Victoria's Home Life.

Queen Victoria's home life has ever been a subject of widespread interest and sympathy. It is not as the ruler of the greatest empire in history, but it is as the woman on whom the fiercest light has beaten for over sixty years without revealing aught of shame, that Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, is regarded with affection and veneration.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Queen's career has been the skill with which she has contrived to maintain the charm and simplicity of an old-fashioned English home-life notwithstanding the pomp and ceremony which necessarily belong to a court.

In treating of this subject in the Harmsworth Magazine, Mr. W.J. Wintle says that strict economy was the rule in the early home of the present sovereign of Great Britain and India. The daughter of the Duke of Kent, a Prince of very limited income, the young Princess Victoria, saw little of the luxuries which is commonly supposed to abound in royal circles. Her early training has never been forgotten.

Amid the costly magnificence which characterizes the state apartments, Queen Victoria's private rooms are always notable for their comfort and homeliness. It has long been known that in matters of dress Queen Victoria is far more economical than many of her middle class subjects. Apropos of this the following story is related by Mr. Wintie.

Some time ago a newly appointed equerry was going through the stables when he saw a person in a shabby black dress and mushroom hat looking at the horses.

Possessing more zeal than discretion, he at once called out, "My good woman you must go away at once. Strangers are not allowed here when the Queen is in residence."

As she did not seem inclined to leave he went on to threaten to have her escorted to the gates. Judge of his feelings when the shabbily dressed old lady turned round, and the Queen stood revealed!

The Queen attributes her long life and excellent health very largely to her practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air every day. Every morning Her Majesty goes out in her little pony chair, often visiting the farm and stables in the course of her drive. Sometimes her chair is drawn by a beautiful donkey which was purchased in tthe South of France by his royal mistress to save him from ill treatment.

This donkey rejoices in the name of Jacko, and on holiday occasions wears a curious harness adorned with bells, and with two foxes' brushes hanging over the blinkers.

The greater part of the forenoon of each weekday is devoted to business, for no woman in the land gets through more actual work in the course of each week than the Queen. Her despatch boxes are arranged on a table set in Windsor Park, near the Frogmore tea house, whenever the weather permits. In summer she will by this time have breakfasted out of doors.

Here the Queen carefully reads and annotates the innumerable despatches which come to her from the Foreign and Home offices, for it has been the rule of her life to attend personally to all important affairs of state. While the Prince Consort lived he was able to relieve her of a vast amount of routine work, but since his death the work has gone on just the same, though it has been done by one, instead of two persons. In one year Queen Victoria dealt with an average of two hundred and fifty despatches each day. Her private correspondence is enormous, for it is a kind of unwritten law that all her children and grandchildren shall write to her every day. All these letters are read with deep interest and are fully answered.

The royal bag also contains letters by the hundred from persons of all classes and upon all kinds of business, important and the reverse. These are first examined by the private secretaries, and those that are of any consequence are then submitted to the Queen, who gives directions for a reply too each.

All housekeeping questions are settled by the royal mistress herself, who personally orders the meals and even keeps an eye upon the household linen. Even the smallest details of domestic economy are not regarded by the Queen as beneath her notice. A story is told that on one occasion she went into a practically disused room at Windsor and noticed a cabinet that had evidently not been dusted that day. She promptly wrote the royal autograph in the dust, and beneath it the name of the particular maid whose duty it was to dust the room.

This may seem rather a small matter, but when one remembers that nearly two thousand persons are employed in Windsor Castle and its precincts, it shows a very remarkable knowledge of the personnel of so vast a staff.

After the busy morning's work, the Queen partakes of a frugal lunch. Notwithstanding the resources of the royal kitchens, and the well laden table that Her Majesty always likes to see before her, she sets an example of strict moderation, her own tastes in food being of the simplest.

The Queen is a great stickler for old-fashioned observances at the royal table. In particular she insists upon a plentiful supply of cold viands on the sideboard, though she very rarely partakes of anything cold.

The servants at Balmoral will never forget one occasion when only the half of a cold chicken graced the sideboard. The royal mistress noticed the state of affairs on entering the room Soon she conveyed a hint to Princess Beatrice and Lady Ely to both ask for cold chicken, and asked for the same herself.

Great was the consternation, and the Queen secretly enjoyed the scene, though the servants certainly did not enjoy the lecture they subsequently received from the master of the household.

WITH A BOTTLE.

Don't throw away that old bottle—make it a thing of beauty and a joy, if not forever, at least for many weeks to come. Take some cheap cotton wadding, soak it in oil, and then wrap a thin layer of it evenly around an old bottle, beginning at the top and working towards the bottom of the bottle.

Tie it firmly in place with a string at top and bottom. Fill the bottle with water, and then pour plenty of water over and through the wadding.

Buy some water cress seed from the florist and scatter it liberally over the wadding Put some twisted strands of wool, three or four strands in each wick, and four wicks for each bottle into the bottle, so that they reach to the bottom and hang over the top about three or four inches. These wicks will draw the water up and distribute it drop by drop over the wadding. In three or four days you will find that your bottle is covered with the green sprouts of water cress, and that these sprouts grow very rapidly.

As they grow coarse of long, trim with a pair of old scissors, and you can keep this pretty green ornament as long as you please if you will only refill the bottle with water whenever you find that the wicks cease to distribute the required moisture over the growing plants.

Do not keep the bottle too near the register or stove, and it will last all winter with very little care, giving you a nice green, fresh looking ornament for the sitting room table, if set on a plate to keep the dampness from spoiling the cloth or table.

The Left Hand of Samuel Dodson

V.

"A respectable elderly woman did you say, Marahall?" said Mr. Greatheart in his room at the office; "certainly bring her in. Very likely a widow wishing to get her son admitted to the Bluecoat school, or some poor householder in trouble about her taxes." For to this man came all sorts and conditions of people in their distress, and to each he gave a patient audience and practical succor.

"You don't trouble me. If I can be of any use, nothing will please me so much." Placing a chair and making a confusion. "Now, sit down and tell me all about it." That was why the respectable poor loved him.

"Is it your husband or your son you are anxious about?"—for she was much agitated. "I notice that a woman hardly ever comes about herself. It's we men who are selfish, not the women."

"No, it's neither, for I am an unmarried woman. It's about my master, whom I believe you know, sir, Mr. Dodson."

"Samuel Dodson, you mean; I should think so! Have known him for fifty years—since we served our time together in Palmer's cotton office. What, is he ill?"

"He's dead—this morning. You'll excuse me, I was his housekeeper for near thirty year, and—I'm a little upset."

"Good gracious! No wonder. Maria Wilkins, did you say? You may well be upset. And thirty years with him. Tell me how this happened, for we've heard nothing in the city. He couldn't have been long ill."

"No, sir, he was never ill at all—not what you would say proper; but I've seen him failin' for some time—gettin' thin like and growin' down—and last night he was that white and shaky that I wanted him to see a doctor. But no, he wouldn't. If it had been me or the girl, he would have had a doctor when there was nothing wrong with us, he was that concerned about other people; but for himself——"

Mr. Greatheart nodded—indicating that Mr. Dodson's unselfish character was well known to him.

"'No, no, Maria,' says he, 'a doctor can do no good to me. I'm a tough old fellow'—speaking that way to me, being long with him—'I'll be all right to-morrow.' But I made bold to put a glass of brandy in his room, and pleaded with him to ring the bell if he was unwell—he was not easily managed—and that was all I could do, sir."

Her hearer was of opinion that from what he knew of Mr. Dodson's obstinacy, Maria Wilkins had done all in the power of mortal woman, and possibly more than could have been accomplished by any man.

"Twice during the night I rose and listened at his door—his face, when he said good night, lyin' heavy on me, so to say—and I heard nothing; but when he didn't answer in the mornin' I took it on me to open the door. Mr. Dodson was a-sittin' up in his bed and at the sight of his face I knew how it was, havin' seen death many times. My old master . . . . was gone."

"Dear, dear! So, Sam Dodson is gone, an able and successful merchant, one who always met his obligations, and whose word was as good as his bond; he had a warmer heart than any person knew. I've seen a look in his face at a time, and am sure that he did good in his own way."

"God bless you for that, sir! but it's what I could have looked for from you, if I may say it without offense. And you never spoke a truer word, and that I can testify as has lived with master for a lifetime, and could tell the differ between the outside and the inside."

"Ah, yes, you saw the real man, Maria, but he was sometimes . . . well, hidden from the public."

"He had his peculiarities, and 'oo hasn't I say. Now my wages when I came to him was just £14, and they're just £14 yet, but every Christmas for many a year master slipped a £10 note into my hand. 'Put that in your bank, Maria,' he would say, 'and never tell anybody you've got it.'

"As for food, he was aggravatin', for he would have nothing as was not plain, and he would check the books to a ha'-penny; but if you was ill, he would bring home grapes with his own hand. We dare not for our lives give a morsel to beggars at the door, but if he heard of a poor family nothin' would serve him but he would go and find out all about them."

"That's my Dodson, just as I imagined him," cried Mr. Greatheart; "tell me more, Maria; it's excellent, every word."

"Do you think he would let any person know he was givin' help? Not he; and he was afraid was master. Why I've known him send me with money to a clergyman, that he might give it, and his words were, 'No name, Maria, or we part; just a citizen of Liverpool.'"

"Dodson all over! Shrewd and unassuming and full of charity. Have you anything else to tell, Maria?"

"Well, sir, I do not know for certain, and it was not for me to spy on my master, but I'm much mistaken if many a one in the better class was not the better of Mr. Dodson in their troubles."

"How do you think that?" inquired Mr. Greatheart in huge delight.

"I've seen him read a letter maybe six times, and he would wipe his eyes through pleasure as I took it. You wouldn't believe maybe, as master could be like that."

"I do, Maria. I declare it's what I expected. And what then?"

"He would walk up and down the room, and speak to himself, and read another bit, and rub his hands."

"I wish I had been there, Maria."

"And he would carry a letter like that in his pocket for days, and then he would put it carefully in the fire; but I saw him take it out, half burned, and read a corner again before he burned that letter."

"Maria, I can not tell you how much obliged I am to you for coming to me and giving me such a touching account of your master. Now, is there anything I can do for you in this loss?"

"Lord bless me, sir, that I should have been taking up your time like this, and you a magistrate, and never told you what brought me! It's more than a month past that master said to me: 'Maria, if anything happens to me, go to Mr. Greatheart's office, and give him my keys, and ask him to open my desk. He is a good man, and he's sure to come.'"

"Did he say so? That was most generous of him, and I appreciate it highly. I will come instantly, and shall bring a lawyer with me, a kind-hearted, and able man, Good-by for the present, Maria; you have fulfilled your charge, as I believe you have all your duty, excellently—excellently."

"You see, Welsby," as they went up to the house, "Dodson had left his firm, and had few friends, perhaps none—a reserved man about himself, but a true man at the bottom."

"So you have always said, Mr. Greatheart. We'll know now; my experience as a lawyer proves that, as a rule, a man's papers reveal him, and there are some curious surprises."

"If you look through that safe and note the contents, Welsby, I'll read this letter addressed to me. I gather that I must be executor, and there seems to be no lawyer. Very like Dodson, very; do everything for himself."

"Liverpool, April 15, 1898—Barnabas Greatheart, Esq.; My Dear Sir—You will peruse this letter after my death and you will be pleased to consider it as intended for your eyes alone, since it is in the nature of a confession.

"My early career was a continuous struggle with sorrow and arduous circumstances, and I suffered certain disappointments at the hands of friends which I considered undeserved. In consequence of these experiences I grew penurious, cynical, merciless, hopeless, and, let me say it plainly, a sour, hard man, hating my neighbors and despised of them. May the Almighty forgive me!

"This year in which I write a great change has come over me, and my heart has been softened and touched at last with human sympathy. The force which has affected me is not in any book or sermon, but your example of goodness and your charity toward all men. In spite of the general judgment on me, which has been fully merited, I have seen that you do not shun me, but rather have gone out of your way to countenance me, and I have heard that you speak kindly of me. It is not my nature to say much; it is not yours to receive praise; but I wish you to know you have made me a new man.

"It seemed to me, however, dangerous that I should begin to distribute my means openly among charities, as I was inclined to do, since I might pass from hardness to pride and be charged with ostentation, as I had been once with miserliness, with sad justice in both cases.

"So it came to me that, still retaining and maintaining my character for meanness—as a punishment for my past illdoing and a check on vanity—I would gradually use my capital in the private and anonymous aid of respectable people who are passing through material adversity, and the help of my native city, so that my left hand should not know what my right was doing. This plan I have now, at this date, pursued for six months, and hope to continue to my death, and I did not know so great joy, could be tasted by any human being as God has given to me. And now to all the goodness you have shown me, will you add one favor, to wind up my affairs, as follows:

"1. Provide for my housekeeper generously.

"2. Give a liberal donation to the other servant.

"3. Bury me quietly, without intimation to any one.

"4. Distribute all that remains, after paying every debt, as you please, in the help of widows, orphans and young men.

"5. Place a packet, marked 'gilt-edged securities,' in my coffin.

"And consider that, among all your good works this will have a humble place, that you saved the soul of—your grateful friend,

"SAMUEL DODSON."

"What Dodson has done with his money, Mr. Greatheart, I don't know; all the securities together don't amount to £5000. He seems to have been living on an annuity."

"His wealth is here, Welsby, in this packet of canceled checks, 287, which go with him to the other side, and I tell you, Welsby, I know no man who has invested his money so securely as Samuel Dodson. See, read that top check."

"To Goldbeater, London, £10,000. Why, it was from that bank I got the draft for playgrounds, and the date corresponds. Curious."

"Eh? What? You don't mean to say that this man we slanged and looked down on was——"

"Yes, Zaccheus was Sam Dodson."

TELEGRAPHY ON THE CONGO.

It Is Now in Operation for More than 800 Miles Up the River.

A cablegram from the Congo the other day said the telegraph had been stretched along the river as far as Equatorville, the station on the left bank of the river where the equator crosses the Congo. There is now telegraphic communication from Banana, at the mouth of the river, to every station of the Free State for 830 miles inland. The line is to be pushed right up the river until it places all the white stations on its banks in communication with one another.

We can scarcely imagine how steam and electricity have revolutionized business affairs on the lower and middle Congo in the past two years. When a package of freight arrived at the mouth of the river for Equatorville in 1897 it had to be carried for about three weeks on the back of a porter before it was placed on a steamer going to Equatorville. It was at least twenty-four days on the way from the mouth of the river. To-day the package is carried by steam all the way, and though neither trains nor steamboats run at night and their rate of speed is low, it takes only five days to move the freight to Equatorville. In other words, nearly four-fifths of the time required two years ago is now saved, and the instant it reaches its destination the news of its arrival may be flashed to the point where it entered Africa.

If this telegraph line and the cable connecting it with Europe had been in operation about twenty-two years ago we might have read in our morning paper of a wonderfully interesting event that occurred the day before, a few miles above Equatorville. The despatch would have told of hundreds of war canoes of the fierce Bangala cannibals giving hot chase to two white men and a handful of blacks who were paddling for their lives down the river. It would have described the showers of arrows that were sent after the fugitives, and the savage howls of the pursuers, who cried "Meat,! Meat!" and "You will fill our cooking pots!" as they bent to their paddles. It would have told of the moment when the fellows in front seemed doomed as the Bangala canoes drew nearer and nearer, till all of a sudden there was a blaze of musketry, and another and another, while the hills reverberated with the noise, and many a black pursuer tumbled out of his canoe, struck down in some mystery would have told of the retreat of the savages, who cried, "Go and die down the river!" as they turned homeward, wanting no more fight that day with men who used thunder and lightning as weapons.

In short, the wires would have flashed the news of Stanley's hardest fight as he descended the river. It was months before he reached its mouth, and his party nearly perished of hunger in the cataract region. South Africa is moving more rapidly than any other part of the world, for, like an infant, it has had all growth to attain and everything to learn.

PUT TO TEST.

Both in the northern and western islands of Scotland the natives have some peculiar customs unfamiliar to the dwellers of the main land. One of these, known as the "marriage test," is practiced in the island of St. Kilda, where the population barely exceeds a hundred. The desire among the islanders to increase this number does not seem to be exceptionally strong, and every man before he is deemed an evolution with no little bodily risk. The St. Kildans are, of course, adept dock climbers, and the aspirant for matrimony is therefore subjected to the test of balancing himself on one leg on a narrow ledge overhanging a precipice, bending his body at the same time in order to hold the foot of his other leg in his hands. If found lacking in courage the maiden withdraws her betrothal, and should the man fall over the ledge it is presumed that, in his case, he will be disqualified.

NATURE'S SHOE POLISH.

There is a species of plant growing in New South Wales whose showy flowers contain a very large quantity of gummy juice of a black, glossy tint. Chinese ladies use it in dyeing their hair and eyebrows, and every boot worn in Java is covered with the same liquid as blacking.

How to be Healthy In Winter.

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims.

Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. R. Doxsee, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes:—"I believe that Dr. Williams Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of my bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, suffered from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

Agricultural

CORRECT FEEDING.

Every class of domestic animals have been subjected to scientific study in order to find or establish a balanced ration that will furnish the necessary food elements in the proper combinations, and at a reasonable price. In this particular work the Agricultural Experiment Stations have conducted many important experiments but very few of them have been in the poultry line, and a person seeking information on this question must therefore accept the results of individual experiments or abide by the theories promulgated by individuals.

These may be and doubtless are in most cases as reliable as the Station work, but the fact that very few people outside of the educational and experimental institutions are qualified to make the correct tests, analyses, etc., renders it hard to obtain the results of any carefully conducted experiments.

Of course the same general rules should be used in the preparation of foods for poultry as for other animals, giving due consideration to the differences in the powers of digestion and assimilation, as well as in the chemical composition of the product, and likewise of the foods. Having narrowed the experiment to apply only to poultry we shall see other important points claiming attention, such as the structure of different breeds, their habits, etc., and the theory will be proven by what has already become an established fact, that the sprightly, active Leghorn requires different feed than does the massive, docile Brahma.

The general principles of feeding have been outlined by Professor Cushman as follows:

Certain food elements are required to sustain life and renew the various parts. If more food is given than is required for this it is stored up in the body for future use or used in reproduction. The product of poultry is simply the surplus food that has been well digested and assimilated. The more food the fowl can assimilate the greater the product, if the right materials are given. Food is made up of carbonaceous, nitrogenous, and mineral matter, besides the water it contains. Starch, fat and sugar are carbonaceous foods. Lean meat, white of an egg, the curd of milk and the gluten of grains are foods.

classed among the nitrogenous

The mineral matter is found in the whey of milk, in bones, in all whole grains and usually in combinations with nitrogenous foods. The digested carbonaceous material, after passing into the blood of an animal, is used to produce heat and force; it is oxygenized or gradually burned and sustains activity and energy. If there is a surplus it is stored up as fat and is drawn upon when needed, when the supply in the blood is deficient. The nitrogenous material goes to replace worn out tissue, muscle, etc., while the mineral matter furnishes the materials for the bones and to replace nerve waste, etc. Fat and mineral are also present in muscle to a certain extent. Bone and the tissues of the body contain all of these elements to a certain extent, but each predominates in the parts mentioned.

The carbonaceous material is to the animal much like what coal is to the locomotive. The nitrogenous matter might be compared to the steel and iron of which the locomotive is made, and the nervous system of the animal to the engineer who starts or stops the engine and controls it. It takes some coal to get up steam and keep it up if the locomotive does not move. It takes much more to move a heavy train. The wear and breakage due to high speed requires more extensive and frequent repairs of the locomotive machinery. If the engineer gets drunk or falls asleep, or the animal's nervous system is not sustained, something serious happens. If you pile coal into the engine's boilers and it stands on the track, there will be a blow off of steam without any work being done.

This will continue as long as the coal and water supply holds out. The engine's reserved supply of carbon is in its tender. That of the animal in its fat. If we feed an animal too much carbonaceous material it can store it up for a time and get it out of the way, but its muscles and nervous system are not properly fed and become weak. As the muscles are not properly repaired their place is taken by the surplus fat. The animal then gains in weight, but loses in nerve-force, muscular strength and vigor.

If we feed an excess of nitrogenous and mineral matter and not enough carbonaceous food, the animal becomes lean, active and restless, its muscles become harder and larger. The stores of fat in the body, like the coal in the locomotive tender, are used up to furnish heat while the nitrogenous food is stored as lean flesh. If we go too far in this direction, so authorities tell us, the blood becomes overloaded with nitrogenous matter and the liver and kidneys are overtaxed in removing it, the system becomes clogged and this is worse for it than too much fat. The animal may lose its power of digestion and waste away with fever or die of bowel trouble or nervous derangement. We are also taught by the authorities that there must be enough mineral matter or phosphates in the food. If enough of the other elements are fed but mineral phosphates are lacking, the nervous forces are starved, the blood becomes impoverished, and the food is not digested or properly distributed.

An animal can take care of an excess of any one of these elements occasionally, without injury, but if given continuously they may receive more than can be stored up or excreted. If we feed heavily and the proportion are not right, the animal will have to eat too much of the elements in excess to get what it must have of what is lacking. The heavier we feed the more important it is that we give the proper proportions. If we do this we have what is called a balanced ration. The more perfect the balance the animal can eat and digest with benefit, the greater the product.

Experimenters find that a comparatively small amount of mineral matter is necessary in the food, and that there should be several times more carbonaceous than nitrogenous matter, and that the proportions required will vary. If inactive less nitrogenous matter is required. The greater the muscular action the greater the amount that is needed. The colder the temperature the more carbonaceous material the inactive animal needs. When passive, simply eating and keeping warm in a cold barn an ox will use up twelve times as much heat producer as tissue and muscle repairer. If he works he needs more muscle repairer and less heat producer, because the muscle that is destroyed by work is oxygenized and also produces some heat and force. It is not so good a food, but it contributes something. A growing animal wants more muscle and tissue building material in proportion than a mature animal will that is equally as active.

THE MODERN FARMER.

The popular idea that a farmer works harder than men in other industrial callings is not true as applied to the work of the year, writes Waldo F. Brown. To be sure, he has some days of hard work, but not one in this day of improved machinery to where there were ten in the old days of hand labor, and the winter is a season of rest to him, and the great variety in his work relieves it of that wearisomeness which accompanies so many kinds of manual labor. Then the healthful conditions under which his work is done out of doors in the pure air are largely in its favor. The farmer is never haunted with the fear of losing his place, and when hard times come he is not found walking the streets day after day, looking for work, while the provisions in the larder run low and actual want stares his family in the face. But the farm not only always furnishes work, but also an abundance of supplies of the very best kind, so that in the hardest times he lives on fresh eggs, yellow legged chickens, milk, butter and cream and choice meats and vegetables of his own production, and if out of debt he hardly knows the meaning of the term "hard times."

EVE'S APPLE TREE.

Among the other strange things in the Island of Ceylon is the "Eve's apple tree," or "the forbidden fruit," the flowers of which have a fine scent.

The color of the fruit, which hangs from the branches in a very peculiar and striking manner, is very beautiful, being crimson within. The fruit itself presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance, together with the fact of its being a deadly poison, led the Mohammedans on their first discovery of Ceylon, which they assigned as the site of Paradise, to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, for although the finest and most tempting in appearance of any, it had been impressed, such was their idea, with the mark of Eve's having bitten it, to warn men from meddling with a substance possessing such noxious properties.

TRUTH AND OBEDIENCE.

Caller—Bridget Maguire has referred me to you for her character, madam.

Housekeeper—Well, she's a very good girl.

Caller—I suppose you found her truthful and obedient, then?

Housekeeper—Well, she could hardly be both. You see, I frequently had occasion to tell her to say I wasn't at home.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is always uniform and always the best. Try it

PRACTICE.

The burglar, said the citizen, lighted parlor matches all about the house, but evidently he knew how to strike them without making a noise, for we are all light sleepers, and none of us awoke.

Ah! said the detective. Evidently a married man.

Have You Catarrh?

If you are troubled with Catarrh and want to be cured, use Catarrhozone, which is a guaranteed cure for this distressing disease. There is no mystery about Catarrhozone, though its effect is magical. Ointments and snuffs cannot reach the diseased parts and have thus proved useless, but Catarrhozone is carried by the air you breathe directly to the diseased parts, where it volatilizes, killing the germ life and healing the sore spots. It cures by inhalation. No danger, no risk, sold by all druggists. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 518 Kingston, Ont.

INFORMATION FOR THE YOUNG.

Pa, what's a ripe old age?

That's the age at which a man begins to realize that he's not the only apple on the tree.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

TWO EXTREMITIES.

Wigg—Old Gotrox had considerable trouble in getting that plain daughter off his hands.

Wagg—It's not a marker to the trouble he has in keeping the plain tenter of his off his hands, didn't he daughter's husband on his feet.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

NOT HER FAULT.

Is this the cracked wheat Jane?

I dun' know, mum; I ain't looked at it or teched it, an' if it's cracked, it wuz cracked afore I come here.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT** Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

SUPPLYING THE FACTS.

Common Person—Have you ever met the talented Miss Bung?

Great Author—No, never! The talented Miss Bung has met me several times, however.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOWS SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

NATURALLY.

Biggs—I met Dobbs last night. He had money to burn.

Boggs—What happened?

Briggs—We had a hot time.

THE BROOM-MAKERS

Vouch for the Statement of A. Bong, of 10 Leslie Street, London.

Had to Work Ten Hours a Day—Suffered With Backache Severely—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made a New Man of Him.

London, Ont., Jan. 1st.—The broom-makers of this city are as industrious and make as much money as the average broom-maker in this country. But the way the business has been going of recent years necessitates that the men work very hard. Competition is rife in broom manufacturing as in most lines to-day.

A. Bong, of 10 Leslie Street, London West, broke down under the strain. He was working the regular ten hours a day, but a broom-maker has to work very fast and very steady, Bong's back gave out. He continued to work at his trade, however, though it was continual misery.

Only those who have suffered with backache know how disabling and painful the trouble is. It is wonderful how every movement of the body seems to jar on the back. It is as if the back were the central point from which all the muscles radiated.

The reason of this is that backache is not backache at all literally. Backache is kidney ache and every movement of the body shakes the disordered kidneys to a greater or less extent and keeps them in a constant state of irritation. To cure backache you must use Dodd's Kidney Pills, as Mr. Bong found out. He writes:

"I have been troubled with a very severe pain in my back and I concluded to take some Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have done so and I find they have cured me. I have to work ten hours a day at broom-making and now I am a new man. I highly recommend them to any one for backache. I do not feel the pain any more or has it since returned.

"I remain, yours truly,

"A. Bong."

WINDOW GUARDS.

Windows without guards, especially in nurseries or chambers of playrooms occupied by small children, are sources of terrible accidents. In fact, invitations to fractured skulls and sudden death. All windows to which children have access should be protected by proper fastenings inside and proper iron guards on the outside.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

TROUBLE IN THE CLOCK WORKS.

The Big Hand—Say, it's 12 o'clock, I'm all run down.

The Little Hand—Let's strike for shorter hours!

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND **Complexion** TREATMENT.

Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART Analytical Chemist, 452 Queen St. W., Toronto.

OF HIS WIFE.

That, sir, said the photographer, is what I call a speaking likeness."

Nothing of the sort, sir; not at all. Why, the mouth is shut."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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He—He said he'd be delighted to have me for a son-in-law, only he couldn't afford it.

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Towne—Oh, yes. Why, I saw him lift one of his father's bills.

W P C 1005

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I had been a sufferer like a great many other women with a disease peculiar to my sex. I tried everything I could read or think about to help me, but was getting worse instead of better. My condition was terrible—I was losing flesh and color, and my friends were alarmed. I consulted a doctor of this town and he said I would never get better; that I would always be sickly and delicate, and that medicines were of little use to me. Hearing what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills had done for others I determined to try them myself, and today I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, while before I weighed only one hundred and eighteen pounds, and I now have a constitution that is hard to beat. I have not suffered any pain for months and earnestly hope that Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills will reach every woman suffering as I did.

Sincerely yours,

MAY COLE, Simcoe, Ont.

Price 50c. per box, 5 boxes for $2.00, at druggists, or if not obtainable at your druggist, mailed on receipt of price by Sam. Williams & Co., Toronto. Book of Information Free.

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