HEART TROUBLE.

THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD BY THE SUFFERER.

The Trouble at All Times an Extremely Dangerous One—How to Promptly Relieve It.

There are many forms of heart disease, some of which manifest themselves by symptoms which are misunderstood by the sufferer and ascribed to indigestion or some similar cause, when the heart is really affected. The slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. If at times the action of the pulse is too rapid and the heart beats violently, resulting in a suffocating feeling, or, if the heart seems inclined to stop beating, the pulse becomes slow and you feel a faint, dizzy sensation, you should take the best course in the world, and that is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. You will find that the distressing symptoms promptly disappear and that the heart at all times acts normally. Mr. Adelard Lavoie, St. Pacome, Que., bears strong testimony to the value of these pills in cases of heart trouble. He says: "For nearly three years I was greatly troubled with a weak heart and in constant fear that my end would come at any time. I placed myself under a good doctor but did not get the desired relief. In fact I grew worse; the least exertion would overcome me, and finally I had to discontinue work. While in this condition a neighbor advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I procured a supply. They simply worked wonders in my case and when I had used six boxes I was again enjoying good health. I have had no sign of the trouble since and I can cheerfully recommend the pills to similar sufferers."

Blood troubles of all kinds are also cured by these famous pills. If you suffer from headaches, dizziness, languor, boils or skin diseases of any kind, your blood is in an impure condition, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are what you need. These pills are not a purgative and therefore do not weaken like medicines of that class. They are tonic in their nature and make new, rich, red blood with every dose, thus restoring health and strength to hopeless and despondent sufferers. But you must get the genuine, which always has the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BAD COMPLEXIONS.

How Cleanliness of the Skin May Be Attained.

There is really no excuse for the girl who goes around with her skin making open confession that she is a rebel against the laws of health.

There are many forms of skin disease, of course, that are beyond the control of those suffering from them. Some of these are exceedingly obscure as to their origin and obstinately resistant to treatment, and all such cases should be under the care of competent dermatologists. We have only reference in this article to those muddy, pimply, uncared-for skins too-often shown by girls who should be in the very bloom of youth and freshness, but who, through ignorance, and far too often through uncleanliness or laziness or greediness, start and maintain, sometimes through years, a condition of skin that would disgrace an Eskimo.

There is one great prescription, and one only, for a clear, bright complexion, and that is—first, last and always—bodily cleanliness, both external and internal.

Now, cleanliness of the skin is by no means attained by mere surface rubbing and scrubbing, although a certain amount of this is necessary, and many a proud, fastidious and otherwise dainty young woman needs to be told to wash her face properly.

But she neens to be told more than this. The organs of this wonderful body of ours are curiously loyal to each other. If the organ is unable to perform all the work which is put upon it, for instance the others faithfully turn in and labor to do its share as well as their own. This is a beneficent provision for the tiding over of temporary difficulties, but it was never intended in the scheme of things to become a permanent arrangement. When it has lasted long enough, the organ or organs doing extra work begin to show signs of distress. Nature is just, as well as kind, and always takes toll.

When the skin is put to it to perform part of the work that should be done by the liver, the kidneys or other organs, it must soon throw out its signal of distress in the form of sallowness, roughness and pimples.

A young woman ashamed of her complexion should try the effect of drinking more water and eating less candy, giving her digestive organs a bath and a rest. Let her then treat the face to an occasional thorough washing in soft water, using one of the good, mild soaps of which there are now so many offered. Let her also breathe plenty of fresh air, and then watch the speedy improvement that will come.

BABY CONSTIPATION.

Can Be Cured Without Resorting to Harsh Purgatives.

Constipation is a very common trouble among infants and small children—it is also one of the most distressing. The cause is some derangement of the digestive organs, and if not promptly treated is liable to lead to serious results. The little victim suffers from headache, fever, pain in the stomach and sometimes vomiting. While in this condition neither baby nor baby's mother can obtain restful sleep. If proper care is taken in feeding the child and Baby's Own Tablets are used, there will be no trouble found in curing and keeping baby free from this disorder. Mrs. T. Guymer, London, Ont., says :—"My baby was a great sufferer from constipation. She cried continually, and I was about worn out attending her. I tried several remedies, but none of them helped her till I procured some Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets worked wonders, and now she is in the best of health. I can now go about my work without being disturbed by baby's crying. I consider Baby's Own Tablets a great medicine and would advise mothers to keep them in the house for they will save baby from much suffering by curing and preventing the minor ailments common to infants and small children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They are easy to take, mild in action, promote helpful sleep and will be found a never-failing cure for constipation, baby indigestion, simple fever, diarrhoea, sour stomach, colic etc. They allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, break up colds and prevent croup. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Kitty and Gretchen Tremaine are two most charming girls. Kenneth Dugdale, crippled in a hunting accident is staying with the Tremaines and is Gretchen's especial charge.

CHAPTER V.

So it arranges itself; and though during all the intervening days it pours, and thunders, and generally misconducts itself, until one wonders dismally whether such an awful rent in the clouds can ever be stitched up again, still on the morning of the eventful Thursday the weather, as though ashamed of its churlishness, clears up suddenly, and sends a brilliant sun to dry up all its tears. The day breaks upon the world bright and glorious, full of warmth and freshness and promises of good thing to come.

Far away in the vast heavens pale clouds are sailing,—sailing into worlds unknown. Below, the scene is almost as fair; on each side emeralds, far as the eye can see. To the right a broad river like a white ribbon runs listlessly between its sandy banks; upon its edge, stooping to drink, half a score of deer add life and beauty to the already perfect picture; whilst a little higher up the drooping flowers, faint with heat lean over it as though to catch a glimpse of "their own dear loveliness."

Coming quickly round a rocky corner studded with ferns, the Tremaines find themselves at the entrance to a piece of soft lawn, made circular by a band of giant oaks that have grown there of their own accord for generations. It is a favorite wood at Coolmore, a pretty freak of fanciful Nature, what the children would call a "veritable fairy's ball-room."

Everybody has arrived before them, and every one is very hungry. The history of one is every history of every other picnic that one need hardly enlarge on this particular one. They all sit about in impossible attitudes and try to think they are graceful. All the men get as close to the women they most affect, as circumstances will permit; there is a blessed lack of formality; and there are unlimited flies in all the glasses.

There are the usual number of heart-aches; and Jealousy, in its green and ugly rags, stalks about rampant. Give me a picnic as the most promising thing on earth for the creation and promotion of quarrels of all sorts! Scarlett, who has got himself up in the very lightest of all possible tweed suits, with a view to furthering his cause and making himself irresistible in the eyes of his beloved, is utterly and openly wretched, because Gretchen, in the goodness of her heart, is listening with apparent interest to the animated conversation of a tall and lanky young man with a bright dark ugly face and one expressive eye; the other has withdrawn itself behind a green shade,—at least one charitably hopes so, though really whether it is there or elsewhere is a matter for speculation. To Scarlett, who persists in calling him "the man with the eye" in spite of the fact that he may be the man without it, he seems a very poor creature indeed. "Not a thing to recommend him, don't you know, and about the shabbiest old traveling suit on him you ever saw in your life. I really think girls like fellows without legs and arms, or any feature to speak of. I'm positive she is pitying him now with all her might; and, if she only knew it, I dare say he had that eye gouged out in some disgraceful rowdy fight." So muses Tom Scarlett, wrathfully, whilst devouring his unoffending mustache.

Sir John Blunden has secured himself a place near Kitty; but Miss Tremaine has also secured herself a companion for her other side, to whom she is making herself intensely agreeable. Her smiles are no longer wholly for Sir John; her looks wander from his. Once or twice, so interested is she in her new friend, who is of the scientific order, that she has even failed to hear Sir John's voice when he has addressed her.

This sort of treatment is new to Blunden, who has been accustomed to think of Kitty as his own especial property and to believe firmly in her affection for him. It is quite three weeks since he told Arthur Blunden (who has gone away for an indefinite period to some uninhabitable part of the globe, no one knows where) of his fixed determination to settle down and marry handsome Kitty Tremaine. But as yet he has not proposed; perhaps because he feels so sure of her, and of his own love for her; perhaps because things are so pleasant now, and if a change be made who shall say if things will ever be as pleasant again? perhaps because it is such a bore nowadays to take any decisive step or to be much in earnest about anything.

To-day Sir John feels more in earnest than he has felt for years. Can he have mistaken her? Has he made too sure? At this moment it occurs to him with startling force that life without Kitty Tremaine will be a very poor thing indeed. When, therefore, Kitty has actually proved herself so engrossed by her new companion as to turn a deaf ear to his third remark, Sir John loses patience, and, putting his glass in his eye, turns an indignant glance upon the man on the other side, and tells himself with some gusto that he is an "ill-looking brute," and wonders angrily "what Kitty can see in him."

He makes one more feeble effort at reassertion by asking her in a rather stern tone "if he can do anything for her;" and when she says "No, thanks very much," sweetly, but absently, and with evident haste, he rises, and, crossing to where Tom Scarlett is glowering upon space, flings himself down beside him and says something about champagne.

"I can't say I see the fun that other people seem to see in picnics," says Scarlett, gloomily.

"They're a beastly nuisance; and one never knows whom one may meet," returns Blunden, with heartfelt meaning, whereupon they feel even more friendly towards each other than before, and grow sympathetic on the spot.

Dinner is at an end, and all have risen to their feet. Kitty, having tired of science, gives just one small glance in Sir John's direction, which in spite of pride and wounded affection brings him to her side at once. He comes,—slowly, it is true, but still he comes,— and Miss Tremaine acknowledges his approach with her brightest smile, which, however, is not reciprocated.

"You won't care to come for a walk with me, I suppose?" he says, coldly. "All the week I kept thinking that perhaps you might like to see the old ruin on the hill again,—there is a fine view from it,—and that you would like me to show it to you. But no doubt your scientific friend will be more at home there and far more interesting than I should be. He'll be able to tell you all about it,—the proper dates, you know, and whether it is an Elizabethan, or a Norman, or a Gothic structure."

This elaborate piece of scathing sarcasm is delivered with much unction.

"How silly you are!" says Kitty, softly. "I had quite made up my mind to see the dear old ruin to-day; but if you won't take me I shall go with no one. Don't be unkind, Jack."

It is only on very rare occasions she makes use of his Christian name, and now he accepts her mention of it as an apology for her late evil behavior, and grows instantly radiant.

"Do you mean that?" he asks, and is assured by a swift but very friendly glance. "Come on, then," he says, eagerly; "let us get there before the others. But I think you needn't have been so awfully unkind all through dinner, you know."

So they walked away together through the rustling autumn leaves and snapping underwood towards the old haunt in question. And as they go a silence strange yet full of a rare content falls upon them. Sir John lights his cigar, Miss Tremaine plucks the stray, wild grasses as she goes, but no word breaks the stillness of the evening as they pass by rippling streams, and under branching trees, through brake and fern, until they reach the summit of the hill. Once as they step across a tiny rivulet, a very baby of a stream, that full of glad song rushes babbling onwards through flowery meads straight to the arms of its mother the river, Sir John takes her hand to help her over it, and, having taken, retains it, until at length the ruins rise before them grand and stately even in decay.

Kitty, seating herself upon a huge stone, sighs gently and looks around her. The walk has brought a faint flush into her cheeks, a brightness to her eyes; a lurking softness curves the corners of her lips, making her perfect mouth even more lovable than usual. The evening is falling. Afar in the thicket a solitary bird gives forth its music, breaking into song half tinged with melancholy. Some sudden thought strikes Sir John; straightening himself, he goes up to Kitty and stands beside her.

She starts a little as he comes close to her, as one might whose thoughts were far away, and turns up her beautiful eyes to his.

"I thought you were going to speak to me," she says, as though in apology for the involuntary start.

"So I am," says Blunden, quietly. "I have been thinking, Kitty that I should like to make you a present, if I was quite sure you would accept it."

"Be absolutely certain then," says Miss Tremaine, without hesitation, all unconscious of what is coming. "I perfectly adore getting presents."

"You promise then, to accept mine?"

"Indeed I shall,—if it is a nice one."

"It is, rather. I want to give you"—he waves his hand slightly towards the rich and glowing landscape that lies all round and far below them—"all this."

Kitty flushes crimson. She rises slowly to her feet, and, after one irrepressible glance, turns her face away, so that he can only see the clearly-cut profile.

"Well, that is a present!" she says in a low tone, with a rather nervous laugh. "It is not every day one gets an estate thrown at one's head."

"At one's heart," corrects he. "There is only one trifling obstacle in the way of your accepting it——"

"And that is——"

"Its present master. If you do consent to take it, I am afraid you must take me with it." He has spoken without any appearance of haste, but now he pitches away the unoffending cigar and moves so that in spite of her late effort to avoid his scrutiny her eyes must meet his. "Look here, Kitty," he says: "I like you better than any woman I ever met. Will you marry me?"

"What a proposal!" returns she, with a little pale smile. "It quite destroys all one's previous notions of the fitness of things. I certainly thought when you did make up your mind to lay your hand and fortune at my feet, you would have done it in some more orthodox fashion."

"You thought I should propose then?"

"I knew it"—calmly,—"I felt sure of it." She is piqued at the apparent coolness of his manner.

"And—did you feel equally sure you should say 'Yes' when the time came?"

"I have not said yes yet," replies she, with undiminished calm.

Sir John regards her curiously. There is surprise, disquietude, even admiration, in k;s glance, and perhaps a little offense.

"I wonder if you care in the very least for me?" he asks presently.

"I wonder if you care for me?"—hastily.

"I think you may be utterly sure of that," replies he, with some warmth. "There is nothing on earth more certain."

"Are you quite sure, Jack, you are not asking me to marry you because you feel it your duty to settle down, and because I have a handsome face?"

"If you are going into morals," says Jack, "you will floor me at once. I fancied" — reproachfully—"you knew me well enough to understand that duty and I are two. As to settling down, I am not dreaming of doing that. You know you wouldn't like it, and I don't see why a fellow can't enjoy himself quite as much after his marriage as before, if—er—people are only reasonable. And I should like you, Kitty, to take as much good out of your life as it is capable of affording you."

"I dare say I should be able to manage that," says Kitty, more mildly.

"Then as to the eventual ownership of Coolmore,—why, if I never marry there is always Arthur. However you may doubt my affection for —for others, you must at least believe in my regard for him; and if he should inherit the estate, dear old boy, I only hope it may do him good. With reference to your other question, I dare say there is something in it. I detest ugly women, as you know, and you, I think, have quite the most beautiful face in the world. That is certainly one reason why I love you."

"And yet"—wistfully—"it is quite ten minutes ago since we began this conversation and until now you have never mentioned the word 'love.'"

"While you"—quickly—"have never mentioned it at all."

"How could I? I was waiting to be questioned. You said, 'Will you marry me?' You never said, 'Do you love me?' and, what is far worse you did not say, 'I love you.'"

"Perhaps it was because I saw so little necessity for saying it that I forgot it. You must know—you have known for a long time, Kitty—how dearly I love you."

A slight moisture dims her eyes, the hand that rests in his trembles, a quiver supplants the smile upon her lips.

"You are unlike all other women" says Blunden, with sudden and oassionate tenderness, that, coming from one usually so nonchalant and careless, seems doubly earnest. "You are far above the very best I ever met. My sweet—my darling,—never again, however silent I may be on the subject, doubt my love for you. And you, Kitty, tell me with your own lips that you return my love."

"I have loved you for a long time," whispers Kitty, in soft lingering tones that only reach his ear as he stoops to hear them.

"Do you know you have not accepted me yet?" says Sir John presently, when they have partially come to their senses, and to a tardy recognition of the fact that after all the earth has not given place to heaven.

"No? Then I sha'n't commit myself any farther," says Miss Tremaine with a gay laugh. "They say it is a wise thing always to leave one's-self a loop-hole by which to escape. I shall certainly not bind myself by any more rash promises. I consider I have said quite enough for one day."

To be Continued.

KENIAN ETON JACKET.

This Eton jacket is one of the smartest designs of the new season. It will develop in any material from cardinal red broadcloth to black silk and will look attractively natty made of white broadcloth. The lines are somewhat equestrian in their severity, but the woman with the good straight, tapering figure will find the style particularly becoming to her.

Quantities of material required: 32 and 34 bust measure will require one and three-fourths yards of goods fifty-four inches wide, and one-fourth yard of velvet cut on the bias to face the collar and cuffs.

36 bust measure will require two and one-fourth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide and one-fourth yard of velvet.

38 and 40 bust measure will require two and one-fourth yards of goods fifty-four inches wide, and one-third yard of velvet. Two buttons.

WONDERFUL TREES.

Produce Genuine Cows' Milk and the Pan to Boil It In.

No doubt everyone would consider it a great boon to have a tree in their back garden which every morning on being tapped yielded a liberal supply of fresh and luscious milk equal to and almost indistinguishable from genuine cows' milk, without any fear of adulteration from "the cow with the iron tail."

Such a privilege is enjoyed by the inhabitants of South America or at least the tropical parts of it, where the cow-tree (which has been graphically described by Humboldt) grows wild in the forests. All that is necessary is to make a few incisions in the trunk and the milk flows freely, no further trouble being required except to hold a bowl or other receptacle for it to run into. It is in the early morning that the juice flows most freely—just the time when it is required, a fact that will be duly appreciated by the servant-girl who is awakened from her slumbers to receive the matutinal visit of the milkman.

The bowls generally used by the natives of South America to collect the precious beverage are the "calabashes" peculiar to tropical America. These are nothing else but natural pots and pans. The tree that supplies the calabash grows wild, but it is also cultivated, when it produces larger gourds. These gourds, the fruit of the tree, are of spherical or oval shape, and often more than a foot in diameter. The outer shell is extremely hard, so that they are not only unbreakable, but will also resist the action of fire, and are used for cooking-pots by the Indians and negroes of

TROPICAL AMERICA.

All that is necessary is to saw the fruit in half and scoop out the pulp it contains, when each half forms a vessel which can be used either as a bowl or cooking-pot. The gourds, when not used for cooking are often carved or painted with artistic designs.

The tree which yields the milk is a near relative of that which produces the India-rubber of commerce, which is nothing more than the coagulated milk or sap. And apropos of this a short anecdote may be told which will be interesting to tectotalers and of vital importance to tipplers who may visit that part of the world. A planter of Demerara, whilst hunting in the woods with a negro servant, was overcome with thirst, and tapped a cow-tree in order to obtain a supply of milk. Of this he drank a large quantity, qualifying it with a nip of brandy from his flask, and after partaking of this he sat down to rest in the shade. Shortly afterward he was attacked by the most acute pains and had to be taken home, where he expired after terrible suffering. A post-mortem revealed the fact that the unfortunate man's intestines had been literally sealed up with india-rubber, the brandy which he put into the milk having had the effect of solidifying it and turning it into a substance resembling india-rubber.

THE POPLIN INDUSTRY.

One of the peculiar industries of Ireland which has recently received a fresh stimulus is the manufacture of poplin, a kind of goods in which silk and wool are so combined that the silk constitutes the surfaces and the wool the interior part. The silk comes from China, but it is all dyed in Dublin, because they aver in the Irish capital that there is some quality in the Dublin water which insures a brilliance and permanence of color that has not been attained elsewhere.

Husband—"After all, civilization has its drawbacks. People in the savage state seldom get ill." Wife (sweetly)—"I wonder if that's the reason you are so healthy ?"

SUNLIGHT SOAP
REDUCES EXPENSE

If your Grocer cannot supply write to LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, sending the name and address of your grocer, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free.

Ask for the Octagon Bar 205

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

LASTING MANURES.

The farm papers often mention "lasting" manures, and in fact, the expression is found in several so-called expert books on farming. By "lasting manure" is meant one which lasts a long time. Now plant food is just as definite a substance as dollars. If there is any process by means of which one dollar can be made to do the work of two, the result being the same in every instance, then the world wants to know it, and wants it badly. Two dollars will buy two bushels of wheat; to illustrate, now, or one bushel now and another next year. That is just the principle of lasting manures. It means a manurial substance which refuses to give up its plant food for an immediate crop, but will give it up to plants little by little, depending upon the condition of the soil, weather, etc. In fact, it keeps on giving it up when plants have no need for it.

If a man has just sufficient food for one day, and makes it last for two, he is practicing starvation. There are two evils in this "lasting" business; first, a plant food so insoluble and so resistent to the forces of decay in the soil, that though it may be correctly balanced, it is useless as plant food because the plant cannot get the food; second, plant food in the soil not properly balanced, that is, containing say ample supplies of ammonia and phosphoric acid, but short of potash. In this case, no considerable crop can be made because there is no potash to go with the ammonia and phosphate. Of course, it is well known that plants cannot grow unless they have all three of the elements of plant food.

Farmers should beware of lasting manures. They are apt to make a bad showing in off years, and are responsible for a great deal of lightweight grain, immature hay, etc. Farm yard manure is valuable, though it is more or less lasting, but with phosphates and potash added it ceases to be lasting; that is, it gives up its plant food to crops,—that is what it is for. The aim of modern agriculture is, if possible, to get 40 bushels of wheat per acre, not 20 bushels per acre for two years. To deal in lasting manures means the latter.

HOTBEDS FOR HOME USE.

In making a hotbed the conditions of soil, location and climate are to be taken into consideration. The main things to acquire are heat and sunlight. If on a wet or heavy soil it is better to make the bed on the surface of the ground. For illustration, if the frame is 6x16 feet, put the manure on the ground evenly 10x20 feet, place the frame on this and cover with sash. Cover nights with mats or boards until you have a proper and even heat. Make the seedbed of good, rich soil or compost about 4 inches deep, cover as before until all is warm, then sow the seed. Use horse manure that has not been burned or heated. The thickness of manure in bed should be governed by circumstances. If the bed is made early and in a cold climate, it will require more manure to hold the heat, than if made later or in a warmer climate.

The frame can be made of sound inch-lumber or thicker if desired. The upper side should be 16 inches high and the lower 11 inches. That will give slant enough. If given more pitch the heat, will rise to the upper side and the plants will not grow even. The end boards should be put on 1 or 2 inches higher than the sides to keep out the cold, put the crosspieces on ties where the sashes join. The sash can slide on these, at same time keep out cold. If you wish a frame to take apart and pack away while not in use, put in small corner posts and bolt together with small carriage bolts. Boxes 14x24 inches and 3 inches deep made of ⅞-lumber with ⅞ ends, filled with soil are handy. Cabbage, cauliflowers tomato, or any plants necessary to harden or remove to cold frame and prepare to set in open ground can be sown and handled in this way.

REGULAR MILKING.

One of the elements of doing one's best in dairying consists in milking regularly at the same hours each day. Just how milk is elaborated is not very certain, but much of it is probably made during milking time, as this theory explains a good many things about milk, although not all of them. It does not explain the painfully full udder, for example, that comes when a cow in full milk is allowed to go beyond her milking time. Still, it is a demonstrated fact that milking should be regular to produce the largest results. It is a noteworthy fact, where careful observation is made, that cows never yield quite as much on Sunday morning as they do week days, and this not because they are not as willing to work on Sunday as on other days, but because the milkers usually sleep a little later on Sunday than on other days. And not only should the milking be regular as to the hour when it takes place each morning and evening, but if one milker milks several cows he should milk them in the same order each time. Each cow knows her turn and expects to be milked in turn; if she is not she becomes uneasy and anything that makes her uneasy affects the yield. She should be milked in the same way, too. If her habit is to be milked two teats on a side at a time she should always be milked that way. If it is the custom to put feed before the cow during the milking it should always be done or the bad effect of not doing so will be seen in the pail. Variations in the milker's temper will also cause variations in the yield. In short, regularity in every detail is necessary to regularly large production.

PEOPLE WHO EAT CLOVER.

Some of the Indians in Mendocino County, California, use clover as an article of food. They eat it as animals do, leaves, stems, flower heads and all. They can be seen in the clover fields eating the fragrant grass by handfuls. They also make use of many plants, such as seaweeds, fungi, lichens, ferns and conifers, that white people neglect, employing some for their fibres, others for their medicinal properties, and others for the nutritious value of their seeds.

The largest serpent ever measured was a Mexican anaconda, found to be 37 feet in length. It was measured by Dr. Gardner.

GREATEST OIL SPOUTER.

It Pours Out 2,000,000 Gallons Before It Quiets Down.

The Russians assert that they struck the biggest oil spouter in the Baku petroleum fields last fall that was ever tapped. They sank a new well in the Bibi-Eibat district about three miles southwest of Baku and reached a depth of 1,800 feet before they struck oil. Then it went to spouting and is said to have been the largest producer for the first two or three days that was ever struck. It is accredited with 180,000 barrels a day for nearly three days and then the flow diminished a little, but it continued flowing until it had produced over 2,000,000 barrels. This happened in November last.

Before the well stopped flowing another big one was struck in the Romani district about ten miles northeast of Baku. This spouter produced nearly 1,000,000 barrels and was still flowing at the rate of about 25,000 barrels a day on Jan. 31 last. These were the two great spouters of the Russian oil fields last year.

Remarkable as it may appear, it is said that the owners of the big well which produced more than 2,000,000 barrels in a little over thirty days lost money by this extraordinary outpouring. This would seem impossible without explanation. In the first place the well could not be controlled. High winds were blowing nearly all the time and every house near the well as well as all the buildings in the village, more than a mile away, was deluged. It is said that the owners of the well must pay for repainting all the houses in the village. The owners had to pay the Government a royalty of two and a half cents for every five gallons of oil, and they could not sell the oil they saved at a profit of more than about a quarter of a cent per five gallons above the royalty and their expenses. It is said that this meagre profit did not even pay the heavy damages that had to be disbursed to the aggrieved property owners.

This is not the first time that the village mentioned has been damaged by a flowing well. Some years ago a well in the same district sent a spray of oil to this village and the owner of the well had to pay damages amounting to $50,000, as he was compelled to repaint the entire village, including a fine Russian church.

PLASTERS FAILED.

LINIMENTS, OILS AND MANY OTHER MEDICINES DID NO GOOD.

A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of His Efforts to Cure His Kidney Trouble.—He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines But Only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N.B., April 7.—(Special)—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement of his experience in his efforts to be cured of Kidney Trouble which has bothered him for many years.

At times he would have very bad spells, and when these came on he was almost laid up.

He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to help him in the least.

Plasters, oils, liniments on the outside and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally seem to have but one result. He was no better.

Finally through reading an advertisement he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says :

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials, I concluded to try them according to directions.

"I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills could or would help me. However, I did not use them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them.

"I have received more benefit from them than from any other medicine I have ever used, for they seem to have made a complete cure of my case.

"I feel as well as ever I did and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me ever so long.

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in this neighborhood and there are but few who have not been aware of his serious illness.

Everyone is delighted at his improved health and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills even more popular in this neighborhood than they have been.

MIXED.

In some parts of Germany it is the custom to send congratulatory telegrams to friends at a distance who are being married. That is, the message is timed to arrive just after the ceremony and during the feast which usually follows.

Now, a certain man, a large farmer, was about to be married, and shortly before the time he heard that one of his cattle had strayed. It being a valuable animal, he told his bailiff to let him know at once when it was found.

The bailiff, being an economical man, combined the two affairs, and the happy bridegroom received the following message just as they all sat down to dinner :—

"Congratulation ! The beast is caught !"

It is fair to conclude that the telegram afforded at least as much gratification to the assembled guests as to the actual recipient himself.

Enthusiastic (but short-sighted) Lady Artist—"My good man, what are those beautiful waving objects near those trees, rivalling the latter themselves in grace and beauty of outline, making such a beautiful variety in the landscape, and seeming to hang 'twixt earth and Heaven ?" Laborer (gruffly)—"Shirts."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.

Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

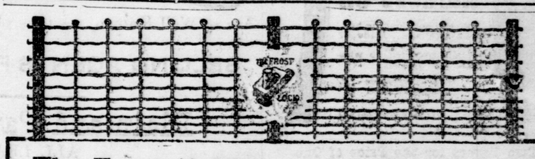
Water is the only substance which expands with both heat and cold. It is the heaviest at a temperature 7 degrees above freezing-point.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

The average Scotchman weighs 165 pounds ; the Welshman, 158 pounds; the Englishman, 155 pounds ; and the Irishman, 154 pounds.

It's sad to think how much good money is spent on bad tea despite the fact that Blue Ribbon is in every store

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green



The Frost 10 Wire and 6 Stay Fence

is the strongest and heaviest wire fence made—good openings for good agents; write us at once for terms. Ask for catalog.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO., - - WELLAND, ONT. 2

MAPLE SYRUP We are handling large quantities. We can handle yours to advantage.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

Consignments of Butter, Eggs, Apples and other Produce Solicited.

HERE'S A PAINT

To make you glad when you see it on your house, and how it wears as paint never did wear before.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

Are made from materials that do wear, that outlast all others, that stand up clean and bright for years, easy to work, economical, handy cans, and at the right price for the best paint.

Drop us a card and ask for BOOKLET "K" FREE.

showing how some homes are painted.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Estab. 1842 MONTREAL Paint Makers

GERMS IN YOUR MAIL.

The Lancet Warns Readers Against Microbes.

Once again the London Lancet has been trying to make its readers' flesh creep. Many persons have their morning letters placed on the breakfast table. "This plan, from a sanitary point of view, is," the Lancet says, "appalling."

"In nine cases out of ten the envelope bearing the letter is licked, as is also the stamp, by the sender. Infection, therefore, may readily lurk there, especially as by the time the letter reaches its destination the stamp and sealed cover are dry, and any materia morbi would be easily detached.

"Then there are the disks of infection to which the letter is exposed in transit. The sorter at the post office or the postman may not be as bacteriologically clean as desirable. The dust of the road may adhere to any exposed gum or the letters may be dropped. Bacteriologically road dust exhibits some well known pathogenic organisms. Letters are too frequently smeared with road mud. Among the microbes recognized in road sweepings are those of pus, malignant oedema, tetanus, tuberculosis and septicaemia."

Surely this is piling up the agony a little too high. Where, one wonders, will the Lancet find deadly dangers lurking next ?

All the strongest animals are vegetarians, the elephant being the most powerful, and the rhinoceros next. The swiftest, the horse and antelope, are also vegetarians. Vegetarian creatures also live much longer than meat-eaters.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Mrs. Bargandy—"Will these socks wear well ?" Saleslady—"Will they wear well ? Why, they've been on this counter for nearly two days and there isn't a hole in them yet !"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mrs. De Style—"Wasn't the performance just delightful ?" Mr. De Style—"Yes; and it was really a great pleasure for me just to sit beside you." Mrs. De Style—"Indeed ? How gallant you are all at once." Mr. De Style—"Yes ; I should have hated to sit behind you."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Thoroughly draining a piece of land raises its average temperature about 3 degrees, thus being equivalent to transporting it 150 miles southwards.

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure. No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Hook—"Jones is the most melancholy fellow I know." Rook—"I should think so, indeed. He proposed to a girl once by asking how she would like to be his widow."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Thirty-six per cent. of Britain's revenue is from the tax on drink ; and 29 per cent. of that of the United States.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

The average man is at his weakest from a muscular point of view, when he rises in the morning. His strength is greater after the midday meal.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

No other people eat so much butter as the British. Thirteen pounds is the yearly portion of every man, woman and child of the country. An average Russian gets two pounds in the same period.

CONSUMPTION
Prevented and Cured.

Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

FREE.

Do you cough?
Do your lungs pain you ?
Is your throat sore and inflamed?
Do you spit up phlegm?
Does your head ache?
Is your appetite bad?
Are your lungs delicate?
Are you losing flesh?
Are you pale and thin?
Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

The sun's flames spring at times to a distance of 350,000 miles from its surface.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

The robin is usually the last of our British birds to go to roost.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Widows in Great Britain outnumber widowers by almost exactly two to one.

W P C. 1126

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

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FOR SALE.—Two 2-revolution Campbell Presses, bed 40x56 inches. Splendid order. Price $1,000 each. Terms easy.

S. FRANK WILSON,
73 West Adelaide St., Toronto

BOYS BRIGADE
Bugle Band
Instruments, Bugles, Fifes, Drums, Caps, etc.
EVERY TOWN OR SCHOOL
Can have a Fife and Drum or Bugle Band.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Illustrated price-list mailed free. Write us for ANYTHING in MUSIC or MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Limited
Winnipeg, Man. Toronto, Canada

CATARRH
This nauseating disease is due to neglected cold, causing inflamed membrane. Gileadine cures all INFLAMMATION. No irritation, no