HOW YOUR BRAIN GETS TIRED.

Small Goblets Which Are Drained by the Demands of Mind and Body.

The cells of the brain, when quite fresh and vigorous, may be likened to small balloons inflated ready for an ascent. They are round and full, and when seen under the microscope, they give evidence of being distended. The cells of the tired brain, on the other hand, are seen to be shrunken, as an air-ball or toy balloon from which most of the air or gas has escaped.

When our brains begin to work after a refreshing rest or sleep, they are full of nerve fluid which the absorbents of the body and brain have stored up there like bees fill their comb. So soon as work begins, this vital force is sapped to meet the demands upon the brain, and the process that goes on during the whole time it is working may be described in the following way:

Imagine that these cells are small goblets filled with liquid, and that they have a tiny stem, through which runs a tube or opening; the liquid in the goblet is drained by the demands of mind and body, and slowly trickles through the opening, drop by drop, until either the work ceases or the goblet is exhausted.

This latter condition is not often reached, for the simple reason that the owner of the brain is very much more likely to collapse. When the cell has yielded half its vital fluid, you begin to experience a feeling of fatigue, and if you go on drawing the contents of the cells, you are doing yourself injury in a proportionate degree, and Nature will make you pay for it in some way or other.

But all the cells are not involved in any kind of mental work, which means that one part of the brain may be very actively at work while the other is resting and storing up nerve fluid. Thus it is that a man suffering from brain fag, may leave his books and go golfing or cycling, and feel that he is really resting; other cells are being called upon for work now, while the tired ones—those required for mental activity—are enjoying repose.

But it follows that the part of the brain which is called into activity for bodily exercise is now getting tired, while the other part of the brain is still at work to some extent, and so the whole of our brain cells become fatigued, and total rest in the shape of sleep is absolutely essential.

A Great Reputation

HAS BEEN ACHIEVED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Not Only in Canada, But in Every Civilized Country Throughout the World—Merit Alone Has Given This Medicine Its Great Prominence Over Competitors Everywhere

The reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only in Canada, but throughout the world, rests upon a very solid basis, which may be summed up in two words—sterling merit. The Enterprise has had occasion to investigate a number of cures effected by this medicine, and knows that in some instances at least these cures were wrought after other medicines had failed even to give relief. Recently another cure came under our notice that cannot fail to increase the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the locality in which it occurred, and as we can vouch for the facts, it may well bring hope to sufferers elsewhere.

Mr. Walter H. Johnston is one of the best known residents of the northern section of Queen's county. He resides in the town of Caledonia, where he keeps a hotel, and also runs a stage that carries passengers and mail between that town and Liverpool, a distance of some thirty miles. Mr. Johnson was in Bridgewater recently, on which occasion he gave a reporter of this paper the following facts: About three years ago he was taken very ill. He had the best of medical attendance, but made very little progress towards recovery, and the doctor told him there was very little hope that he would be able to return to this former work. The trouble appeared to have located itself in his kidneys, and for eight weeks or more he was confined to bed. He suffered greatly from constant pains in the back, his appetite became impaired, and his constitution generally appeared to be shattered. At this juncture he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a half dozen boxes. In the course of a couple of weeks he noticed an improvement in his condition and he continued the use of the pills until he had taken some ten or twelve boxes, when he not only felt that his cure was complete, but also felt that in all respects his health was better than it had been for years. Since that time he has been continually driving his coach between Caledonia and Liverpool, and has not had the slightest return of the trouble, notwithstanding that he has to face at times very inclement weather, that might well bring on a return of the trouble had not his system been so strongly fortified against it through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If the blood is pure and wholesome disease cannot exist. The reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure so many forms of disease is that they act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus reaching the root of the trouble. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the trouble, and that is the reason the trouble always returns when you cease these medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make permanent cures in kidney troubles, rheumatism, erysipelas, anaemia and kindred diseases. But be sure you get the genuine which bear the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box.

If you earn a thousand yearly,
You think two thousand yearly
Would be just the proper figure to
make your happiness complete;
But your income, when it doubles,
Only multiplies your troubles,
For the outgo then increases, and
the ends they still don't meet.

Among the Chilians a belief prevails that the juice of onions is a sure cure for typhoid fever if given in its early stages.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XLIX.

Lady St. Just persisted in withholding her secret from her husband, and he as resolutely declared that she must reveal it.

"How cruel you are!" she sobbed. "Cruel, Vivien? I do not wish to wound you. It is you who are cruel. Put yourself in my place. Suppose that you found me changed, unhappy, full of a sullen brooding sorrow. Suppose that you discovered that I was keeping a secret from you; that you found I was in the habit of visiting some place unknown to you, of passing by a strange name; that you found I cared greatly for a child whose face resembled my own, as Harry Dorman's resembles yours. What should you think?"

She made him no answer.

"I know," he continued, "what any man who had less faith in your goodness and truth than I myself have would think about your silence. I know what the world will say if it gets hold of the story and finds out how much the boy resembles you."

"What will it say?" she asks faintly.

"Nay, if you do not understand, I will not explain, Vivien. I have used entreaties, prayers, expostulations, all in vain. Now I threaten that unless you tell me the secret yourself, I will at once set to work to find it out; and I will never rest until I know it."

"I will never speak to you again if you do that," she threatened.

"I cannot help it. Your silence to me is terrible; it shows that there is something far from right. I consider myself bound in duty to fathom the mystery. It strikes me that the boy himself would be the one to help me."

"The boy himself!" she repeated.

"Yes, he seemed struck with the word 'Lancewood.' If I were to send for him, and try all I could to awaken his memory, it seems to me I should get near the truth."

"Would you really do this, Adrian?" she asked.

"I would, indeed," he replied. "I would have no scruple in doing it."

She remembered how the boy had seemed in some vague way to recognize her face? How would it end? How much would he learn from him? All surely—most surely all. With a deep moan she buried her face in her hands, Lord St. Just knelt by her side.

"Dear wife," he said, "there is a struggle in your heart, a struggle between right and wrong; be brave—let the right prevail. Own the truth, no matter what follows. Only cowardice needs secrecy. In the name of Heaven, by the love you bear to me and to your children, by the value you set upon your fair name, by your pride of race, I entreat you to tell me—trust me."

There was no answer save a low moan. He continued—

"I am your husband—the one in all the world who loves you best. Why can you not trust me? Who could help you and comfort you as I can? Who would share your troubles as I should? My darling, do not repulse my warm, true, deep love, but trust me. I am not a foe, not an angry judge, but your true lover. If there is anything in which you have done wrong, let me set you right."

He kissed her face, he kissed her hands, he called her by every loving and tender name.

"Let me use the truest weapon in my armory," he said, playfully. "For the love of Lancewood, trust me, Vivien!"

There came a low cry from her lips, but she did not speak.

"It is from Lancewood your trouble comes," he said—"I can see that,—Lancewood and this boy; but I cannot see yet how they are connected. Heaven, which has already shown me so much will show me more. There is some mystery. Poor Gerald Dorman, the boy, Lancewood and yourself, are all concerned in it. With a little more patience, I shall make it out, Vivien, would it not be better for you to tell me than for me to find it out?"

"Yes," she whispered—"but give me time."

"Take all the time you need, if you will but trust me in the end," he said.

She tried to think that what he said was true. It was neither fate nor chance that was guiding him, but the finger of Heaven. She had done a great wrong, a great injustice; it could never prosper. Yet how could she give up Lancewood, to Valerie and her dissipated friends—to the boy who really seemed to her to have no claim? How could she take the place from her son whom she had fondly believed would make so noble a master for it?

Then, again, she reflected, that if she did not tell her husband everything he would find it out; he was so near the truth, that a few questions, a few inquiries would elicit it; she had never dreamed that he would connect Lancewood and the boy.

She remembered Gerald's dying words—"He must go back to Lancewood—promise me." Dare she totally ignore those solemn words?

"What shall I do?" cried Vivien, wringing her hands.

"Trust me," said her husband. "The time has come when you must tell the truth. Do not hesitate; be brave, Vivien; and tell it."

"You will hate me," she moaned; "but, oh, believe me, Adrian, it was not quite my fault! I was mad when I uttered the words that led to it all—quite mad; and he was so devoted to me he thought I meant it. I did not, it was all a confused horror."

"You forget," he said, "that I do not even know of what you are speaking. Tell me one thing, Vivien, which will make all else easier—tell me who is the boy?"

Should she tell him? If she did not, he would find it out—he would be sure to do so; it would be better to trust him now that he was so near the truth.

She rose slowly from the couch, she stood before him in all the magnificence of her beauty, her face pale, her eyes filled with the fire of pride; she drew herself up to her full height. He looked at her in wonder and amazement.

"I will tell you," she replied, "because it will be better for you to hear it from me than from any one else. That boy is Sir Oswald Neslie, heir of Lancewood."

Lord St. Just started; it seemed to him for a moment that he had been shot through the heart. Then he said in a low voice—

"Oswald Neslie! I thought he was dead."

"So did I—so did every one else—but he is living and well."

"Stay," said Lord St. Just. "You have taken me by surprise; I am bewildered—lost—I cannot believe it. The heir of Lancewood! Great Heaven, Vivien, what does it all mean? Did you know that he was living? Tell me."

"I will tell you all," she replied. And, standing there, erect and queenly, more beautiful in her pallor and her shame, than he had ever seen her, Lady St. Just told the whole story. As he listened to it, his face grew pale. When it was finished he looked at her.

"May Heaven forgive you!" he said, slowly.

"I did not mean it to be done, Adrian. When I spoke to Gerald Dorman as I did, I was bewildered, driven half mad by all that was going on at Lancewood. I hardly thought that he would take me at my word so quickly. Believe me, I honestly thought the child was drowned."

"You might have thought so, when such was reported to be the case—but, afterward, Vivien, when you knew all?"

"Then I sinned more wilfully, more deliberately than at first, I have not been happy, Adrian. Sin has not prospered with me. Yet I have not looked on it as sin so much as a deed done for the good of Lancewood. People may say what they will the son of a strolling player has no right there."

"You seem to forget yourself," said "Lord St. Just, gravely. "The boy may be the son of a strolling player, but he is also the son of your father, Sir Arthur Neslie."

"But he resembled his mother," she cried, eagerly, "even his face was like hers in those days—he was like her, too, in character then. Gerald Dorman's training has doubtless done much for him. Believe me, I never thought of him as my father's son. To me he was always Valerie's boy, an interloper, the evil genius of Lancewood. I had many excuses—the place was getting into evil odor everywhere—it would have gone to ruin in his hands. I loved my home so dearly, Adrian—you cannot enter into my feelings."

"I can imagine the depth of your love from the gravity of your sin," he said. Then he took her hands in his. "He looked at them long and steadily.

"What have you done, little hands," he said, "with the honor intrusted to you?"

CHAPTER L.

Lord St. Just was literally overwhelmed. He was not a hard or stern man—he was lenient, merciful, considerate. He could make excuses and allowances; he was slow to condemn.

But his wife's confession horrified him—he could not recover from the—impression that it had made upon him—he could not realize it; that the noble lady he had worshiped as the pattern of all womanhood had been guilty of what she had revealed was to him incredible. Still he could make allowance for it. For her passionate love of home, for her intense pride in it, for her horror of all desecration of it, for her dislike of the gay Frenchwoman, and her friends, for her dread of seeing the fine old place ruined, he could allow, but he could not understand how so noble a woman, could have erred so terribly.

"What have you done, my darling," he said, sadly, "with the honor intrusted to your keeping?"

"I have sinned to preserve it," she replied.

"And in sinning you have lost it," he said. "The deed you have done brings greater shame to the Neslies than all Valerie's gayeties, low friends and dissipations. You have betrayed your father's trust, Vivien; you have tarnished the honor of your house far more than Valerie ever did. You have held Lancewood by fraud, which is what no Neslie ever did before; you have, in plain and simple language, committed a gigantic theft, for which the law could punish you most terribly. You have defrauded an innocent child of his rights. You have taken advantage of the fact that he was fatherless to—in plain words again—rob him. Strip your story of all false sentiment, of all sophistry, and the fact lies before you that you stole Lancewood from a child. Family pride love of race, will not hide or extenuate such wickedness."

He spoke, gravely, sternly, and every word seemed to fall like fire on her heart. She saw her sin stripped of all sentiment; she stood face to face with it now, for the first time—for the first time she saw that it really was a base, cruel fraud on a helpless child. Before this she had looked upon herself rather as a victim; now she saw the base, horrible nature of her wickedness, and Vivien St. Just cried out with terror.

"I must unto it all, Adrian!" she exclaimed, "I must unto it all—at once. He must go back."

"Thank Heaven," said Lord St. Just, "that I hear you say so. Yes, my darling, he must go back at once."

He saw her kneel down and bury her face in her hands while she wept aloud, he heard her murmur words of little Arthur—little Arthur and Lancewood. He knew how terrible the ordeal was for her. His eyes grew dim with tears as he remembered the passionate pride in and worship of the boy who was to have been Arthur Neslie of Lancewood.

"You have sinned greatly," he said, "and your atonement must be complete. It must be speedy and entire. Vivien; the boy must go back without loss of time."

All her pride had left her now, she had sunk sobbing on her knees; she was no heroine, but a criminal; her head was bent in lowly self-abasement, in lowly contrition.

Lord St. Just sat still, wrapped in thought. The sound of the gong striking for luncheon recalled him to every-day life. He went to his wife and kissed her fondly.

"Vivien," he said gently, "you must rouse yourself—we have to live our lives, dear. We must eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, no matter what we suffer, what we endure. Raise your face to mine, darling wife."

She looked at him with weeping eyes.

"I do not make light of your error, my wife," he said; "it was a terrible one. But you are ready to undo it, ready to atone for it. I can enter into your feelings—I know how you loved your home—but, my darling, I cannot understand your sin. What I want to say to you is this—you shall not repent of your trust in me. I will take the whole matter in hand—I will so arrange it that, while the young heir shall be restored to Lancewood, you shall be screened. Your share in the transaction shall never be known. You will trust to me to accomplish this?"

"Yes," she said, and raising her face to his, she went on; "You are too kind to me, Adrian. I am all unworthy; I do not deserve it."

But he answered—

"My darling, you are still on your throne—the queen of all womankind for me. There is no creature living who has not done wrong, who has not yielded to temptation, who has not either more or less gone astray. Your sin was, after all, a kind of virtue gone to seed—an intense pride in your name, family and race; it had its origin in what was really a virtue. It was not of the common order of sin, although, my darling, it was the sin of a life-time. Now we must go back to the duties of life; they will be all the better fulfilled since we have resolved upon doing right, cost what it may. I will tell you this evening all that I have arranged to do."

But Lady St. Just did not go to her room to dress; he saw her go to the nursery—and he followed her, lest in the madness of her misery she should say something of which she would afterward repent.

To Be Continued.

BLACKBOARD

Made at Home Very Simply and at Little Cost.

It is easier to make a black wall than a blackboard, and the wall surface will be smoother if you prepare it in the right way. Fill holes or cracks with plaster of Paris and water, pressing in only a little of the mixture at a time, and using an old kitchen knife for the purpose. Now sandpaper the whole surface. The blacking consists of liquid gum shellac and lampblack. Stir this mixture very thoroughly, and paint with a clean, wide brush. Before blacking the wall itself, "sample" a smooth piece of board, and after the paint has dried, mark on the surface with chalk. If the chalk slips the paint is too thick, and should be thinned with alcohol, which cuts the shellac. If the paint rubs off after drying the mixture needs more gum. One quart of shellac and 5 cents worth of lampblack will turn the daytime of a good-sized wall into the deepest night—a night two coats thick.

When a woman has a secret,—
Although she may not show it,
She's just as angry as can be
If no one wants to know it.

Constipated Bowels

Give Rise to Dyspepsia and Other Bodily Derangements—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are Unique as the Only Treatment Which Permanently Cures Constipation.

Constipation, or inactivity of the bowels, is probably the cause of more distress and suffering than any other organic derangement. Once the bowels are constipated the kidneys become clogged, the liver torpid and the stomach and whole digestive system completely interfered with.

The head aches, there is dizziness, weakness and dimness of vision, pains in the back, sides and limbs, the accumulation of wind and gas on the stomach, pains and fulness in the region of the stomach and depression and despondency of spirits.

Constipation can never be cured by the use of salts and similar weakening and debilitating purgatives. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills not only cause the natural action of the bowels but so strengthen and invigorate them as to enable them to regulate perform their functions without the aid of medicines. They also act on the liver and kidneys, and so revitalize the whole excretory system and permanently cure the most serious cases of constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia.

Mrs. W. B. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I procured a box and they have cured me of this longstanding complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

Mr. Henry Moore, Pickering, Ont., states: "In the fall of 1895 I used three or four boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Constipation and Stomach Troubles and never found anything to compare with them. I had suffered from these complaints for many years and taken many kinds of medicine, but it remained for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to cure me. I am now well and strong but continue to take one or two pills a week to counteract the uric acid condition in the blood and to keep the bowels perfectly regular."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW—

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

ANCIENT MEDICAL WORK.

THE DISCOVERY OF A BOOK 7000 YEARS OLD.

Full Translation Just Completed of the Ebers Papyrus, an Egyptian Book Devoted to Diseases of Man and Their Cure—Astounding Knowledge of Materia Medica Displayed.

For 2300 years Hippocrates of Kos has been known to the world as the "Father of Medicine." This distinction, however, has been wrested from the ancient Greek by the discovery and translation of an early Egyptian papyrus treating of the subject of medicine, with date so remote as almost to place Hippocrates within the ranks of modern physicians.

English medical literature is about to be enriched by the translation of this payrus, generally admitted by Egyptologists to be the oldest book devoted to the science of medicine extant. The work is known to scientists as the Payrus Ebers, and is supposed to have been written during the reign of Bicheres, a King of the fourth dynasty, 4088 to 4066 B.C. Thus the original document is nearly 7000 years old and it contains the written genesis of the art of healing.

The document is carefully preserved in the library of the University of Leipsic, and the English translation of Papyrus Ebers, a volume of several hundred pages will soon be ready for the press.

Page 98 of the Papyrus Ebers is devoted almost entirely to remedies for household ills. Its contents clearly indicate that the ancient Egyptian housewife was beset with cares similar to those of the modern housekeeper. It reveals likewise the fact that woman early made use of cosmetics. The remedy given for the falling out of the hair is ascribed to the mother of King Teta of the first dynasty.

To Egyptologists the story of the finding of Papyrus Ebers possesses all the characteristics of a romance. In the winter of 1872-73 Georg Ebers, of Leipsic, and his friend, Ludwig Stern, spent several months at Thebes in quest of rare documents. For a time the two scientists made their dwelling place in one of the tombs of Abd-el-Gurnah, and associated dily with the Arabs of Luxor. A wealthy citizen of Luxor showed to Ebers the antiquities which he, little by little, had obtained from the fellah on the other side of the Nile, and at length revealed to him the fact that he was the possessor of a payrus obtained from the same source.

Upon close inspection of the papyrus Ebers made the startling discovery that it was a document of great value and in an unusual condition of preservation. He longed to possess the document himself, but had not means to meet the demands of the owner, who was not altogether aware of its full value. However, receiving the financial assistance of Max Gunther, a wealthy Englishman, Ebers purchased the treasured papyrus and conveyed it to his home in Leipsic, there to study its contents at leisure. It was finally turned over to the library of the University of Leipsic for safe keeping. In order to better preserve the valuable antiquity, it was cut into twenty-nine pieces and each piece placed under a glass.

According to the statement of the Egyptian possessor, Papyrus Ebers was found in a tomb in the so-called El Assassit, a part of the Necropolis of Thebes, reposing between the legs of a mummy. Since the finder of the papyrus was dead, it was impossible to refer to the exact tomb which formerly contained the treasure.

When Ebers came into possession of the papyrus, it consisted of a single, tightly rolled piece of the finest yellow-brown papyrus. The width of the document was thirty centimeters, and the length of the written part 20.23 meters. No other papyrus known to Egyptologists is better preserved, and not a single letter of the document is missing.

The text of this perfect ancient record is divided into pages, each of which is numbered. The page numbers are placed over the first line in the middle of each page and run from 1 to 110. Singularly, the numbers 28 and 29 are missing, although the text continues uninterruptedly. The omission is explained on the ground that the Egyptians considered 110 to be a perfect number, and by this means the writer was enabled to complete his book with the required number of pages.

Each page of the papyrus contains either twenty-one or twenty-two lines. With the exception of pages 3 to 21, which are considerably smaller, the pages are twenty-two centimeters in width. The script in which the papyrus is written, is extraordinarily regular, and is partly in black and partly in red ink. This form of writing is known as the hieratic, and is one of the three forms used by the ancient Egyptians. The others are the epistolographic and the hieroglyphic.

The exact date of the writing of the book of which Papyrus Ebers is a copy is not known, but it is believed that it dates back to 4606 B. C. The document itself refers to the eighteenth dynasty in the sixteenth century B. C., but when the papyrus was unrolled, a calendar was discovered containing the following inscription:

"In the ninth year of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt. . . . of the everlasting."

Before the last epithet is the framed name of a king whose identity is still in doubt. Dumchen, a recognized authority on Egyptology, believes that the author of the calendar did not insert the name of the reigning King, but that of Bicheres, of the fourth dynasty, who reigned 1460 years earlier. Dr. von Klein is of the opinion that the calendar calls attention to the date of transcription and that the original was written much earlier. Egyptologists agree that between the twenty-eighth and sixteenth centuries B.C., the practice of medicine was in the hands of witchcraft. During this period the law was so stringent that a person advancing a theory for the treatment of disease other than that established by the priests was put to death. Consequently the work, which bears the marks of the period of witchcraft, if written at all prior to the date named in the calendar, must have been written at least 1200 years before. This makes it highly probable that the original book was written during the reign of Bicheres, or at least 4666 B.C. At all events, the copy of the papyrus is itself the oldest medical work extant and contains the historical genesis of medicine.

A large proportion of the diseases known to modern medical science are carefully classified and their symptoms minutely described by Papyrus Ebers. The prescriptions recommended are in many cases exactly the same as those given at the present time. The work mentions 700 different substances, the greater part of which are taken from the vegetable kingdom. Some metals and a considerable number of animal extractions were also used. Of the salts only natron, saltpeter, common salt and sea salt are mentioned. The use of such ingredients as lizard's blood and pig's teeth are in some cases recommended.

The discovery of Papyrus Ebers demonstrated that the Egyptians as early as 3900 or 4000 years before Christ possessed an astonishing knowledge of a great variety of remedies, and that their learned men could make observation of disease, combine complicated recipes and use them with judgment. According to this early writer there were three different classes of medical practitioners in Egypt at the date of the manuscript,—namely: The real physician, the surgeon and the conjurers. The relative standing of the several classes is not known.

The origin of medicine is certainly to be looked for in the Valley of the Nile; and the Papyrus Ebers opens a wide era for the students of the history of medicine and pharmacology. The Egyptian physicians were well advanced in ophthalmology. The collection of Hippocrates edited 4000 years later, did not contain more eye diseases, although more clearly and more agreeably described. The number of diseases mentioned in the Papyrus Ebers, as well as the profusion of medicines prescribed, is a source of wonder to modern physicians. The ancient Egyptian physicians must have been experienced diagnosticians, who commanded a knowledge of prophylactic and cosmetic remedies.

The Egyptian oculist was renowned. In the third book of Herodotus is the following passage: "Cyrus sent to Amasis, B.C., 560, and bade him for an oculist,—the best in the whole land of Egypt." Darius also sent thither for a body physician, and in the time of Tiberius and Nero Egyptian physicians regularly came to Rome, usually to heal skin diseases. Herodotus tells us that the Egyptian physicians were accustomed to practice specialties and that the country was full of physicians. Some, confined their attention to diseases of the eye or head, others to the teeth, stomach and intestines.

Greece, long supposed to be the birthplace of medicine, is now known to have derived its knowledge from the Egyptians. Praxagoras, although from Kos, the town where Hippocrates was born and where the temple of Esculapius was built, lived in Egypt. He was the greatest sympomologist and diagnostician of this age. Hippocrates also went to Egypt for his medical training, and on his return established a school of Greek physicians. Although the founder of the present system of pathology, his right to the title of "Father of Medicine," has been dissipated by the revelations contained in the Papyrus Ebers.

AUTUMN SMILES.

When a man's love grows cold, his wife can usually be depended upon to make it hot for him.

Everywhere were men with newspapers, devouring with feverish eagerness the revolting details of this horrible murder. "Morbid curiosity!" we finally sneered, with indignation. "No; we are disqualifying ourselves to sit as jurors!" they protested, and sighed wearily.

If some young men would work one-half as hard as they try to get out of work, they would be rich before they were thirty.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

A KAFFIR CURE FOR DYSENTERY.

Several of the army surgeons have tried the Kaffir cure for dysentery with marked success in some very bad cases. It consists of a decoction of the root of the pelargonium or geranium. There are upwards of 150 different kinds of wild geranium in South Africa, and each seems equally efficacious in cutting short an attack of dysentery. The Kaffirs and Zulus simply chew the geranium root, but a more elegant preparation is made by boiling the root in milk. One to two tablespoonfuls are given every two hours till all symptoms of dysentery have disappeared. This result is generally attained in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, and so far no failures have been recorded from this method of treatment.

True economy lies also in wise buying. as you will find if you purchase Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

There can be no doubt as to the excellent quality and purity of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, the fact that it is the peoples' favourite, should dispel any question in your mind as to its excellence, if you have never tried it, DO SO, and you will become a constant consumer. In Lead Packets. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

O	B	T	E	R	S
L	L	U	B	E	R
G	E	R	K	R	U

$200.00 in Cash, Free

We will give the above award to any person who will correctly arrange the above letters to spell the names of Two British Generals and one Boer General. Who are they? You may be the fortunate person to secure at least a portion, if not the full amount. For should there be more than one set of correct answers, the money will be equally divided. This offer is made to advertise and introduce our firm quickly.

We do not want One Cent of Your Money. This Contest is Free.

As soon as you have arranged what you suppose are the correct names, send them. A post card will do, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Those who have tried other contests and failed to secure anything, try this one. All can secure an award if they wish to try, without any expense whatever. N. Y. Supply Co., Box W, Orillia, Canada.

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Strange and impressive are the ceremonies attending the burial of Spanish kings. The pantheon, or royal tomb, is at the palace of the Escurial, situated three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and some distance from the capital. Only kings, queens and mothers of kings are buried there, the coffins of the kings lying on one side, those of the queens on the other. After lying in state for several days in the throne room in Madrid, a procession is formed to accompany the body to the Escurial. A halt is made on the way, and the corpse rests there for one night. In the morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and says in loud tones, "Is your majesty pleased to proceed on your journey?" After a short silence the procession moves on, and winds up to the grand portal of the palace. These doors are never opened except to admit a royal personage, dead or alive. When the casket containing the remains is at last placed in the vault, the chamberlain unlocks it, and, kneeling down, calls with a loud voice, "Senor! Senor! Senor!" After a solemn pause, he cries again, "His Majesty does not reply. Then it is true, the king is dead!" He then locks the coffin, gives the key to the prior, the palace of the Escurial contains also a large monastery and church, and taking his staff of office, breaks it in pieces and flings them at the casket. The booming of the guns and the tolling of bells announces to the nation that the king has gone to his final resting place.

Some people are never contented unless the silver lining of the cloud is converted into money.

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Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." so writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve-pain cure.

"Papa," said little Percy, "why doesn't mamma travel with the circus?" "Why?" Mr. Henpeck asked, "What could she do in a circus?" "She might be a strong woman. I heard her telling grandma the other day that she could wind you around her little finger just as easy as nothing;"

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Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure-pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

A FOOLISH ADMISSION.

Pa, that mean ol' dentist asked me 'f he wug a-hurtin' me.

Well, sonny, that was kind of him.

Yes, pa, but when I told him "no" he took some bigger nippers an' most pulled m' head off.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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AN ESCAPE.

Too bad, old man, about your wife running away.

Oh, it might have been worse. I wonder that she did not take me along to look after her trunks.

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The homely worm has been transformed into a ethereal creature, known as the butterfly. "How you have changed!" remarked the spider. "What brought about that beautiful transformation?" inquired the gnat. "What caused you to turn?" asked the grasshopper. Then the butterfly spoke for the first time: "Even the worm will turn." Thus we find that passe sayings are current in the field.

RUIN IN ITS WAKE.

Bighead—War is a terrible curse, isn't it?

Critic—I should say so. I have noticed that every war adds a new dialect to our magazine literature.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

WOULD CHANGE IT HIMSELF.

It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know, she said.

That's right, he replied brutally, and I don't blame her a bit. If I had the average feminine mind I'd change it myself.

However, he already had the reputation of being a mean thing, so very little harm was done

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Cy., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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DIDN'T WORRY HIM A BIT.

The Doctor—Above all things madame, your husband mustn't worry. Perhaps you'd better not show him my bill just now.

But I did, doctor, and it didn't make any difference. He said he knew he couldn't pay it anyway.

W P C 1042

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