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 LAME BACK
 RHEUMATISM
 DIABETES
 BRIGHT'S DISEASE
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 KIDNEY & URINARY
 DISEASES
 ARE CURED BY
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

MRS. I. STEEVES, Edgett's Landing, N.B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled with it since."

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MY FINANCIAL CAREER.

The One Experience of a Man Who Wanted to Open an Account.

(Stephen Leacock, in Life.)

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank, I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to \$50.00 a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral:

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my \$56.00 clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked. "Alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume?" he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking of and, it made me worse.

"No, not one from Pinkerton's," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open my account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious. He concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose?" he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered; "I propose to deposit \$56.00 now, and \$50.00 a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant:

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly aloud, "this gentleman is opening an account. He will deposit \$56.00. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager, coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said. "Deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out \$6.00 of it for present use. Someone gave me a cheque-book through a wicket, and someone also began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What are you drawing it all out again?" he asked, in surprise. Then I realized that I had written 56 instead of 6. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank."

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiotic hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque, and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper. The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh," I caught his meaning, and answered, without even trying to think, "in fifties."

He gave me a \$50.00 bill.

"And the six," he said dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it to me, and I rushed out.

As the big doors swung behind me, I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

No Respector of Rank.

Disease Lays Its Heavy Hand On

Kings, Princes, Presidents, the

Noble and Wealthy as well

as Thoso of Low Estate,

Paine's Celery Compound

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Sickness, disease and suffering respect neither ruler or subject. The noted and high-born have their trials and physical sufferings like those in humbler stations. Social standing and wealth cannot bar the progress of disease when the common rules of health are violated.

Impure blood and weak nerves are responsible for many of the common diseases of life. The experienced physician will tell you that men and women with pure, clear coursing blood and well braced nerves, can never become victims of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver troubles, debility, headaches or sleeplessness. It follows therefore, that sufferers from any of the ailments referred to, should at once take proper measures to cleanse the blood and feed the weak nervous system with proper nourishment.

For the happy accomplishment of this important work, Paine's Celery Compound is the only safe agent; the one great specific; the only security against deadly disease and death. During these spring days, Paine's Celery Compound guarantees a perfect regularity of the bowels, healthy appetite, pure blood, strong nerves and clear brain, all of which mean full and robust health.

Mr. B. Hutchins, one of the most prominent Real Estate men in Montreal, says: "About five years ago I wrote you a letter acknowledging the wonderful effect your Paine's Celery Compound had upon me after I had given it a fair trial; that it cured me entirely of neuralgia in the head from which I had suffered most fearfully for over fifty years, and also that it cured me of rheumatism in my limbs. In fact it removed every pain in my body and made me feel 25 years younger. I have not had a return of my old complaint, and therefore have to confirm all the statements I have ever made respecting your Compound."

The Democracy of Children.

One amusing trait in children is their unconscious democracy. They are nearly always democratic when permitted any latitude. The desire for playmates levels sense of caste, if any exists. On a street through which I often pass there is a coterie of children who blend with the most thorough harmony, although they are of quite different social strata. One of the boys is a "smart" young gentleman in knickerbockers, always well groomed; another is a little Italian; a third, the thin, restless, wide awake son of a housekeeper. One of the little girls is an negress, with her wolly hair standing out from her head in thin, curved-up tails. She is quite a bella in this "mixed" company.—Harper's "Bazar."

Ring in the Ears.

This is an unfailing sign of catarrh, and if not checked will ultimately result in deafness. The simplest remedy is Catarrh-ozone, which if inhaled a few times daily, prevents the catarrhal condition from spreading. Catarrh-ozone quickly stops the ringing in the ears, head noises, gives permanent relief to catarrhal deafness. For Catarrh in any part of the system, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung or Throat Troubles, Catarrh-ozone is a specific, and is guaranteed to permanently cure or your money back. Large size, \$1.00; trial size, 25c. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

HAMILTON'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION.

No Names Needed.

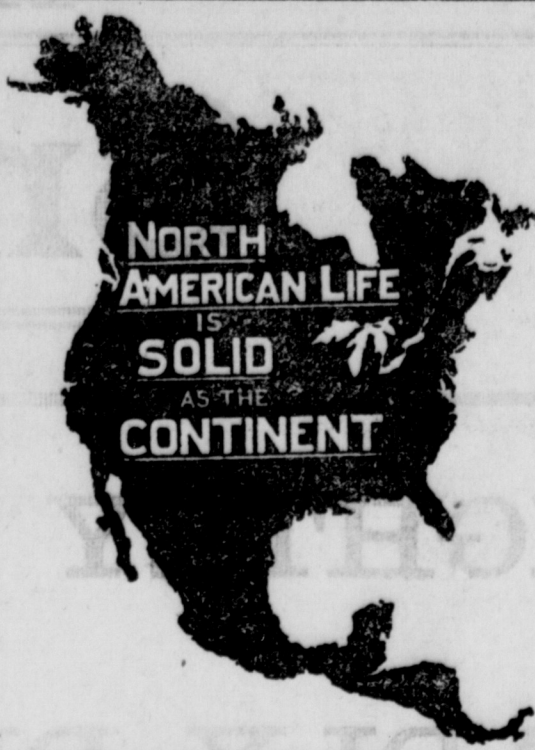
(Kansas City Journal.)

A western Kansas story shows how to be personal without mentioning names.

It was in a poker game at Coby. The Sheriff of Logan county had been steadily losing to the treasurer of Ellis county. The treasurer of Ellis county had the misfortune to be possessed of but one eye, and he was a little clumsy in handling the cards. After a play in which the treasurer took a big pot from the sheriff the sheriff said: "Gentlemen, I ain't a namin' no names, but if some of you don't quit raisin' cards from the floor he'll get his other eye knocked out!"

In This Locality.

The medicine dealers in this place say that there is no preparation on the market today that has anything like such an enormous sale as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Would this extraordinary demand for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills continue and gradually increase if people were not being benefitted and cured by their use? Certainly not. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.



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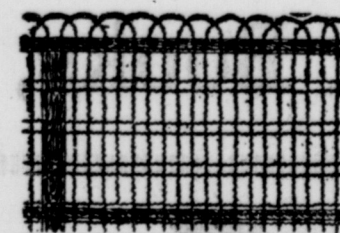
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 The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 8



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