

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. H. H. H. H. H.* and has been made under his 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

*Dr. H. H. H. H. H.*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### MIXED THEIR

#### MODELS UP

MEN HAVE POSED FOR PICTURES OF WOMEN, WOMEN FOR THOSE OF MEN.

It is an interesting fact that artists have used women as models from which to paint men and men as models from which to paint women. One of the most striking instances is the well-known picture, "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon." A woman friend of the painter was the model for the "Little Corporal." Landseer's famous picture, "The Naughty Boy," was really painted from a little girl, little Lady Rachel Russell. As a matter of fact, says the Strand, the child's mother had taken her to have her portrait painted. When, however, she arrived at the studio she refused to pose in the way the artist suggested, and became so sulky and naughty that it was impossible to do anything with her.

At length her mother put her in the corner as a punishment. There she turned with such a sturdy, defiant look that she impressed Landseer, who sketched the recalcitrant little one as she stood.

A sense of chivalry toward the child caused him to change the sex of the subject, so he added the broken shaft, the rumpled hair, and the undone boots, while keeping the disheveled dress, and gave a title to the canvas which has removed it from any suggestion of portraiture.

Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," which created a furor when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, furnishes another instance, for the artist actually sat to himself for the figure of the old woman.

Wilkie used to say that one day Bannister, the actor, called on a low seat, while he was sitting on a low seat, dressed as a woman, with a looking glass before him, performing the part of a model for himself. Wilkie was not a man to be in the least discomposed at being found in such a plight. Bannister gazed on him for a moment or so, and said:

"I need no introduction."

"Truly, no," said Wilkie. "I know you very well, but you see, I can't move lest I spoil the folds of my petticoat. I am for the present an old woman."

On one occasion Guido painted the head of a Madonna, using his porter as a model.

Hon. Thomas W. Bucknell, of Providence, R. I., is known as the "champion monument raiser," having started more monument dedications than any other man in the country.

USEFUL AT ALL TIMES.—In winter and in summer Parmenter's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Walter Graham Blackie, of Blackie & Sons, the Scottish publishers, died the other day at the age of 91. Besides Latin and Greek, he read German, French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Norse and Dutch.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians. The Emperor of China rises at 4 o'clock in the morning to study English and Mandarin before breakfast, which meal is at 5. He makes up for this output of energy, however, by retiring at sunset.

FOR THE OVERWORKED.—What are the causes of dependency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state, and relief will follow their use.

Insanity is frequent in India, according to a blue-book. In Bengal in 1904 the ratio of insanity was 2.36 per 1,000 population, as against 3.41 in England.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS

## SOLOMON OF BRITISH BENCH

### BRINGS YOUNG COUPLE TOGETHER

How Judge Curtynd Ended a Wife's Suit for Separation—Made the Pair Rehearse the Scene at Which the Young Man Proposed Marriage.

Judge Charles Curtynd, of the King's bench, at Over Darwen, in Lancashire, England, is Solomon's rival. His action in the case of Purdy vs. Purdy, has outmatched Solomon's famous decision in the case of Woman vs. Woman, kidnapping.

The case of Purdy vs. Purdy has been settled—out of court, according to the court records, but really it was settled in court after one of the most remarkable scenes ever enacted before a judge.

Maude Greenin, a beautiful young woman of Irish parentage, was married six years ago to John Purdy, of Over Darwen, a draftsman, earning a good salary and owner of a small cottage and a piece of ground in the suburbs of Over Darwen.

They met first at a picnic at Esketh Park, on the seashore—and they fell in love at first sight. He had gone on the picnic excursion and she was then stopping with her aunt at Esketh Park.

accident. It happened that Purdy had a friend, Wilbur Newby, who was in business at Esketh Park, and Miss Greenin had a slight acquaintance with Newby through her aunt. On the afternoon of the draftsman's picnic Miss Greenin happened to drop a small note on the beach, and Purdy found it.

Her card was in the case, but the address was at Chorley, where she lived, Purdy, instead of forwarding the case by post to the address in Chorley, happened to show it to his friend Newby, and he, remembering the name, told Purdy that the owner was visiting in Esketh Park, so they walked around together to restore the lost property to its owner.

CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. The casual call turned out to be a case of love at first sight. The handsome young draftsman was smitten with the charms of the tall, slender, graceful girl who thanked him so prettily for returning her cardcase. The call was lengthened to half an hour, and before the young man left, Miss Greenin cordially invited Purdy to call again if ever he happened to be at Esketh Park or Chorley.

The invitation may have been only a polite form, but Purdy took it in earnest, and every week-end after that he traveled down from Over Darwen to Esketh Park, where were his good friends, the Newbys, and the beach, and one night—But those facts came out later, so it is proper to tell them later.

At any rate, they became engaged, and the next spring they were married and went to live in the pretty little cottage in the suburbs.

For over five years they lived in the cottage and loved in the cottage, and then they quarreled. It does not matter whose fault it was or what they quarreled about. The important thing is that they quarreled, and perhaps she threatened to take baby and go home to her mother, and more than probably he said, "Go—and a good riddance!" and then they both felt sorry and wouldn't tell each other.

Unlike most of those affairs, Mrs. Purdy really did take baby and go home to her mother. And Purdy—well, he did exactly like a lot of other men, he declared her "crazy" and then tried to drink everything in town just to prove it.

LOVE TAP IS CALLED EXTREME ABUSE. They were separated for three whole weeks—the first three weeks that they ever had been apart since their marriage—and then Mrs. Purdy brought suit for a legal separation. Her mother and sisters told her that Purdy was a brute, and, although she denied it indignantly at first, she came to believe it herself and sought redress by separation, alleging extreme cruelty and abuse. She even recalled that one time her husband had slapped her on the back. At the time he had clasped her in his arms and kissed her, and she had taken it for granted that it merely was a "love tap," but the more she thought about it the more she became convinced that he had struck her in earnest and then covered up his offense by pretending it only was play.

She told her lawyer about it, and he translated it into extreme cruelty and habitual abuse. Purdy was angry over it all, and perhaps, if it had not been for the little boy, Harold, aged 3, he never would have contested the suit, and they would have been separated forever. But Purdy was determined to have his child, so he fought the case, and in due time it was set for hearing.

Judge Curtynd, who, by the way, is married and knows a few things about marriage life, was assigned to the case. He listened to the preliminaries until he gained an idea of what the story was. He grew interested. Nobody has yet dared hint that perhaps some such things had happened in the judge's private life, but at any rate he seemed to have formed the judicial opinion that the couple ought not to be parted, and that neither really desired it, at any rate he determined to make them see the light as he saw it.

Both the wife and husband had testified, and every scrap of family history, seemingly, had been brought out and the lawyers had torn each witness apart and questioned, and really, it seemed to be time for the court to clear its throat and hand down a decision in the case. But Judge Curtynd was not ready. He took the case practically out of the hands of the attorneys and commenced to conduct the examination himself.

TOLD STORY OF THEIR LOVE AFFAIR. "You said you met the defendant through an accidental finding of property belonging to you?"

"Yes."

"Please describe the first meeting."

requested the judge, closing his eyes and resting his head on the back of the chair.

Mrs. Purdy gave a full and minute description of that meeting.

"He called soon afterwards," queried the court, again shutting his eyes.

"He did."

"Please describe what happened at that meeting."

Mrs. Purdy described.

Step by step she was led up to the night of nights, the night that Purdy proposed and was accepted.

"On the evening that the defendant proposed marriage to you," remarked the court, "what happened?"

"He came to my aunt's house," she responded. "And, after we had been sitting in the parlor for a time, talking, he proposed that we go for a walk on the beach."

"And you went?" said the court.

"Yes."

"Where did you go?"

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE MOONSHINE.

"We walked south along the board walk for a few blocks and descended to the sands and walked on until we were beyond the town. It was a beautiful night—the sea was quiet and calm, and the air warm."

"Was the moon shining?" asked the court, straightening up.

"Yes, the moon was shining and just rising. Jack—I mean Mr. Purdy—I mean he—found a nice, cozy spot under the lee of a big board and we sat down there, near the water, and looked out across it."

"Please describe what happened," prompted the court.

"Jack—I mean he—Oh, judge—I can't," and she bowed her head.

"Will the defendant please step forward and assist the complainant, in informing the court what happened on that evening," said Judge Curtynd severely and judiciously.

Purdy came forward in obedience to the order, but hesitated when he came near his wife.

"Please be more prompt, defendant," said the court sternly. "Please show this court what happened on the evening in question."

"We sat down on the sand, side by side, your honor," said Purdy.

"Well, well," said the court, impatiently. "Show the court how you sat down side by side."

"So Purdy and his wife sat down side by side on the step below the witness chair."

"And we sat there a long, long time, saying nothing," said Mrs. Purdy.

"And I reached over and took one of her hands," said Purdy.

"Please show the court just how you reached over and took one of her hands," ordered Judge Curtynd.

"This way, your honor," said Purdy, taking his wife's hand.

"What then?" asked the court.

HOW ARM WAS SLIPPED AROUND WAIST.

"Why, we sat silent for a long time," replied Purdy. "And then I slipped my arm around her waist."

"How did you do that?" asked the court, leaning forward in interest.

"This way, your honor," responded Purdy, sliding his arm around his wife.

"Silence in the court," ordered the judge. "Mr. Tipstaff, if that noise is repeated, clear the court room. And what did the arm do around her waist?"

"I believe—I believe—judge, your honor, that she let her head rest on my shoulder."

"Believe, man, believe!" demanded the court. "Don't you know?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Let me hear her head rest on your shoulder," ordered the court.

The fair head sank rebelliously, and the judge inspected the scene judicially.

"Um," commented the judge: very realistic, very convincing. I am convinced neither of you has forgotten what happened on that evening."

There were tears in the eyes of the wife, as she ceased trying to tear herself out of her husband's arms.

On the contrary, Purdy seemed perfectly satisfied to permit the situation to remain unchanged.

"Let's see," said the judge. "where were we?"

"I recall it now. The defendant said nothing at the moment, did he?"

"Not for several moments, your honor," replied Purdy.

"And what did he do?"

A sob from Mrs. Purdy was the only reply.

"Ah! And after a time what did the defendant do?"

"I believe he whispered a question," said Purdy.

"Ah—yes, I perceive. And what was the answer of the complainant?"

"She said 'Yes,' your honor."

"Very good," he commented. "And then what did the defendant do?"

"What would you have done, judge?" asked Purdy nervously.

"I am not on trial," responded the court. "Please show the court what you did."

And Purdy did. A moment later Mrs. Purdy was sobbing with her arms around the judge's neck, and after the gavel of the bailiff had restored order, Judge Curtynd remarked:

"I believe this case can be settled out of court. The hearing need not be continued. Let the parties to the case rehearse the rest of the scene in private."

And they did.

AN INHERITED MUSICAL TASTE.

George Bernard Shaw, the Irish playwright, has a good deal of contempt for scientists.

"We hold scientists in too great honor," he says. "They are too much on faith. We believe every scientific assertion, no matter how incredible it may be."

"And how incredible, how preposterous of this scientific talk is! There's heredity, for instance. I have seen books on heredity that were about as logical as the remark of an old woman whose daughter played the piano."

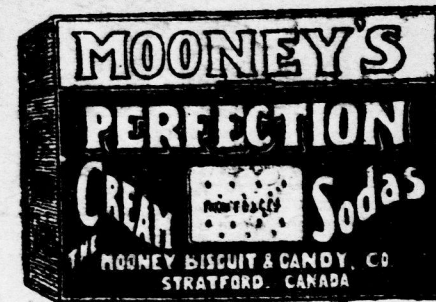
"Your daughter plays well," a lady said to her.

"Yes, the old woman replied, "she does have a fine touch, and it's no wonder, for she loves the piano, and never tires of it. Ye see, she's a great taste for music, but then that's only natural, for her grandfather had his skull fractured with a cornet at a picnic."

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- a little finer bakery
- a little more care in baking
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a whole lot better.  
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Your grocer has Mooney's.



## WORLD STILL HAS FAITH IN CHARMS

MANY PEOPLE OF THE PRESENT DAY BELIEVE IN THEM.

Friar John in "Rabelais" had a charm "good against bullets," which, however, he added, "is of no use to me, because I don't believe in it." It is faith in such a charm against bullets which works wonders with the Zulus today, as the daily papers assure us. The most notorious of all the brigands in Serbia called upon the archimandrite. To confess, repent, and vow to lead a new life? Not at all. "You see, your holiness," he said, "I am in daily peril of death from the bullets of the gendarmerie, and I should be glad, therefore, if you will let me have a bone of King Stephen's skeleton, which, I understand, is an absolute safeguard against death by a bullet."

The archimandrite was sorry, but he dared not despoil the saintly kind of a fingerling, even for a not so good a cause.

He broke into the monastery at night, wrenched open the coffin of King Stephen, and robbed the sacred skeleton of a big toe. A year later he was taken alive, and on his way to execution he confessed the theft of the toe and returned it contemptuously to the archimandrite. It was no good to him or to any one else, he said. Had he not experimented with the charm before he trusted his life to it—tied it to a lamb, which was so far from being bulletproof in consequence that he blew its brains out at the first shot! So he tossed back the discredited toe to the archimandrite, who rejoiced to be able to restore it to the skeleton of King Stephen.

We need not, however, go to Serbia or Ratal to find like superstitions. Only the other day in an English village a woman was supposed to have had epilepsy exercised through the following ceremony: She went to the village church accompanied by 29 married men, while they entered the porch of the church, she uttered a long, low, monotonous note, and then, as she passed out, dropped a penny in her lap, and, when the church warden had made a similar contribution, the 30 pence in copper were changed by him into a silver half crown, out of which he had a ring forged, to be worn by the epileptic as an infallible charm against fits. After service each of the 29, as he passed out, dropped a penny in her lap, and, when the church warden had made a similar contribution, the 30 pence in copper were changed by him into a silver half crown, out of which he had a ring forged, to be worn by the epileptic as an infallible charm against fits.

If, however, the woman uttered a single word from the moment she left her house till her return, the charm must fail.

I know a woman, a distant connection of my own, whose hands were so infested and disfigured with warts that she tried many doctors and many cures, even including excision, without permanent effect. An Indian native—who was living then in India—undertook to charm the warts away within a month. Taking my friend into a dark room, she pronounced there a long incantation, and at its close assured the patient that the warts would disappear forever within the specified time—as they did. I remember a boy at school whose warts—and he had many—were supposed to have disappeared through having the fat of stolen bacon rubbed on them. Disappear they certainly did.

In a letter dated March 1, 1744, Mrs. Delany gives these two "infallible recipes for ague": "First, pounded ginger made into a paste with brandy, sweated on sheep's leather, and a plaster of it laid over the stomach. Second, a spider put into a goose quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the child's neck. Either of these, I am assured, will give ease. Probatum est."

Lady Llanover comments thus upon this latter recipe: "Although the prescription of the spider in the quill will probably only create amusement from its apparent absurdity, considered merely as an old charm, yet there is no doubt of the medicinal virtues of spiders and their webs, which have been known long to the Celtic inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland."

A yet more powerful country cure for ague is such a sudden shock as sets the patient shivering with terror. An old woman of 80, who had suffered cruelly in her youth from ague, assured my authority for this homeopathic remedy that her husband had cured her in her youth permanently of the ague by announcing to her one morning the sudden death of their fat pig. When she had recovered from the stupefying effect of the news, she hurried out to the sty to find the pig alive and well; but the shock had done the work her husband meant it to do, since it shook off the ague for good.

Honest Isaac Walton cannot be trusted even when he is on his own ground. He assures you that "bees may be bred, as some worms and some kinds of bees and wasps are, either of dew or out of

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## To Catarrh Sufferers

Hyomel Cures by Breathing Medicated Air

The popularity and increase in the use of Hyomel is unique in the annals of medicine. Such astonishing cures have been made by this remedy that its sale is steadily increasing every year.

The complete Hyomel outfit costs but \$1.00, and consists of an inhaler, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomel. The inhaler lasts a life-time and if one bottle does not cure, an extra bottle of Hyomel can be obtained for 50 cents. It is the most economical of all remedies advertised for the cure of catarrh, and is the only one that follows nature in her methods of treating diseases of the respiratory organs.

Breathe through the inhaler for a few minutes four times a day, and your catarrh is cured. That's all. If you cannot obtain Hyomel of your dealer, it will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Write today for consultation blank that will entitle you to services of our medical department without charge. The R. T. Booth Company, Hyomel Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

Health of his guests that he never would allow three things to be served at his table—salmon, burgundy and champagne.—T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in Chicago Tribune.

BRET HARTE AND THE SCOTCHMAN.

The late Bret Harte was a very low-able man to those who really knew him. Yet, sometimes, he could be very bitter. Once, when he was consulted by Glasgow, he attended a big city dinner. The Scotsman who sat next to him had a reputation for nearness. And he hadn't been very well lately.

The Scotsman said: "Can you recommend a good physician?"

"I can if you want him to attend to yourself," said Bret Harte.

"Death?"

"Why death?"

"Because he will only cost you one visit,"—M. A. P.

## Heart, Throat, Liver and Skin

DR. AGNEW'S FOUR FAMOUS SPECIFICS CURE COMPLETELY THE WORST DISEASES OF THESE PARTS—DREADFUL HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN THIRTY MINUTES.

Heart disease will affect people differently, but in all cases it must be viewed with great alarm. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the one remedy that can be safely depended upon in times of trouble. It will give relief in thirty minutes.

Mr. Thomas Petry, of Aylmer, Que., was troubled with severe heart complaint for five years, the pain, at times, being so severe that he could not attend to business. Every other remedy failed until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gave him immediate relief, and his words are these: "I have now taken four bottles of the remedy and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease."

A cold in the head need not be trifled with, for it is catarrh in an incipient condition, and catarrh is not to be trifled with. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as scores of clergymen, members of parliament, and prominent citizens in the Dominion have borne testimony, drives away a cold in the head like magic, and where this has assumed the shape of aggravated catarrh, producing deafness and throat trouble, it effects a permanent cure.

It is not always safe to take pills for liver trouble. They not unfrequently create other troubles that are serious. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, whilst thoroughly curing of removing all liver trouble, give no difficulty either at the time or afterwards. They are pleasant to take and cost only 25 cents.

The faculty that Dr. Agnew has displayed in getting at the seat of trouble is manifest in his Ointment, as in the other three remedies. This contains the elements that give speedy and permanent relief in all skin diseases and is peculiarly effective in curing piles. 35 cents.

Sold by C. McCallum and Callard & McLachlan.