

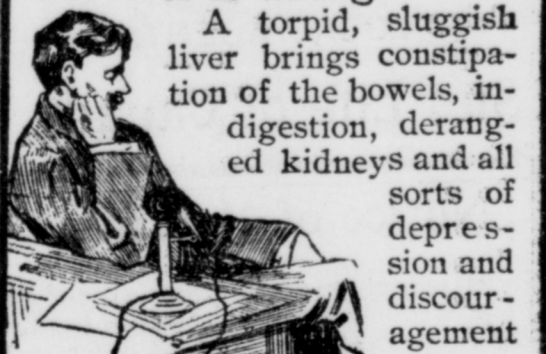
FOR economy in the table expenses increase the amount of Quaker Oats; eat it at least twice a day. It does more than other foods and costs only a fraction as much.

What are the Trumps of Life?

(Alfred B. Mackey in January Smart Set.)

"What are the trumps of life?"
 "Hearts," said the maiden-fair;
 "For sweetheart, maid, or wife,
 Love is beyond compare."
 "No," said the heartless flirt,
 "Diamonds the trumps shall be;
 Hearts are as cheap as dirt;
 Give wealth and power to me."
 "No," said the man blase,
 "Clubs are the trumps we want;
 Such gauds for the young and gay,
 But Clubs for the bon vivant."
 Then the gravedigger said:
 "Vainities soon are past;
 The earl's shall be your bed,
 And Spades must win at last!"

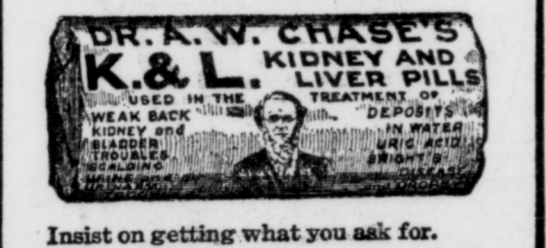
You cannot be cheerful, active and energetic when the liver is wrong.



A torpid, sluggish liver brings constipation of the bowels, indigestion, deranged kidneys and all sorts of depression and discouragement. There is headache, backache, pains in the limbs and rheumatism.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney & Liver Pills

By quickly awakening the action of the liver and bowels cleanse the system of poisonous impurities and restore good digestion and assimilation.



Insist on getting what you ask for.

King Edward at His Clubs.

When Edward VII. was a young man he was a great clubman. Desiring to have some club whose membership should be select and where he would meet only those whom he cared to know intimately, he brought about the founding of the Marlborough Club in Pall Mall in 1869. Of the original members of this club, three survive, the King, the Duke of Fife, and Lord Faquhar. To this day all new members must be personally acceptable to his Majesty. In an article in Cassell's Saturday Journal (London) we read the following account of the King's club life: Even during the strain of a London season, with his many public duties, the King finds time to run into his favorite club for an hour or two's rest and quietness. No particular ceremony marks either his entry or his exit. The attendant at the door swings it open as his Majesty's private motor-car or brougham draws up in much the same fashion that he would for any other member. As far as the other members of the club are concerned it is well understood that when his Majesty enters the building he desires, and even expects, to be treated in purely a private capacity. His favorite seat is rather near the fireplace in the smoking-room, with his back toward the window. Therefore, anyone occupying this seat at once vacates it, with a bow to the King, and finds a chair somewhere else. Another unwritten law of the Marlborough Club is that no member must directly address the King without first being spoken to by him. This is a rule that may be infringed by only one member of the club, the Duke

of Fife. As son-in-law to the King, of course, the Duke stands in a unique position. The King, however, desires company when he visits the club, and after he has glanced through the evening papers he will get up and stroll around the rooms, exchanging a cheery word here and there with such of his friends as he chooses to recognize. The one subject that is tabooed to all in the King's presence is that of politics.

Though, as has been said, his Majesty when visiting the club expects his incognito to be strictly observed. He is keen to resent anything in the nature of undue familiarity. A rather well-known Peer discovered this to his cost a few years ago. Presuming upon a friendly conversation he had just had with the King, he called across the room to him, "Just ring the bell behind you, will you please, sir?" The Prince of Wales, as he then was, looked at him for a moment and then rang the bell. The waiter entered, and the Prince said to him in a voice that could be heard all over the room, "Please call Lord —'s carriage." The Peer took the hint and left the club. The following morning he had a polite note from the Secretary intimating that the committee would be extremely obliged if he would consider his membership terminated, and would not make use of the club for the future.

As a general rule it is late in the evening before his Majesty can reach his club, and then he chiefly desires a rubber of bridge with some of his old friends. The King is an extremely good player, and greatly dislikes having a duffer at his table. Every member in the card-room who plays anything of a decent game is aware that he may be summoned to take a hand at the Royal table, and no matter how interesting the game in which he is then engaged in may be, he must be prepared to relinquish it cheerfully and to obey the command to join the Royal table.

Shirt Waists for Winter.

Shirt-waists of linen or French flannel for winter wear are front-closing, the former being hand embroidered in small dainty spangled designs of flowers, these appearing on the closing plait the entire length and on the side-plaits to yoke depth. Frequently the embroidery is carried on the cuffs and standing collar. On the other hand, silk, satin or net shirt-waists generally close at the back even though they may have simulated front or side closing. The sleeves of either garment are in waist length, even extending over the hand a little sometimes. In the French flannels half-inch stripes set at least two inches apart are favored and made up to very stylish blouses. Jersey cloth is also being used for shirt-waists, but does not lend itself as well to their semi-fitting as it does to the regular skin-tight jersey basque which is being adopted with much enthusiasm not only as a garment to be worn with separate skirts but as a part of a toilette.

Death of Aged Couple.

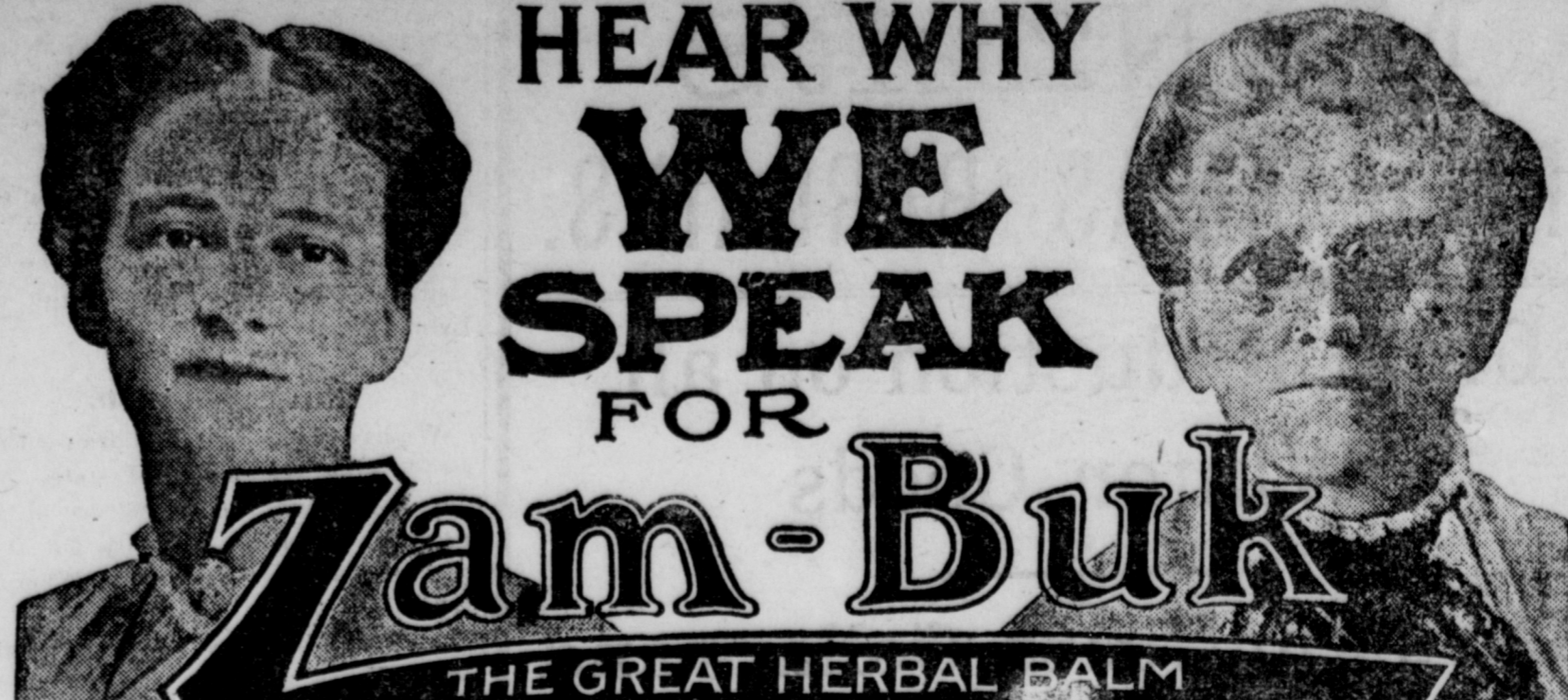
A sad and unusual event occurred at Carlingford, about five miles from Perth Junction, Dec. 27th, when both Mr. and Mrs. Richard Everett died suddenly, only fifteen minutes elapsing between their deaths. Both were in the usual good health and Mr. Everett's death came as a shock to the family. Mrs. Everett who was 90 years of age, was not told of the death but barely fifteen minutes later she too dropped dead. The old couple had been married over 60 years. Mr. Everett was nearly 80. A sad feature of the case is that only three weeks ago the eldest son died leaving five motherless children to find a home with their grandparents. Two unmarried sisters remain at home to mourn their triple loss.

"NERVILINE" CURES RHEUMATISM

And Here Is the Proof—A Solemn Statement From a Four-Year's Cripple, Who Says "Nerviline" Did It.

"If I had lived through my sufferings another year it would have been a miracle." This is an opening sentence of the declaration made by Mr. J. Eccles Squires, member of one of the best-known families for twenty miles round Sydney. "My hands were drawn out of shape, even my fingers were gnarled and crooked—my lameness, stiffness, and inability to get about all showed the havoc Rheumatism made with my health. The blessing of it all is that I have heard of Nerviline, and now I am able to tell and advise others how they may get well, too. My system was so weakened that I had to build up with a good tonic, so I took Ferrozone at meals. But I never stopped rubbing on Nerviline—it had a magic influence on my stiff, painful joints, and bottle after bottle was rubbed on the painful parts. Nerviline cured me. I am well to-day—have been well for 4 1/2 years."

You also can cure rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints—do so use Nerviline. Don't let your druggist substitute. Get Nerviline only; large bottles, 25c, or five for \$1; sold everywhere.



HEAR WHY WE SPEAK FOR Zam-Buk THE GREAT HERBAL BALM

INJURED FOOT CURED.
 "I speak for Zam-Buk because it cured me of a terribly bad foot," says Mrs. Alice Berryman of 190 John St. North, Hamilton. She adds: "The injury was caused by a wagon wheel, and the sore was on my right foot. It became very inflamed and swollen and so painful that I fainted away. In spite of treatment, the wound got no better and the foot became more and more swollen until it was several times its usual size. The flesh was terribly bruised and blackened and it was quite impossible for me to walk. My husband's mother at last brought me a box of Zam-Buk. This was applied to the foot and it was surprising how soon I found relief from the severe pain. A further supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and I persevered in using this balm alone. In a couple of days the swelling had gone down considerably, the discoloration was less distinct and the pain was banished. In four days I could go about as usual: the bruised and injured foot had been thoroughly cured by the timely use of Zam-Buk."

Did you ever ask yourself: "How is it that Zam-Buk is so popular?" It is because it is superior and different to other salves. Contrast them! Most salves are nine-tenths animal oil or fat. Zam-Buk hasn't a trace of animal fat in it. Most salves contain mineral coloring matter. Zam-Buk is absolutely without! Many salves contain poisonous astringents. Zam-Buk doesn't. Zam-Buk is actually more powerfully antiseptic than crude carbolic acid. Yet it stops instead of causing pain and smarting when put on a wound. It heals more quickly than any known substance, abscesses, ulcers, eczema, blood-poisoning, cuts, scalp sores, chaps and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Send 1c stamp for trial box.

POISONED FINGER HEALED.
 Mrs. Frank St. Denis of 305 Thompson St., Winnipeg, speaks for Zam-Buk because it cured her of a poisoned finger, which had caused her days of agony. Hear her experience. She says: "One morning, while washing, I felt a slight pain in the end of my finger. This gradually got more acute until by the evening of the next day the end of the finger had become swollen and hard and so blue I became alarmed. "The pain from it was almost too much to bear. It made me turn quite sick! Poultices of first one kind and then another were applied, but seemed to give me no relief. My daughter-in-law, who had had some previous experience with Zam-Buk obtained a box for me. I anointed the sore place liberally with this balm, and in a few hours, the throbbing aching pains were subdued. Further applications of Zam-Buk gave me more ease, so that I could get a little sleep. In a few days the nail came off, but after that Zam-Buk seemed to reduce the inflammation quickly. I continued its use until in the end it had brought about a complete cure."

Legacies.

BY DR. WILLIAM J. FISCHER
 The Old Year paused at my cabin door wide,
 One night when the wind swept the white,
 cold land;
 His hair was tangled and, in his warm hand,
 He clasped a treasure box, golden inside.
 Sad were his eyes, oh and sadder his face,
 Gone was the light from his fatherly eyes;
 Star, moon and cloud, in their chill, dazzling
 skies,
 Waited and wondered what had taken place.
 Weary and footsore, he paused in the night,
 Weary his voice, oh and weary his brain.
 In his old true heart the feel of a pain.
 That dispels pure joy, like birds in a flight.
 Then from his lips burst sweet words, music
 bright;
 "Roses must die, else the summer remains
 to woo them with love; birds hush their re-
 frains,
 For earth must sleep"neath her blankets of
 white,"
 "I, too, am going to seek my repose
 In valleys, that lie beyond the dark hills;
 There to forget all my troubles and ill—
 I, too, must go like the glowing, red rose."
 'Twas a death-song filling my lonely heart,
 With strange thoughts, anxious. Oh must
 my love go—
 This dear Old Year, whom I always loved so?
 Life's joys are brief. Ah they come but to
 part.
 "Roses must die"—thus he sang in the night:
 "I am so tired, the way it is long,
 Ah! I grow weak and strange fancies now
 throng—
 My senses are numb, my head, it is light."
 "Take these fond treasures, my child, they
 are thine!"
 Spoke he then strangely to me at the door.
 "They make thee so rich, but leave me so
 poor,
 Ah! my brain reels as if drunken with wine."
 'Twas but a moment, and then he was gone.
 Had I been dreaming? Ah no, list the shrill
 Cry of deep anguish steel over the hill—
 Some one is dying out there all alone.
 "Take these fond treasures, my child!" this
 he said—
 "Rich golden memories, crosses of pain,
 Tear-diamonds, jeweled thoughts, deeds set
 in pearls."
 Ah! I have legacies left by the dead.

The Prescription.

An old farmer, feeling unwell, consulted his doctor, who prescribed for him along with other things, "one ounce of whiskey daily." Failing however, to thoroughly grasp what really constituted an ounce, the old farmer sent for his son, who read that 16 drachms made an ounce. Next day the doctor in going his rounds, came upon the old fellow on the roadway in a helpless state of intoxication, and inquired of him what he was doing there, and in that condition. "I'm trying to follow your instructions, doctor," said he, in a hiccuppy sort of voice, at the same time making an effort to raise, "but I do it that ounce of whiskey is good, 'as bates me. Yod see it takes 16 drams 'as mak' an ounce, but I've only got the length of 14, and there's the ither twa 'as tak' yet."

Bill's Reformation.

Bill had a failing. He would indulge too freely. His friends advised, remonstrated, pleaded. In vain.
 Now, Bill was dead—dead drunk. His friends bethought them of giving him a shock perhaps they could shock him to his senses. They put him in a coffin. They put the coffin into a vault. For company one of them occupied another coffin and waited for Bill to wake up in the other world.
 Bill woke. Slowly he raised himself and forced off the loose lid. "Wh—wh—where am I?" he gasped.
 "Your dead," came a sepulchral voice from the gloom.
 That settled Bill—for a moment. Then he called faintly. "Say are you dead too?"
 "Yes."
 "How long have you been dead?"
 "Two weeks."
 Quiet. Bill was thinking.
 Then, "Say, how long have I been dead?"
 "Three days."
 Silence. Bill was thinking again.
 "Say," he chirped up hopefully the next minute, "Say, you've been here longer than I have. Tell me where I can get a drink."

Nerve Centres of a Great City.

(National Magazine.)
 Today the rumbling coach, the galloping horse, the weary errand boy and clerk on foot, the town crier with his jangling bell are seen no more upon the streets of the city. The tiny lines of wire and the waiting, efficient telephone girl do a thousand times the amount of work they did, and in a fraction of the time formerly consumed. Seventy-five per cent of the business transacted to day is done over the telephone. Those magic wires enter every office building in every city in the land, quiet, inert, apparently, but having behind them the marvellous modern nerve centres of commerce—the telephone exchange, which supplies the energy for the transaction of all the business of the modern commercial world.
 These telephone exchanges are the most interesting places in the world. In a great city like New York, the work is divided among several large exchanges, or central offices, in each one of which are fifty or a hundred girls, trained to the task of answering every call in the shortest possible time. Probably the great success attained by American telephony is due, first to the inventive genius of Americans, and second to their peculiarly alert, nervous temperament, which gives the highest possible rapidity in work requiring alertness and speed rather than muscular strength and endurance.

Was no Hurry.

(Winnipeg Post.)
 Speaking some time ago on a Shakespearean subject, Mr. Sidney Lee, whose name figures prominently in connection with the National Theatre movement, told an amusing story of a scorcher who was riding through Stratford-on-Avon. He was bent over the handle bars, and beads of perspiration were trickling down his face.
 "Hi, sonny," he called to a passing youth. "Am I right for Shakespeare's house?"
 "Yes, you're right, mister," was the drowsy reply; "but you needn't hurry, Shakespeare's dead."

Pen-Points.

The average man never admits it. The only thing worse than logical pessimism is a logical optimism.
 The number of people who are unable to understand the tariff is exceeded only by those who don't try.
 Extravagance is spending what the other fellow would like to spend if he had the money.
 The man who quickly finds his limitations is the man who doesn't hunt for them.
 There is no indignation more virtuous than that of a butter-maker when talking about oleomargarine.
 —E. L. O. Jones in January Lippincott's.

His Voice.

It was at a summer hotel, and the baby, being warm and fretful, cried. "Tut! Tut! We can't disturb our neighbors this way," the fond father said, taking the child in his arms. "Let me sing to him, if he won't go to sleep." He sang, and straightway came a knock at the door and these words: "There's a sick lady next door, and, if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"—January Lippincott's.

Meductic Board of Trade.

Last week a Meductic board of trade was organized. The officers are: George P. Oils, president; Geo. McCloskey, H. M. Edwards, Coun. H. B. Scott and Coun. Gordon Grant, vice-president; J. E. Porter, reporter; Geo. D. Porter, secretary; J. O. Porter, treasurer.
 The board passed the following resolution: "Resolved, that this board of trade do unanimously protest against the government guaranteeing any bonds to build a spur line from Millville to the St. John river, as we believe it will be detrimental to the interests of the proposed St. John Valley Railway."

DOCTOR GAVE HIM UP A Terrible Experience with Kidney Disease and Dragging Backache.

Expected Death Any Day.

To get well and keep well after being pronounced incurable by his physician was the wonderful experience of Mr. A. P. Chapman, who was snatched from the very jaws of death by the timely use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.
 "For two years I had suffered from advanced kidney disease, was stooped, back-weary, hollow-eyed and completely played out. One Saturday night I was seized by an acute attack and became so sick I had to call in my physician. For a week he attended me constantly, but I grew weaker and sicker every day. The pains in my back, the blinding headaches, the awful weakness from which I suffered almost killed me—the doctor saw it was hopeless.
 "As a last hope I was persuaded to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They brought back my strength, aided my stomach, created new appetite, cleansed my blood, and gave me relief from pain. After I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills for a month I was like a new man. I continued the treatment for three months and was cured."
 Surely there is an obvious moral and lesson here for all men and women. If you are suffering from any derangement, give Dr. Hamilton's Pills an immediate and thorough trial, your faith in them will not be disappointed. 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingeton, Ont.