me when cured. Many cases as low as \$5.00, or for cash full wholesale discount. You will also get the benefit of the inestimable advice my forty years' experience enables me to give my patients. This long continuous success has brought forth many imitators. Beware of them. You can try the original the standard of the world, free until cured, then pay for it.

Call to-day and take a Belt along, or send for one by mail. I have two of the best books ever written on Electricity and its medical uses, and containing several hundred wonderful testimonials, which I also send free, sealed, by mail. Address—

DR. C. F. SANDEN

140 Yonge Street - - - TORONTO, ONT.

Office Hours, 9 to 6; Saturdays until 9 p.m.