MONTHS OF PAIN

CAUSED BY A TUMOR OF THE BREAST.

Mrs. J. M. Timbers, of Hawkesbury, Tells How She Obtained Relief After Doctors Had Failed.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Mrs. James M. Timbers is well known to nearly everybody in Hawkesbury, Vankleek Hill and surrounding country. She was born in Vankleek Hill, but since her marriage, twelve years ago, has lived in Hawkesbury, and is greatly esteemed by all who know her. Mrs. Timbers is one of the many thousands who have proved the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers. She says :—"While nursing my first child I suffered from a nursing tumor under the left breast. The first symptom was a sharp pain followed by a growth, which gradually increased in size until it became as large as an egg. It was exceedingly painful and caused me great suffering. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicine, but it did me no good. Then I consulted another doctor, who said I would have to undergo an operation. In the meantime, however, the tumor broke, but would not heal, and as a result I was feeling very much run down. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using these. I soon felt that they were giving me increased strength, and after using a few boxes, the tumor disappeared, and I was as well as ever I had been. My health has since been good, and I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure troubles like the above, because they make rich, red blood and drive all impurities from the system. Through their action on the blood they also cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, scrofula, skin eruptions, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine always bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

Great Doings When the Giant Walked on Stilts.

"Oh, yes," said the old circus man "we tried the great giant on stilts. As a matter of fact, his stilt walking was one of the greatest things he did ; but for all that he did it only one season, on account of the risk to the giant involved in it.

"Of course, the stilt business was an outdoor act ; and, as far as that goes, there wasn't always room for it even there; that is, where we wanted to give it. The giant's stilt walking was commonly done in our circus parade before the beginning of the show ; the giant marching at the head of the procession. Whether he could do that or not depended on how the trees were along the line of march.

"I'll never forget the scare we had once in a town out West, when the giant was walking in the parade, over a runaway along the line of march, a pair of horses hooked to a farm waggon. This farmer had got his team, as plenty more had for that matter, hauled up at the side of the street to see the parade go by, and the horses were all right, and they'd ha' stayed all right, if it hadn't just so happened that the steam calliope man started up a tune on the calliope just as he came abreast of them.

"That made all the horses around there cavort more or less, but it seemed to throw those two old plough nags plumb off their balance; and before you could think they were off on the dead jump along the street toward the head of the line, with the old farmer sawing on 'em as hard as he could, but without any sort of effect; and away they went, two wild horses, with a farm waggon swinging and bobbing around behind them, and occupying pretty much the whole road, bearing straight down on the great giant walking ahead there on his stilts.

"Did the giant get lost in this excitement ? Not for a minute. Just one look back when he heard the clatter and what do you suppose he did ?

"Why, he didn't even try to get out of the way. He just spread his feet, or rather, his stilts apart, so that the foot of one was in the gutter on one side of the street, and the foot of the other in the gutter on the other, and let the runaway team go under him between them.

"But slick and easy as the great giant had come out of this danger the old man was all wrought up over what might have happened from it ; and he said right then that one more straw and we'd cut out the stilt act for good. Funny, but we got that straw the very next day.

"In this town it was clear sailing for the giant all along the route except at just one point, where two old trees with low-hanging branches made the street impassible."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure All Minor Ills, and Bring Joy and Comfort to Baby and Mother.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles of children. They act quickly and gently, and always cure indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says —"Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, and I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and have tried nearly all the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets."

The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

BAMBOO LIGHTHOUSES.

The French Consul at Batavia lays stress on the importance of bamboo as a material for constructing builders' scaffolding, and he states that in Java even a lighthouse has been built with its help. The power of resistance of a bamboo cane measuring 8 inches to 10 inches in diameter, even with a length of 65 feet, is enormous. Moreover, bamboo is said not to rot either when in the ground or in water, while the drier and older it grows the firmer it becomes.

There are 798 distinct species of roses in existence.

A Scourge of Doubt.

OR.....

THE ERROR OF LADY BLUNDEN.

CHAPTER XIV.

The band at Mrs. Redesdale's ball is playing Mon reve softly and with exquisite meaning. Pretty women are waltzing lightly and smiling sweetly, and doing all the damage that lips (false, but perfect) can do. The rooms are crowded. Here and there great banks of greenest moss make beds for roses that lie upon them in all their cream and pink and crimson beauty, sleepily bringing forth their perfume.

Sir John is dancing rather more often than is good for him with Fancy Charteris,—so often that Arthur Blunden's frown deepens, and his breath comes a little hard, and a shade falls and settles upon his face.

"It is impossible she can mean it," he mutters, in a miserably uncertain tone; and then he goes over to Fancy and claims her for the next dance which is his. When it is over, she glances at him mischievously.

"What misfortune has befallen you?" she asked. "You remind one of a man in a picture by somebody called 'Doleful Dumps.'" (Fancy is always delightfully vague).

"'Man is born to misfortune,' — you know that," returns he, with a half smile. "But — but I wish you would not dance again with Blunden."

"With whom? Blunden? Do you mean yourself? I'm sure" — in an aggrieved tone — "I haven't danced so very often with you that you need take me to task. And, besides, I didn't ask you."

"Nonsense," he says, a little brusquely. "You know I mean Sir John."

"I know nothing, except that you always talk conundrums, and they are very wearying to the constitution. I, for one, never guessed one in my life. So you may as well tell me the answer to this: Why am I not to dance with Sir John?"

"At least it is unkind to me," says Arthur, desperately. "If for no other reason, do not dance with him again, for my sake."

Mrs. Charteris changes color.

"Now, why did you not say all that before?" she says, with a very sweet smile, that lingers on him, and which, in conjunction with the blush, renders her lovely. "It is quite another thing. Yes, to please you, I promise not to dance again, with Sir John to-night."

"Fancy," says Arthur, his heart beating quickly at this unexpected surrender, "if I dared hope——"

What he dares is lost, as Brandy at this instant makes his presence felt; and at his heels, hard following, comes Dandy.

"Do not let us waste any more of this music," Blunden says, half impatiently; and Mrs. Charteris, laying her hand on his arm, moves towards the ball-room. Seeing Sir John coming towards them at the close of this dance, as they stand together in a conservatory, Arthur says, hurriedly,—

"Remember your promise."

"Do you distrust me?" returns she, with a little frown so full of reproach that as Sir John reaches her Arthur moves away to a distance that places him quite beyond hearing, and leaves her her freedom to accept or reject his cousin's attentions.

Yet Sir John, for once, pleads in vain for a dance. "Her card is full, —quite full. No, he need not look; He must believe her when she says so. It is so strange, then, that no vacant place should be seen on her programme?"

"Is that a dismissal?" demands he, with a little laugh.

"If you wish to think so," retorts she, with a faint grimace. And, being at times master of some wisdom, he takes the hint and departs.

Sir John has disappeared. Dandy and Brandy are somewhat aloof. Arthur, telling her she looks tired, leads the way to a small room, half boudoir, half conservatory, so full it is with flowers, that lies off the ball-room.

"What a cozy little nook! Just like Laura, is it not?" asks Fancy, as they enter. But he does not answer. Glancing at him in surprise, she sees a look in his face (she has seen it pretty often) that stays all further remarks, and renders her on the present occasion — almost nervous.

Fancy pales perceptibly and shrinks from him. For an instant she raises her eyes to his and then lets them fall again, as though to conceal from him the triumph and satisfaction that fill them, — and something else, perhaps, stronger and purer than either of these.

"Do not turn from me," says Arthur, quickly. "Let me speak now, here. I have so much to say; and yet" — impatiently — "I know not how to say it. I feel tongue-tied, incapable. But why need I bore you with mere words? The whole thing lies in one short sentence: I love you."

"Oh, no," says Mrs. Charteris, slowly. And now in her expressive eyes triumph has certainly gained the day. "You forget; how could you have imagined it possible to love 'that sort of person?'"

Her victory is complete. His color darkens, deepens. He drops her hands, nay, almost flings them from him; so that a rose she holds falls sadly to the ground. Something in her face, in her manner, has betrayed to him the truth.

"You mean ——" he begins huskily.

But she interrupts him with sudden haste:

"Nothing — nothing, indeed. And you" — demurely — "I am sure mean just as little."

"I am not one to care about the 'quip courteous,'" returns he, sternly. "You know as well as I do what I mean. Tell the truth now at last. Have you led me up to this point only to refuse me? Are you so paltry that the mere satisfaction of a poor revenge could tempt you to wreck another's happiness — the happiness, too, of one who trusted you?"

She is silent.

"Speak," says Arthur, with increasing sternness. But still she remains speechless.

Her hands—now empty of flowers—are clasped and hang closely before her. Her head is bent; her face is white as snow that drifts in winter. She is a little frightened for the first time in all her life, and her heart beats violently.

"Let us end it now forever, one way or the other," says Blunden, with sudden calm. "Am I to understand that all your pretty looks and flattering words were lies? — that from the first you calculated on this moment?"

"Yes — but——," confesses she, hurriedly, yet full of an eager anxiety to explain some thought, some feeling that rests deep down within her heart. But he will not listen.

"No; no more! it is too late!" he exclaims, with a gesture that has in it something of loathing; and, turning from her, he lays his arms upon the sash of the window and hides his face upon them. "I sha'n't see you for some time again," he goes on hurriedly. "Never again, I think — I hope——"

"After to-morrow," interrupts she, quickly. "You promised to bring me flowers for Lady Cardine's ball. Have you forgotten? You must not disappoint me."

"No. You shall have them."

"And you will bring them to-morrow?"

"Certainly I shall not." says Arthur, with a heavy frown. "What! is your game not yet played out? Have you no compassion? Is my punishment so incomplete, then, that you desire to prolong it? No, you shall have your flowers, but I shall not bring them."

"Do come to-morrow," she says, in a little whisper, raising her eyes to his for a moment. They were drowned in tears. Her words are tender, her manner is beseeching. Blunden, losing his head, stoops forward, and, taking her in his arms, kisses her once passionately. Then he releases her, and, before she can recover her self-possession, is gone, leaving Beauty half startled, half angry, and with her soft cheeks wet with the common signs of woe.

Perhaps—though she would have died rather than confess it even to herself—her greatest grief lies in the discovery that he really is gone out of reach of all witcheries and enslaving arts. She dries her eyes with pensive care, and, sinking into a cozy little chair, reviews the situation.

"Well, at least I have had my revenge," she says, half aloud, tapping the back of one hand lightly against the back of the other. "Yes, a revenge. It is sweet, they say, especially to women. Why, then I can't be half a woman, so little sweet it seems to me. Perhaps I have not had revenge enough. That may be it. And yet—— Yes, I should like to make him propose to me a second time all over again; and—and —of course—of course I should give him just the same answer then."

Gretchen, who has refused to dance all night, with saddened face is standing alone, not watching the pretty forms flitting past her, but looking rather into the realm of grief and bewilderment and quick love we call our hearts, when a voice addressing her brings her back for the moment to a day long past. She starts slightly, and, raising her head, sees Scarlett—now Lord Danvers—standing beside her.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Dugdale?" he says, holding out his hand in a fashion half supercilious, half imploring. His face is very pale; and Gretchen, as she returns his greeting mechanically lays her hand in his, having believed him in Italy.

"Will you not speak to me?" says Scarlett, quietly, but with evident agitation.

"I am glad to see you," says Gretchen, very gently.

"Are you, honestly? I suppose," —with an unlovely laugh — "I am not yet forgiuen my heinous crime, as your tone belies your words."

There is an expression in his handsome face — not so much dissipation as discontent—that makes her sorry for him.

"You mistake me," she says, with kind earnestness. "I am indeed glad to see you looking well."

"You modify your first words," he says, determined to misconstrue her meaning. "You were always, if I remember rightly, candor itself. 'Glad to see me' and 'Glad to see me well' bear different meanings. You would, perhaps, have been even nearer the truth had you gone a little farther and said you would be glad to see me—well, at a distance."

"How changed you are, Tom!" says Gretchen, with sweetest reproach. And then Tom gives in, and takes her down to her carriage in utter silence, but with a heart filled to overflowing. So does she transform—by one tender speech — a possible enemy into a life-long friend.

Stealing past Kenneth's door on tiptoe (having dismissed her sleepy maid from further attendance), Gretchen is brought to a standstill by hearing her name called.

"Is that you, Gretchen? Come in; I am awake," says Dugdale. And, opening his door, she enters. Flinging her opera-cloak to one side, she goes up to his bed.

Dugdale has been persuaded to see the new doctor, has even unburdened his soul to him, and shown his passionate desire for life, — life that is full of power and strength, not life as it is with him, — a bare existence hardly worth the keeping.

This Doctor Blunt is a great, gaubt, restless man of about thirty-two, with curious eager eyes, black as night and piercing, and hair raven in hue, and a skin white to pallor. Perhaps, gazing at the extreme beauty of his patient's face and frame, an honest desire to baffle fate and restore him to health and vigor grows strong within him. However it may be, he throws his whole heart into his task, and, almost to the neglect of other duties, aims at success in this one case.

"Don't send me to any more balls, Ken; I don't enjoy them; I hate them. How could I dance when I know you are here lonely, all by yourself, and when I am longing to be with you?"

Dugdale's expression changes and grows sad. He flings one arm impatiently above his head and sighs heavily.

"It seems so hard on you," he says, wistfully. "I wish you had come home to tell me you had danced all night, and had found pleasure in it. How is it you have lost all heart for it? I sometimes fear you let sad thoughts of me distress your gayest hours; and the idea renders me miserable."

"And I fear I shall have to run away to bed and leave my news unfinished if you persist in talking nonsense. Who was it said the other day he was never going to indulge in morbid thoughts again. And I have such a funny thing to tell you. Whom do you think I met to-night? You could never guess: so I shall tell you. 'Little Tom Scarlett,' rather bigger than ever."

"No!" says Dugdale, without meaning disbelief.

"Yes, indeed," — laughing. "You know he is Lord Danvers now, and not a bit the worse of it. He came up to me, and quite took my breath away, his address was so rapid and incoherent. He was rather ill-tempered, I thought, just at first, and inclined to do better, until I turned away his anger with a soft answer. After that we made friends."

"I am very glad of it," says Dugdale, heartily. "Well?"

"Well, that was all. He took me down to my carriage, and said he should like to call and see you to-morrow. By which I understood the reconciliation was complete. You will see him, darling?"

"Of course I shall. Poor old Scarlett! I don't wonder he cut up rough at losing you. And you might have been Lady Danvers now had you listened to him, O most improvident of women!"

"I might, — and the most wretched of her sex, too, O most stupid of men! Now good-night. You have been quite too long awake already, and I am only doing you an injury by remaining."

When Kitty and her husband have returned from the ball and they are alone, she says, gently,—

"How many people one meets and visits without actually knowing anything about them! Who is Mrs. Charteris, Jack?"

"One of the Lisles of Surrey, and the second prettiest woman in town," replies Jack, concisely.

"And who is the first?"

"You are," — promptly.

"Nonsense!"—with a smile. "How absurd you are! — You have known her a long time, Jack?" He is not looking at his wife at the moment, or he might have noticed something peculiar about the expression of her eyes.

"Fancy Charteris? Yes. Some time."

To Kitty's excited imagination there seems a reservation in his way of answering.

"I don't think I quite like her," she says, quietly. "From all I hear she seems rather—rather——"

"Does she?" says Jack. "Can't say, I'm sure."

"I mean, rather indifferent to the world's opinion," — choosing her words carefully.

"Oh, I dare say it's all talk, you know, and rubbish," returns he, absently. He has an evening paper in his hand, and is engrossed with its contents. "Look here, Kitty; listen to this affair in Brighton. By Jove, I knew Warburton would get himself into a scrape if he didn't look out, and now——"

"Wait one moment; I shall be back directly," says Kitty, somewhat huskily, escaping from the room. His advoidance of the subject of Mrs. Charteris (as it seems to her) compels her to put credence in the foolish words dropped by Dandy in the afternoon. His praise of the woman she almost calls her rival is bitter to her; his refusal to give her his confidence (as she believes) is more bitter still.

(To Be Continued).

FUGITIVE FELONS.

How a Famous Detective Identifies Them.

It is not generally known that a detective can spot a pickpocket in a crowd, even though he has never seen the man before. The habit of glancing frequently and furtively over the shoulder to see if he is being watched has often betrayed a thief. Another clue by which an old gaol-bird is identified is the way he has of turning his toes either in or out in a marked manner. This is noticeable in a ticket-of-leave man as he walks along the street. It is invariably caused by the work he has had to do on the treadmill, and the unconscious habit clings to him for many years.

I have frequently had to track and identify men whom I have never seen, my only aid being a photograph taken years before. This is not easy, but it is possible. I have captured some hundreds of criminals by this means and by my knowledge and observation. A photograph is not always a reliable guide, for a man can alter his appearance to an astonishing degree, and many smart criminals make effective disguise their specialty. I knew one man who posed respectively as a farmer, a soldier, a decrepit old man, and a parson, all in the course of a few days.

But although disguise may do much to conceal a man's identity there are a few infallible clues on which it is invariably safe to work. A man cannot alter the color and expression of his eyes, and I have made that fact one of my effective aids in identifying fugitive criminals. Another unchanging and unchangeable token is the cheek-bones, by means of which I have placed the

LONG ARM OF THE LAW

on the shoulder of many a cunning felon who had defied detection by other methods.

Descriptions as to the weight and circumference of a "wanted" man frequently prove faulty, and cannot be relied on as authentic guides. This rule especially applies to cases in which a man has evaded the detectives for a length of time, for you will understand how possible it is for a corpulent criminal to lose weight and become thin, while, on the other hand, a spare man may have gained bulk. But the ears are often useful witnesses in establishing the identity of men who have disguised themselves effectively in other ways.

I once detected a most daring criminal by his peculiar and tell-tale ears, which were the most oddly-shaped organs I have ever seen. He was marvellously disguised, and might have dodged the police for years but for the one unfailing peculiarity which he could not conceal.

Yet another clue to personal identity is furnished by the eyebrows, which in many cases are distinctive and characteristic. The singular slant of the eyebrows enabled me to capture an old offender some years since. At the time of his arrest he was wearing a wig and a false beard by means of which he might readily have deceived a casual observer, but he had forgotten to alter his eyebrows, and they gave him away.

The clever criminal who is fleeing from justice will pay generously for an effective disguise, as more than one facial artist in London will tell you, but detectives are aware of these devices and can often see through them. When a man is badly wanted we invariably visit the places he is most likely to haunt.

HOMES FOR OLD MAIDS.

In Sweden and Norway there are several homes for spinsters. One of these at least is as attractive as it is unique. It is the monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man, who, dying more than two hundred years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built, furnished, and managed by salaried trustees. It flourished and has continued. Any unmarried woman who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to admission in the home. She is given a suite of rooms, a servant, private meals, and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

Every Woman Should Know.

That Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, has recently made a number of analyses of soaps, and reports that "Sunlight Soap contains that high "percentage of oils or fats necessary "to a good laundry soap."

What every woman does not know is that in common soaps she frequently pays for adulterations at the price of oils and fats. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. He should know. 206

"KEEP YOUR LIPS TIGHT."

MILLIONS ARE SAID TO BE DUE TO MOTTOES.

Little Phrases as the Corner Stones of Some Great Careers.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan writes down his many millions and his position as the most powerful civilian in the world as the result of one watchword which he has sworn by all his life. He puts it in plain English: "Keep your lips tight!" and everything he does, big and small, is worked out on that basis. He is the most silent of all famous men. No inkling of any of his huge schemes ever leaks out till the whole thing is ready, and it is too late for rivals or enemies to get their spoke in his wheel. The smartest newspaper can get nothing out of him; and even the British Government, in spite of its secret service, knew nothing of the great shipping trust which is scaring so many people until it

WAS ALL ARRANGED.

All America, where there are plenty of smart business men, woke up one morning to find its entire steel trade in his hands. Other trust-makers talk and fail, because their rivals are able to get ready for them; but Pierpont Morgan "keeps his lips tight," and the first thing he does before opening a deal with anybody — to buy their business for a million or so—is to ensure that they do the same. And he pays his right-hand man—Charles Schwab—a fortune annually to do the same.

The late Mr. Cyrus White, who shared with Sir Cunliffe Brookes the title of "the Morgan of Britain," was so enamoured of his favorite trade war-cry that he carried it engraved on the seal at his watch-chain — "Always one day ahead." This, he said, was the first coin in his fortune, and the last. He meant that he was always careful to be just in front of the needs of the public, and that when they wanted a particular thing, he found out that want beforehand, and was ready with it. He bought more patents, and controlled more sources of merchandise, than any other man living, except for the business his heirs carry on

UNDER THE SAME MOTTO.

He was the first to reap the cycle boom profits, on the same principle, and he had most of the interest in motor cars in his hands before he died. He was practically able to fix his own rates for shipping and carriage, and his income reached nearly $3,000,000 a year.

Mr. George Smith, the richest man who has died within the last five years, and probably the smartest financier, had a unique watchword, as millionaires' war-cries go. His motto was: "Don't make enemies," and it was the law of his life. It is practically impossible for a man to make less than one enemy for every $50,000 he wins, according to Mr. Rockefeller, but George Smith managed it all in his dealings. Personally, he was the pink of courtesy; and even if he "broke" a rival in the way of business, he would do it so nicely that the vanquished man departed, vowing he was

THE BEST FELLOW ALIVE.

One of the chief occasions when Mr. Smith put his pet maxim into effect was when his workmen in the great Dhu Valley coal pits were reduced by one-half in numbers, on his installing the labor-saving plant, which caused so much trouble a few years back. This is one of the most ticklish performances in the world of business, for naturally working men do not approve of machinery which, as far as they can see, is going to do away with their livelihood, and nothing has caused so many strikes and riots as this. Most employers let such things settle themselves as best they can, and lose half their profits through strikes; but George Smith made it his business to see that every man of the two hundred who were discharged were given as good a berth somewhere else, whether on his own properties or other people's, for he had endless influence. And it is said that, true to his text, he never had an enemy.

Very different is the powerful warcry of Mr. Rockefeller, head of the famous Standard Oil Trust, whose oil you will probably burn to-night, and who has practically the world's oil market to himself. His established watchword is: "No rivals!" and he lives up to it thoroughly. Of all the thirty or forty oil businesses of importance that have tried to oppose him, or sell oil in the countries he has power over, every one has succumbed to this motto. He allows no competitor at all, and his method is to absorb the competitor into his own business; and if he declines to be absorbed,

HE IS "BROKEN."

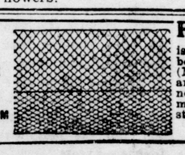
Wherever the rival sets up his trade, whether he is a financier with a million behind him — in which case he generally knows Mr. Rockefeller's motto too well to fight—or a small tradesman, he finds that selling oil is impossible, for the Oil Trust agents sell it at a penny or a halfpenny a quart cheaper, until the smaller man gives in and departs from the neighborhood. If he attempts to undersell the Trust, Mr. away gratis, and within the last ten years the Trust has given away some millions of gallons of oil. If a new oil well is discovered, the "No rivals" motto soon tells on the Rockembnghty tfgrt refdretfrrt te ttt finder. He has to sell it to Mr. Rockefeller's agents, or begin a war which can only end in his own ruin.

One of the best trade war-cries of all is that of Mr. Henry Bainbridge, the biggest of all British contractors to the Government and the Colonies. His watchword —and he ascribes every penny of his millions to it—is the one word "Loyalty." Whomever he makes a contract with, he does his very best for, and refuses to listen to the most tempting offer from any one else once the

DEAL IS ENTERED UPON.

"Loyalty" is in itself such a good business asset that Mr. Bainbridge has never yet had trouble with either the War Office — which he has supplied with record quantities of woollen goods, and practically everything it asks for — or any of the Colonial Governments. At the outset of the South African war, Germany, who gets a good deal of goods for her forces from us, applied to him for $2,500,000 worth of clothing, saddlery, and new leather. But he was already in the first stages of business with Britain for her needs, and as he considered he could not do both as well as if he gave his attention to one alone, he refused Germany's offer at once, and took the — at the time — much smaller order of his own country.

At the opera in London the other night it was noticed that the bouquet presented to Princess Victoria was hastily whisked away. Her Royal Highness cannot bear the scent of flowers.



NOTE CLOSE MESH AT BOTTOM

Page Acme Poultry Netting

is close meshed at bottom and does not require rail or board support at edges, having strong straight wire (No. 12 guage) at top, bottom and in centre, cannot sag and is easy to erect. The "Page Acme" netting is of neat appearance, very durable and cheap. We also make farm and ornamental fence, gates, nails and staples. The name of Page is your guarantee of quality.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

RULERS' CROWNS.

While Some Monarchs Have No Crowns, Others Have Several.

In the matter of costliness the crown of Portugal takes the lead of all others. It is computed to be worth eight million dollars. But it is not the most imposing of European crowns. The Iron Crown of Lombardy is said to be the oldest and stateliest of monarchs' crowns. It is gravely declared to be made out of the nails of the original Cross, and is said to be 1,500 years old.

King Oscar of Sweden has not only two crowns, but, although Sweden and Norway are now one kingdom, the Swedish King receives two coronations.

The crown has no part in the inaugural ceremony of the King of the Belgians, who merely swears to preserve the Constitution and to observe the laws.

While some monarchs have no crowns, others have several. The Czar of Russia has a large assortment. Among the headpieces of the Czar are the crowns of Kiev, Kasan, Siberia, Astrachan, Poland, Finland, and the Crimea.

Spain originally had no crown, and there is no actual coronation now, the monarch only taking an oath similar to that of the King of the Belgians. But though not actually invested with the round and top of royalty, a Spanish King has a crown of a very costly and elaborate design, though it originally was only a plain band of gold.

The Sultan of Turkey has no crown, and nothing of the kind is employed in his investiture with despotic power. His authority is frankly the power of the sword. Instead of coronation, the Sultan is girt with the sword of Othman. "Take it with faith," is the injunction, "for you receive it from God."

A RAILWAY MAN.

EXTRAORDINARY UNPLEASANT SYMPTOMS OF KIDNEY TROUBLE IN THIS CASE.

Tortured by all Kinds of Pains and Aches he Tries Everything, but Fails to Find Relief Till a Friend Advises Him to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.—They Have Made a Well Man of Him and He Is Grateful.

Ottawa, Ont., June 30.—(Special)—Frank Chartrand, a railway man, whose home is 130 Little Chaudiere street, has acknowledged that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done more for him than anything else in the world has ever done. He says : "I suffered with backache and was always drowsy and had a very heavy feeling in my limbs.

"I had frequent severe headaches and more times very sharp pains in the top of my head, which gave me much annoyance in my work.

"My fingers would cramp and I would have an uneasiness in my legs and occasional pains in the loins.

"I was dizzy in spells and short of breath. If I ate a hearty meal I would have a pain in my left side. My appetite would sometimes be very good and sometimes I couldn't eat anything.

"I had a constant soreness and tenderness over the spine and tired feeling in the region of my kidneys.

"I suffered quite a little with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by a friend who had been cured, and I began to use them.

"Almost from the start I began to feel the wonderful improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded, till the unpleasant symptoms had one by one entirely disappeared.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case and I cannot speak too highly of this great and good remedy."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Chartrand they have done for thousands of others, and they'll do the same for you if you give them a chance.

There are many railway men in Canada to-day who find Dodd's Kidney Pills indispensable. They are the railway man's surest and best friend.

The constant vibration on trains and engines is very hard on the kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills make these organs well and able to resist disease.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indiscretion or excess. Every time we are ill it is part of our remaining youth which we are squandering. Every recovery is a waste on our capital life. Therefore, do not let yourself be ill. The best plan to avoid illness is to live regularly, simply, and with the frugality that stupid persons alone will deem painful or eccentric. Sleep eight hours in every twenty-four. Ventilate the room you work and sleep in. Very few people, even among those who think they are well up in modern ideas, have any conception of what ventilation is. Always sleep with the windows wide open, summer and winter. Examine seriously into your list of social obligations. Have the good sense to recognize that there is neither pleasure nor profit in most of what you regard as essential in that line, and simplify your social life. Complicated living breeds worry and worry is the main enemy of health and happiness, the one fiendish microbe that does more to destroy the health and happiness of mankind than any other. Drink nothing but water or milk ; especially drink lots of water. You can never drink too much of it. Shun alcohol as you would diluted vitriol.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

GERM-CARRYING PIGEONS.

An epidemic of scarlet fever, starting in Cincinnati, has spread in the last few weeks through a number of towns in Ohio and the health authorities ; after taking extraordinary precautions to confine the disease within the limit of its first ravages, were puzzled to understand the means by which it was carried elsewhere. They made an investigation and have now come to the conclusion that much of the contagion was spread by tame pigeons and doves which carried the germs from place to place. The evidence on which this theory is based is that scarlet fever spread under strict quarantine from a house on the roof of which there was a large pigeon cote. The only live stock about the house not quarantined was the pigeons, which flew about the neighborhood. If they didn't carry the disease germs the authorities don't know how the fever was spread.

Always the leader—
Always the same—
Always the best—
Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

The Dawson Commission Co., LIMITED, TORONTO

Can handle your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY (alive or dressed), STRAWBERRIES, APPLES, TOMATOES, other Fruits, VEGETABLES or PRODUCE to good advantage.

Shipping tags, stamps, pads supplied. Correspondence invited.

Be Quick! Paint Up!

Don't lose time with your painting now. Get at it at once. Make your house look smart and clean amongst its neighbors. Touch it up inside and out with

Ramsay's Paints

The best that goes in the way of paint making. Made just right for good work. Anyone can put it on. Ready for use, nice cans, no mess, no loss. Sold at reasonable prices by dealers.

Write us and ask for

BOOKLET "K" FREE.

showing some lovely homes

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

ILLUSTRATION BETTER THAN SPEECH.

A minister had long failed in an attempt to give up snuff-taking, and at last he preached a sermon against it, but was miserable all the week after. When Sunday came round he found he was getting on very languidly, and, to make the thing worse, an honest man of an elder, sitting immediately under the eye of the minister, took out his "mull," tapped it on the lid, and with the utmost gravity took a comfortable "sneeshin."

The minister could stand this no longer ; he stopped abruptly in his sermon and said, "John, for shame upon you, sir ; how dare you do that ?"

The elder looked up in amazement.

The preacher continued, "Don't you remember what I said to you last Sabbath ?"

But the elder could not yet fathom what he had done to cause offence. The minister's passion for snuff had in the interim grown to such an intensity that it was a case of life or death ; he could restrain himself no longer, and so, addressing the elder, he said, "I will not pollute my lips by mentioning what you did, but I will show you what it was ; hand me up the box." Having got the box, he gave a certain number of taps on the lid, and went through the other forms of snuff-taking in imitation of what he had observed the elder do, saying, as he went on, "That is what you did, sir—and, what is more, you"—taking a pinch —"did that too !"

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. OKE,
Harbor Grace, Nfld., Jan. 8, 1898.

"Poor man," said the sympathetic lady visitor, "I expect you'll be glad when your time is up, won't you ?"

"No, ma'am, not partickerly," replied the prisoner ; "I'm here for life."

For Over Sixty Years.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy. — Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

April is the greatest marrying month of the year ; but the day on which most marriages take place is December 31st.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

The naval estimates for 1901-2 showed an increase of £2,083,600 over the year before.

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.

The rudder of the torpedo-ship "Vulcan" is one of the largest ever made. Forged in a single piece, its weight is 22 tons.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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

RESPECT FOR THE ARMY.

A journal tells the following story at the expense of American military titles. Some years ago a traveller in a certain populous country district stopped to converse with a farmer who had a considerable number of men at work in his hay fields.

"Most of these men are old soldiers," said the farmer.

"Indeed ! Are any of them officers ?"

"Two of 'em. One of 'em there was a private, and that fellow beyond was a corporal, but the man beyond him was a major, and that man away over in the corner was a colonel !"

"Indeed ! And are they all good men ?"

"Well," said the farmer, "the private is a first-class man in every way, and the corporal's pretty good, too."

"But what about the major and the colonel ?"

"The major's only so-so," replied the farmer, with some hesitation.

"But the colonel ?"

"Well, sir—well, I ain't a-goin' to say a word against no man who has been a colonel in the American army, but I've made up my mind to one thing—I ain't a-goin' to hire any brigadier-generals."

Thunderstorms occur in Great Britain on an average seven days in the year.

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.

The whale has the thickest skin of any living creature. Its hide in places attains a thickness of fully two feet.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, as it also acts as a disinfectant.

From nettle-fibre a thread has been produced so fine that sixty miles of it weighs 2½lb. only.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

There are 587 different languages spoken in Europe, but 90 per cent. speak the seven principal languages.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

W P C. 1135

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

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

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.