

GROWING GIRLS

SHOULD BE BRIGHT, CHEERFUL, ACTIVE AND STRONG.

A Great Responsibility Rests Upon Mothers at This Period as it Involves Their Daughter's Future Happiness or Misery—Some Useful Hints.

Rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elastic step, and a good appetite, are the birthright of every girl. These are the conditions that bespeak perfect health. But unfortunately this is not the conditions of thousands of growing girls. On every side may be seen girls with pale or sallow complexion, languid, stoop shouldered, and listless. Doctors will tell them that they are anaemic, or in other words that their blood is poor, thin and watery. If further questioned they will tell them that this condition leads to decline, consumption and the grave. What is needed is a medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and thus restore the vigor, brightness and healthfulness of youth. For this purpose no other discovery in the annals of medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thousands of once hopeless girls have been made bright, active and strong through their use. Among those who have been brought back almost from the grave by the use of this medicine is Miss M. C. Marceau, of St. Lambert de Levis, Que. Miss Marceau says: "It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak of the benefit I have experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years I resided in Wisconsin with a relative, where I devoted my time studying English and music, intending to make the teaching of the latter my profession. I was never very strong, and my studies fatigued me much. When about fourteen I became very pale, suffered from severe headaches, and weakness. I consulted a doctor, and acting on his advice, returned to Canada. The fatigue of the journey, however, made me worse, and finally I got so weak that I could not walk without help. I was extremely pale, my eye-lids were swollen, I had continuous headaches, and was so nervous that the least noise would set my heart beating violently. I almost loathed food and my weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds. Neither doctor's medicine nor anything else that I had taken up to that time seemed of the slightest benefit. I was confined to bed for nearly a year and I thought that nothing but death could end my sufferings. Happily an acquaintance of my father's one day brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and urged me to try them. I did so, and I thought they helped me some, and my father got more. After I had used a few boxes all my friends could see they were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was enjoying better health than I had ever had in my life before, and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I tell you this out of gratitude so that other young girls who may be weak and sickly may know the way to regain their health."

Girls who are just entering womanhood are at the most critical period of their lives. Upon the care of receive depends their future happiness. Neglect may mean either an early grave or a life of misery. If mothers would insist that their growing daughters use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills occasionally, rich blood, strong nerves, and good health would follow. If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KITES REPLACE BALLOONS.

Baden-Powell Makes a Valuable Suggestion to the effect that the kite should be used to replace the balloon in the training of young soldiers. It is, perhaps, not generally known that Baden-Powell, who has greatly distinguished himself in the Transvaal war, is not only a soldier of unquestionable ability but a scientist whose meteorological investigations have been stamped with the official approval of England's war ministry. It was through his influence that the army abandoned the cumbersome military balloon and adopted in its stead the more easily controlled and more simply constructed kite.

As a result of the experiments made by the major-general in collaboration with his brother officers, it was ascertained that a man could be lifted several hundred feet in the air without the slightest danger and without the aid of any rope or cable. An apparatus strong enough to lift two men weighs hardly more than 100 pounds. Kites can be assembled and sent into the air in five minutes. Their descent can be regulated by a parachute. The cost is hardly a fiftieth part of that of a balloon ascension.

Baden-Powell begins his experiments in 1893. If he has not magnified the importance of the results which he has obtained, it is not too much to hope that, before the Transvaal war has seen its close, the utility of the kite as an instrument in modern warfare will be assured. If the truth must be told, it is difficult to imagine a man suspended 2,000 feet above the ground from a machine which is in the playing of the winds, and which is only too ready to plunge down at any moment. But it is still more difficult to imagine this same man, without that feeling of security so essential to accurate observation, spying upon an enemy and endeavoring to gather such information as may be of value.

The proper sphere of the kite's usefulness would seem to be in that field of meteorological experiment in which Franklin was a pioneer. That the kite can also be used for military purposes, signaling and the like, and especially for taking birds' eye photographs by means of automatic apparatus, seems likely enough. But the lifting of a man to the dizzy height of a thousand feet or more, so that he may leisurely study an enemy's position transcends the bounds of possibility.

EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE.

"Claribel uses such extravagant language."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER III.

In an elegant boudoir, all crimson and gold, some hours later, sat Plumina Hurlhurst, reclining negligently on a satin divan, toyng idly with a volume which lay in her lap. She tossed the book aside with a yawn, turning her superb dark eyes on the little figure bending over the rich trailing silks which were to adorn her own fair beauty on the coming evening.

"So you think you would like to attend the lawn fete to-night, Daisy?" she asked, patronizingly. Daisy glanced up with a startled blush. "Oh, I should like it so much, Miss Plumina," she answered, hesitatingly, "if I only could."

"I think I shall gratify you," said Plumina, carelessly. "You have made yourself very valuable to me. I like the artistic manner you have twined these roses in my hair; the effect is quite picturesque." She glanced satisfiedly at her own magnificent tresses in the cheval-glass opposite. Tiffan could have reproduced those rich, marvellous colors—that perfect, queenly beauty. He would have painted the picture, and the world would have raved about its beauty. The dark masses of raven-black hair; the proud, haughty face, with its warm southern tints; the dusky eyes, lighted with fire and passion, and the red, curved lips. "I wish particularly to look my very best to-night, Daisy," she said; "that is why I wish you to remain. You can arrange those sprays of white heath in my hair superbly. Then you shall attend the fete, Daisy. Remember, you are not expected to take part in it; you must sit in some secluded nook where you will be quite unobserved."

Plumina could not help but smile at the ardent delight depicted in Daisy's face. "I am afraid I can not stay," she said, doubtfully, glancing down in dismay at the pink-and-white muslin she wore. "Every one would be sure to laugh at me who saw me. Then I would wish I had not stayed."

"Suppose I should give you one to wear—that white mull, for instance—how would you like it? None of the guests would see you," replied Plumina. There was a wistful look in Daisy's eyes, as though she would fain believe what she heard was really true. "Would you really?" asked Daisy, wondering. "You, whom people call so haughty and so proud—you would really let me wear one of your dresses? Do not know how to tell you how much I am pleased!" she said, eagerly.

Plumina Hurlhurst laughed. Such rapture was now to her. The night which drew its mantle over the smiling earth was a perfect one. Myriads of stars shone like jewels in the blue sky, and not a cloud obscured the face of the clear full moon. Hurlhurst Plantation was ablaze with colored lamps that threw out soft rainbow tints in all directions as far as the eye could reach. The interior of Whitestone Hall was simply dazzling in its rich rose bloom, its lights, its fountains, and rippling music from adjoining galleries.

my side an insult so cruel, so unjust, and so bitter, in simply granting my request for a walk—a request very reluctantly granted. An invited guest among you she may not be; but I most emphatically defy any inferior to any lady or gentleman present."

"Rex—Mr. Lyon," said Plumina, icily, "you forget yourself."

He smiled contemptuously. "I do not admit it," he said, hotly. "I have done that which any gentleman should have done; defended from insult one of the purest and sweetest of maidens. I will do more—I will shield her, henceforth and forever with my very life, if need be. If I can win her, I shall make Daisy Brooks my wife."

Rex spoke rapidly—vehemently. His chivalrous soul was aroused; he scarcely heeded the impetuous words that fell from his lips. He could not endure the thought that innocent, trusting little Daisy should suffer through any fault of his.

"Come, Daisy," he said, softly, clasping in his own strong arms the little fingers clinging so pitifully to his arm, "we will go away from here at once—our presence longer is probably obnoxious. Farewell, Miss Hurlhurst."

"This is my favorite waltz, Daisy," he said, as the music of the irresistible "Blue Danube" floated out to them. "Will you favor me with a waltz?"

"Miss Plumina would be so angry," she murmured. "Never mind her anger, Daisy. I will take all the blame on my shoulders. They are unusually broad, you see."

"Have you tried 'Salada' Ceylon and India Green Tea?" asked the dealer of a customer of Japan.

"No, I never experiment," said the customer. "Good rule, proved by its exception."

"A new Tea, grown on the richest tea producing soil in the world—Ceylon and India Green Tea—grown and prepared by modern, cleanly machinery methods, just as 'Salada' Black Tea is, without the aid of nerve disturbing adulterants, may prove a revelation to the taste, and a positive benefit, rather than an injury, to the system. Now do you grasp the situation?"

"Yes," said the customer, "I do."

The above conversation is suggestive to you reader, if you drink Japan Tea.

ONE YEAR OF KINGSHIP. THE OPIUM FARMER HAS A BRIEF TASTE OF POWER.

This remarkable diary of Hong Kong celebrates His Abdication With a Great Feast.

In order to regulate to some extent the importation of opium into Hong Kong and to simplify the collection of duties the British Government several years ago decided to place the whole business in the hands of one man. Realizing, however, the tremendous and arbitrary power that could be wielded by a single individual in such a position, it was also decided that the office should only be held one year and that no person should be allowed to keep it for more than a single term. So it was announced that the Government was prepared to accept bids for the privilege.

Since that time the selection of an "opium farmer" as he is called, has become an annual event. The highest bid generally ranges from 600,000 to 800,000 taels, according to the prospects of the poppy crop for the year and the condition of the market. The successful applicant is duly gazetted in the position, and he is given the assistance of a fleet of a dozen swift Government customs vessels to protect his interests. He himself employs several junks to guard his business against smugglers, but he must use these boats for the purpose of obtaining information. If he secures knowledge of smuggling operations he turns it over to the authorities, who run the malefactors down. Nearly every week in the year there is a smart skirmish between the sampans of the smugglers from the mainland of China and the revenue cutters. Pretty little battles some of them are, too, and very useful in giving young British middles and junior naval officers their first taste of sea fighting.

a feast magnificent enough for an old Roman banquet hall. The women, imported from northern China for the occasion, station themselves behind the chairs of the guests and play stringed instruments, singing an almost continuous sweet melody. Flower girls bearing sweet blossoms of the lilyce enter and twine garlands across the tables, among chair backs, about the flags and in the long lines of lanterns. The tables are rapidly spread with food and a strange mixture of Oriental and Occidental dishes it is. In addition to roast beef, ham, chicken, turkey and mutton, are dozens of Chinese delicacies, curries of every kind, shark fins, jellied eggs, pickled fish, baked hedgehog, spitted rice birds, drawn peacock meat, preserves of all sorts mangoose, mangostines, paradisiac fruit and dozens of wonderful Chinese puddings.

There is no menu card and no sequence of courses. You just pick out what you like and tuck it in, irrespective of what your neighbor is eating and regardless of whether you begin with dessert or end with soup. The dishes in which these foods are served are the most magnificent and costly samples of Chinese ware and are intended as gifts for the guests. When the dinner is over you can select what you please among them. If you go away early enough you are generally wise enough to do this. If you stay till things begin to get warm you are apt to forget all about such a prosaic thing as dishes.

When midnight comes and the host, the Governor and the Chief Justice have discreetly retired, the singing, juggling and toasting begin in earnest. As daybreak approaches the faithful ricksha men who have been kicking their bare heels on the brick roads for several hours, begin to think deep boiling-ot thoughts about the foreign devils inside who are yelling "Annie Rooney," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," "Auld Lang Syne" and other incantations to their gods.

AN EASY TONGUE. When H.H.H. the Duke of Connaught was learning to ride the cycle he generally visited an unfrequented road on the outskirts of Aldershot to be free from public observation. On one of these occasions he was met by a young subaltern who was there for the same reason, and who, on recognizing his chief, attempted to salute, but in doing so lost his equilibrium and fell. His Royal Highness let go one of his handles for the purpose of returning the compliment, when he also alighted on terra firma; but quickly picked himself up again, and with his well-known characteristic kindness, made inquiries of his subordinate if he was hurt, when he received a reply which amply compensated for his accident. The "sub" picked himself up, remarking, "That an accident would be hurt were he to witness the fall of Royalty."

IMITATIONS of Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion. The box is imitated, the outside coating and shape of the pills are imitated and the name—Dodd's Kidney Pills is imitated. Imitations are dangerous. The original is safe. Dodd's Kidney Pills have a reputation. Imitations have none or they wouldn't imitate. So they trade on the reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Do not be deceived. There is only one DODD'S. Dodd's is the original. Dodd's is the name to be careful about—

D-O-D-D'S KIDNEY PILLS

When Pat has an old, dingy look, take a flannel cloth, dipen it and apply as much first quality Spanish whiting as will adhere to it, and rub the paint. But little rubbing will be required to remove all dirt and grease. Rinse thoroughly with pure water and then rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks like new, and does not receive such injury as from soap suds. This process of cleaning is a good one to perform before laying varnish over old paint.

PUTTING A HEAD ON IT. This is a great story, said the newspaper, but I can't think of a good head for it. It's about a trusted employe, whose accounts were found to be crooked, and when he was accused of it dropped dead.

RENEWING OLD PAINT. THE VERDICT. A Coroner's jury delivered the following original verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had failed in business:—

LUDELLA CHINA TEA. If you'd care to taste how good a cup of tea can be... In Lead Packets, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60.

MEN-PAY WHEN CURED. My Electric Belt is a quick and positive cure for weakness in men. Dr. M. B. McLaughlin, 130 Yonge St., Toronto.

Hard Wood Finish. For handsome effects, smooth even surface, shiny and glossy... RAMSAY'S PAINTS. N. RAMSAY & SON, Paint Makers, MONTREAL. Est'd 1842.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY. By Investing From One Dollar to One Hundred Dollars, and HOW IT WILL GROW WHILE YOU ARE SLEEPING.

Department "W" FOX & ROSS, Mining Brokers. 19 & 21 Adelaide St. East - TORONTO. AGENTS WANTED.

RENEWING OLD PAINT. THE VERDICT. A Coroner's jury delivered the following original verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had failed in business:—

E. W. Brown. This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the inflamed gum, allays pain, cures whooping cough and the best remedy for all ailments of infancy.

CALVERT'S Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER - ENGLAND.

Metallic Ceilings. YOUR OVERCOATS. POLTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to secure best results obtainable.

Music Teachers Wanted. WEALEY, ROYCE & Co. 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS. EPPS'S GRAPEFUL COMFORTING. COCOA. BREAKFAST-SUPPER. LAW, MILLS, MILLS & HALES, Stationers, etc. Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, etc. WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING.

PERFECTLY RAW WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

A Terribly Painful Case of Burning Torturing Eczema, Which Was Thoroughly Cured by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The torture which is caused by the intense itching and burning sensations of eczema makes it one of the most distressing of ailments, while the presence of the raw flesh, which refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, adds to the misery of the sufferer.

THE BIRMALM HOTEL FREEBURY AVENUE HOUSE

How do you like your new quarters? The new tenant in the modern apartment house looked the rooms over sadly and rejoined, "These aren't quarters; these are eightths."

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"You can mould opinion, you can create political power." Says John Bright. But you cannot find a Tea equal to Blue Ribbon Ceylon.