

The effect of *Scott's Emulsion* on thin, pale children is magical.

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone, and so put together that it is easily digested by little folk.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.



Dull Fiction.

(London Saturday Review.)

The "average six-shilling novel" is not a good thing. Some people call it a six-shilling shocker. The description is absurd. It does not shock. It wears a man out. The plot is impossible as a rule. The characters are dummies. They are worked by wires, and the wire-puller too often is a very indifferent manipulator. Novels are reeled off by routine. The reader learns nothing through them. He doesn't inform himself. He doesn't refresh himself. Scott said he could always get some information out of the dull-est passenger in a stage coach. But Scott would have failed to get anything out of most six-shilling novels.

Neuralgia

In the Face

Long Standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache and Neuralgia. What hosts of people seek for cure of these ailments.

And in vein. Because they are misled by going after medicines which only relieve.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is not a mere relief for headaches and neuralgia but is a thorough cure in the only way these troubles can ever be cured—by restoring the nervous system.

Mrs. JAMES GILCNEY, 714 Water St., Peterboro, Ont., states: "I was troubled more or less with severe headaches and neuralgia for nineteen years. Besides suffering I was useless as far as work was concerned. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up my system generally and made a thorough cure of my old trouble. It succeeded in my case after a great many treatments had failed."

Neuralgia and nervous headaches are always an indication of exhausted nerves. Make the cure thorough by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.

In A Yokohama Theatre.

From "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in the August Century.

Before leaving Yokohama, I went to the theatre, which certainly was unlike anything I had ever seen before. We sat on the floor of our so-called box, and had tea like the crowd. And such a crowd! It was an endless source of interest and amusement to watch them, whole families—mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law, children of all ages, and parents of different generations, fathers, sons and grandsons. All had their dinners with them. Little trays were produced—tiny boxes full of rice, bowls containing weird food-stuffs, pink, white and green; scaweed on rice cakes; raw fish and nameless yellow condiments; tea in microscopic cups, of course, with no milk or sugar. The Japanese cannot understand Europeans putting milk in their tea, as, according to them, it has a strong smell. The children were dressed and undressed during the entr'actes, and people smoked, slept, ate, talked and fanned themselves. It was certainly a great contrast to see a little "musume" such as Pierre Loti describes, daintily dressed in the gayest of kimono and smartest of obi, sitting between a cooie wearing nothing but a loose jacket and an old bag nursing a baby. Although it was true that most of the men had little on, and the thermometer was 85 degrees, the atmosphere was not impossible, as I am sure would have been the case in a European theatre under similar circumstances. The plays have usually fourteen or fifteen acts, and last all day, and sometimes two. This particular one not having an actress such as Sadi Yacco to interpret it, was quite unintelligible to me; but I admired the grace of the actresses, their easy movements when dancing, and the way they managed their tight clothes. Imagine my surprise when I found out afterward that they were all men! Up to a few years ago men and women did not act together in Japan, the theatrical companies being composed of either one sex or the other. But a change has come over them, and there are now mixed companies.

Sad Motoring in Japan.

(Boston Transcript.)

Motor if you must, not in Japan. Bourcy Saint-Chaffray has returned home by rail after crossing the Mikado's domain with the New York to Paris contestants, and his report should cause the heart of every auto-

mobilist to bleed. Think of roads scarcely wider than a car! Think of roads not only narrow but soft, so that you must speed over weak spots or slide off into flooded rice-fields! Think of frightened jinnikishamen dumping their fares into ditches! Think of the sharp burnings, where you have to get out and haul your car around by main force! Then think of bridges that creak and sway, with torrents raging beneath them! When you motor in Japan, take along an engineering corps. Better, keep out!

Drive Rheumatism from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Tablet or Liquid.

The Social Duty of a Wife.

(New York World.)

Vice-Chancellor Stevenson, of New Jersey, in deciding the Maynard divorce suit, will have to pass upon a rather troublesome question of wifely duty. Should the spouse of a professional man refuse to attend hops and balls because she is not fond of dancing? Dr. Maynard has pleaded Mrs. Maynard's dereliction as a partial defence to her action for divorce, declaring that her refusal interfered with his practice and reduced his income.

In novels and on the stage the recalcitrant father usually relents upon viewing the spotlessly clean though modest little home. Theoretically in real life the wife contributes to whatever success her husband attains by her companionship and the repose of a well-ordered household. In fact she has it in her power to give much more. Social position may make or unmake and wifely tactlessness can nullify any amount of professional skill. When she does render assistance she becomes an exceedingly active member of the firm. Her role is one of peculiar difficulty.

The man may reveal his object with some degree of frankness, the wife must gain her ends by charm of manner. The diplomacy inherent in most women renders them the most valuable of allies. Their influence is most subtle. Many a family doctor has been changed, many a commission traced to the simple domestic dinner where shaded lamps lend their soft glow.

But while the wife's inclination may prompt her to social effort the question of positive duty still remains unfixd. The husband as in the stone age is the hunter, his mate guards the cave. To determine the extent to which he is justified in insisting that she bear her part in luring the game may well call for the exercise of the highest judicial power.

Piles helped at once with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Just to prove it, a trial box will be mailed on request, by writing Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Itching, smarting, bleeding piles, internal or external, get quick and certain help from Magic Ointment. Large box 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

A Manless Land.

(Philadelphia Press.)

Paraguay remains in the condition of Spanish-American countries a generation ago. A thousand miles inland, an expanse as large as New York and Pennsylvania, between two rivers, it has a small population of 400,000 thinly spread over the southern third of its area, with a bare sprinkling of Spanish whites and half-breeds. They hold the government, and a revolution or an attempt at one comes every few years. In 1891, 1895 and 1904, and now, 1906, in the past 20 years, Paraguay is one of the forgotten lands. Great tracts are unexplored. Its low mountains hold minerals as yet unprospected. Its hard woods are still to come on the market. Thirty years ago, after the long war with Brazil and Argentina, it was a manless land, two women to one man, in its population of 276,000 in 1876, and it has remained ever since a country with this disproportion. A consular report in 1884 gave nine women to one man in a population of 315,000. Women do all the work. "The Paraguayan men," said our consul, E. L. Baker, "who on account of their scarcity are at a premium, sit idly by, smoking cigarettes and drinking the whiskey of the country."

Painful Cheerfulness.

(Argonaut.)

Cheerfulness is sometimes painfully acquired. It's frequently like the man at the photographer's. This man, sitting for his portrait, said impatiently to the artist: "Well, have I got now the pleasant expression you desire?" "Yes, thank you," said the photographer. "That will do nicely." "Then hurry up," growled the man. "It hurts my face."

Heroes.

(Charlotte W. Thurston in the June Century.)

"Oh, for the men of old, the hero's might, The knight of song and story, now no more, The strength that sat on Roman brows, the light On Sparta's field and Athens' deathless shore!"

I raise my eyes, and close before my sight Stands one whose high-beld head has met unbowed The anvil-blows of Fate through darkening night; Dauntless, defiant, as the shadows crowd.

From him close on my right through patient years Pain wrings no dark repining nor complaint; One on my left, calm-eyed, serenely hears His doom, unflinching as an aureoled saint.

I turn—behind, one on whose pathway grow Foul weeds and fouler poisons, mile on mile; What the grim night-wind hears, God knows, men know The laugh, the jest, the glory of the smile.

Pirates' Hoard.

Treasure trove secreted by Portuguese buccauers in bygone days has been revealed near the seaside village of Paradelha in a remarkable manner. The village is being slowly washed away by the action of the sea and buildings have been undermined from time to time.

A storm of more than usual severity swept the coast recently and a portion of the foreshore at Paradelha was washed away.

According to the Lisbon Secolo, treasure of various kinds was thus exposed to the astonished fishermen, who first believed that it had been sent to them miraculously.

There were many ancient gold and silver doubloons, jeweled crosses, finger rings of quaint antique pattern, earrings, gold and silver medallions, portions of silver censers and other fragments of church plate.

All the people in the region hurried to the spot, armed with picks and spades, and have since been digging feverishly for treasure. Some of them have been rewarded with further discoveries. One man secured gold coins valued at \$600. All the male inhabitants have deserted their work and none of the fishermen have left port since the first discovery was made.

The Portuguese buccauers who harried the Spanish Main were in the habit of burying their booty along the coast, and the treasures unearthed at Paradelha undoubtedly form a portion of one of their hoards.

"Life in Every Dose"

"I cannot speak too highly of Fry-chin, for it is the greatest medicine I ever used. I was just about 'all in' when I began the treatment, and in 3 months I was as well as ever. It is a great tonic for weak and run down people. There is new life in every dose."

JAS. STOLIKER.

Ridgetown, Ont., Dec. 19, 1906.

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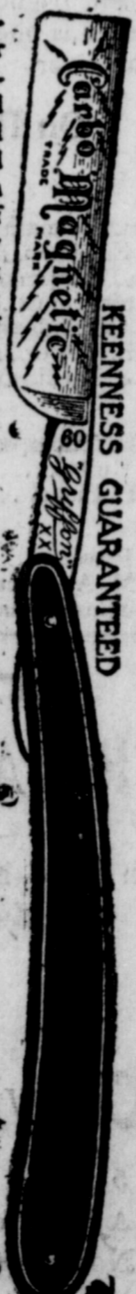
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You know from daily experience, at home or in the barber shop, that the question is: "Why doesn't a razor hold its edge uniformly from heel to head without honing and grinding?" Whether it is a safety, with the certain tax of new blades, or the ordinary open-bladed razor, does not alter the question. You want the comfort and satisfaction of a clean, smooth shave every morning with the confident knowledge that your razor will be ready for instant use the next time needed.

The Carbo Magnetic razor is the only razor unconditionally guaranteed to do this. Thirty years of study on the razor situation has perfected a new secret process of ELECTRIC TEMPERING that positively merges every particle of carbon (the life of steel) into the metal—giving a diamond-like hardness uniformly throughout the blade—something absolutely impossible with fire tempered steel—used in making all other razors.

But test this razor in your own home—or if you prefer, have your barber use it on you. Give us your name. Or call and see the "Carbo Magnetic" razor, and we will state our proposition for testing these razors without obligation on your part to purchase, together with our free booklet "Hints on Shaving." This book illustrates the correct razor position for shaving every part of the face.



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If that Harness they got from us was all right. If it's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not right, we wouldn't do that, would we?

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