

CAMEOS FROM THE CLASSICS

"HEALTHY CHILDHOOD."

For this week's cameo I give a passage from Oliver Wendell Holmes' always wise and fresh "Professor at the Breakfast Table."

Are we not young? Are we not fresh and blooming? Wait a bit. The artist takes a mean little brush and draws three fine lines, diverging outwards, from the eye over the temple. Five years.—The artist draws one tolerably distinct and two faint lines, perpendicularly between the eyebrows. Ten years.—The artist breaks up the contours around the mouth, so that they look as little as a hat that has been sat upon and recovered itself, ready, as one would say, to crumple up again in the same creases, on smiling or other change of feature.—Hollo! stop that! Give a young fellow a chance! Are we not whole years short of that interesting period of life when Mr. Balzac says that a man, etc., etc.?

There now! That is ourself, as we look after finishing an article, getting a three-mile pull with the ten-foot scull, redressing the legs of the toilet, and standing with the light of hope in our eye, and the reflection of a poet that painted us?

"Blest be the art that can immortalize!"

Young folks look on a face as a unit; children who go to school with any given little John Smith see in his name a distinctive appellation, and in his features as special and definite an expression of his sole individuality as if he were the first created of his race. As soon as we are old enough to get the range of three or four generations well in hand, and to take in large family histories, we never see an individual in a face of any stock we know, but a mosaic copy of a pattern, with fragmentary bits from this and that ancestor. The analysis of a face into its ancestral elements requires that it should be examined in the very earliest infancy, before it has lost that ancient and solemn look it brings out of the past eternity; and again in that brief space when Life, the mighty sculptor, has done his work, and Death, his silent servant, lifts the veil and lets us look at the marble lines he has wrought so faithfully; and lastly, while a painter is building up, feature after feature, from the slight outline to the finished portrait.

I am satisfied, that, as we grow older, we learn to look upon our bodies more and more as a temporary possession, and less and less as identified with ourselves. In early years, while the child "feels its life in every limb," it lives in the body and for the body to a very great extent. It ought to do so. There have been many interesting children who have shown a wonderful indifference to things of earth, and an extraordinary development of the spiritual nature. There is perfect literature to their biographies, all alike in their essentials; the same "distinction to the usual amusements of childhood," the same remarkable sensibility; the same docility; the same conscientiousness; in short, an almost uniform character, marked by beautiful traits, which we look at with a painful admiration.

It will be found that most of these children are the subjects of some constitutional infirmity for living, the most frequent of which I need not mention. They are like the beautiful, blushing, half-grown fruit, that falls before its time because its core is gnawed out. They have their meaning—they do not live in vain—they are windfalls. I am convinced that many healthy children are injured morally by being forced to read too much about these little meek sufferers and their spiritual exercises. Here is a boy that loves to run, swim, kick football, turn somersaults, make faces, whistle, fish, tear his elbows, coast, skate, fire crackers, blow squash "ooters," cut his name on fences, read about Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor, eat the widest-angled slices of pie and untold cakes and candies, crack nuts with his back teeth and bite out the better part of another boy's apple with his front ones, turn up coppers, "stick" knives, call names, throw stones, knock off hats, set mousetraps, chalk doorsteps, "cut behind" anything on wheels or runners, whistle through his teeth, "hollo!" fire on slight evidence, run after soldiers, patronize an engine, or in his own words, "blow for tub No. 11," or whatever it may be—isn't that a pretty nice sort of a boy, though he has not got anything the matter with him that takes the taste of this world out? Now, when you put into such a hot-headed, hard-fisted, round-cheeked little rogue's hand, the portrait of a thin, white-faced child, whose life is really as much a training for death as the last month of a condemned criminal's existence, what does he find in common between his own overflowing and exulting sense of vitality and the experiences of the doomed offspring of invalid parents? The time comes when we have learned to understand the music of sorrow, the beauty of resigned suffering, the holy light that plays over the pillow of those who die before their time, in humble hope and trust. But it is not until he has worked his way through the period of honest hearty animal existence, which every robust child should make the most of—not until he has learned the use of his various faculties, which is his first duty—that a boy of courage and animal vigor is in a proper state to read these fearful records of premature decay.

I do verily believe that he who took children in his arms and blessed them loved the healthiest and most playful of them just as much as he loved those who were richest in tuberculous virtues. I know what I am talking about and there are more parents in this country who will be willing to listen to what I say than there are fools to pick a quarrel with me. In the sensibility and the sanctity which often accompany premature decay I see one of the most beautiful instances of the principle of compensation which marks the Divine benevolence. But to get the spiritual hygiene of robust natures out of the exceptional regimen of invalids is just simply what we professors call "bad practice."—T. P. Weekly.

IS THERE ANYTHING more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

The Literary Life of Mrs. Craigie.

The brightest, wittiest and keenest of contemporary writers is Mrs. Craigie, better known to the world of letters as John Oliver Hobbes. Her specialty is human nature; she delights to vivisect humanity as a whole, to put some poor struggling emotion under the microscope of her investigation and study it as Binet would a bacterium. The results of her findings are delivered in epigrams, clear, crisp, cynical at times, but always clever. She stimulates thought in her readers; she irritates at times, arouses antagonism, challenges opposition, but she forces attention. The threads of her destiny unite her to the United States by birth and ancestry, to England by adoption and education, and to Canada by marriage, being the daughter-in-law of Ernest Craigie of Montreal. Born in Boston in 1867, daughter of John Morgan Richards, now one of the wealthiest druggists in London, she came from an ancestry of four Puritan divines on one side and a line of Tory politicians on the other, her great grandfather being a member of the Halifax Academy long before the Declaration of Independence.

When a child of three she was taken on the usual tour through Europe, the beginning of her many traveling experiences. At a very early age she showed preliminary symptoms of her appetite for literature in her unsatiable reading of the books of others, and in attempting to add her few drops to the ocean of literature. At nine she received a prize for a story "Lost, a Dog," contributed to Dr. Joseph Parker's paper "The Fountain," but did no serious literary work until after her marriage. She was educated at University College, London, and took later courses in Rome and Paris, receiving much of her training at the Royal Academy of Music.

When only nineteen she was married to Reginald Walpole Craigie of the Bank of England, and her brief and unhappy matrimonial experience was terminated in 1895 by a divorce in which her young son was given into her custody. With him she went to the beautiful home of her parents, a delightful, solid, old-fashioned mansion at Lancaster Gate, one of the fine residential sections of London. No house in the English metropolis gathers within its hospitable walls a greater number of famous people, the dinner-parties often consisting of forty or fifty guests and running the spectrum of attainment in all phases. In this congenial and inspiring atmosphere Mrs. Craigie has blossomed into fuller power.

Her literary output, though in a dozen or more books is slight after all in volume, but in individuality, intrinsic value, piquancy and force, have given their author world fame. Mrs. Craigie is slight, of a girlish figure and a face eloquent with an inner brightness and intensity, a complexion singularly fair, beautiful dark hair and large black eyes.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. G. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

TWO FAMOUS WOMEN PIRATES

A STRANGE STORY.

One of the interesting fads of the venerable and scholarly actor, William J. Le Moine, who died recently, at his home on the Hudson, New York State after being a familiar figure on the American stage for more than a generation, was collecting odd and rare volumes. Among the treasures of this kind the story of the dandified adventures of Mary Read and Anne Bonny, which was knocked down the other day for \$99 in an auction room at the sale of his library, throws a curious light upon the career of women pirates.

It forms the kernel of that remarkable work, "A History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates, London, 1724," now one of the rarest and quaintest bits of Americana. The two small volumes, with curious wood and copper plates, are the first and only record extant of the first and only record extant of the pirate outlaws.

From the adventures of Captain Avery, who pirated the coast of New England, and Teach, known as "Blackbeard," Prince of Pirates, with fourteen vessels, captured on James River by Lieutenant Maynard, not to forget the immortal Captain Kidd, the volume is replete with stories of some score of villains who have served to what the imagination not a few of the world's most popular sea novelists.

AN OLD ROVER.
Captain Johnson, the author, was an old English sea rover. The facts recorded he personally gathered from the participants and their associates. His recital has all the direct simplicity, the delicate truthfulness of scriptural narrative, or early Elizabethan drama.

No pirate knew our waters better than this blunt old sea dog. The account of his own capture, detention and ransom by the Indians on the Ohio River (1790) is now scarcely less valuable Americana than his masterpieces, which he aptly apologized for calling a history, since he tells us "it's nothing but the actions of a parcel of robbers."

This parcel of robbers is the quarry from which Marryat, J. Clarke Russell, Fyfe and hosts of lesser writers are said to have plundered. But it is in the manes, while Robert Louis Stevenson had more than passing acquaintance with the record. How Mary Read and Anne Bonny escaped their nets seems passing strange.

In boldness and daring no less than in self-sacrificing courage these women pirates were not surpassed by any of the picturesque freebooters with whom their fortune was cast and whose deeds are enshrined in song and story. Externally these first and only recorded women pirates had little in common with the gay apparitions and female pirates of polite romance or comic opera.

IN REAL BREECHES.
Despite the donning of real breeches, braving every hardship and peril known to the twenty heroes of Johnson's history, and with not a few of whom they fought hand-to-hand with sword and pistol, Mary Read and Anne Bonny were genuine women, if not "perfect ladies."

They would have gone to their graves their sex unsuspected by their fierce and bloodthirsty companions had not Cupid found them out. As with not a few of their tinsel counterparts, the little blind god was their undoing. Both were tried for their lives in Jamaica in 1720 and condemned to death, but escaped execution because of their condition. Both died in prison.

As to the lives of these female pirates, we must confess, says the author, "that they may appear a little extravagant, yet they are nevertheless true. As they were publicly tried for their piracies, there are living witnesses (1724) enough to testify to what we have laid down concerning them. There are some incidents and turns in their stories which may give them a little air of a novel, they are not invented for that purpose; it is a kind of reading with which this author is well acquainted, but as he himself was exceedingly diverted with them when they were related to him he thought they might have the same effect upon the reader."

MARY READ.
Mary Read was an English girl. Her mother married a man who followed the sea. Soon after the wedding he sailed away and never came back. In time a son was born. When the infant was about a year old the widow met with an accident. To avoid disgrace she sought the country. There Mary Read was born quick upon the heels of the death of the legitimate son.

When Mary was 4 years old, her mother put her into the hands of a tinker, and taking her up to London, passed her off on her husband's mother as his son. The old lady was delighted and wanted to adopt the boy. This the mother would not consent to, saying it would break her heart to part with

him. The gullible old lady then gave the mother a guinea a week for his support. Shortly after she lost her mother she died, and her little sister was sold at this crisis of her sex. She was now 13, and handsome as a picture. She hired out as a footboy to a French countess. But conventional life soon wearied her. She enlisted on a man-of-war. After spirited engagements she quitted the service and went to Planders.

There as a cadet she carried arms in a foot regiment and won praise for bravery, her sex never being suspected. While deserving a commission, she could not obtain one, as they were bought and sold, and this feminine soldier of fortune was penniless. Spilling for new fields to conquer, she quit the foot regiment and joined a horse guard, where her bravery and good behavior won the esteem of the officers. To quote Mr. Broadhurst, the colonial historian, "a greater quantity of colonial history of British America than any where else extant."

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CAPTURED BY PIRATES.
From a few days out the ship was captured by pirates. Being the only Englishman aboard the ship, Robert Mary, together with the ship's plunder. She sailed with the pirate crew for some time, until the king's proclamation pardoning all pirates who voluntarily surrendered was taken advantage of by her captors. All went ashore and lived in apparent content until their money gave out.

Fondness for Nicknames.
From the very beginning of her reign Queen Victoria was in the habit of giving nicknames to the members of the royal family, to her intimate friends, and even to her own children. The nobility and conservative aristocrats in general, following the example of their royal mistress, gradually adopted the fashion, which has since become a national institution.

The present King, as Prince of Wales, and before that as Duke of Cornwall, "Puccie." Among the people he went under the name of "Teddy of Wales." He is generally known by his initials, "Bertie." His eldest son, the late Duke of Clarence, was called "Collars and Cuffs," because of his predilection for high collars and cuffs. He also went under the name of "Lemonade and Red Wine," because these were the only drinks he allowed himself. His brother, Prince George of Wales, the former Duke of York, is most commonly known as "The King's Son." Lord Charles Beresford, commander of the English navy, is called "Charlie Tar." Countess Stephanie Longay is called by her intimate friends "Stepie." Prince Henry of Pless goes by the name "Daisy," the town Prince of Roumania, "Missie," a nickname which he also adopted. Premier Balfour, who is thought by some to be effeminate.

Lord Ribblesdale is known by the dignified name of "Old Ribbards." Joseph Chamberlain is well remembered as "Our old friend," and his satellites has been christened "Sancho Panza." Lord Roberts is usually called "Bobs," and Baden Powell, the hero of Mafeking, "B. P." And the man best known by his initials is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who goes everywhere as "C. B."—La Cri de Paris.

His Uttermost Motive.
James J. Hill was addressing a multitude of farmers at the Fillmore county fair.

"Don't take up with every new notion you hear about," he said. "The railroad is of government ownership of the railroads and municipal ownership of the trolley lines are not good ideas simply because they are new ones."

"In such ideas, as a matter of fact, there often lurk covert and selfish schemes for their promulgators' advancement. Often municipal ownership of an industry will not benefit the community so much as it will benefit the man proposing it."

"It is a case of a new idea's adoption for a hidden end. It is like the case of a small businessman who wrote 'dictated' at the bottom of all his letters."

"You are in a very small way of business," said a friend. "You have no stenographer. You write all your own letters. Why, then, this 'dictated' at the bottom on each?"

"The fact is," said the small businessman, "I'm a very poor speller. In case of mistakes, the 'dictated' lets me out."

On the Trolley Car.
A group of traffic managers and auditors at the convention of street railway men in Philadelphia was telling stories of street railroading. Irwin Fuller, of Detroit, said:

"A pretty Irish girl, fresh from the old country, sat in a trolley car looking at the strange American country with modest interest."

"She had soft gray eyes, a face like roses and lilies, beautiful hair and white teeth."

"You fare, miss," said the conductor, pausing before her.

"She blushed and bit her lip."

"Your fare, miss," he repeated.

"Sure," said the girl, "an' what if I be? You must not be repeatin' it like that before folks."—New York Tribune.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION

CREAM Sodas

Food Value
Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas are crisp squares of wholesome nourishment. They are the food that builds strength and muscle. They are as easily digested by the child and invalid as by the sturdy workman. They contain ALL the food properties of finest Canadian wheat flour, in a form that delights the appetite. Always fresh and crisp in the moisture-proof packages. At all grocers in 1 and 3 pound packages.

FAME NOW TO BE HAD AT A REDUCED RATE

PHOTO AND STORY OF CAREER COST BUT LITTLE.

There was a time when to be famous cost at least \$500 with nothing more than a ghastly looking line-cut to substantiate the title. But the rush of competition which has made inroads in the business world has reduced the price of fame as well as of baking powder.

For \$100 one may now secure half a page in a monthly magazine—i.e. in any one of several magazines—and a half tone cut easily recognized by one's creditors. The magazines are issued by incorporated companies, and at least one of the assured those whom it approaches for subscriptions that "we would refer you to District Attorney Jerome's office, Criminal Courts Building, Franklin and Center streets, New York City."

It is surprising how much fame of this brand is manufactured and sold (or to be exact, sold and manufactured) every year. The editor of one of the most successful of the publications devoted to the cultivation of trumpet blowing said to an Evening Post reporter last week:

"We confess that we live entirely on the inherent vanity of men of a certain type, men who will never be famous, but who will be assured of at least notoriety. They pay willingly, and we—well, we just deliver the goods."

How conscientiously this latter obligation is observed may be seen by consulting the current number of the magazine of which the speaker is editor. In it will be found facts concerning the careers of two of Wall Street's most conspicuous financiers, James H. Hyde and George W. Perkins. All is there, except the letter from father, and the public is informed that young Mr. Hyde, after going through the fire of the insurance investigation, "can say with Shakespeare 'my withers are unstrung.'" Incidentally the state superintendent of insurance also figures in the same number.

Some of the less ambitious among the publications make post mortem propositions which are positively alluring. Having paid a modest \$100, and seen that one's insurance was paid up, perusal of this company's offer would be sufficient to make many a good man go into a convenient decline. "If you die," says the circular, "we have every thing handy to send out a first-class story about you without a moment's delay." In case of your death, we send out a sketch of your life's work and success with a half tone cut of yourself, to every newspaper in the vicinity of your birthplace and where your home and business interests are located."

And all one has to do is to subscribe a paltry \$100 or so—and die as soon as possible.—New York Evening Post.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

FREE Full Size Dollar Package Man Medicine Free.

You can now obtain the large, full size, dollar package of MAN MEDICINE, sent free to you address for the asking. MAN MEDICINE gives you once more the full sense of man sensation—the pulse and throb of physical life—being; it makes men right, regular and responsive.

Man Medicine does what you want it to do. Man Medicine cures early decay, discouraged manhood, nervous debility, functional failure, vital weakness, loss of power, brain fog, backache, prostatics, kidney trouble and nervousness. You can cure yourself at home. We ask no payment of any kind—no receipts—no promises. All we want to know is that you are not sending for Man Medicine out of idle curiosity. We want you to give the Medicine a fair trial and be your strong, natural self again. This free Dollar Package is the proof of what Man Medicine will do for man. We send it to you in a plain wrapper, sealed, prepaid, delivered. Your name and address bring the Interstate Remedy Co., 572 Luck building, Detroit, Mich.

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FORGOTTEN FORTUNES

IN BANK OF ENGLAND

MEMORY LAPSES ENRICH THE GOVERNMENT.

The Bank of England is one of the most staid and respectable of British institutions, and yet there are people who believe that the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is a disreputable old party who has given away to the National Debt Commissioner consols that really belong to them, says London M. A. P.

The bank, of course, manages the Government's loans, and it is its custom when dividends on consols have not been claimed for a period of 10 years to transfer the stock in question and the accumulated dividends to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt. This is an excellent thing for the taxpayers of the country, but the claimants, who believe they are entitled to a share of the transferred consols, look at the matter from quite a different point of view.

The fact of the transfer having been made does not mean that the stock and dividends have been confiscated. That, of course, would be monstrous, and so it is that if anyone can furnish proof that he is entitled to consols and dividends handed over to the commissioners, the property is transferred again to its rightful owner.

It is impossible to say what is the total amount of consols that have been overlooked by owners of the stock. That it is enormous is shown by the fact that last year the Chancellor of the Exchequer took £1,000,000 from the unclaimed dividends fund, and that there was still about £700,000 left to the credit of the fund. In this fund the unclaimed consols themselves are not included, but simply the dividends on them, which are reinvested as they fall due. Forty years ago, again, Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the exchequer, took £3,000,000 of unclaimed dividends and applied the money to the reduction of the nation's indebtedness.

Is it safe, it may be asked, to draw such huge amounts from the fund, in view of the possibility of claimants coming forward with proof that they are entitled to the money? The answer to this is that long experience has shown it to be perfectly safe, and that the good claims amount on an average to no more than from £4,000 to £5,000 a year.

For every successful claimant there are, naturally, many whose claims have not the slightest foundation, and some of these imagine that they have been badly treated by the Bank of England. "Rightful heirs" of this type are particularly plentiful in the colonies, where the consols of the American and colonial mails bring innumerable letters to the bank from persons who are convinced that a fortune, in the shape of consols, awaits them. They have been told this by bogus local agencies, which apparently reap rich harvest by pretending to discover "missing" heirs among the descendants of English families that migrated in bygone years.

It seems strange that consols should go a-begging, so to speak, for want of an owner; yet, as we have seen, that has frequently happened. But it did not happen now so often as it did before the bank adopted the practice of sending out the quarterly dividends by post. Formerly, the holders of consols collected their dividends themselves, but the bank does not nowadays encourage investors to call for payment, and if a stockholder desires to do so he must fill up a form notifying his intention, and send it to the Bank of England some time before the dividend falls due. There are still some old-fashioned folk who insist on calling on the bank to get their money, and if a stockholder desires to do so he must fill up a form notifying his intention, and send it to the Bank of England some time before the dividend falls due. There are still some old-fashioned folk who insist on calling on the bank to get their money, and if a stockholder desires to do so he must fill up a form notifying his intention, and send it to the Bank of England some time before the dividend falls due.

That the task of keeping the accounts of the national debt is no light one may be gathered from the fact that there are at the bank some 40 or 50 huge ledgers in which the names of holders of consols, to the extent of over £22,000,000, are inscribed. The balance of the £589,000,000 of consols issued is partly in bonds to bearer, and partly inscribed at the Bank of Ireland.

It may not be generally known that a pennyworth of consols may be purchased. Consols are not like shares, which are invariably of a certain denomination—£1, £5, £10, and so on, but can be divided up to any extent. It consequently happens that very small amounts of this lovely stock are bought to make up round sums, but no one can be registered at the Bank of England as a holder unless he has acquired enough to bring him in fourpence a year in dividends, and less than a sovereign will purchase a sufficient amount for that purpose.

The fame of consols extends all over the world. Many highly-placed personages abroad invest their money in this "premier security," confident that no matter what happens at home their money in England will be safe.

Man Medicine does what you want it to do. Man Medicine cures early decay, discouraged manhood, nervous debility, functional failure, vital weakness, loss of power, brain fog, backache, prostatics, kidney trouble and nervousness. You can cure yourself at home. We ask no payment of any kind—no receipts—no promises. All we want to know is that you are not sending for Man Medicine out of idle curiosity. We want you to give the Medicine a fair trial and be your strong, natural self again. This free Dollar Package is the proof of what Man Medicine will do for man. We send it to you in a plain wrapper, sealed, prepaid, delivered. Your name and address bring the Interstate Remedy Co., 572 Luck building, Detroit, Mich.

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FIVE GOLDEN RULES.

First—Eat only 3 meals a day, 5 hours apart. It requires 4 to 4½ hours to digest a meal. This leaves ½ to 1 hour for the stomach to rest.

Second—Eat nothing between meals. If anything is taken into the stomach while digestion is going on, digestion stops and may not start again for an hour.

Third—Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly. This insures food being well mixed with saliva and partially digested before it reaches the stomach.

Fourth—Drink little fluid with meals. The stomach gives out about a pint of gastric juice to digest each meal. If you take another pint of tea, wine or water, then the digestive juices are too diluted to properly digest the food.

Fifth—Take one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet about twenty minutes before meals. "Fruit-a-tives" tone up and sweeten the stomach—insure an abundant flow of digestive juices—and cure Dyspepsia. Follow these directions for a month and see how much better you are in every way.

See a box. At all druggists.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES
BLOTCHES
ERUPTIONS
FLESHWORMS
HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years. Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment? There is an effective remedy for all these defects, it is.

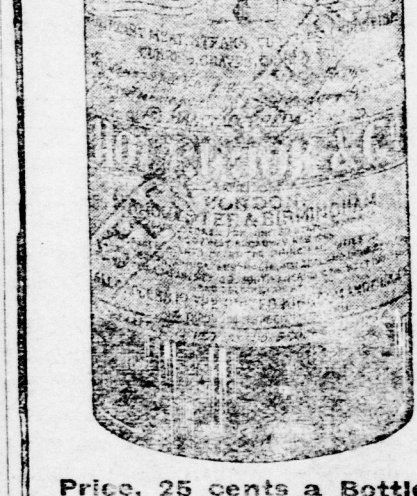
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoe, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute, which misrepresents the value of "just as good." "It can't be."

Don't Forget to Order
HOLBROOK'S SAUCE
England's most famous Worcestershire



Try it with Cold Meat, Salad, Fish, Soups, Chops, Steaks, Cutlets, Gravies, and Game

Price, 25 cents a Bottle. AT YOUR GROCER'S.

LEE HING LAUNDRY
Telephone 1241 467 Richmond Street
Shirt collars ironed and straight, as no to hurt the neck. Stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. The done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not satisfied, no pay. Washed returned in 24 hours. All hand work returned.

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MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT.
Order from your Grocer.
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TORONTO, ONT.