

## OLD LONDON IS DESERTED

By "Society" People, Who Are Houdaying in the Country.

Westminster Abbey Becoming Crowded With the Bones of the Dead.

In Memory of Mrs. Haweis—Anxious to See the Yankee Fleet at Portsmouth—Harry, the Valet, a Most Notorious Criminal.

[Special Cable Letter to The Advertiser.]

London, Jan. 7.—It may be said that London has been deserted by the society people, who are mostly entertaining or being entertained at country houses. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire intend to cap the season of gaieties with a grand ball at Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, which is to eclipse the famous Devonshire House famous fancy ball. The United States attaché, Mr. Henry White, and Mrs. White are entertaining a shooting party.

**TO BE BURIED IN THE ABBEY.**  
The Duke of Northumberland, who died on Monday will be interred in St. Nicholas chapel, Westminster Abbey, where the Percy family have the right of burial. Some pressure was put upon the family to waive this right, in view of the limited space now remaining in the Abbey; but the relatives of the deceased duke insisted upon their rights. The late duke lived the life of a recluse during recent years. Earl Percy, the eldest son, succeeded to the dukedom, which carries with it nearly 300,000 acres of land in Northumberland and many thousands of acres in Surrey and Middlesex, the income being nearly £1,250,000 a year.

**DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S REWARD.**

The Duke of Marlborough, by his appointment as paymaster-general, in succession to the Earl of Hopetoun, who was recently made lord chamberlain, becomes a member of the government. The office, however, is only a stepping-stone. There is no work in it, and no pay. But, the duke may occasionally have to answer a question in the House of Lords. The appointment is a reward for the duke's labors in the Conservative cause. He is an indefatigable worker in the Primrose League. Hardly a week passes without his having presided at a meeting of the league somewhere. William Waldorf Astor's Pall Mall Gazette says: "The duke is a young man who has the good sense to take himself and his position seriously and not rest satisfied, like a beaumont nobleman, with having taken the trouble to be born. In the age we live in it is eminently desirable that men of rank and wealth should throw the influence of their position and personality into the scale of politics."

**BAD FOR GLASGOW.**  
The opening of the New Year was marked by an exchange of telegrams containing good wishes between all the crown heads of Europe. The hogmanay, or New Year's festivities, celebrated at Glasgow, were marked by the greatest exhibition of intoxication in the streets seen even in Glasgow. One account of the scene says: "It would need the pen of Zola to describe the state of the streets. The most astounding feature of the debauchery was the appalling number of young lads rolling about the streets." The number of week-end "drunks" arrested there breaks the record. There were over 300 persons arrested on the evening of the 31st, and many more in the morning.

**IN MEMORY OF MRS. HAWEIS.**  
"Lady Henry Somerset, W. T. Stead, and other friends and admirers of the late Mrs. Haweis, the author of "Chaucer for Children," "Chaucer for Schools," "Chaucer's Beads," "Tales from Chaucer," etc., all superintendents of the Mercy branch of the British Women's Temperance Association, vice-president of the Maternity Society of England, and vice-president of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, have formed a committee to perpetuate her memory by raising a fund, to be called the Mrs. Haweis fund for working girls. The object of which is said to be to financially aid English and American girls between the ages of 12 and 20 to learn a self-supporting trade, or to engage in remunerative trade.

**ANTICIPATED VISIT OF AN AMERICAN SQUADRON.**

People here seem to have settled in their own minds that an American squadron will visit Portsmouth in June, and it is unhesitatingly announced that the admiralty authorities have arranged to have the British channel fleet, with the Duke of York at its head, assemble in the Solent, to meet the American ships. One paper presumes to know

that the American squadron will consist of all the best types of modern warships.

The Portsmouth municipality is evidently trying to boom the event for its benefit, and a dispatch from Portsmouth today says official information on the subject is eagerly awaited there in order to prepare the arrangements to give a fitting welcome to the officers and men.

**MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.**

With the opening of 1899, the London county council took over the street railroad of the South London district. The transaction was signalized by the payment of £1,250,000.

**A PHENOMENAL ROBBER.**

"Harry the Valet," who, on Wednesday, pleaded guilty to stealing the Duchess of Sutherland's jewels, which were stolen while the duchess was on her way from Paris to London in October last, proves to be an extraordinary character. The judge has postponed sentence in order to enable him to inform the police as to what became of the bulk of the jewels, of which only \$4,000 worth out of \$125,000 contained in the stolen satchel, were recovered, the idea being that the prisoner will get a lighter sentence for the information. The prisoner, however, replied to the judge that he would not "split on his pals," even if he got a life sentence. He appears to be one of the most notorious criminals of the generation, in general appearance, and has a grand air and a frank, engaging look. The prisoner boasts he has made twenty bigger "hauls" than in the case of the Sutherland jewels and claims he reduced robbery to a science, making it his business to know everybody of wealth and consequence in Europe. He further says that he rarely made a mistake, owing to his cautious preliminaries and declared that the only serious mistake of his career was when he robbed the Duchess of Devonshire, some time ago, of a few jewels and found to his disgust that he had taken paste. "Harry the Valet" appears to have made a great deal of money, for he lost several thousands pounds in one week at a Soho gambling club. He had the lordliest tastes and lived at a West End hotel. Finally he was betrayed, in the Sutherland affair, by his mistress, a former actress, who informed the police of the share he had taken in that robbery. Otherwise, there is every reason to believe that he would have been caught, as the police had no clue to him. He was apparently devoted to this woman, as while awaiting trial, he begged her to come to his prison and give him one more kiss.

**GUNNERY PRACTICE.**

The splendid practice of the American gunners has galvanized the British into a critical interest in the gun-firing of their own navy, and the results of the inquiries made are not very reassuring. The performances of the Mediterranean fleet, supposed to be the crack British fleet, are far from satisfactory. The results of the heavy and light gun prize firing of 1898, just published, shows that with the heavy guns 250 rounds were fired, at 8 knots, and that the percentage of hits was 30. With the six-inch quick-firers, steaming twelve knots the average was 50 per cent. The Maxim guns, the average was 48 per cent; the six-inch quick-firer is the most used gun in the British service, and the paper points out that it is evident that even the crack squadron has much to learn regarding its use. In the case of the smaller weapons the results were still more disadvantageous, and this without the disconcerting effects of hostile fire. The papers now ask if it is not time that measures be taken to make gun practice something more than a perfunctory exercise, as is the case in many of the British ships.

**TERSELY TOLD**

Mayor arden, of Vancouver, has been re-elected by acclamation.

United States Representative Dingley was a little weaker this morning.

The receipts of the Toronto Street Railway Company for 1898 were \$208,619, an increase of \$140,000 over that of 1897.

Indications point to a big rush this season to the Adlin district, Alaska, which is said to be a marvelously rich one.

The man whose dead body was found on the Grand Trunk track at an early hour this morning has been identified as David Rennie, blacksmith, Knox Church, Galt, has voted an increase of \$500 per annum to the salary of their minister, Rev. R. E. Knowles, making it \$2,000 a year, with free manse.

A Kingston dispatch says that from a private source it is learned that the Dominion House will meet for business on the second Thursday in March.

Wm. G. Neilson, M. P. P. for North-east Kootenay, B. C., died at his father's residence, Almonte, of acute congestion of the lungs, resulting from influenza.

John Rhodes, of Raleigh, took poison in mistake for a dose of medicine on Tuesday night, just as he was retiring. Prompt use of emetics brought him around all right.

J. P. Gardner, who for the past year and a half has had charge of the Kingston Bell Telephone Exchange, has been promoted to the management of the Stratford exchange.

The steamer Enna, at Halifax, from

Santiago, reports passing a burning vessel out south of the George's Banks.

The engagement is announced of Lieut. Benjamin W. Wells, Jun., of United States navy, and who was Admiral Schley's flag secretary during the Spanish war, and Miss Julia Laurette Rommel, of St. Martin's, New Brunswick.

Joseph Leiter, the Chicago financier, has secured the Rhode Island locomotive works property. The International Air Power Company, controlled by Joseph Leiter and the Rothschilds of Europe will make appliances for the New York Auto-Truck Company, and will continue the manufacture of steam locomotives. The Leiter syndicate will fight the locomotive power trust.

## TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

An Aged Inmate of the Robinson Home Burned to Death.

Mrs. Wilkins' Apron Caught Fire While She Was Poking the Stove—Had Been Totally Blind for Twenty Years.

Mrs. Wilkins, an inmate of the Robinson Home, met with a terrible accident yesterday afternoon which resulted in her death at 2 o'clock this morning. The old lady was sitting in her own private room, poking the stove, when her apron caught fire, causing her whole clothing soon to be wrapped in flames. Being terror-stricken, she screamed for help and ran to the top of the stairs where other inmates had gathered attracted by her pitiful cries. The flames were soon smothered, but not before the unfortunate woman was terribly burned about the face, body and hands.

All that was possible was done to relieve her sufferings until the arrival of Drs. Wilson and Sturt, who attended to her injuries. Little hope was held out for recovery at the time, and her face being burned almost beyond recognition. She lingered until about 2 o'clock this morning, when death put an end to her sufferings.

The deceased lady had been totally blind for 20 years and was about 80 years of age. She has a brother in the United States, who has been communicated with.

The Robinson Home, a charitable institution, is situated over the Vauxhall bridge, and is now conducted by Mr. T. H. Robinson, city.

## ABOUT THE AMBULANCE

Chief Williams and the Hospital Trust Differ.

The Police Commissioners, and Not Mayor Little, Placed Restrictions on the Use of the Ambulance—Final Meeting of the Trust.

The final meeting of the Hospital Trust for 1898 was held in Col. Lewis' office yesterday afternoon. The members present were the chairman, Col. Lewis, Messrs. J. Gilmour, M.P., C. F. Compin, T. H. Purdon, the superintendent (Dr. Balfour) and Mayor Wilson.

Considerable discussion arose over the use of the ambulance for conveying typhoid patients. The superintendent reported having interviewed Mayor Little on the subject, and Mr. Little stated that he had made no restrictions in regard to what cases should be carried in the ambulance. Chief of Police Williams was called, and said the police commissioners had placed the restrictions upon the use of the ambulance; that they would not accept it otherwise. The police board had decided that typhoid fever was an infectious disease, and he hoped the members would not change their view.

Mayor Wilson agreed with the chief that it would be a great boon to the police if the doctors would take the ambulance away from the station. Six weeks ago, said the chief, a doctor telephoned for the ambulance, the case was not contagious, he said. But before the trip was completed the superintendent of the hospital telephoned that the ambulance should be disinfectant.

Mr. Gilmour said it was alleged that a young lady had been discharged from the hospital, and had given diptheria to two or three other families, subsequently. The superintendent said that were the doctor in attendance must have discharged the patient.

The mayor harped upon the need of checking out the supplies received at the hospital, but the other trustees were satisfied with the present system, and the matter dropped.

An account of \$10, for trips made by the old ambulance in transporting patients from one part of the city to another without going to the hospital, was refused payment as the trust had no knowledge of the trips.

It was agreed to grant Miss Tye, lady superintendent, an additional three months' leave of absence, without pay, on account of illness.

The trust decided to pay the account of Moore & Henry, for \$1,400, for plans for hospital alterations and additions.

Miss Minnie Leigh, of West London, and Clara C. Murray, of Wilton Grove, were placed upon the probationers' nursing staff list.

The following motion, by Mayor Wilson, seconded by Mr. Gilmour, was carried unanimously:

"That the trustees of the London General Hospital desire to place on record their regret that Mr. C. F. Compin is severing his connection with the board. Mr. Compin was always an efficient trustee, ready at all times to devote his time and give his best services in the interests of the hospital. The trustees hope that Mr. Compin will continue to take an active interest in the hospital, so as to lessen as much as possible the loss to the hospital which the trustees feel his retirement as a trustee will be."

Mr. Compin, in reply, said his colleagues were very kind. The trustees knew him best in his work; they alone knew whether he had done his duty or not. It was more pleasant to retire under such circumstances than to remain in office until the public found a man had been there too long. This was the feeling that had caused him to retire. He felt that he had done the right thing, after having served 13 years on the trust.

## ROYALTY AT WELBECK

Interesting Pages From the History of the Duke of Portland's Seat

Welbeck Abbey, where the Duke and Duchess of Connaught passed last week as guests of the Duke of Portland, has often had royalty under its hospitable roof, but it is not generally known that a couple of centuries ago the mansion was the scene of a grand entertainment given in honor of William III. At the period in question Welbeck belonged to the Cavendish Dukes of Newcastle—it did not come into possession of the Bentincks until 1784, when the second Duke of Portland married Lady Margaret Harley (Prior's "My noble lovely little 'eggy'"), and the King's host was John, Duke of Newcastle, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1711. The King took advantage of the Parliamentary recess in 1695 to "take a progress northward," and, en route to Welbeck, he visited Newark, Althorpe and Nottingham. Among his fellow-guests at Welbeck were the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Portland, Lord Romney, Lord Godolphin, "Tom" Wharton, Mr. Montague, Mr. Fulton, and the Duke of St. Albans. In a letter preserved with the Portland archives the Duke of Newcastle requests the Earl of Sunderland "to lay it before the King that he should excuse the attendance of the militia, because it will be just in the midst of the hurry of the elections for this county."

One hundred and thirty years earlier William Cavendish, subsequently Earl, Marquis and Duke of Newcastle, then a boy 12 years of age, received Prince Charles, afterward Charles II, who was on his way from Scotland to join the King, his father, in London. This function, however, did not take place actually at Welbeck, but at the neighboring town of Worksop. The incident is thus referred to in a letter, written in excellent French, by William Cavendish to his father, Sir Charles Cavendish: "I must inform you of the honorable entertainment received by the Duke (Prince Charles) and his company at Worksop. My brother and I received much honor for our good training, which surprised the Scotch gentlemen, and especially our proficiency in the French language, in which the president, the Duke's governor, is perfect, as well as several gentlemen of his suite. I beg that you will think me of my uncle and aunt, and thank them for the honor they have done me in thinking me capable of entertaining such a prince. The aunt and uncle here mentioned are the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, at whose house the reception took place, and who seemed to have deputed their nephew to do the honors to the little prince. This Countess of Shrewsbury and the sister of the Earl of Devonshire and Sir Charles Cavendish, and daughter of the celebrated Bess of Hardwick.—London correspondence in Birmingham Post.

**A USEFUL INVENTION.**  
Key Constructed so That Any Door Can Be Locked With It.  
It is a novel key, which is so constructed that it will aid any door, window or transom can be securely locked. As shown in Fig. 8, the key comprises two levers pivoted on each side. Formed



at right angles to the shanks of the levers are tapered logs lying in the plane of the levers.

In order to lock any door by means of this key it is necessary merely to arrange the levers perpendicularly to each other in the manner shown by dotted lines in Fig. 2. The shank of one lever having been inserted between the door and the jamb with the logs extending in a vertical direction, the other lever is given a quarter turn in order to force the logs horizontally into the jamb and into the door. This applied, the key will lock any door as effectually as a strong lock.

A key of this pattern will be found of use to those who are frequently compelled to occupy sleeping-rooms the doors, transoms and windows of which cannot be securely locked.

The key is but 2 1/4 inches long, weighs less than one ounce and can be carried on the key ring or in the pocketbook.

**The Sorrows of Don Carlos.**

In private life Don Carlos has not been without sorrows. Only last winter his youngest daughter, the Donna Elvira, Italian painter, Folchi by name, a married man with children. As his instance she joined him at Milan and together they fled to Rome, where, after possessing himself of her fortune, the rascal abandoned the unhappy Princess.

Now, according to report, in order not to die of want she is obliged to work in an obscure Roman shop.

With the same gloom of spirit which actuated the old Roman consul who condemned his own son to death, Don Carlos in an open letter to the Carlists printed in the Italian press, referring to the disgrace and sorrow fallen upon his house declared the erring daughter as one dead.

**TAKE NOTICE.**

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap

Last long—lathers freely.

5 cents a cake.

## NOT PHILANTHROPY THEY GOT THE LION

Gave a \$200 New Floor for a \$500 Old One.

It is not very often that such a seemingly philanthropic offer is made by one business man to another as that told of by a partner in an old bullion house to a Mail and Express reporter.

"Not long ago," he said, "a dealer in gold and silver heard that one floor of a building which had not been occupied for some time was to be rented, but that the prospective tenant had insisted that a new floor be laid before he take possession, as the old one had become very much worn. The bullion dealer knew that he previous occupant had been a manufacturer of jewelry and had been in business in the place for many years. He promptly visited the owner of the property and told him that he would put in a new floor of the best wood for nothing. The owner made a few inquiries, but the dealer said very little in reply, except that he thought he would manage to scrape a good deal of gold and silver dust from the floor. His offer was accepted. The wood for the new floor and the labor for laying it cost about \$200.

"The old flooring was burned and the ashes put through a course of reduction. The result was that the bullion dealer obtained nearly \$500 for the gold and silver which was brought out, or a profit of about 100 per cent. on the operation. "Every manufacturer of jewelry or worker in the precious metals calculates that he will lose about \$800 in 'saturating' new quarters of the usual loft size. The gold and silver dust penetrates the pores of the wood and small particles are ground into the floor. After just so much is lost in this way the waste ceases and all dust that falls to the floor or adheres to the wall may be swept up or off and saved. The sweepings in these factories and in bullion offices are always saved and reduced."—New York Mail and Express.

**Too Playful.**

Young Algy Vervain had gone to call on Miss Edyth St. Clare and had found her out, but her mother was at home and Algy was asked to wait, as Miss Edyth was expected at any moment. Suddenly footsteps were heard in the hall, and Algy, who was of a playful disposition, said "cheerfully."

"I'll just stoop down behind the big easy chair and appear suddenly and surprise Miss Edyth."

"Oh, that will be a dear little joke!" said Edyth's playful mamma.

Edyth was the only one of the trio disinclined to be playful. Something had occurred to disturb her self-poise and she was "out of sorts."

"Anyone been here while I was out?" she asked.

"Why do you ask?" inquired her smiling mamma.

"Because that insufferably tiresome Algy Vervain—"

"My dear! My dear!"

"—said he was going to come poking up here, and—"

"Edyth! Edyth!"

"And I'm so glad he didn't for I—"

"Edyth—my daughter!"

"—abolished the sight of him! He's so stupid and conceited, and—"

"Edyth, I beg of you!"

"Now, mamma, you've said so yourself many a time, and—"

"O, Edyth, I'm sure I—"

"Why, indeed, you have, mamma. You said the other day that he reminded you of that Italian organ grinder's monkey, and—"

"Edyth!"

"—I think so, too!"

"Edyth St. Clare! Will you keep still!"

Edyth's girlish shriek rang throughout the house when Algy rose to his feet, and instead of uttering a playful "boo" said stily:

"—bid you good night, Miss St. Clare," and he departed to return no more.

**Value of Athletics.**

The true test of the value of any field or track event is that of common sense. For instance, it is well to learn to run 100 or 200 yards at great speed, because there are frequent occasions when it is necessary to cover these distances in quick time. It is well to train for quarter-mile and half-mile running, because if one wants to go to any place distant a half mile or so, the quickest way to get there unaided is to run. It is the same way with the mile or three-mile run. If you come to a brook, you know your knowledge of the running broad jump. If you want to clear a fence (to escape a bull, for instance) you try the running high jump—not the standing high jump. If it is a high wall, and you have any knowledge of the pole vault, you likewise have an advantage. Hurdle-racing teaches you to get across country fields and fences, and both the hammer and the shot events on the card give good training for emergencies that may rise.—Harper's Round Table.

**The Dear Old Lady's Mistake.**  
Old Mr. and Mrs. Shurman from Bryan went down to town, and in going to the hotel for dinner saw a crowd around the justice court. The old couple, with pardonable curiosity, inquired the cause of the gathering. They were informed that a man was on trial for beating his wife. Edging their way through the bystanders to get a look at the prisoner, the old lady whispered to her husband:

"What a murderous looking creature the prisoner is! I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Hush," warned her husband. "That isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet."

"Isn't it the judge?"—Atlanta Constitution

No man ever made so much money that he didn't kick against his luck.

Exciting Adventure of Two Colorado Miners in Their Camp.

"The mountain lion," remarked an old miner some time ago, "is becoming rare in the mountains of the west. When I first went seeking after the gold and silver of Colorado those animals were rather plentiful. They met in pairs, and were common enough to make it hazardous for a man to walk in the valleys alone and unprotected, particularly after dark. I remember on one occasion having a slight adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a pal I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray. Winter came on, and one day, before the very cold weather set in, we went to the town to get supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain alone. It came on to snow soon after we got to Ouray, and we did not get a chance to go to the claim for fully a week. As we slowly climbed the hills I noticed the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin, and when we reached the house found that we had forgotten to close a window in the side. We had lost sight of the tracks, and the sight of the open window caused me to forget all about the animal and its presence. I started for the window, and was about to put my hand into the apartment when there came a terrible growl, and the next instant a great yellow body darted through the opening right over my back, its claws catching my boots and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My pal whipped out his gun, and the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could shoot, the beast was upon him, and seizing him by the slack of his jacket shook him as if he had been a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. He dropped, and my pal drew his breath freely once more. Neither of us was hurt, but the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug by my cot."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Quality of Being Agreeable.**  
It might reasonably be supposed that good people would be agreeable and bad people disagreeable, but this is by no means a fixed rule. There are many notable exceptions, especially among bad people, who are often delightful companions. They study to please that they may cover up their faults of character. There is no reason, however, why good people should not follow their example in this respect. When they act naturally they are agreeable, but some good men, with warm sympathies and great kindness of heart, seem to think that it is necessary for their own protection to put on a gruff, repellent manner. There are others who at heart are good friends, yet make themselves disagreeable to those they love by a bad habit of positive contradiction. All of us have a great deal of self-love, and we can not regard as agreeable one who continually differs with and contradicts us, especially if he does so in an offensive way.

The agreeable man is always courteous and considerate. He keeps out of disputes and contentions, seeks to give utterance only to pleasant things, and, if driven to contradict, does so in an amiable manner. He may or may not be as good as faithful at heart, as the gruff disputant, who is apt to be boastful of his frankness, but the quality that makes him agreeable is his cultivated manner. Some people go so far as to deprecate politeness as a concession to hypocrisy, but it is really a manifestation of a consideration for others. It is, of course, cultivated by hypocrites, and those who are excessively polite may be suspected of insincerity, but this is not a good reason why sincere people should not use it to make themselves agreeable.

The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellent manner really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his repulsive manners. Those who do may have patience to bear with him, knowing that his heart is right, but others will judge by his manners, and, finding him disagreeable, will avoid intimacy with him. It is not enough, therefore, to be just or kind-hearted; one should also be agreeable in manner, and it requires very little effort to be so. The foundation of agreeable manners is thoughtful consideration of others or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness for, in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.

**Aggravated.**  
He gets violent sometimes on very short provocation, and when he slammed the book down on the floor, his wife knew that it wasn't anything very serious. But for the sake of seeming interested, she inquired:—  
"What is the matter, Horatio?"  
"I wish," he exclaimed, angrily, "that this author would quit calling me 'gentle reader.'"  
"It doesn't make any difference, does it?"  
"Yes, it does make a difference. It's an untruthful assumption. I don't like the way he writes, and I ain't gentle when I read his books. If I didn't get started in before I knew it, so that I want to see how his miserable story comes out, I wouldn't tolerate his bad grammar and worse sense for a minute. And when I'm doing my best to be patient and bear with him, to have him come along and pat me on the back and call me 'gentle reader' gets me riled, and I can't help showing it!"—Washington Star.

## OUR DAUGHTERS ARE IN DANGER.

Signs by Which the Danger May Be Detected.

**Paleness, Weakness, Nervous Headache and Other Symptoms of Dyspepsia—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Are the Only Positive and Reliable Cure.**

Is your daughter a pale-faced, nervous girl?

If she is, then she is weak of body, short of breath, easily tired, has cold feet, suffers greatly from nervous headache, also with ringing noises in her ears, has variable appetite, can not sleep well, and is troubled with "nightmare."

Do you know what is the matter with her?

You have been told, very likely, that she is "going into a decline," that she is in the first stage of consumption.

Perhaps she has taken medicine under the impression created by these assertions. If so, it has done her no good.

Her trouble is by no means so terrible, nor so mysterious. She has Dyspepsia. That is all. And that is enough.

What she needs is a short treatment with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will restore her to health—perfect and complete—in remarkably short time.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food that the weak, exhausted stomach cannot digest. This food is then converted into rich, nourishing, vitalizing blood, which goes to feed and nourish the entire body.

Weakness and illness depart, to be replaced by strength and health.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have saved many lives. They are saving life daily. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the only positive cure for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilio-sness, Heartburn, Anemia, or Poverty of the Blood, Water-brash, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Liver Complaint, and all other Stomach Troubles.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box; six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by the Dodd Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto.