"THE COWBOY BARONET."

Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave proves Zam-Buk Excellent for Hurts & Sores.

Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave, of Stretton Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, who is better known in Canada as "the Cowboy Baronet," has had a wide experience of the value of Zam-Buk. Writing to a friend recently, and speaking of this great balm, he says:—

"I feel it is only my duty to let you know what great benefit I have derived by keeping Zam-Buk handy, and having it in constant use. For the sprains and bruises which I have incurred in my horsemanship, and in my cowboy life generally, I have found it a reliable and speedy healer. Some of the best riders in the West that I know, use Zam-Buk regularly with the greatest benefit. I may mention that, on one occasion my horse, "Bob," came down with me, rolling over my limbs, and tearing pieces of skin off my arms. By use of Zam-Buk immediately the wounds and bruises were cleanly and quickly healed, and the raw parts covered with new, healthy skin.

"When on the Mexican plains, I have used Zam-Buk for poisonous insect-bites.

"Zam-Buk has yielded me far more remarkable results and generally proved more reliable than anything could have done in the way of mere ointments or embrocations, and I think it unequalled for skin injuries and diseases."

No clearer evidence than the above from this well-known baronet could be needed to prove the unique merit of Zam-Buk, and to show the wisdom of always keeping handy a box of this wonderful balm.

Zam-Buk is Nature's own healing balm, being composed of pure herbal essences. It is a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, poisoned sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and Stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes $1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations, sometimes represented to be "just as good."

His Measure.

The man with the red face and pimply nose fell fainting on the floor.

"Whiskey!" requested the doctor.

"I'll bring him to."

"Better make it three," feebly remarked the recumbent one.

Stop the Cough.—Coughing is caused by irritation in the respiratory passages and is the effort to dislodge obstructions that come from inflammation of the mucous membrane. Treatment with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will allay the inflammation and in consequence the cough will cease. Try it, and you will use no other preparation for a cold.

Her Father—I suppose, young man, you intend to set the world afire some day?

Prospective Son-in-law— I should say not. I'm in the insurance business!—From Fliegende Blaetter.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A certain newly-elected western Congressman met a society bud of Washington at his first reception.

"Do you like Balzac?" she queried.

"Wal, I never played it," drawled the westerner. "But I'm willin' to take a hand."—Lippincott's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Probably nothing pleases a woman more than her ability to look younger than some other woman who is the same age.

Only when a man offers an apology is a woman willing to let him have the last word.

The Ox's Affections.

Oxen usually die in pairs. One yoke-fellow seldom survives the other. Working and resting side by side through many long years, those patient animals develop so strong, so deep and abiding an affection for one another that separation means death. When a pair of oxen are yoked together in youth they fight. Their mutual hatred is as great as would be that of two men yoked together. But with the years' passage they cease to kick and butt. They become friends. And this friendship ripens at last into an over-mastering affection, which, it may be, consoles the mild, laborious creatures in some measure for the lifelong cruelties heaped on them by man.

Without Alcohol

A Strong Tonic	Without Alcohol
A Body Builder	Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier	Without Alcohol
A Great Alterative	Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine	Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Without Alcohol

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Ayer's

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

TIDES IN THE EARTH.

The Moon Pulls Our Solid Globe Out of Shape Twice a Day.

That the attraction of the sun and moon not only causes tides in the ocean, but has a corresponding influence on the solid earth itself, has now been definitely proved by Dr. O. Hecker, a Prussian physicist. A quarter of a century ago Professor G. H. Darwin concluded that there must be tides in the solid earth as well as in the fluid seas, but he was unable to detect them, and his only conclusion was that the earth's mass was very rigid—at least as rigid as steel. Dr. Hecker now confirms this conclusion, but with his improved instruments and methods he has been able to detect and measure the amount by which the moon pulls the solid earth out of shape twice a day. Dr. Hecker's measurements, which lasted continuously more than two years, were to ascertain the lunar influence on the earth's gravity by observing the oscillations of a delicate pendulum. It was by comparing his results with the figures as calculated for a rigid earth that he was able to detect the tidal deformation caused by the pull of both moon and sun. Dr. Hecker's pendulums were a complicated series of bars joined together, and they were installed in a specially designed brick lined room seventy-five feet below the surface of the ground, where the temperature remained practically constant at about 12 degrees centigrade, or 54 degrees F. A continuous record of their position was kept by means of photography. Working here daily from December, 1902, to May, 1905, Hecker carried on the laborious series of observations that have now established the existence of lunar and solar tidal waves in the solid but flexible mass of the globe.—New York Herald.

A WOMAN VETERAN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Evans Is Only Female Survivor of Alma.

Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, of Richmond, England, is the only woman living who saw the Battle of Alma and went through the trying experiences of the Crimean War. She was born at Bristol in 1829, and in 1851 married Mr. Evans, a private in the King's Own Lancashires. She was one of three women arriving at the Crimea, being almost the first to land. The marching was terrible, and she suffered owing to poor food. When the barrack-room was erected Mr. and Mrs. Evans had a corner in a large room, in which there were 24 men. They had to put a large curtain round the bed at nighttime. Mrs. Evans marched with the troops who assembled for the Battle of Alma.

"'Come over here to the trenches,' my husband said to me, 'it is like a shambles. They are cutting off arms and legs wholesale.' I shuddered and refused to go. Later I saw them burying the dead. A great big pit was dug, and broken guns and empty rifles and dead bodies were all thrown in together and covered over. My worst time was after the winter, when the spring weather brought the fever. I was very bad. I was the only woman left. I had to be nursed by men. They thought I was dying, and when they brought three planks I thought they were going to bury me, and I screamed out, 'Don't bury me; I'm not dead yet.' When I was strong enough to be moved they sent me home. I didn't know whether my husband was dead or alive, but after I had been home some time he turned up all right. He died in Richmond eleven years ago."

FRICTION IN THE HOME.

Ignorance of Cooking Cause of Much Domestic Unhappiness.

"Food is one of the chief sources of friction in married life," says Maud Churton Braby.

If this is true, the pity of it is that through the ignorance of the young homemaker in regard to the everyday homely duties of the kitchen much of this friction comes.

Many young girls know how to make splendid candies, desserts and dainties of many kinds, but of the requirements of a hearty appetite have little knowledge.

Mothers who are fortunate (?) enough to keep a maid do not spend much time teaching their girls how to cook plain foods and how to clear away the necessary dirty dishes, a most needful part of a girl's training. The maid is there why bother?

And there lies the secret of so much ignorance among newly married girls. It is a great deal of bother to fuss over a girl, awkward and unhandy as she is bound to be. It is so much easier to do it yourself. How many times I have shut my teeth hard when my girls were learning.

It seems to me that the mothers need to go into training and learn the importance of teaching their girls how to do the little everyday things which "seem so easy to mother" and not leave this part of the training of their girls to come after they are settled in their own homes with mothers far away.

It is not the food which causes the friction, but the little details of labor before it appears on the table. The tearful, tired little homemaker gets on her husband's nerves. Impatient words, based on very little when sifted down to the bottom, would not have been uttered if before the little girl was married she had learned her lesson.

Old Putnam.

Old Putnam, the eighteen-year-old pet horse of Battery C, Fifth United States artillery, died at Fort William McKinley, near Manila, Dec. 12. Old Putnam, who had been enjoying well earned ease on the retired list after his useful life, first went to the Philippine Islands in 1898 with the Astor battery. He was later assigned to Captain Reilly's battery, F, Fifth field artillery, with that battery in China. When the allied armies arrived at Pekin, Putnam and another horse of the name of Corregidor were pulling the first of the American light field guns. Just as they had started up a hill to gain one of the positions overlooking the city Corregidor's traces broke, and a moment later, after that horse had been cut away from the gun, Putnam, straining every muscle, started up the hill, arriving there in time for the American gun to open the first fire in the storming of Pekin.—Chicago News.

Announcement

I beg to announce to the **Officers of Western Municipalities and School Districts** that in future all negotiations for the purchase of **debentures** shall be carried on in my own name, and not in the name of my former representatives in Regina, with whom I have severed connection.

William C. Brent
Canada Life Building . . . TORONTO

Very.

Daisy—Is she so economical?

Maise—Well, she's saving her wedding dress for a possible second marriage.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

The farmer had attended the funerals of two of his neighbor's wives without protest. When his friend was bereaved a third time he positively refused the invitation. His wife pleaded with him in vain.

"Not a step will I go," he explained. "How would I feel accepting his invitation three times and me without any way of returning his civilities?"—New York Herald.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

THE HUMAN RACE.

Will Man Simply Shrink Off the Face of the Earth?

A French statistician who has been studying the military and other records with a view of determining the height of men at different periods has reached some wonderful results.

He has not only solved some perplexing problems in regard to the past of the human race, but is also enabled to calculate its future and to determine the exact period when man will disappear from the earth.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries.

It is found that in 1610 the average height of man in Europe was 1.75 meters, or, say, five feet nine inches. In 1790 it was five feet six inches. In 1820 it was five feet five inches and a fraction. At the present time it is five feet three and three-quarter inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature and then apply this, working backward and forward, to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first men attained the surprising average of sixteen feet nine inches.

Truly, there were giants on the earth in those days. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, and Goliath was a quite degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later time, we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was nine feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was eight feet eight inches. But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. At that epoch there will be only liliputians on the earth. And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible that "the end of the world will certainly arrive, for the inhabitants will have become so small that they will finally disappear"—"finish by disappearing," as the French idiom expresses it—"from the terrestrial globe."—London Tit-Bits.

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him O K."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

A POISON EPISODE.

When a Famous Chemist Was Silenced in Court by a Judge.

There was a famous poisoning case in England many years ago in which the strong point of the defense was to show that the accused, who was an expert chemist, would not have used a poison which could be so easily found after it had been taken into the human system. Sir Robert Christeson, professor in Edinburgh university, a famous expert on toxicology, whose works are still standard on that subject, was put on the stand to prove this point. When he declared that a chemist would certainly use some poison which would leave no trace, the prosecuting attorney asked him if he meant to say that there were such poisons.

Sir Robert replied in the affirmative. The prosecutor asked, "Name them!"

"No!" shouted the judge. "I forbid you to answer that question!"

In spite of the protests of the prosecutor the judge would not allow the expert publicly to give the name of a poison which would leave no trace, and the question remained unanswered.

Now comes the curious part of the story. During the next two years Sir Robert received more than 4,000 letters from all parts of the world asking, begging, offering to buy, the name of the untraceable poison alluded to in his testimony. Many of these he kept as curiosities, showing them to his friends as evidence of the depravity of human nature. Some of the excuses for wanting the name of the poison were very ingenious. One man was writing a novel based on a poison plot and wanted to make use of the untraceable poison idea. He did not want to give the name of the poison in his book, but just wanted to have it by him in case any scientific critic should deny the possibility of such poisons, when he could send him the name in a private letter and quote the "distinguished authority" from whom it came, etc. Several persons professed to be studying chemistry and asked for the information on the ground of professional courtesy. To all such Sir Robert would send the advice to pursue their studies and they would soon know as much about it as he did. Many offered large sums of money for the secret, usually pretending they had bet still larger amounts that they could find it out in a given time and were willing to share their profits liberally with Sir Robert.

The thing which most impressed Sir Robert was the number of persons all over the world who seemed desirous of possessing the secret of an agent that would kill, but leave no trace, and the amazing falsehoods to which they would subscribe their names in order to obtain the information. It is said that whatever poison Sir Robert had in mind at the trial he never mentioned it, not even to his classes, so strongly was he impressed with the danger of letting such a thing become matter of public knowledge.

ABOUT PRINCE EDWARD.

Canada's Island Province Has All Nature Could Give.

The British Empire is rich in beautiful islands, but it is very doubtful whether among them all there are any which have greater charm or more of homely interest and attraction than the islands which face Canada's eastern and western ports of Halifax and Vancouver. Both are part and parcel of the great Dominion, yet one—Vancouver Island—is actually farther from the other—Prince Edward Island—than the latter is from London. This fact indicates at once the vast extent of Canada and the comparative proximity to the Mother Country of the tight little island province of Prince Edward—the Garden Province, as it is often called, by reason both of its fertility and its beauty. And Prince Edward Island assuredly is a garden—the very sort of garden that most of us would like well to live in. But it is also a good deal more than that. It is a very thriving and prosperous province of the Dominion of Canada. It is no more than 134 miles long, by 34 miles at the widest in breadth, and there is hardly a corner of it which is not richly productive, and, in the best sense, habitable. The hay, oats, vegetables, and dairy produce raised in this favored island are regarded as the best in North America, while in abundance of crop return per acre Prince Edward Island stands quite alone. Most of the farmers own their farms, and a happier, more contented community it would be hard to find in the whole world. As a summer resort the island ought, by all good rights, to be as popular with English people as it is with Canadians and the people of the United States.

The following Island Hymn is by Miss L. H. Montgomery, and Lawrence W. Watson. The author is the daughter of a Prince Edward Island farmer:

Fair Island of the sea
We raise our song to thee,
The bright and blest:
Loyally now we stand
As brothers, hand in hand,
And sing God save the land
We love the best.

Upon our princely isle
May kindest fortune smile
In coming years:
Peace and prosperity
In all her borders be,
From every evil free,
And weakling fears.

Prince Edward Isle, to thee
Our hearts shall faithful be
Where'er we dwell;
Forever may we stand
As brothers, hand in hand,
And sing God save the land
We love so well.

The island which has produced this patriotic poem is one which is being more and more frequently visited by travelers on the other side of the Atlantic, and especially by those who contemplate making new homes for themselves oversea, and those looking for sound oversea investments.—Standard of Empire.

No Cause For Uneasiness.

"I want you," said the penurious head of the firm to his confidential secretary, "to look into the case of young Robinson. We are paying him $17 a week, and he is living in finer style than I am."

"I don't think it will be necessary to do any investigating on that account. I can explain it at once. He is a young man of fairly good tastes."—Smart Set.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Do you know the difference between working and having the work done for you?

Sunlight Soap actually makes the dirt drop out—saves you time and money—but injures neither hands nor clothes. That is just the difference between Sunlight Soap and ordinary soaps.

Beveridge on Elocution.

"The simplest propositions," said Senator Beveridge, in a recent address according, to the Commoner, "must be set out with the utmost care in the wording, or misunderstanding, dissent, even anger may result.

"Thus as a train was moving forth from a Cincinnati station, a man stuck his head far out of the window.

"'Keep your head in there,' a station attendant shouted in warning, 'or it will be knocked off!'

"'Knocked off, eh? Well, it won't be knocked off by anybody the size of you, you bandy-legged shrimp!'"

All mothers can put away anxiety regarding their suffering children when they have Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator to give relief. Its effects are sure and lasting.

Officer—Is your brother who is so deaf any better?

Bridget—Sure, he'll be all right in the morning.

Officer—You don't say so!

Bridget—Yes; he was arrested yesterday, and he gets his hearin' in the morning.—Scottish American.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Springhill, N.S. WM. DANIELS.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Albert Co., N.B. GEO. TINGLEY.

It is more blessed to give than it is to receive, but most of us are willing to let the other fellow have the blessing.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Jiggs—He looks very seedy. Is he sowing his wild oats?

Jaggs—No; rye.—Syracuse Herald.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box H.I., Windsor, Ont.

Contraband Goods Materialized.

Much amusement has been caused throughout Australia by an incident in which figured Mr. Smart, the Victorian Collector of Customs. Not long ago Mr. Smart raided the museum of a spiritualist—Mr. T. W. Stanford—and demanded duty on goods said to have been "materialized" by "medium," Mr. C. Bailey. Accompanied by an inspector, the collector called on Mr. Stanford and suggested that, whatever the origin of the wonderful articles "materialized," they had in some way been imported, and that duty should be paid. Mr. Stanford stuck to his story concerning the spiritual source of the mandarin's robes and other products of the East. The two officers then prepared a report for the Minister of Customs. When, however, the report reached the Labor Minister he declared that he was not going to make a martyr of Mr. Stanford, and that the sooner the incident was buried the better. Mr. Stanford's claim is that the "medium," by spiritualistic agency received the marvellous carved ivory beads, Chinese silks and robes, Indian tapestry, etc., in atomic form from Eastern countries through the atmosphere.

Once More the Proof is Given

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE THE DEADLY BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Martin O'Grady Suffered from Bright's Disease for a Year, but the old Reliable Kidney Remedy cured him

Emmett, Renfrew Co., Ont., (Special).—That the one sure cure for Bright's disease, the most deadly of all kidney diseases, is Dodd's Kidney Pills is again proved in the case of Martin O'Grady of this place. And for the benefit of other sufferers, Mr. O'Grady has given the following statement for publication:

"For over a year I suffered from Bright's disease. I was attended by a doctor, but he did me no good. My appetite was fitful, my sleep broken and unrefreshing. My memory failed me and I was always tired and nervous. I had sharp pains and pressure at the top of my head.

"Being advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I bought a couple of boxes and found relief soon after I started taking them."

This is only one of hundreds of cases in which Dodd's Kidney Pills have conquered the worst form of kidney disease. They never fail to cure Bright's disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago or Sciatica.

WHEN MEN "GO FANTI"

WHITE MEN WHO CAST IN LOT WITH NATIVES.

American Squaw Man Is Paralleled In All Parts of the World by Cases Where Caucasians Take Wives From Colored Races and Settle Down to Live With the Tribes—Dunn Most Famous.

When a white man abandons the life to which he has been brought up, and throws in his lot with a colored race, he is said to "Go Fanti." Such lapses from civilization are by no means uncommon in Africa, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, and, indeed, in almost every country into which the white man has forced his way.

A curious case of cutting oneself off from civilization occurred in Persia some years ago. A rich English traveler was captured by hill-robbers at the edge of the desert, about midway between Ispahan and Yedz. They held him to ransom, which was to be arranged for by a friend of the Englishman, who was staying at Teheran.

Before the release could be effected, the captured man fell deeply in love with the youngest daughter of the chief of the marauders. Despite the entreaties of his friend, he put the old life behind him, married the girl, and became a full-fledged Persian robber. On his father-in-law's death the renegade Englishman succeeded the former as head of the robber gang.

A well-known British war correspondent relates how he was once entertained by a friendly Arab, whose tent was pitched a few miles south of Gerara. During dinner—which was a typical Arab meal—the conversation was carried on by means of the few words of Arabic known to the newspaper man, and, when words failed, signs were used.

The inevitable hookah was produced, and the two men puffed away in contemplative silence. At the end of half an hour or so the guest was utterly astounded at hearing his entertainer say in perfect English:

"Hang it all, let's have a decent smoke!"

"What the —— Why, you're no Arab!" exclaimed the war correspondent.

The brown-faced, bernouse-clad man smiled grimly as he rummaged out an old well-colored briar pipe and a packet of choice mixture.

"I was once an Englishman," said he, as he passed the tobacco over, "but, now——" He finished his sentence by a shrug of his shoulders.

The guest felt the delicacy of putting questions; the host volunteered no explanations. He declared that he would never return to the irritating, tightening bonds of civilization.

"The desert holds me," he said simply, as the other swung himself on to his camel and departed, marvelling at the vagaries of mankind.

A few years ago a captain in a well-known regiment stationed in one of the Northwest Provinces of India, became infatuated with a handsome hill-girl. The mess soon lost its attraction for him, and the society of the uncivilized maiden became preferable to that of the station ladies, with their latest London and Paris fashions. He eventually married his dusky divinity and "went under."

He is still perfectly happy and contented, and, living a free-and-easy life, has no desire to return to the trammels of society.

In Japan there are many Europeans, who, fascinated by the charms of the East, have put the West for ever behind them. Within a few miles of Tokio there lives a man who was once a familiar figure in London. In the autumn of 1902 he went out to Japan on a yachting cruise with some friends. He became enamored with a peach-and-cream complexioned native, wooed and married her, and disappeared from the world that had known him.

A wealthy Frenchman, when on a visit to the Far East, met a charming daughter of Japan. He fell madly in love with her, and asked her to become his wife. This she consented to do on condition that he agreed to live in the land of the Mikado. It was a terrible wrench for him to abandon his beloved Paris, but he felt that it would have been a still greater sacrifice to give up the girl who had won his heart.

He now lives in a secluded and beautiful house near Kioto, and Paris is almost a forgotten memory.

There are several well-known instances of Europeans turning Zulu, one of the most notable being that of John Dunn, who was known as Cetewayo's White Man. Through his bravery, Dunn soon won the heart of the Zulu king, and he eventually became a chief.

A famous London journalist, who has acted as war correspondent in almost every part of the globe, related the following story:

Cetewayo, in the days before the Zulu war, once asked Dunn suddenly what he would do if the Zulus fought against the whiteman. Dunn at once replied that he would go to the side of his own people, and Cetewayo grimly told him that, had he given any other answer he would have stabbed him, for he would have known him to be a liar. When the war did break out, Dunn kept his word. Always a white man at heart, he took up arms on the side of his own people.

You will find white men wedded to Samoan women, with their deep languorous eyes; to women of the Celestial Empire, with almond eyes and crippled feet; to dusky, full-lipped Africans; to North American Indians, with long broad noses and hair as strong as horses'.

All these men have "Gone Fanti."

Mania of a Man-Hater.

Miss Harriet Evans, an elderly spinster on whom an inquest was held at Hackney, England, recently, was said to have been a confirmed man-hater.

"She was so much against men that she would not have a coin with the King's head on it," her landlady said. "If one was given her, she would throw it into the fire. She would only deal in money bearing Queen Victoria's head."

Miss Evans went to the office of a local newspaper some time ago, but refused to enter it until a woman was sent to transact business with her. An advertisement for apartments which she published stipulated that there should be no man in the house.

She even declined to receive letters because the stamps bore the King's head.

A verdict of "natural death" was returned.

SUFFERED 5 YEARS WITH RHEUMATISM

Unable to Work for a Year—Cured by Gin Pills.

I have been troubled with Rheumatism for 5 years, one of which I have been unable to do any work whatever. Have spent much money on other remedies until I purchased from my druggist, L. T. Best, Kingston, one box Gin Pills on his recommendation. The result was beyond my expectations. The first box banished all traces of Rheumatism. I now keep Gin Pills in the house and take one occasionally. My sincere thanks are due you for your wonderful remedy which has done so much for me.

GEO. VANDEWATER, Kingston, Ont.

Friendly letters like the above, reach us every day. No other remedy has ever had so many unsolicited testimonials in so short a time. There can be no question about it—Gin Pills do cure the Kidneys. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At dealers or direct. Sample box—so you can test them—sent free if you mention this paper.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 121

McKENZIE'S SEEDS

SELECTED For the WEST.

BEST for the most Critical Buyer. BEST for the Economist. The quality of your seed contributes everything to your success. Insist on McKenzie's Seeds, grown for the West. Address

BRANDON or CALGARY

WRITE FOR CATALOG.

A. E. McKENZIE CO., LTD.

"Ate an egg the other day that had a girl's name and address written on it."

"Write to her?"

"I did, and got an answer from her grandson."

"So that was the end of your romance?"

"Yes; and I've cut out eggs for the present."—What To Eat.

In its initial stages a cold is a local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it and the result is often the development of distressing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the handy medicine line so certain in curative results as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs.

Vestryman (making another attempt to light his cigar)—I don't like these noiseless matches.

The Rev. Dr. Honeywell—I do. I received a fee of $50 once for marrying a deaf and dumb couple.—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Stead on Public Speaking.

"I must draw to a close this discursive gossip about the art of speaking and the great speakers whom I have heard, with one or two practical words of advice based upon considerable experience as a speaker, and still more as a listener:

"1. Never speak without having something to say.

"2. Always sit down when you have said it.

"3. Remember, speech is dumb show when it is not audible.

"4. Think definitely, pronounce clearly, stand naturally, and do not speak too fast.

"5. Welcome articulate interruption, no matter how hostile.

"6. Two things should never be lost; your temper and the thread of your discourse.

"7. Remember that the eyes are as eloquent as the tongue.

"8. Never hesitate to let yourself go, at the right time.

"9. Never read your speech, but always have heads of discourse handy.

"10. And never forget Cardinal Manning's words of wisdom to myself: 'Be full of your subject and forget yourself.'"—The Windsor.

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New, Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness, and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has told upon you. What is needed to put you right is a tonic and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out disease, clears the skin and makes weak, easily tired men and women and children, bright, active and strong. Mrs. J. C. Moses, Bronton, N.S., says:—"Last spring my daughter was completely run down, she was very pale, had no appetite, and became very nervous, and we were alarmed about her. We decided to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon after she began taking them there was a decided improvement. She gained in weight and vigor, her color returned, and her whole system seemed to have been built anew. I can warmly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who need a medicine."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.