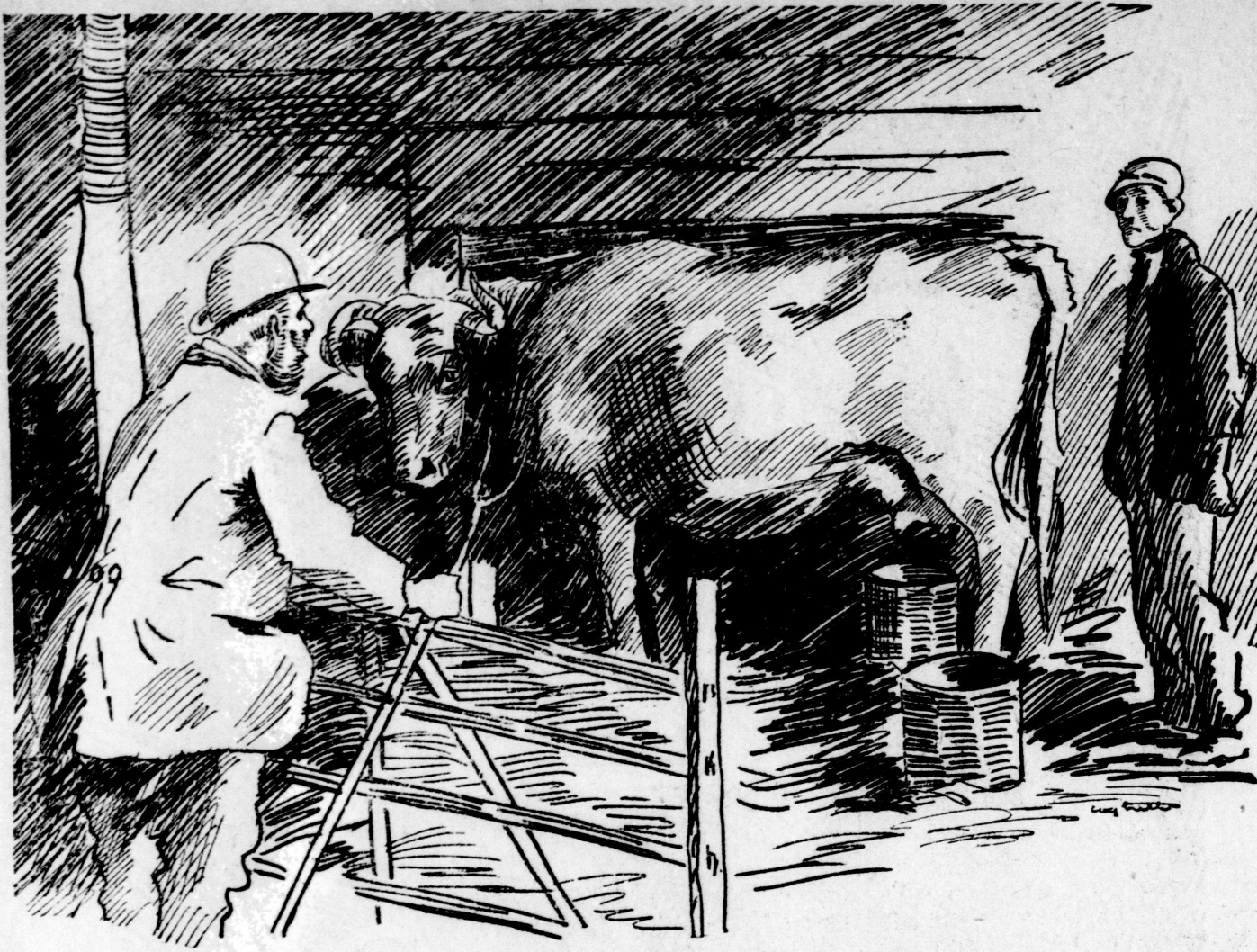


**"BACK TO THE LAND."**

Old Farmer Worsell (who is experimenting with unemployed from London).—Now then, young feller, 'ow long are you goin' to be with that 'ere milk? Young Feller—I can't 'elp it, guv'nor, I bin watchin' 'er 'arf an hour, and she ain't laid any yit!

Worry won't cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.

Price: S. C. WELLS & CO. 34 2c. 50c. \$1. Le Roy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

Dyeing with Soap!

Maypole Soap is the Household Dye that washes and dyes with one operation. Used almost exclusively in England. Yields fast, brilliant colors. Dyes to any shade. No streaks. And above all—CLEANLY, SAFELY, QUICKLY.

Maypole Soap Made in England

For Colors—15c. For Black—25c.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold. A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold. A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.

Sold by all Druggists.

Japanese Self-Restraint.

One of the characteristics of the Japanese is their self-restraint in times of national difficulty or trouble. At the present time, for instance, there is little to show visitors to Japan that it is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a strong western power. Occasionally there are bursts of restrained national jubilation, when the Japanese army and navy obtain any signal victory; but affairs are carried on very quietly and systematically. For instance, the publication of official reports on the different departments of administration is not interrupted. In fact, more complete information than ever is given with regard to all that is being done. The official reports of the Japanese Government are models of arrangement and completeness, and amid all the publications which are appearing about Japan they contain the most trustworthy information about the national progress.—Engineering, London, England.

You Write a Post Card

The Post brings you a Free Sample of

GIN PILLS

Simplest thing in the world. Use a postal, tell us you want a free sample of GIN PILLS, the great cure for kidney troubles, and sign your name and address. On receipt of this card, we will mail you the promised sample, free of any cost to you.

We are giving away 100,000 boxes of GIN PILLS to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. We know positively, that if you have any Kidney Disease, the sample which we send you free, will do you so much good that you will gladly buy enough to complete the cure, and make you a well, happy man or woman again.

If you are suffering, or know of a friend who is, send your name and we will be pleased to mail you a generous sample of GIN PILLS.

Gin Pills Cure or you get your Money Back.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere, 50c a box, or 6 for \$2.50.

BOLE DRUG CO.,

Dept. X, Winnipeg, Man.

ASTHMA

We Prove our Faith in Clarke's Kola Compound by Sending a Sample Treatment Free. We have unshaken confidence in Clarke's Kola Compound. We know of the apparently hopeless cases it has cured. We see thousands of bright, happy, robust people, who owe their release from suffering, to Clarke's Kola Compound. We have seen over a year's experience of its cures. It is now used in the leading hospitals and sanitariums. Won't you let us send you a free sample bottle?

"For ten years, my wife suffered with asthma. For months, she could sleep only sitting up in a chair, and physicians constantly attended her, but she became no better. Four bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound have completely cured her more than a year ago. She has been entirely free of sickness." C. H. WISKES, Toronto, Canada.

Write to-day for a free sample and get relief. The Griffiths & MacKenzie Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Blood Poison

Brings Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula.

WEAVER'S SYRUP

Cures them permanently.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

TO A MAN FOR WHOM EVENTS HAVE GONE WRONG.

By Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

THOUGH THE EARTH BE REMOVED AND THOUGH THE MOUNTAINS BE CARRIED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, YET WILL I NOT FEAR.

HOPE THOU IN GOD FOR HE SHALL YET SAVE THEE.

Our city holds a few people who seem chosen to good fortune. Health, money, a troop of friends, offices, position, all theirs. One misfortune alone happens to them—when Christ comes they know of nothing that they do not already possess. Others are chosen to adversity and trouble. Their health is insecure, they are poor, obscure, neglected, and all the storms of life beat in upon them. In an unfriendly mood Fate seems to have emptied upon them a quiver full of arrows and each barb is tipped in fire or poison. One of these men, over whom troubles have swept in sheeted storms, has just written me. At the hour when he expected success and ease everything has been swept away. "At the beginning of old age I find myself where I stood in my youth—at the foot of the ladder. The year was enough, but not now, after these years of affluence. I cannot adjust myself to the change from the position of employer to that of clerk, from a mansion to a flat, from the club and many friends to being a nobody. Is not suicide justifiable in certain cases? I never asked to be born. If I had been asked I think I would have refused the gift of life. Why may I not lay down a burden, that I never took up for myself?"

This is the letter of an honest man. These words ring true. Here is a man who is baffled and beaten—for he has not been able to find his way out of the hour. For him things have gone as bad as heart could wish. The problem most difficult, is many-sided, is immeasurable in its scope. Never having been in like position, it is not only a baffling and beating—for he cannot comprehend the vastness of the issue involved. Were I similarly situated perhaps the storms and sheeted troubles that beat this man to the earth would have beaten my spirit into the very ground. Nevertheless, I can but encourage the hope that I should be supported by my confidence in the ultimate triumph of right and the beneficence of God, who is surrounded with clouds and darkness often, but who stands within the shadow, keeping watch above his own. Because I have not suffered as much as my friend who writes me, I have great hesitancy in trying to fulfill his request. But since he has urged his need, I answer that for the present he has taken my eyes away from the battlefields in the East, the strikes in Russia, the events of Washington and New York, and focalized my thoughts

on a man of 60, gray, furrowed with care, standing with his back to the wall, and I am asking myself the question, Will this man show his generation how to meet and defy events while he fights out this challenge to poverty, ill health, sorrow, loneliness, heartbreak? Here I stand, with soul unconquerable. Do your worst! But remember that though all things fail I will not fear.

What if God and events have chosen you for an example? What if Fate's greatest opportunity came in the chance to be victorious over mobs, stones, hunger, dungeon, the headstrong man's axe? What if the martyrdom was Abraham Lincoln's greatest good fortune? When the Japanese commander wanted a hundred men to make the death charge the whole regiment volunteered, counting it an honor and entering into competition for the right to die. The name of Paul is today a name to conjure with. What if, on fronting Nero's dungeon, he had considered the problem whether suicide was not justifiable? What if he had asked the question that you ask me: "May I not lay down those burdens that I never asked to take?" What if he had gone into the presence of his Master bearing the stain of cowardice? No, a thousand times, no! You did not choose life for yourself. But God chose it for you. And for you perchance, as with your Master, you will forget the mount of transfiguration, where success dwelt in the joy of victory over your Calvary.

When long time has passed, perhaps you will be grateful for the kindness of the Creator. He has not allowed you to dwell in the joy of victory over your Calvary. If men are here to gather gold, then you have failed. If men are here to build character, then your troubles may spring out of the loving kindness of the Creator. He has not allowed you to dwell in the joy of victory over your Calvary. If men are here to gather gold, then you have failed. If men are here to build character, then your troubles may spring out of the loving kindness of the Creator. He has not allowed you to dwell in the joy of victory over your Calvary. If men are here to gather gold, then you have failed. If men are here to build character, then your troubles may spring out of the loving kindness of the Creator. He has not allowed you to dwell in the joy of victory over your Calvary.

ASTHMA

We Prove our Faith in Clarke's Kola Compound by Sending a Sample Treatment Free. We have unshaken confidence in Clarke's Kola Compound. We know of the apparently hopeless cases it has cured. We see thousands of bright, happy, robust people, who owe their release from suffering, to Clarke's Kola Compound. We have seen over a year's experience of its cures. It is now used in the leading hospitals and sanitariums. Won't you let us send you a free sample bottle?

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If so, no matter what treasure your hands held, your life was poor. You say you are now where you began in your youth, with \$500 a year. Emerson did his abundant work on \$500 a year when money would not go as far as it does today. So did John Bunyan and Milton and Dante. Not one of the apostles had a tenth as much. The men that have made liberty, wrought reforms, the old masters, the great poets, the great painters, the great musicians, the great statesmen, the great philosophers, the great scientists, the great explorers, the great inventors, the great discoverers, the great reformers, the great benefactors of the world, have all lived on less than \$500 a year. Wealth is a relative term. Wealth is in the soul. Your letter bears abundant proof that you have full power to assert your manhood and say: "I know how to be full and how to be happy. I know how to lead and how to follow. Everywhere and through all things I can conquer through the strength of my faith." Remember that the end is, not far off. In going abroad I have noticed that in the nearness of the shore storms increase. On the voyage, books, games, conversation have their uses, but when the captain announces "Land ahead!" the sailor would throw away his books and games and take up his gun. Amusements and games for the brief life voyage, are now to be folded up because they have outgrown their use. If the earth be removed? God still lives. Hope thou in Him. He shall yet make thee a conqueror. What, in things, is the strength of thy life? NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

IT WAS NOT A FAITH CURE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Adams' Bright's Disease.

She Did Not Believe in Them, But Today She Is Strong and Well.

Collingwood, Ont., Feb. 24.—Special.—Mrs. Adams, who moved here about two years ago from Burk's Falls, is one of the many sufferers who once had Bright's Disease, and are now strong and well. Like all the others she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"It was eight months 'an invalid,' says Mrs. Adams, 'and no one could tell what I suffered. My doctor said I had Bright's Disease and advised me to get a rest. I got no relief from anything he gave me. At last a friend of my husband's told me of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I bought a trial. I had no faith in them. For I thought I never would get better. But after taking three boxes of them I was able to get up. I had never had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Sarah and the Whale.

It was with a rather heavy heart that I left Boston for New Haven, and, to my great surprise, on arriving at the hotel at New Haven, I found Henry Smith there, the famous whale hunter.

"Oh, heavens!" I exclaimed, flinging myself into an armchair, "what does this man want now with me?"

"He wants to see you," he said, "and to talk to you about the whale. He has been hunting for the most infernal noise of brass instruments, drums, trumpets and I should think, saucers, drew me to the window. I saw an immense carriage surrounded by an escort of negroes dressed as minstrels. On this carriage was an abominable, monstrous, colored advertisement representing me standing on the whale, tearing away its blade bone, while it struggled to defend itself."

Some sandwiches following with posters on which were written the following words: "Come and see the 'monstrous cetacean which Sarah Bernhardt killed by tearing out its whale bone for her corsets. These are made by Mlle. Lily Nee, who lives.'" etc. Some of the other sandwiches carried posters with these words: "The whale is just as flourishing as it was when it was alive. It has \$500 worth of salt in its stomach, and every day the ice upon which it was resting is renewed at a cost of \$100!"

My face turned more livid than that of the whale. I saw an immense carriage surrounded by an escort of negroes dressed as minstrels. On this carriage was an abominable, monstrous, colored advertisement representing me standing on the whale, tearing away its blade bone, while it struggled to defend itself.

Two days later I was at Hartford, and the same whale was there. It continued its tour of exhibition, and every day it was obliged to begin all over again, as the law varied in the different states.—Sarah Bernhardt in the Strand.

The skins of toads and salamanders have been submitted to microscopical examination by Mr. Schulz, who finds that there are two kinds of glands present in the skin of these animals, viz., mucous and poisonous glands. The former are present all over the body; the latter are confined to the back of the body and limbs and the ear region behind the eyes; and in the salamander are present at an angle of the jaw.

TWO GIRLS AND THE BULLFROGS

THE STORY OF A FEMININE HUNTING PARTY IN MUSKOGA—ENJOYABLE ALL-DAY CRUISES.

Original Method for Aiming a Small Calibre Rifle—Dilemma of the Frog That Seemed To Be Dead.

"I must tell you one of my shooting experiences," said the girl, "it always goes up to Muskoga about the middle of August to avoid hay-fever. Last summer I was there until the 27th of September. We sailed—the Canadian girls of our party had a fine boat, the 'Streak'—and we went for all-day cruises when the wind and weather favored. I had been given a little 22-calibre rifle, and one day we determined to try it. 'What shall we shoot?' said the girl who was to be my companion. 'I've never had a firearm in my hand, and it wouldn't be of the least use for me to try at a bird.' After weighing the matter well we resolved to go a-frogging. We had heard that this was very good sport.

"So at 4 o'clock one afternoon we went down to the boat-house, and pulling out our canoe stocked it with a 'billy,' or hot water pot, a basket of provisions, the rifle, and a box of cartridges; and then, much admired for our sportiness by the assembled concourse of young and old, we set off for a promising river a mile away. We paddled in every bay and inlet in a vain search for game. My hay-fever was forgotten as I breathed in the invigorating air of the Highlands of Canada, and our souls were at peace as we gazed into the river and wondered where the shore ended and the shadows began. At last when we had progressed a mile and a half up the river and entered another little bay, my companion in the stern suddenly called out in an excited whisper: 'Isn't that a frog?'—that dark spot among those lily-pads?"

"I looked where she pointed, and there sure enough were the flat head and goggle eyes of Rana Pip. Est. looking at us with a lazy lack of suspicion."

"Go on, shoot him! I will hold the canoe steady," she said.

"No," said I firmly, "you must have the first shot. Get a little nearer. Careful!"

"We got within a canoe length of the heedless reptile and then she put her paddle in the canoe, and reached out for the gun, her eyes dancing with excitement. I loaded it, and handed it back to her.

"Put! the cartridge splashed in the water two feet from the target, and she quietly diverged and struck off in the opposite direction.

"You must have a crooked eye," said I, "was a very bad shot. Hold the rifle up again and aim at me, it isn't loaded. Then, perhaps, I can see what is the matter."

"Now, I'm aiming at the end of your nose," she said. As I watched her I had to laugh. "Why, you're sighting the rifle with the wrong eye!" I told her. "The eye that the barrel is shut. No wonder you couldn't hit anything."

"Well, I can't shut my left eye, then, pull the trigger with your left hand. After a few practice shots this seemed to be the best way, and she succeeded in getting somewhat nearer the mark.

"Under a long bridge we passed, and on half a mile into a very paradise for frogs, a semi-submerged forest, through which it was no easy matter to push even our light canoe, and I trembled to think of the scratches with which we must be decorating its bottom boards. I shot a large bullfrog, but had my companion not dashed the canoe immediately to the spot, the must have sunk beyond our reach in the mass of weeds; but I plunged my head and arms into the mud, and pulled out the poor creature with a neat hole in the top of his head.

"The next turn was here, and the impact we could not determine when she pulled him out, for there was not a mark on him. He might soon be kicking again. 'What on earth shall we do with this?' she asked. 'We can't throw him back, we promised the whole crowd frogs for breakfast, and we can't afford to waste one.' An idea suddenly struck her. 'If we had a piece of string we could tie his legs together and hang him over the paddle away from the canoe. Then we could make sure that he was dead by letting him hang, and watching him to see if he moved.'

"Is there any string in the basket?" I asked. There was none, but my companion produced a bit of blue ribbon. 'Hurrah!' she cried, and Mr. Froggy had his legs tied up tightly before I sawing him over the paddle away from the canoe. He looked so ridiculous, and I suppose he was dead, for he was so sorry that I had not taken my camera along, for I might have taken her, and she me, and the results would have been most interesting pictures to send to some really correct sporting paper."

"Well, in half an hour we had a bag of only eight frogs; for three or four before we could get them 'sunk' forever in the mud. Like the little Revenge, of sacred memory. But we had to be satisfied, as it was growing dark, so we pushed our canoe firmly but warily homeward through the impeding tree trunks, and into the open river again.

"Our arrival within hearing of the house was the signal for loud cheers from the wharf, where all stood ready to greet our return derisively. In dignified mood we

Always at the foot of the class

Don't blame the boy for being dull and stupid. You are the stupid one! Stupid because you never thought about his liver. There is where all his trouble lies. A sluggish liver makes a sluggish mind. A boy cannot study when his blood is full of bile!

Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. They are all vegetable, sugar-coated. Dose, just one pill at bedtime. Sold for 60 years. Always keep a box of these pills in the house.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. The Massachusetts of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—For coughs. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—For coughs. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—For coughs.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under its personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WE MAKE BLOCK TIN PIPE

and SMALL TUBING, TO ORDER.

The Canada Metal Company, Toronto.

disembarked, and with modest pride exhibited our 'bag.' "You don't seem stunned?" I said, rather resentfully to one of the men, who peered at the eight limp reptiles in the basket. "No, Brown and I went out in a row-boat this afternoon with a bit of red flannel on a hook," he said. "Just look at our little killing!"

"And to our extreme discomfiture he trotted to the shore, and I told them about the frog on the end of the paddle, but something made me stop. Upon reflection I am glad of this, for somehow I realize that we weren't altogether what sportsmen should be."—S. M. Macdougall, in New York Post.

Moribund Maine Town.

The story of the average backwoods town in Maine is very much like the history of a star, as each begins its career in a nebulous condition, reaches a stage of heated activity and finally burns itself out.

This winter Representative Mullen, of Bangor, has introduced an act in the Maine Legislature permitting the town of Mattamiscontis, 44 miles north-east from Bangor, to surrender its town organization and lapse back into a plantation, so as to escape the support of its paupers and the payment of county and state taxes.

Mattamiscontis was incorporated as a town on March 8, 1859. At that time the valuation of the town was \$60,000 and its population was 82. The residents had every prospect of getting rich rapidly.

On March 4, 1904, the entire population of Mattamiscontis was 28, of whom 11 were voters, and everyone in town was either a Sawyer or a Roberts. There was a Sawyer and two Roberts on the board of assessors, two Sawyers and one Roberts were overseers of the poor, a Sawyer was collector of taxes and treasurer, three Sawyers were serving as selectmen, a Roberts was superintendent of schools, Miss Maud Sawyer and Miss Agnes Roberts taught the two schools, a Sawyer was justice of the peace, a Roberts was under contract to furnish wood for the schoolhouse and a Sawyer broke out the snowy highways and carried the children to and from school.—New York Sun.

An expert statistician figures that there are today some 5,000,000 of adult males (that is, one out of every three) in the United States who carry life insurance, outside of the fraternal orders and the like. There were, at the end of last year, nearly 18,000,000 policies in force. There are only a little more than twice as many adult males today as there were 40 years ago.

Insurance written.....\$1,231,550.00 15% Gain over last year. Insurance in force.....4,144,881.00 15% Premium income.....120,485.85 105% Interest income.....21,460.69 60% Total assets.....486,949.15 194% Government reserves.....311,326.60 29% Management expenses 49,246.43 only 1% The policies issued by the Northern Life are so liberal that agents find no difficulty in writing up applicants. Liberal contracts to good agents. Write for booklet describing different kinds of policies. Head Office, London, Ont. JOHN MILNE, Managing Director.

MAZIE FOLLETTE

A Beautiful Reproduction of an Oil Painting. Size 15x20.

100 Bee Hive Soap trade marks, or 25 trade marks and 25 cents.

THE LONDON SOAP CO

197 to 205 South Street.