Titled Hemp Eaters

Hashish is the latest fad of the fashionable beauties of London writes the Marquise de Fontenoy, and within the precints of Mayfair there are at least half a dozen very expensive and exclusive clubs restricted entirely to the fair sex, which are nothing more nor less than hashish temples. They are thoroughly respectable in the sense that none but women of knowledged position in society, matrons as well as unmarried girls with several seasons to their record, are admitted to the clubs in question, and while a part of the house is run as a ladies' club in the ordinary way, the greater portion of the establishment is devoted to the absorption of the drug so famous throughout the Orient, and which it is insisted is entirely innocuous. They are exquisitely furnished, especially the Orientally fashioned apartments, where the effects of the hashish are obtained and where not a single sound from the outside disturbs the dreams of the votaries of this, so far as England is concerned, entirely new fad, and they are waited upon by maid servants, in Oriental garb, the surroundings conveying the impression of some Eastern harem.

Hashish is far less harmful than any of these artifices to quiet the nerves, and to give that repose for which one looks in vain in a sleep that will no longer be wooed. It has for hundreds, possibly for thousands of years been used throughout the Orient. From the Atlantic shores of Morocco to the furthest confines of Bokhara and of Mohammedan Asia, hashish in some form or another is at once the favorite stimulant and the favorite solace of all classes of Moslems. Some take it in the form of a liquid, that is to say, an infusion; others again use it in the form of a fine powder, which they mix with tobacco, and smoke either in cigarettes or in a narghile. The smoke, which is white and opaque, is drawn into the lungs so as to bring the fumes of the drug in direct contact with the blood. In Persia butter and sugar are added to the leaf, and it is kneaded into small balls about the size of a hazel nut, and there are people who will take as many as four of these "dawamesk" or "bolusses" a day.

I myself, on the only occasion that I experimented with this drug, namely, in Egypt, took it in the form of a sweet meat, known as 'majooh.' After having eaten the candy, which was flavored with some spices or other, I was called upon to drink a cup of coffee, prepared Turkish fashion and possessed of a strong aroma. Before long the hashish began to show its effects. Every vestige of fatigue, moral as well as physical, disappeared, and there ensued an elevation of spirits and a tendency to see everything in colors of the most roseate hue. The mind seemed to develop undreamt-of activity, and powers as well as talents of one kind and another to appear that had until then been latent. Yet it could not be called intoxication, for I knew thoroughly what I was doing and saying, and was able to remember everything afterwards. Among the accomplishments which it seemed to me that had been called into existence by the hashish which I had taken was the gift of tongues, and it seemed to me that I was able all of a sudden to talk definitely Arabic, with which at the time I possessed a somewhat elementary acquaintance. I also experienced an inordinate desire to fly in the air, and felt that but little effort would be required to float around far above the ground. Then I began to see everything in gigantic size. After a time landscapes and scenery of extraordinary beauty unfolded themselves before my eyes, palaces of a gem-like character and glittering with every imaginable brilliancy of colors passed before my gaze, and finally my body seemed to rise from the divan and to float away into space, and I dropped into a dreamless sleep from which I awoke thoroughly refreshed and none the worse for the experiment.

I was informed that it affected some novices by bringing on a slight nausea or headache, both of which, however can be quickly removed by a little lemon juice.

I can quite believe, therefore, from personal experience, the assertion that hashish, which is made of the resinous and narcotic leaves of the hemp plant, is comparatively innocuous when compared with opium, alcohol and even excessive tobacco smoking. The only disadvantage is that it really takes you entirely away from your surroundings, and in its latter stages deprives you, not so much of your will power, as of your self-control.

I can readily understand Orientals whose life is a joyless one at the best seeking to exchange by means of this drug the sordid reality of their surroundings for the beautiful dreams engendered by its consumption, and I can also understand how women in London and Paris, whose nerves are overstrained, who are in danger of collapse, should resort to this drug rather than to a nerve specialist who is likely to prescribe for them a so-called rest cure, entailing a withdrawal from society for several weeks. For the drug gives immediate relief without entailing any of the drawbacks of the rest cure, and permits its votaries to retain their places in the whirl of society and fashion without any interruption.

Of course there is the danger and it is a very serious one, that with that lack of moderation, which is one of the principal characteristics of the fair sex, they should be so carried away by the fascinations of the drug as to become slaves thereto, and to permit its use to develop into an abuse, as in the Orient. During my stay in Egypt our Moslem servants were usually totally unfitted for work during three or four days of each month, owing to their absorption of too much hashish. They became dreamy, totally impracticable, and wound up by an unconquerable desire to sleep. There was no means of doing anything with them excepting to allow them to sleep the hashish off and on the following day they were none the worse for the experience.

LITTLE JAP.

The area of Japan is 147,655 square miles. The area of the Russian Empire, 8,644,100 square miles.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A year and a half had passed away, and Vivien Neslie was once more firmly established at Lancewood. She had fallen into an even method of life that never varied. To keep up the hospitality of the Abbey, she gave grand entertainments, but they differed greatly from the gay revels held by Lady Neslie. Mothers with young daughters no longer refused invitations to Lancewood; on the contrary, they were eagerly sought after and an entree there was a passport everywhere.

Miss Neslie was no advocate of woman's rights; she had no idea of standing on a platform and delivering vapid lectures; she would have declined the study of medicine, except so far as it was common; she laughed at the notion of lady-barrister. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, she took a keen womanly interest in politics—in all social matters. She could discuss the probability of the return of a new member, the best plan for model cottages, what was really needed as regarded the improvement of the laborer's condition, the most approved school buildings, the prospects of the crops, with equal facility.

She was one of the women essentially born to command. She would have been lost in an inferior position. She had grand administrative powers. Old dwellers in the county looked with envy at the fine flourishing estate, at the order, the method, the prosperity. She was a woman of large mind. Any one going to her with a plan, a scheme, an invention of any kind, was sure to be encouraged. She adopted all modern improvements; she spared neither thought, labor, nor expense, and it pleased her to hear on all sides high praise of Lancewood.

Her life was a busy one; yet she would fain have done more to drive away the specter that haunted her, the remorse and regret that never grew less. She went to church, but she did not join in others' prayers—how could she, while her injustice and sin remained? She opened the pages of her Bible, but closed them, for words telling of the reward and the blessing that followed justice were sure to trouble her.

"Do right come what may," were words that continually sounded in her ears. She thought of them until even her clear mind grew confused. Was it right to do as she was doing—making Lancewood what, even in its palmiest days, it had never been before, or was it right to restore the estate to one who would simply ruin it? Did the means justify the end? Could it be possible that good ever arose from evil—that wrong could ever be right? She pondered these questions long and anxiously, and then she decided that Lancewood was her dearest interest, and that she would attend first of all to that.

There came a day when all these questions were suddenly settled.

It was a clear, cold, frosty day in December, and Vivien had been working very hard. The winter was unusually severe and frosty, the people suffered much from cold. She had been round the estate, giving with a bountiful, royal hand relief where it was needed. The poor and the rich cried, "Heaven bless the good lady of Lancewood!" while she herself cried for mercy because she was a sinner.

On this cold December day she came in from her long drive almost frozen herself. She took off her warm, rich furs, and stood for a few minutes before the cheerful fire. It was the twilight of a December day. A haze lay over the fields and hills; the trees stood like huge bare giants, the air was clear, brisk, and cold, a gray shade was falling over the land, a gray shade that gave a peculiar yellow light. She was standing in the drawing-room, and, in that weird, strange light the room seemed to glow with radiance—the firelight cast a ruddy, cheerful blaze that contrasted forcibly with the grayness outside.

As she looked round, her heart warmed to her beautiful home; but for the shadow lying over her life, how happy she should be! Then she half wished that Gerald Dorman had cared less for her. In such a case he would never have done what he had. Her thoughts wandered to him. She had heard from him once or twice. He had written short, sad letters containing no particular news. It seemed like an answer to her thoughts when a footman entered with the letter-bag. It had been delayed in the morning, owing to the state of the roads from the frost, and had not arrived until Miss Neslie had left the Abbey on her long round of visits.

She opened it mechanically. There could be nothing to interest her very greatly. The first letter she saw was one with a deep black border, addressed to her in Gerard's handwriting.

What did it mean? The other letters fell unheeded from her hand to the floor. A gasping sigh parted her lips. What did it mean, that broad black border? What did it portend?

It seemed to her that an hour had passed between the first moment that she had seen the letter and the moment when it lay open before her.

Then Gerald's words seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

"I have sad news for you—sad, though perhaps, after all, for the best. The boy is dead. He was unwell, ailing for months, and then became seriously ill; now he is dead. Believe me, he has had the best of care, the best of nursing, of advice, of attention. The cleverest of doctors, the most skilled of nurses, have attended to him, but it was all in vain. Had he been my own son, I could not have done more for him; but he is dead in spite of all my care and efforts. He passed under the name of Harry Dorman, and lest you should feel a doubt of my word, I inclose you the certificate of his death and burial.

"I am sorry for his death, but it is well that it has taken place. I entreat of you to believe that he could not have been more kindly treated. Remember, a certain number of years are alloted to every one. He would have died just the same, even had he remained at Lancewood.

"Now, Miss Neslie, you may be happy. You may cease to lament and mourn. The boy is the better for what has happened. My brother taught him what he would never have learned at Lancewood—to fear, and love, and serve his Maker.

"You may be at rest now; Lancewood is your own—the terrible past lies buried. Let me hear that you have married the man you love, and that you are happy; you know how I long to hear this.

"Once more before I die I shall try to see you; it may be soon, it may be in years to come. The kind words that you will give me then will be the reward of my life-long love and devotion to you."

She looked at the papers enclosed; they were copies of certificates of Harry Dorman's death and of his burial in New York. And so she said to herself the tragical page of that story is closed.

Was she glad or sorry? The world seemed to stand still; her heart beat slowly; her pulse barely throbbed; her whole soul seemed to have suddenly received a sudden shock. An hour afterwards she found herself kneeling with the open letter in her hands.

He was dead—this child of a strolling player, whose inheritance she had taken because she did not think him worthy to hold it. He was dead, and Lancewood was in very truth her own.

She might be sorry for what she had done—for the sin of the past—but the haunting sense of wrong was at an end—quite at an end. She was not keeping now that which belonged to another. It was her own. She need no longer feel scrupulous or hesitate to enjoy her life. The dark, terrible shadow had vanished. She was not wronging the heir of Lancewood, for he was dead.

Yet perhaps she had never shed bitterer tears than she shed as she knelt and thought of the dead child; but, when the tears were spent, and she rose once more to the level of everyday life, there was a great change in her. She seemed to have grown years younger. The rich color returned to her beautiful face. She laughed, talked, smiled, as she had not done for years. The terrible weight had fallen from her. She was no longer keeping unjustly what belonged to another.

She was herself, as she had not been since her father's marriage. She did not seek to hide from herself the terrible enormity of the sin she had committed—with deepest contrition she accused herself of it before Heaven; but the burden of the sin seemed to have been removed by the child's death; and, if any anxious thought came to her that his death might have been caused or hastened by his removal from Lancewood, she remembered what Gerald had said. His allotted number of years would have come to an end whether he were in England or America. If the idea was that of a fatalist, she did not know it.

People wondered how she had lost her sad gravity, her gloom. They fancied it was the effect of time on her sorrow. She knew that she was released from a terrible secret that had weighed her down to the earth.

Then she heard from Gerald that his brother, no longer having an object for remaining in America, was returning to England. Gerald preferred remaining where he was. Vivien sent to his brother a handsome sum in acknowledgment of his services, and then she said to herself that the whole affair was ended.

That year, for the first time since her father's death, she went to London. She left her beloved Lancewood in all prosperity, and went with Lady Smeaton and her daughters. In the metropolis she met Lord St. Just, who was first amazed, then delighted.

"If I could only understand you!" he said to her one day. "You are the greatest puzzle I have ever met with. But, do you know, I begin to think that you do love me after all, Vivien, and that you will consent to be my wife at last."

"Try me," she said, with a blushing smile.

"Will you?" he asked. "Oh, Vivien, it cannot be that you intend to make me happy at last? I cannot believe it. Will you be my wife?"

She laid her hand in his and looked up at him.

"Mine has been a strange life," she said, "a hard life, and it had had some terrible episodes in it; but, if you think that I can make you happy, I am all your own, Adrian."

He seemed, at first, as though he could hardly believe her, as though he fancied that she was still unsettled. He could not realize the happiness that was really his. He found, at last, that it was true, and then his delight knew no bounds.

Lady Smeaton was delighted.

"You have come to your senses, Vivien, at last," she said; "though why you have acted in so strange a fashion puzzles me."

And Vivien did not wonder at it; looking back, she was almost puzzled at herself.

The marriage took place in June, and perhaps there never was one that gave more general satisfaction.

One of the newspapers containing a full account of it was sent to America, and read there by a lonely desolate man, who bent his head over the paper, weeping bitter tears.

"She will be happy at last," said Gerald Dorman, "while I shall never know what happiness means."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Married and happy." It seemed to Lady St. Just, when she heard the bells chime on her wedding-day, that she had reached the end of her troubles at last. She was in one of the highest positions that fall to the lot of women uncrowned. She was mistress of Lancewood, with its large revenues; she was also mistress of King's Rest. Lord St. Just was one of the wealthiest peers in England. She had almost boundless wealth — boundless love. What more could woman desire?

Yet as she thought of these splendors, of her riches and her magnificence, she told herself, "My sin will keep me humble before Heaven and man."

It was so. There was no kinder, more considerate, more thoughtful or charitable woman in England than Lady St. Just; above all was she tender, compassionate, and loving to little children.

He looked at the beautiful, earnest, noble face, and smiled.

"How you love children, Vivien!" he said. "I almost wish I were a child; you would love me more."

"I could not love you better, dear," she responded. And the words rose to her lips, "I once wronged a child," but she did not utter them.

So in every way she tried to make reparation for the wrong done.

Then came news from Paris—"Miladi" had married the Comte de Calloux after all, and sent her wedding-cards to Lady St. Just. Her husband wished her to ignore them, and he wondered why to this woman whom he knew she disliked Vivien sent a magnificent present. It seemed to her some kind of reparation, so she did it.

Lord St. Just studied how to please his wife in every way. Knowing how well she loved Lancewood, he spent six months of every year there, and within the walls of the Abbey, recently the scene of light revelry, were gathered some of the noblest and wisest men in England. Lord St. Just was a keen politician—nothing delighted him more than the interest his wife took in his affairs. She was of considerable assistance to him; she entertained the noble statesmen who gathered round him. Many a Gordian knot was cut by her quick womanly wit; many a strong and noble measure, blessed by half the country, was first discussed at Lancewood.

She was wonderfully happy; there were times when she bent her beautiful head in mute, lowly thanks to Heaven, wondering that so much mercy, so much pity had been shown to her—wondering why she had been preserved to enjoy such blessings as fall to the lot of few.

Then a son and heir was born—heir of King's Rest and his father's title. That increased her happiness, yet brought the past more vividly than ever before her. She never looked in the face of her own child without thinking of little Oswald, buried in a far-off land.

But his mother had not loved him as she loved her boy. She had cared only for the prosperity that her child brought her, not for the boy himself.

To be Continued.

HOW THE COATS DISAPPEARED.

A noted German chess-playing professor had lost three overcoats at a cafe while engaged at his favorite pastime. He was at a loss to know how to prevent a fourth from going astray, when all at once a brilliant idea occurred to him. Immediately before sitting down to a game he took his brand-new garment, hung it over the back of his chair, leant against it, and said to himself with a grateful feeling of perfect security, "Now it must be safe."

He soon became deeply engrossed in his game when a light-fingered gentleman approached, and apparently became greatly interested.

At a critical moment he tapped the professor on the shoulder, exclaiming, Excuse me.

Don't mention it, returned the absorbed player, bending forward. Like lightning the thief withdrew the coat from the chair and a moment later had disappeared into the street.

An Honored Physician,

Trusted and Admired by Tens of Thousands of Grateful Cured Ones is Dr. W. A. Chase.

First, by his famous Recipe Book, and later by his great family remedies, Dr. Chase proved his wonderful skill as a conqueror of disease. A grateful world now rises to call him blessed and to tell of the incalculable benefits derived from the use of his great prescriptions.

ECZEMA ON THE HEAD.

Mrs. Joseph Querin, Ethel, Huron Co., Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with eczema on the head and face for about 9 years. My head was a mass of scabs, and though I tried the doctors I was all the time getting worse. I finally began to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to my surprise obtained relief from the first application. Three boxes have cured me, and I would not begrudge $200 for the benefit I have derived from this great remedy. Dr. Chase's Ointment is of almost daily use in the home, and I would advise everybody to keep some on hand."

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Mrs. J. M. Bradley, 109 Jane street, Ottawa, states:—"For several years I have been gradually running down in health; I was very nervous and weak, and worried greatly over my future. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and the wonderful results it has accomplished in others, I obtained a box and began using it as directed. I began to improve immediately, and am now restored to full health and vigour."

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an excellent remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are weak, nervous, or run down in health."

KIDNEY BACKACHE.

Mr. David McLeish, 279 Slater St., Ottawa, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with kidney disease and backache for four or five years and have used very many remedies without obtaining permanent benefits. Some time ago I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them to be the best medicine I ever used. Their use took away that kidney backache, and made me feel better in every way, gave me refreshing sleep, and made my digestion good."

Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedies do not dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are to be found on every box of his genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW—

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

About the House.

A WOMAN'S PROBLEM.

When breakfast things are cleared away
The same old problem's rising,
For she again sits down to think
Of something appetizing.
The dinner she must soon prepare,
Or give the cook directions,
And great is the relief she feels,
When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away,
The problem that is upper
Is just the same, with one word changed—
"What can I get for supper?"
She wants to give them something new,
And long is meditation,
Till choice is made, and then begins
The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away,
Again her mind is worried,
For then she thinks of breakfast time
When meals are often hurried.
She ponders o'er it long until
The question is decided,
Then hustles 'round till she makes sure
That everything's provided,

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Cloves is the spice that should be used with elderberries. It brings out the peculiar tang or flavor of the fruit.

In making bread pudding it is never a success unless the oven is hot and the eggs have been beaten to a froth. Then beat the batter, after the bread is in until it is light. The more you beat the better the pudding.

Summer squash is good only when young, fresh and tender. To cook, wash and cut into quarters or small pieces. The skin and seeds need not be removed. Cook in boiling salted water till tender. Place in a strainer-cloth, mash thoroughly, squeeze till dry. Season with butter, salt and pepper and heat again before serving

Dip slices of stale bread in milk, then in beaten egg, fry in hot lard till well browned, and after buttering sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon. Nice for tea or for breakfast on hot mornings.

If tansy is sprinkled through woolen clothing when laid away they will never become moth eaten. When moth-millers are seen in a closet it is well to burn a little camphor promptly. If done in the early spring, it will generally rid the closet of the pests.

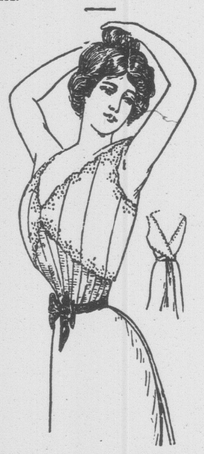
Mattresses that have become flattened will fill out to the original shape if placed in the sun and pure air for a few hours each day when housecleaning is in progress.

A solution of soda and water, applied with a whisk broom kept for the purpose, will remove the brown streaks in bath-room towels made by sediments in the dripping water.

When a ground-glass stopper sticks fast in a bottle the safest plan for loosening it is to wrap a long string of cloth around the neck, over which pour a stream of hot water, beginning with it blood warm.

A defaced straw hat may be cleansed by brushing with a strong solution of borax and placing in sunlight to dry.

A bottle of linseed oil and lime water, mixed in equal parts, is the best application for burns, and prevents scars.



Corset cover of white lawn with scolloped edges handsomely embroidered. The ends cross in back and tie around the waist with a ribbon. Material required, 36 inches wide, 1 yard.

PLANTS IN POTS.

I do not believe there is any great virture in soil selection for the culture of plants in pots, writes John Chamberlin We get much minute advice on that line, and from it the inference would be that every plant, to grow in a pot, must be provided with a very exact variety of soil, or it will not do well. This is true in a minor way. We all know that certain plants, with the ferns leading, prefer light, peaty soil, and that others like something more sandy. But this is all by the way. What plants all demand is rich soil with some sort of texture, so that it will not become muddy when it is watered. If it has nothing of this sort, it will have a tendency to smother the roots of the plant by the exclusion of air.

As a rule, few plants are watered to death in soil that has no tendency to become muddy. The old cautions against over-watering have driven us to the opposite extreme, and we water with a dash that wets the surface of the pot and allows the main ball of soil to become solid, an dthe plant slowly starves to death, often so slowly that we do not suspect what is the matter. Never water sparingly, either out-doors or in. A watering that goes to the bottom of the roots will keep them growing as they should; a scanty watering sets them to reaching towards the surface for moisture, and they are soon incapable of maintaining vigorous growth.

Pot soil is very subject to acid conditions. In some cases a bit of lime or charcoal will correct that, but many plants do not like lime in quantity, and neither treatment is a sure safeguard. Better let the root do its own work of sweetening the soil by making sure that there is never much more soil in a pot than is needed. Where the soil is found to be wrong in some particular and the plant is suffering, wash all of it from the roots and repot, using a rather scant supply. Often the plant will thrive again at once. Some plants will do well with more soil than the roots can work over, but usually they will not.

BARLEY GRUEL.

Soak a tablespoonful of barley over night in enough cold water to cover it. In the morning drain this off, and put the barley over the fire in a pint of water. Boil this for five or six hours, filling up the saucepan as the water boils away, and keeping always a pint of water in the pot. Strain it of and set aside to cool. It will probably form a jelly and should be used in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls of the barley to a cupful of the milk or other liquid food.

The babies who are nursed instead of bottle fed must rely upon doctors for advice as to means by which to regulate their digestion, although these are more likely to be normal than those of the artificially fed children.

It is when the little creatures grow old enough to forage for themselves, and, escaping from the watch and ward of their mothers, to take what pleases their palates that they are likely to get into trouble. This, too, is the period when injudicious adults begin to bestow candies and other sweets upon the youngsters to the detriment of the small stomachs.

Always it should be borne in mind many articles of food, harmless in health, may be actually poisonous to the child suffering from a disturbed digestion. Let us glance for a moment at the foods that should be avoided by the child who is the victim of bowel trouble. Suppose he has passed his fourth or fifth year and is accustomed to such a diet as was advised in a recent paper of this series. Potatoes and oatmeal which are among his standbys, when he is well, must now be ruled off his bill of fare. Corn bread, mush, hominy, wheaten grits, fresh vegetables of all sorts and fruits must be forbidden until his recovery. Butter and cream should be taken sparingly. Simple broths, of beef, chicken and lean mutton, and arrow root jelly may be given, and occasionally a little scraped beef may be added to the diet. All food should be administered frequently and in small quantities. If the trouble is severe it may be wise to provide stimulants, but always under the doctor's orders.

EVERYONE IS PLURAL.

Singular Discovery Now Made by Advanced Scientists.

"Tis rather a creepy piece of news to hear from the scientists that one's body is not, as most of us think, a single animal, but is actually made up of something like ten millions of millions of animals all welded together and helping each other to live.

In other words, our bodies are composed of myriads of little masses of protoplasms, called cells, each having a distinct and independent life of its own. These cells are really very similar to the tiny little animalaculae that one finds in ponds and in every pool of stagnant water. If you get one one of them under a miscoscope you will see that it is a little mass of jelly which is continually sending out feelers for food, and if it meets with a particle of anything it engulfs it.

But in the human body the masses of jelly are each surrounded by a dense envelope, so that they have no power to put out feelers. They are of different shapes in the muscles, lungs, liver, intestines, brain, and elsewhere, and each does a certain part of the body's work—that is to say, there is division of labor.

The blood brings them all food, and, curiously, the blood contains a number of the animalculae you find in ponds, which forage for themselves.

Every one of these cells is a living animal. But the fat and bone of the body contain none of them, for these are really lifeless substances. On the other hand, the muscles, nerves, heart, lungs, skin, and every living part consists entirely of them.

BACK-ACHE ?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

A MEMORIAL TO "BOBS."

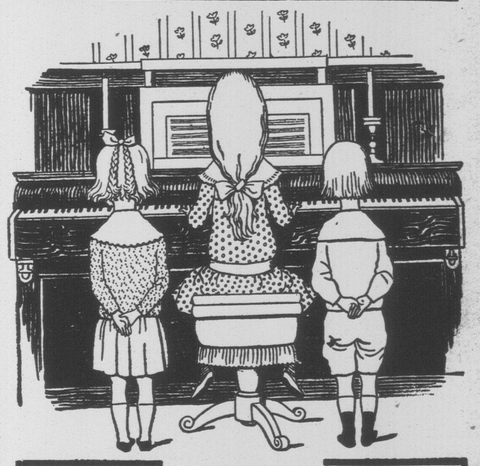
A proposal to erect a memorial of the military achievements of Lord Roberts has met with widespread favor in London. The plan is to place a monument in the Guild-hall. The realization of the idea involves a departure from strict precedent, since the memorials already there are designed to record the greatness of the honored dead. There are in the Guildhall at the present time monuments to Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, the elder and the younger Pitt, and Lord Mayor Beckford. In addition to these there are a number of busts of famous men.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848. Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea was not to be had until 1895.

EVER AT THE FRONT, Like the British Army—

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA Still continues to make itself felt, and is rapidly forging its way to the front. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.



THE WHOLE COUNTRY SINGS ITS PRAISE.

DOCTOR HAMMOND-HALL'S ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP

COMFORTS CRYING CHILDREN.

What though they sing from day to day,
From rise till set of sun;
There's no less ways to sing its praise
Than when they first begun.

It Positively Prevents Cholera-Infantum, Cures Summer Complaints, Hives, and all Teething Troubles, without Opiates or any Stupifying Drugs. LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BRITISH CHEMISTS COMPANY, Sole Proprietors of

DR. HAMMOND-HALL'S NERVO-HEART PILLS,

BABY'S LAXATIVE TABLETS, ETC.,

86-178 LONDON, ENG., NEW YORK, TORONTO.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A lawyer riding his bicycle on a footpath was caught by a policeman. The cyclist at once came off the path, and tried to reason with the policeman.

You aren't really going to run me in for this? he asked.

Yes, sir; I can't help it.

Well, come in here, and we will talk about it over a glass of something.

The policeman followed the gentleman, who ordered two glasses of beer, one for himself, the other for the policeman, both of which were finished before he again remarked:

Surely, you are not really going to make a fuss about this?

I must, sir, it's my business.

Ah! then at the same time it will be my business to report you for drinking beer while on duty.

The policeman's expression changed.

You're a lawyer, I take it?

Yes.

And a sharp one, too, said the "cop" as he went out and slammed the door behind him.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

An indication of the Chinese character can be inferred from the nature of their proverbs. A few of them are as follows: "If the blind lead the blind they will both go to the pit." "An old man marrying a young wife is like a withered willow sprouting." "A wife should excel in four things, virtue, speech, deportment and needlework." "Every day cannot be a Feast of Lanterns." "Would you look at the character of a Prince, look at his Minister, or the disposition of a man, observe his companion, or that of a father, mark his son." "The higher a rat creeps up a cow's horn the narrower he finds it." "Let us get drunk to-day while we have wine; the sorrows of to-morrow may be borne by to-morrow."

Neuralgia's Persistent Agony

Has but one source of relief. Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—penetrates to the irritated nerves, soothes them into repose, and affords relief almost instantly. The whole range of medicine affords no parallel to Nerviline as a pain reliever.

AN OLD SAW NEWLY SET.

Little Mose Uffingham, Jr.—Pop, if yo' gib me half a dollar fo' my birfday, an' Uncle Rube gib me—

Uffinghan, Sr,—Chile, doan' yo' count yo' chicken befoq' yo' git 'em outen de coop.

THE FIRE BELLS

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great, sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get "Putnam's."

ASKED FOR INFORMATION.

Embarrassed young man—Have you—er—got any cradles?

Shopman—Yes, sir.

Young man, becoming still more embarrassed. In cases where—where—when it wasn't just—just what you expected you know, and—and—and you have to buy cradles, you know, is it customary to buy two cradles or—or one cradle big enough for both of 'em?

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EUROPE'S POPULATION.

The population of Europe is 381,000,000, an increase of 79,000,000 since 1870, or an annual increase of about 3,000,000.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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TROUBLE ENOUGH.

Mrs. Brown—What awful times we are likely to have in China. There's no telling how many thousands of people will be killed and how many other thousands will suffer from want.

Mrs. Green—And just as like as not tea will go up to $1 a pound!

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES.

First Masher—Why, do you hang two thermometers in the window?

Second Masher—My dear fellah, one is for the heat and the other is for the cold, you know. You're not so well up in astronomy as I thought you were.

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