

THE CONFESSION OF A WIFE.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Was The Medicine That Saved My Life."

This is the closing sentence of a thankful and grateful letter of testimony written by Mrs. Fred. M. Wetmore, of Windsor, Ont. She suffered from kidney disease and heart trouble, which resisted the best treatment of her physicians. When all seemed dark and gloomy for the suffering woman, Paine's Celery Compound was brought to her attention. Mrs. Wetmore used the compound with faith and was happily cured. Mrs. Wetmore writes as follows:—

"A year ago I was in such a low condition of health that my life was despaired. Medical treatment failed to do me good, and my friends were greatly alarmed. The doctors said I was suffering from kidney disease and heart trouble, and might drop off at any time. My aunt procured a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound for me and I used it. After taking the second bottle, I felt stronger, and had hopes of getting well again. Six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound made me a new woman. I am now strong and well, good appetite, splendid digestion and sleep like a child. Paine's Celery Compound was the medicine that saved my life."

ACADEMY PICTURES THAT ARE FORGED.

Some Have Been Sold for £10,000.

He is a wise father who knows the children of his own brush in these days of wholesale and clever forgery, said a Royal Academician to the writer. The time has long gone when the arts of the picture-forgers were confined to producing old masters. His success has made him bold, and he is flooding the country with bogus constables, turners and coopers, all so cleverly painted that an expert may well be deceived by them, and all bearing the great men's signatures.

Not only this, but he unblushingly palms off copies of canvases by artists who are actually living, and whose genuine work you may see today on the Academy walls. And the worst of it is that the artist has no legal remedy, even for forging his signature on a canvas. To forge his autograph to a check for a guinea is a felony, punishable by penal servitude; but to put it on a canvas, which if genuine would be worth perhaps a thousand pounds, is not an offence of which the law takes cognizance.

To protect themselves, some artists attach to the back of each picture a label certifying that the painting is the genuine product of their own brush. The forger knows well enough that he dare not copy this label. But it is the easiest thing in the world to detach it from the true canvas and put it on the false one. The real picture can always be identified and certified, while the label places the spurious painting above dispute.

So clever are some of these forgeries that the artist himself cannot always detect the fraud. The late Sydney Cooper was deceived more than once, and recognized as his own work paintings which he had never set eyes on before; while Sir Edwin Landseer, chancing to drop in one day to an auction-room where a copy of one of his canvases was being offered as genuine, actually declared that it was so, so marvellously had his style been reproduced.

Perhaps no artist of our times has been victimized so largely in this way as Mr. Sydney Cooper. There are at this moment hundreds of spurious Coopers in private collections, and even in our exhibitions. Cooper was so much pestered in his later years by people who wanted him to certify the genuineness of their pictures that he was compelled in self-protection to insist on a fee before he would even look at one of them and he would not give a certificate that it was really his own work under a fee of five guineas.

In a lawsuit not long ago he stated that of 153 "Coopers" that had been submitted to him in this way for identification, 142 were forgeries, and of some of the rest he was not absolutely sure.

Another modern artist whose pictures have been copied to a perfectly shameful extent was the late Mr. T. B. Hardy, the famous marine painter. "It is quite true," his son, Mr. Dudley Hardy, said recently, "that there are literally thousands of spurious 'T. B. Hardys' in dealers shops and private collections, and it is time the fraud was exposed."

Of course, these picture forgers are very clever men who make a lifelong study of a particular artist's style, until from observation and constant practice they can reproduce it to perfection. As an example of the skill with which even so difficult a master as Turner can be copied, Mr. Ruskin once wrote: "I have given my best attention during upwards of ten years to train a copyist to perfect fidelity in rendering the works of Turner, and have now succeeded in enabling him to produce facsimiles so near as to look like replicas—facsimiles which I must sign with my own name to prevent their being sold for real vignettes."

Mr. Linnell was so much annoyed by the numerous forgeries of his work that he published a long list of copies of his pictures which had been sold at large prices as original, and offered a reward of £100 for detection of any or the offenders; and, in fact, there are few of the great painters whose work you see at the Academy whose pictures are not imitated in the same shameless way.

These forgeries are principally sold at

public auction-rooms, and are snapped up as great bargains by country connoisseurs. Among the pictures are a few genuine specimens and a great many copies. The real picture is exposed for sale, but it is the bogus one that is sent home; or, as an alternative plan, two canvases are placed in one frame, the genuine being placed over a copy. When the picture is sold the purchaser is asked to put his name or private mark at the back of the canvas for identification; and when he receives his painting he gets frame, canvas, mark, and all, but it is only the under-canvas or the copy that he gets, and not the picture he saw.

To illustrate the career of one of these frauds, I may tell you that a few years ago an alleged Constable was sold in a London auction-room for £20; it was bought later by a West-end firm of dealers for \$4,000, and finally changed hands for £10,000 before it was discovered by a clever expert that the painting was not a Constable at all, but a skilful copy which was barely worth the sum originally paid for it.

The Bicycle Industry.

Col. Pope, who has been called "the father of the bicycle" has just got control of Bicycle Trust, that began operations five years ago, and thereby secures ownership of all the best patents, the control of more than 70 per cent of the business of that enormous country. Being asked why the Trust came to such a sudden collapse, the Col. said for one thing, it began to salt away money for its stockholders, by cutting down its advertisement. And its business shrank in direct proportion to the shrinkage of its advertising until it defaulted the payment of its fixed charges, and went into the hands of receivers. "Printers' ink has done wonders before—it can do wonders again. It is a great mistake to say, or to think, that bicycling is dead. Next year you may expect to see a great revival in the business." These are the views of an optimist, of course. There are some who think that the fashionable craze is over, and cannot be revived. This may or may not be true. But it is certain that for mechanics and suburban dwellers, the bicycle has come to stay.

Proof Positive.

A commercial traveller, whose face was somewhat remarkable for its ugliness, recently found himself in a little country town.

He was proceeding quietly along the street when he was suddenly confronted by two large and rough-looking men, apparently strangers to the place.

The more aggressive of the two gave the traveller a slap on the shoulder like the bang of a barn-door, and said:

"I say, is there a gaol in this yere town, where they shut up criminals?"

Now, the traveller prides himself on his ability to get along peaceably with all sorts and conditions of men, so he assumed an air of familiarity and began:

"I don't think so. I've been here two days, and—"

"Then there ain't any," broke in the man, with decision. "If you've been in this yere town two days and there was one you'd be in it."

Easily Earned.

A good story is told of a well-known instructor in swimming. One day last summer a richly-dressed, middle-aged woman drove up to his natatorium. She carried a poodle dog in her arms.

"Oh, Mr. Jones," she said, "I want to have my dear little dog taught to swim. He might fall into the water some day and be drowned. Can you teach him?"

"I think so," said Mr. Jones.

"How much will it cost?"

"Madam, I don't see how I can do it for less than £5."

"Oh, thank you," she said, with an ecstatic hug at the poodle. "And when could you give the dear boy his first lesson?"

"Right away, ma'am," said the swimming master, as he put away the "fiver."

Suiting the action to the word he took the "little doggie" from the arms of his mistress, walked across the floor, and pitched him some twenty to twenty-five feet out into the water.

"Oh-h-h! the darling!" half shrieked the fond mistress.

"Doggie" turned right side up in an instant and paddled back to the float. Mr. Jones lifted him out of the water, partially dried him with a towel, and gravely remarked:—

"Fine dog, madam; most intelligent animal I ever saw. No trouble at all to teach him. Needs about two more lessons, two days apart—any time in the morning between ten and twelve."

"Oh, you dear, brave little doggie-woggie. Is you learning to swim? Mr. Jones, I cannot thank you enough." All this from the happy mistress.

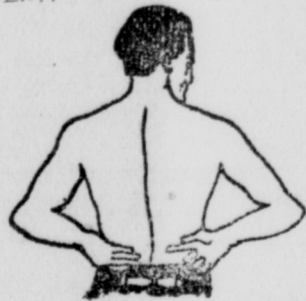
"Don't mention it, madam; glad to have a chance to serve you."

Two more lessons made the dog an expert swimmer.

One of the first steps towards a general raising of the standard of rational living, is the elimination of bric-a-brac in household decoration. Many women have banished every piece of useless ornament they once possessed. What vases they now own really hold flowers. Their candlesticks hold candles which are burned every night. Their pictures are few, and are really worth looking at. As for little china statuettes, carved boxes, burnt-wood plaques and panels, and the like, they have been relegated to lumber rooms or sent to enrich rummage sales. This last course cannot be recommended. Ruskin was right in condemning the woman who gave ugly garments to the poor. If bric-a-brac is artistically immoral, it is wrong to be the means of another person's acquiring it.

Father: "Sir, I do not consider this gentlemanly of you. Without consulting the wishes of her mother or myself, you have completely turned my daughter's head."

Suitor (singly): "Don't be at all disturbed my dear sir. I'll turn it back again very quickly when I marry her."



THAT'S THE SPOT!

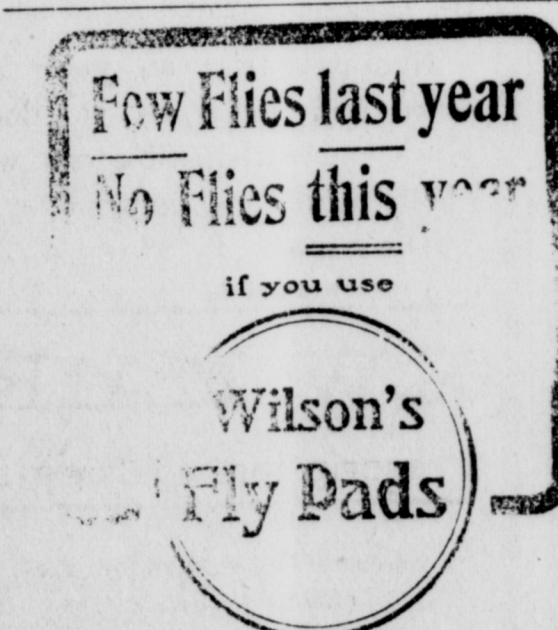
Right in the small of the back. Do you ever get a pain there? If so, do you know what it means? It is a Backache.

A sure sign of Kidney Trouble. Don't neglect it. Stop it in time. If you don't, serious Kidney Troubles are sure to follow.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

cure Backache, Lame Back, Diabetes, Dropsy and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Price 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers. DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO. Toronto, Ont.



SEASONABLE THINGS.

Croquet Setts from \$1.00 up.

Hammocks,

Carts,

Doll Carriages.

MRS. J. LOANE & CO.

Tenders Wanted.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until Saturday, the 18th day of June for the erection of a building on the grounds of the Carleton Co. Agricultural Society. Plans and specifications can be seen on application to C. L. Smith. Building to be completed on the 30th day of Aug. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. H. E. EMERY, C. L. SMITH, J. R. BROWN, Committee.



The 'Favorite' Churn.

100 Just Arrived from factory.

This Churn has both foot and lever drive, improved bolted trunions, steel roller bearings. It is built of very best selected English oak. Works so easy a child can operate it. It is the best Churn made and has a larger sale than all other churns combined. Sold only by us and our regular agents.

Balmain Bros.

March 4, 1903.

Crown Jewel Steel Range.

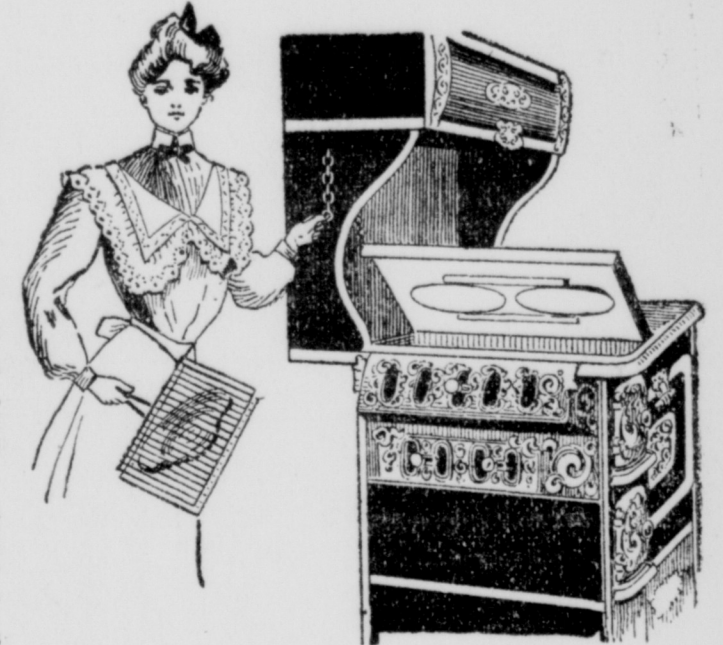
SIX HOLES.

For Hard or Soft Coal

or for Wood 26 in. Long.

The body is made of Heavy Cold Rolled Sheet Steel lined with heavy asbestos board, which is held in place by an inner lining of Steel, all hand riveted and finished in enamel.

The oven is made of heavy steel, and oven bottom is well braced with angle irons, positively buckle-proof. Oven door is

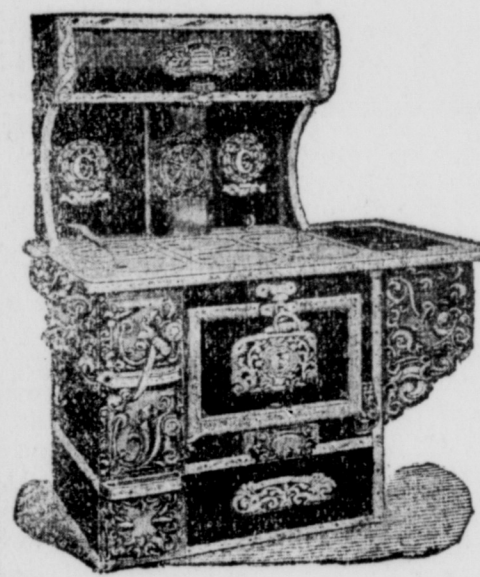


balanced and is nickel plated, and when open forms a shelf.

Top is made in four sections fitted with interchangeable key plates.

Ashpan is very large and will easily hold two days' ashes. It is removable through door under fire door at side, and is so made that when pan is removed no ashes can fall on the floor.

Low Down Reservoir is heavy retinned copper. Entire Reservoir Casting is Ornamental Cast Iron and guaranteed rust proof. Back Flue is also cast iron.



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