A Healthy Stomach is the Basis of All Strength

Catarrh of the Stomach, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Promptly Cured with

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

Mrs. Beckstedt, Chesterville, Ontario, writes:

Some years ago I was greatly troubled with indigestion and catarrh of the stomach (the after effects of la grippe), was very weak and greatly run down generally. The use of Psychine brought a marked improvement so that no doubt remained in my mind as to the value of the treatment. **Psychine was just what I needed, and it helped me at once. I can cheerfully recommend Psychine, and will do so upon all occasions.—Mrs. J. A. Beckstedt.**

PSYCHINE is the greatest of digestants. It assists the gastric juices and ferments in their digestion of the food, cleanses the mucous membrane of the stomach, and has also an invigorating and beneficial effect on the muscles and nerves of the stomach. PSYCHINE rids the stomach of all inflammation, commonly called **Catarrh of the Stomach or Dyspepsia.**

Psychine is pronounced Si-keen

For sale by all druggists. For further advice and information write Dr. Slocum, Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto, Can. Through an enlarged laboratory, new labor-saving facilities, and recent ability to purchase raw products in Canada, **PSYCHINE,** sold for years at $1.50 per bottle, is

Now Sold at $1.00

Great Mathematical Gifts.

Infant musical prodigies are intelligible and even natural, compared with infant mathematical prodigies. How account for the intuitive faculty by which some children, unable to read, write or cipher, can answer instantaneously the most complicated arithmetical problem Zerah Colburn, e. g., at 6 could neither write nor cipher, and yet could answer, apparently by intuition, and unhesitatingly, all kinds of arithmetical questions. At 8 he came on show from the United States to London, and answered in a moment and accurately such questions as: "How many minutes are there in 48 years?" The child not only answered it at once and correctly, but instantly added the number of seconds contained in that period. By what mental process he arrived at these answers he could not explain.

Here again is a question which George Bidder, the son of a Devonshire laborer, answered at the age of 12, in one minute. It was put to him in the London Stock Exchange: "If the pendulum of a clock vibrate the distance of 9¾ inches in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in the course of seven years, fourteen days, two hours, one minute and 56 seconds, each years of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 55 seconds.

Within the minute the boy had answered correctly: 2,165,625,744¾. In miles, 34,178 miles, 475 yards, 2 feet and ¾ of an inch.

But the classical case of this kind was that investigated by a committee of such scientists as M. Arago, M. Libri and M. Lacroix at Paris. They examined Vito Mangiamele, the son of a Sicilian peasant, 11 years of age, putting him to such questions as: "Find the cube root of 3,796,416"—which he the boy did within half a minute. "Find the tenth root of 282,475,249"—which he did within three minutes. Then came this poser: "What number has the following proportions—that, if its cube is added to five times its square, and then 42 times the number and the number 40 be subtracted from the result, the remainder is zero?" M. Arago repeated this question, but while he was finishing the last word the boy replied correctly: "The number is five."

Two things strike you about this extraordinary congenital faculty—its mysteriousness and its uselessness. In exemplification of the two take the case of Jedediah Buxton. He also worked out almost instantaneously the most complex problems; but he could give no account of the mental process by which he solved them. This process was so far from being correlated with intellect, or even intelligence, that when Jedediah went to hear a great preacher or went to see Garrick in "Richard III.," his sole interest in the sermon or the play was the counting up of the number of words uttered by the preacher or by the actors.—T. P.'s Weekly.

NEW YORK IS SWEARING OFF

OVER TWO MONTHS AHEAD OF THE NEW YEAR NEW YORKERS ARE MAKING GOOD RESOLVES.

Druggists' Revelations Startle the Drinkers —Anti-Treating Society Booming.

About two and a half months in advance of the usual date—i. e., the initial day of the new year—New York has been indulging, during the past ten days or so, in a vast and comprehensive swear-off.

The notaries public are having a flush time of it. Priests and ministers, while deriving no profit from the great movement, are putting in the busiest days and nights of their lives, swearing off the scared ones. It is suggested that the men of the cloth are getting just a bit the worst of the existing situation. Conventionality, the sense of delicacy, tradition and what not, prevent them from charging a fee for drawing up swear-off papers for the shaky ones who apply to them. It is being asked why this should be. Why should a busy clergyman, with so many demands upon his time and patience, be debarred from charging the two bits exacted by the notary public for swearing a man off? The swear-off fixed up and duly signed, sealed and delivered by the clergyman is justly regarded as quite as binding, competent and effectual as the document of the same character hastily scribbled and stamped by the notary, and yet the notary demands and receives a quarter from every frightened individual who, by book, bell and candle, forswears the flagon for the remainder of his life and the life to come. There is inequity here that should be remedied before this embracing and, it may be, evanid swear-off movement has run its course. The clergymen whose rectories and sacristies are being besieged by the tremulous swearers-off should of right establish and maintain a swear-off fee, if only to devote the aggregate proceeds to the needs of their parishes.

This mighty swear-off movement, participated in as it is by all of the elements of this mercurial and easily-stampeded population, is not the outcome of any temperance preaching. It is a sort of voluntary, automatic, self-acting affair, in no wise signifying penitence for their alcoholic sins on the part of the swearers-off. It is merely that they have been made aware that there is a fly in their ointment; that, in brief, to abandon symbolism, there is lurking death in New York "booze."

DEATH IN THE BOOZE.

The first alarm, when fifteen men died from their libations of wood alcohol whisky purveyed at a Tenth avenue rumorium, only jolted the midriffs of such coarse and careless persons as purchased their wet damnation at 5 cents the throw. The dead ones were mostly longshoremen, truckmen and the like, and their cashing in from the effects of the half-dime bowls deterred not the tanks of higher degree who expended 10 and 15 and even 20 cents over ornate bars for their soothing syrup. The well-clad and orderly soaks of New York have of course been dimly aware of the universality of the New York barrel house all their lives—those cheerful cellars of the ragged roisterers where, as the flaring placards announce, a large, fine, mellow glass of Kentucky bourbon is purchasable at from 3 to 5 cents.

The word "glass," however, in these announcements is simply poetic license. The noble Kentucky bourbon is dispensed at the barrel houses from dippers. The barkeeper hands you out a brimming dipperful for your half dime, at the same time passing you over a much-used whisk-broom. If you are an habitue of the barrel house you of course understand the use of the whisk-broom. You carry your dipper of noble bourbon over to the back corner of the cellar, brush away the sawdust from the floor in your corner, insert the drink into your system and then have your fit, peaceful-like and comfortable.

The upper-class rum slave, as stated, of course knew all about this sort of thing, and he had heard, too, that the product dispensed at the barrel house was mostly manufactured every morning by the barrel house proprietor, the residue remaining unsold at close-up time being thrown away. He had heard that the ingredients most frequently employed in the concoction of these amiable fluids were alcohol, aniline dye, prune juice and just enough sweet chewing tobacco to give the barrel a tone and a tang. At the thought of all of which the ruminferous ones of better degree duly shuddered and wondered how the poor devils who absorbed such stuff into their frames could go on living.

INVESTIGATION OF WHISKY.

But the uproar caused by the deaths of the wood alcohol whisky imbibers led to an investigation by chemists of note of the component elements entering into the manufacture of the hard liquor dispensed over the so-called "decent" bars of New York. Their reports were most astounding, not to say terrifying, to the steady patrons of the dime and the dime and a half whisky mills.

Even the high-falutin' whisky served at 20 cents the measure did not escape the strong censure of some of the chemists. The chemist persons declared that most of the whisky dished out to New Yorkers at the "good" bars as well as at the "joints" was made out of or fortified or blended with any old thing.

The list of scientifically-named and altogether horrifying oils they found in nearly all of the samples of liquor they analyzed was in itself sufficient to drive the most sodden and confirmed drunkard to the water wagon at a dead lope. But when the chemists, becoming joyously expansive, presented a list of the diseases liable to be caused by even the moderate use of these horrific juices—such insignificant little ailments as palsy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, paresis, neurasthenia, angina pectoris, and so on—the stampede of the drunks of the better degrees toward the aqua vehicle became one of the moving manifestations of the hour.

Reluctantly, but perforce, they were compelled to twist around that alluring but deceiving old saw, "There's no such thing as bad whisky," to "There's no such thing in New York as good whisky," and, experiencing imaginary qualms proceeding from their hallucinations of fear, they began to move upon swear-off establishments at a nervous jog. The solemn animadversions of Dr. Wiley, of Washington, upon the character of the ever-so-popular Scotch whisky were picked up and dealt upon at length, so that even the battalion of drinkers of the queer medicine-tasting stuff joined the camp of the swearers-off.

There isn't, of course, any way of estimating just how many thousands of total abstinence pledges have been taken here since the movement of fear got well under way, but the red is gradually going out of the faces of an astonishing number of quite well-known New York rounders. They walk the prosaic world of sobriety in a state of deep and unpuncturable gloom, it is quite true, but they are getting the normal shape and color of their countenances back, which ought to be some consolation to them along their dry, dusty and dreary route of rectitude.

THE TEST OF ABSTINENCE.

Some grisly skeptics are expressing the conviction that few of these personally-conducted pledges, so to speak—having their genesis and genius in the fear of consequences, and born of no innate moral repentance—are liable to stand the wear and tear of time and the craving for mental hilarity. The dismal prophets aver the belief that the sworn-off ones will presently begin to cast about for brands deemed innocuous by experts of their own selection, whereupon they will quickly readdress themselves to the non-deleterious fluids of their own discovery with no compunction or conscientious scruples as to their pledges made under the duress of fear.

Let us be happy for the moment, however, in that quite a few thousands of rumageous New Yorkers have put themselves on record, if only for a blithe and fleeting hour. Something has been gained for the cause of temperance when a brigade of New York whiskyites have been even temporarily stampeded to a state of sobriety, no matter what the underlying motive of their panic.

The chemist, who is conducting the analysis of the samples of crimson-eye taken from the Subway saloon indorsed by Bishop Potter hasn't yet made his report. The town is anxiously awaiting it.

A less hysterical movement having to do with the rum question, but one that in the long run will unquestionably be productive of better and more permanent results, is the anti-treating propaganda, which has been taking a strong hold upon New York during the last half year.

This systematic anti-treating movement originated in Chicago about a year ago. There have been many more or less wabbly and ephemeral anti-treating movements, but this one looks like business. The Anti-Treating Association of Chicago started the ball a-rolling in a very methodical and effectual manner. Twenty-five chaps out in the town of wind got together, after having made up their minds that they were wasting a lot of time and money and health on the treating business, and made themselves into the Anti-Treating Association.

Each fellow chipped in $5. With the $125 a lot of anti-treating literature was got out and distributed broadcast throughout the country, the recipients of the pamphlets and other printed matter being requested to pass the stuff along so that it would fall into the hands of victims of the treating habit.

ANTI-TREATING MOVEMENT.

The Anti-Treating Association of Chicago is now an enormous institution, comprising several thousands of members, and it is growing rapidly. All of the members are solemnly pledged not to treat or to accept a treat in a saloon under any circumstances. There is no restriction placed upon the drinking of the members, so long as they pay for their own drinks, but they are barred by the most rigid vow to abstain from all treating in their own persons and to frown upon saloon-treating wherever they may happen to be.

The Anti-Treating Association of New York has now been permanently organized, and requests for membership certificates and buttons are coming in by the score every day. Any man who has ever spent as long a time as 30 minutes in and around New York will perceive the amount of genuine good that the doing away with the treating evil is liable to do in this town. The "Lesh have 'mother, fellers," idiot is veritably at the bottom of an incalculable amount of involuntary drunkenness in this, the drunkenest city in the western hemisphere, and it is pleasing to be able to record the fact that his squelchment and suppression are now under full headway. Members of the Anti-Treating Association all wear a neat little button signifying their membership, and these buttons are becoming mighty familiar to the eye around New York. The modest insignia of the anti-treater is, of course, despised and abhorred by the gin-mill keeper and the barkeep, but the wearers of the buttons are not apparently hanging their heads over this disapproval.

This correspondence would fall down in its high mission to record all events of a strictly human-interest character in this pastoral community did it not make mention of another highly praiseworthy organization that has recently been formed in New York—the Anti-Touch Society.

The name of this outfit will suffice for all except those who are not up on the patois of the period. But it is probable that even the lingual purists know without asking what a "touch" means. The Anti-Touch Society, then, is an association of male persons formed for the solitary and individual purpose of discouraging the touch and all touchers. The word "borrow" is not used, not only because it is regarded as obsolete, but because it has no application to the matter in hand, it being one of the strongest convictions of the members of the Anti-Touch Society that no chronic toucher ever by any chance returns the amount for which he has touched. His touch, consequently, is not a borrow. It is a touch. There is a whole lot more difference between the terms than there is between tweedledee and tweedledum.

THE ANTI-TOUCH SOCIETY.

The members of the Anti-Touch Society are not only pledged, they are bound by oath, not to lend any money to anybody, even their closest friend, unless that friend is flat on his back in a sick bed, or some member of his family is in the same case. No kind of a quick conversation, or "canvass," as it is termed, on the part of the toucher is to evoke any financial response on the part of the anti-toucher. Conspicuously framed all over the headquarters of the Anti-Touch Society are the rules and regulations of the outfit, together with a most comprehensive and shrewdly thoughtout list of the various, not to say multitudinous, kinds of touchers.

A good deal of prominence is given to the hurry toucher, the fellow who only wants the one, or the two, or the five or the ten, as the case may be, for ten minutes or so, until he runs around the corner, and who makes his touch pantingly to give verisimilitude to his declaration that he is in a big rush. The chap who touches because he left his money home in his other suit is mentioned, as is the fellow who had his pocket picked of his rent and grocery money while coming up town on the 'L train last night. The sad, slow-music toucher, who claims to have been wiped out in steel common, is portrayed in all of his dismalness, and so is the toucher who wants to run down to Philadelphia on business and who can't get a check cashed beecause it's after banking hours. The ingenious toucher, who wants to get an umbrella because it's raining and he left his umbrella home and he isn't to be paid off till a-Tuesday, is adverted to, and likewise the somber, gloomy toucher who wants to go up to Concord, N. H., to help bury his favorite aunt, but who lacks just $8 of the price of a round-trip ticket. Even the joyous, frank toucher, who just needs the money, is set down in the list along with many other varieties of touchers too numerous to mention.

Any member of the Anti-Touch Society caught by a fellow-member in the act of breaking the iron-clad rule against yielding to the blandishments or persuasions of the toucher is subject to a fine of $50 for the first offense $100 for the second and expulsion from the society for the third offense. It is said that included among the secret paraphernalia of the society is a large, comprehensive book, filled from cover to cover with the names of chronic touchers living in New York and its environs.

Admirable organization from every point of view, the Anti-Touch Society. A Washington man who visited New York the other day made himself acquainted with the motives and aspirations of the Anti-Touch Society, and before leaving for home he announced his determination to start a branch of the Anti-Touch Society in the District of Columbia. It is with the humane purpose of warning the District of Columbia touchers — if any such really exist there — in advance that this information is imparted.—New York correspondence of Washington Star.

What Causes Appendicitis

The commonest cause of appendicitis is constipation. Every doctor says so. When you require physic don't use a cheap drastic pill, get Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are made from the private formula of one of the greatest physicians in England. Dr. Hamilton's Pills strengthen the stomach, regulate the bowels and prevent any tendency to appendicitis. In one day you feel the tremendous benefit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. By purifying the blood and cleansing the system they prevent Dr. Hamilton's Pills, sold everywhere in 25 cent boxes with yellow cover; get the genuine.

Man, Woman and Mirror.

Statistics of inconsequence are frequently interesting. The latest published in this class come from a person who took to studying for a few weeks the folk who eyed themselves in a certain elevator having two sides freely set with mirrors. His first attempt was to decide whether more women than men patronized the looking-glass, during which he learned, perhaps to his surprise, that the patrons were equally divided between the sexes. Next he fell to studying the object of each sex in his contemplation of self, with the result that he opined that men peered into the mirror for the sole purpose of seeing and approving themselves, while with women there seemed to be a desire to be sure that their hats were tipped at the right angle and that the numerous bows affected now by the fair sex were all in the place dictated by custom. Thus it seems to be established that vanity alone prompted the men to look, while a commendable wish to be "set right" animated the women.—Boston Transcript.

Be Ready For Croup

And Protect Your Children by Keeping in the House.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP of LINSEED and TURPENTINE

The Thoroughly Tested and Reliabl Family Medicine.

To overcome croup you must act quickly.

There is usually no time allowed for sending for doctors or medicines.

The hollow, croupy cough at midnight may be your first warning, and this will strike terror to your heart if you are not prepared to fight this disease

It may be of little use to know that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a positive cure for croup if it is not to be obtained at the critical time.

Most persons who have tested this treatment for croup keep a bottle at hand, so that by prompt action they can prevent the disease from reaching a serious stage.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is composed of simple ingredients of unquestioned curative power, is pleasant to the taste, well liked by children, and can be used with perfect safety by old and young, so long as directions are followed.

MRS. GEORGE BROWN, 71 Harbord street, Toronto, writes:

"Our children have been very subject to croup, and we have found that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has always brought quick relief. By using it at the first sign of trouble the disease is checked at once. We always keep this remedy in the house, and, in fact, feel that we could not do without it. We also use it for coughs and colds with excellent results, and recommend it to our friends."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every bottle.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME

BY GRANT OWEN.

All day long the heavy laden clouds had been threatening rain, and towards evening it began, very softly at first, but growing steadily in volume until at 8 o'clock it was a veritable downpour, rattling steadily on the tin roof of the windows in spiteful fashion.

It was cold, too, and a cheerful fire crackled and sputtered sturdily in the big fireplace in the hotel office; but despite the fire and the lights and the gay chatter of the guests congregated in the big palm-lined room, the effect of the storm outside was glaringly evident. A cold, rainy evening at a popular summer hotel is something to be remembered—and avoided.

Near the fireplace at a score of little tables the energetic Mrs. Potter had started a game of progressive euchre, and in the big hall the orchestra had been pressed into unwilling service by some of the younger guests and the strains of the latest popular waltzes and the sound of shuffling feet drew many people thither.

Streeter, lounging in a chair near the desk, alternately read a morning paper—for the third time—and tried to find some interest in the attempts of the other guests to amuse themselves.

In sheer desperation he was perusing the "want column," when he saw Miss Gale come down the broad stairs. He was by her side in a moment.

"I wanted to claim you before Mrs. Potter kidnapped you or some one else dragged you off to dance," he exclaimed laughingly.

The girl smiled amusingly and shook a finger at him.

"I can see at a glance that you are bored to death and in search of diversion at any cost," she said.

"Your diagnosis is correct," said he. "I am suffering from that unhappy malady—or was until I caught sight of you. You know that it was because you recommended this place that I came here. Now you must do your best to dispel the gloom that has descended upon me."

"What shall I do?" she asked lightly. "Introduce you to some of Mrs. Potter's proteges or get Mrs. Vandent to give you the personal history of everyone here?"

"I think," said Streeter, "that Chopin in the music room would be the best antidote."

"You are very modest in your demands," she laughed. "Chopin you shall have until you cry for mercy. Come on!"

They made their way to the little music room far down the corridor, and to Streeter's unutterable delight, they found it quite deserted. Streeter turned out the lights and lighted two little red-shaded candles on the piano.

"Just right now for the fifth nocturne," he said as he surveyed the two spots of color in the gloom.

The girl ran her fingers over the keys, and Streeter drew a chair near her and sat down. She began to play the fifth nocturne very softly, and Streeter, leaning back comfortably, watched the pretty profile outlined faintly by the candle light. And as he listened to the rain beating against the windows he realized the good that a seemingly ill-wind had blown him.

The nocturne died away as it had begun—very softly, and he drew his chair into the little circle of light.

"The only trouble with that nocturne," he said gravely, "is that, like all things temporal, it comes to an end."

"Are you fond of them?" she asked. "I'll play another."

"Do you know," he said quickly, "I have often dreamed of some such situation as this."

"A long, dreary evening at a storm-bound summer resort?" she laughed.

"No," he said seriously. "Of a piano and candles with little red shades, and of you playing nocturnes to me like this."

She began another octurne, even more softly that it might not interrupt their conversation.

"Dreams very seldom come true," she said, and whether or not her tone was mocking Streeter was at loss to decide.

He silently listened to the nocturne and studied the girl's profile intently, but the profile was non-committal. He leander forward in his chair and spoke very softly.

"It was a very pretty dream," he said, "one of those intagible bits of happiness that makes one loath to come to prosaic earth again. There was one thing about those dreams, however, quite different from this partial realization.

"And what was that?" she asked.

"The panic and the little red-shaded candles—and—and you were in my own house," he said.

The nocturne grew a trifle louder. The girl's glance was turned to the other side of the room.

"What a presumptuous dream!" she said.

"Was it?" said Streeter meekly. "I couldn't help dreaming it, you know."

There was a long pause. Then he said slowly:

"Perhaps it was presumptuous. You see, I wasn't asleep when I dreamed it."

The nocturne came to an abrupt ending. The girl rose from the piano.

"You're not angry?" said Streeter in alarm.

"N-no," she said.

"Then—then," he began and halted miserably. "Tell me," he said, "do dreams go by contrary?"

The girl had reached the door. She turned, and even in the dim light he could see the deep color in her cheeks.

"Not—not day dreams," she almost whispered.

TRAWLING FOR FISH IN THE NORTH SEA

EXTENT OF BRITISH INDUSTRY IN THIS LOCALITY.

The damage done the British fishing fleet and the loss of life incident thereto caused by firing on the part of the Russian Baltic fleet calls attention to the fact that trawling for fish in the North Sea is one of Great Britain's greatest industries. In fact, it is said that fully one-half of the product of the fisheries of the isles comes from the trawlers.

The trawling vessels are run by steam and are equipped for a stay of weeks at a time at sea. On board of many of them there is a refrigerating plant for caring for the fish that are caught from haul to haul. They are manned with crews picked from the best of English fishermen, hardy men, who are physically able to stand the hard work incumbent upon those who take up this strenuous occupation.

Such of the ships as are not equipped with refrigerating plants cruise from one part of the North Sea to another, taking the catches to the larger vessels and off again for their fishing ground.

Trawling in English waters is practically an infant industry, and it is but comparatively recently that steam vessels were engaged in the traffic. As late as 1862 the trawler, completely equipped for service, cost about three thousand dollars and barely a thousand of them could be found in English waters. The introduction of the refrigerating vessel and the refrigerator car gave impetus to the industry, as it was found that the great English population could be given fresh fish without stint. As a result of this, in 1895, the total money value of the trawling industry was about $13,000,000.

Then came the change of motive power and steam vessels were substituted for sailing ones in the traffic. This innovation rapidly reduced the cost of trawling and incidentally enlarged the output of the fishing grounds, because it was far easier to get from one point to another with a headway of steam and without having to depend upon varying winds.

It is in the southern portion of the North Sea that most of the trawling is now done, and in the past 25 years those engaged in the traffic have increased fourfold.

From Plymouth the trawlers have been in the habit of going to sea each morning and returning at night with their catches, but from Hull, where the ill-fated fleet fired upon by Russians belonged, the trawlers remain at sea for weeks and months at a time, sending the result of their catches in by the larger refrigerating vessels. Hull now heads the list of trawling stations, and while 50 years ago not more than a dozen boats hailed from that port, today the number reaches into thousands.

These fishermen use for trawling purposes a purse-shaped net which is triangular and flat. It has a wide mouth which is kept open by a horizontal spar, known as the "beam." The nets are of very large size and are handled by means of steam engines aboard the vessels. When it is desired to make a haul the nets are lowered into the water and are allowed to remain for several hours while the vessel steams ahead at a rapid rate. The vessel runs through schools of fish and they are swept into the net at a great rate. While the weight of the net increases as it fills with fish the meshes are of such strength that they seldom if ever give way.

Handling the catch is hard work, and the work of assorting the fish, which is done by hand, is very tiring and exacting.

Camel That Grew Too Fat.

The Prince was a white, crooked-necked, gawky, long-legged little camel, wondrously amiable and inquisitive, and with no hump to speak of. One of the difficulties in raising perfect specimens from captive-born camels is that the youngsters grow fat too rapidly. This is what happened to Prince Henry. He cultivated an absurd paunch, and started his hump growing ahead of schedule time, until his 250 pounds of avoirdupois threatened his manly shape. His forelegs showed signs of giving way at the ankles, so that, instead of joining perpendicularly to the board, soft cushion feet, they threatened to spring back to an obtuse angle, causing what is technically known as flatfootedness.

The remedy applied was the same used to reinforce weak ankles in human creatures. Boots the Prince must wear, tightly laced boots, reaching from knee to ankle, to aid the tender sinews and to support the delicate bones. For two months this strange baby stood, little black boots encircling his snowy forelegs, while visitors flocked to see the novel sight, and the big yellow mother, nosing her precious one softly, stood proudly by. By that time the bones had stiffened and hardened, and today Prince Henry is a perfect camel, full grown, light yellow, with a thick, knotty leg that would walk away under a pack load of half a ton.—McClure's Magazine.

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Loss of Appetite

WHAT is a banquet without an appetite? This man cannot enjoy his dinner, because he has no appetite, because he is sick. He is suffering from kidney trouble. He has lost his ambition; his face is pallid; he suffers from sick headache; he has the blues. The future looks dark. Why? Because his system is poisoned. The kidneys fail to do their work, and all the above mentioned troubles and many more are the natural result.

Bu-Ju The Kidney Pill, will make a well man of him. He can then enjoy his dinner, and his supper and breakfast as well, and a good, healthy, restful sleep at night. Why continue to eke out a miserable existence, when you may be restored to perfect health for so little trouble and at such small expense? Is it fair to yourself and family? It is worth a trial. Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill, will cure you. You take no chances. It is guaranteed.

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

Is for sale by druggists generally, or will be mailed on receipt of price

50 cents per box

The Claflin Chemical Co. LIMITED. NEW YORK, N. Y., AND WINDSOR, ONT.

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BLOOD DISEASES

If you inherited or contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, aching pains, itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—enlarged glands. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogy treatment—mercury, potash and patent medicines, which suppress the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. OUR GUARANTEES ARE BACKED BY BANK BONDS that the Blood or Skin disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

W. H. PATTERSON NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. W. H. PATTERSON

Before Treatment

HAD BLOOD POISON 12 YEARS

The New Method Treatment Cured Him after Drugs, Mercury, Hot Springs, &c., all failed.

After Treatment

Wm. H. Patterson, of Saginaw, Mich., relates his experience: "I do not like notoriety and especially of this kind, but I feel I owe this much to Drs. K. & K. for the great good they have done me. I had a serious blood disease when 24 years of age. The skin and blood symptoms gradually developed. Pimples and ulcers formed, running sores broke out, hair became loose, pains in the bones and joints, dyspeptic stomach, foul breath, itchy skin, etc. It is needless for me to say I tried doctors. I grew to hate the looks of one. I visited Hot Springs twice for four months each time. It helped me temporarily, but in six months after returning home I was as bad as ever. Finally a Doctor friend of mine advised me to see Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. He said he had known of them for over 20 years, and as they made a specialty of these diseases and treated the worst cases by the hundred they ought to be expert in curing them. I was afraid of advertising doctors, but I took his advice. They agreed to treat me under a guarantee or no pay. I investigated their financial standing and found they were perfectly responsible, so I commenced the new method Treatment. The eruptions disappeared in two weeks, the bone pains in four weeks and in four months I was entirely cured. Yes, sir, I can recommend the New Method Treatment for Blood and Skin Diseases."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.

Consultation Free. Books Free. If unable to call, write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.