AN ACHING BACK.

The Trouble Usually Due to Impure Blood and Clogged Kidneys.

That weary dragging backache is more dangerous than you think. It points straight to deadly kidney trouble. Your kidneys ache because your blood is bad, and filtering through has clogged them with filthy inflammatory poisons. Common purging backache pills can never cure you. They only excite the kidneys; they can't possibly touch the cause of the trouble in the blood. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the only positive cure for aching kidneys. They make new, rich, red blood. They conquer the inflammation and drive out the poison. They cleanse the kidneys and stimulate them to healthy action. Then your backaches vanish. Here is positive proof given by Mr. Geo. Johnson, of Ohio, N. S., who says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered with kidney trouble, from severe pains in the back, and passed sleepless nights. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him. In fact he was growing weaker; his appetite failed, and he could hardly do the usual work that falls to the lot of every boy on a farm. Finally a friend recommended Dr. Williams Pink Pills and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He continued to use the pills for a couple of months and I am now happy to say that every symptom of the trouble has disappeared and he is now as strong and healthy as any boy of his age. There can be no doubt that Dr. Williams Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble, even in its most severe forms."

These pills cure not only kidney trouble but all blood and nerve troubles such as rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, indigestion anaemia, heart trouble, and the many ailments that make woman's life miserable. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VICTIMS OF THE JUNGLE.

Thousands Slain Last Year in India by Wild Beasts.

The resolution of the Government of India on the subject notices that in 1901 more human beings were killed by wild animals than in any year since 1875 except one, and reached a total of 3,651, while last year it was 2,836; and the number of deaths from snake bite was 23,166.

Tigers killed 1,046 persons, of whom 514 perished in Bengal, sixty-five being in a single district. This was due to the depredations of a man-eater, for the destruction of which a special reward was offered without avail. In another district, where forty-three persons were killed, most of them fell victims also to a man-eater.

Wolves slew 377 persons last year, of whom 204 were killed in the United Provinces. A campaign was undertaken against these animals in Rohilkhand and the Allahabad division, and they have been almost exterminated in Cawnpore district, where they used to abound.

Eleven thousand one hundred and thirty deaths took place in Bengal alone from snake-bite, 3,258 of these being in the Patna division, while 5,110 deaths took place in the United Provinces; 80,796 cattle (an increase on the previous year) were killed by wild animals last year, and 9,019 by snakes. Tigers killed 30,555 of these, leopards 38,211, and wolves and hyenas most of the remainder.

On the other hand, rewards were paid last year for the destruction of 1,331 tigers, 4,413 leopards, 1,858 bears, 2,373 wolves and 706 hyenas, while the number of snakes killed for reward was 72,595. For the destruction of wild animals a sum of 96,952 rupees was paid, and 3,529 rupees for that of snakes. In addition licenses are issued free of cost under the Arms Act for the destruction of wild animals, and the protection of crops, and these numbered 37,928 last year.

No account is taken of the number of predatory animals killed by sportsmen and others who did not claim the legal rewards.

DISORDERS OF CHILDHOOD.

It is an undoubted fact that nearly all the disorders from which infants and young children suffer are caused by derangements of the stomach or bowels. As a cure for these troubles Baby's Own Tablets is gentle, effective and above all absolutely safe. Mrs. Thos. Cain, Loring, Ont., gives her experience with this medicine in the following words:—"I never had anything do my little one as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. She was troubled with her stomach, and was teething, and was very cross and fretful. A few doses of the Tablets completely cured her, and I can sincerely recommend the Tablets to other mothers."

This medicine promptly cures all stomach and bowel troubles, breaks up colds, prevents croup, destroys worms, and allays the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

UNANSWERED WELL.

Wife (with solicitude of tone)—"It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, balancing your books?"

Husband (tenderly)—"It is, my darling."

Wife—"I have been thinking about it for some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you."

Husband—"A pleasant surprise?"

Wife—"Yes, dearest. I sent for mother yesterday, and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us a long time. She will take care of the house at night and look to the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work."

Husband—"The dickens—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going to town."

Wife—"It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh, John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go and sit with you tonight."

Husband—"To-night! Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night."

Wife—"You did? How delightful! And so you can now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad!"

And the delightful wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband, with sombre brow, sat looking at the picture of a card party, with one member absent, in the glowing grate.

Most of the black hair used in wigs and "switches" comes from the Italian and Spanish convents, and most of the blonde hair from the heads of Swedish, Danish, Russian, and German peasant girls.

"He handed in his resignation as a bluff to make them raise his salary." "And did they raise it?" "Yes. But another man's drawing it."

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XXVIII.

As fast as his legs would carry him the Frenchman ran, spurred on by those two words, "Coward! murderer!" which never ceased to ring in his ears. He had been seen! All his trouble, the risk he had gone to, were wasted, and presently the hue-and-cry would be out against him for murder. What a fool he had been! This was the end of his scheming!

He slipped and stumbled again and again as he ran in the dark towards the Hall. Its open doorway faced him, but he avoided it. He crept round the house to enter the back way, hoping to reach his bedroom unnoticed, by the servants' staircase. He felt that he must look terror-stricken, and he wanted to remove that look and to think before he faced any one.

Just by the open study window he caught his foot in the wire-edging of one of the flower-beds, and measured his length on the grass. He uttered a curse, but remained still for a moment, fearing that Sir George, who was sitting by his study-table with his back to the window, might have heard him. Then he rose and hurried into the house, up the stairs to his room.

He lit the candles on his dressing-table with trembling hands, and looked at his reflection in the glass. He started back in affright, he was as white as a ghost! How thankful he was that he had had sense enough to avoid entering the house openly!

Unlocking his Gladstone bag, and extracting a small spirit-flask, the contents brandy, he poured some into the glass on his washhandstand and drank off the contents. The spirit brought back the color to his cheeks, hope to his heart.

It had been dark, he argued, the outline of his figure had been seen perhaps in the summer dusk, but recognition, impossible! Yet, if the witness had been able to see his figure! And then fear seized on him again.

Would it not be better to fly at once before it became too late? He pondered for a long time. He looked at his watch; he started when he realised that he had been sitting in his bedroom thinking for nearly half an hour. It was then five minutes to ten.

That night there was a late train down from London. He knew that, because Ashley was coming home by it. Once a week the company ran a theatre train, leaving London at midnight. There was therefore a late up-train on that occasion, and he knew that to-night he could leave Graynewood station for London at 10.25.

Round by the road it was more than an hour's walk, but if he cut across the fields he could cover the distance in less than fifteen minutes. He could lower his portmanteau from the window to the ground by one of the sheets off his bed, walk out of the house quietly, pick up his bag, and be off without a soul being the wiser.

Then another drink of the brandy made him change his mind. Why should he cut and run? Would not that very act excite suspicion? Better light a cigar and stroll downstairs as if he had been in the house all the evening. There was nothing like putting a bold face on things—so the brandy told him.

He ran a comb through his hair, and repointed his moustache, took a final look at himself in the mirror (the alcohol had brought his color back) and extinguished both his candles. He walked to the door and opened it, but did not cross its threshold. He was arrested by the furious ringing of a bell, the sound of hurrying feet, talking below, and there came up to him the word "murderer."

He shut the door and supported himself against it, he needed support just then. It had been found out then already, and they were after him! What a fool that he had not escaped before! He looked at his watch, there was yet time. The railway line ran beyond the foot of the garden; he could even see the signal-light which was there. He would hurry along the line to the station.

He was throwing his things into his portmanteau as he thought this. Then he suddenly stopped. He heard the clatter of many feet coming up the stairs. He sprang to the door and turned the key in it. If they were after him he would sell his life dearly—he would not be taken alive. He felt in his breast for the sheath-knife—gone!

He cursed his luck; it must have dropped from him when he fell on the grass—more evidence against him! The steps hurried nearer his door—passed. He gave a sign of thankfulness, and, after wiping the sweat from his brow, strapped his bag.

He drew a sheet from his bed, and running it through the handles of his bag, went to the window. That side of the house there was not a sound to be heard. He lowered the bag and drew up the sheet; should he jump? Too risky. He knotted two sheets together, and, fastening an end to his bed-rail, lowered himself by that means to within a few feet of the ground, the rest of the distance he dropped.

The railway line or the short cut? The former, quicker, but more dangerous—he might catch his foot in the sleepers. So he hurried along on the path. He reached the station, and took his ticket for London. He was the only passenger on the platform. The train came in late; he hurried into an empty compartment, and, hudd,ed in a corner, was carried Londonwards. The train did not stop again till it reached the terminus, when, within a few minutes of its arrival, it returned as the theatre train.

But there was another passenger from Graynewood—a woman came panting for breath, on to the platform as the train was starting. She was known to the officials, or she would not have been allowed to leave without a ticket. As it was, she was helped into the moving train, and she too was carried Londonwards.

Just before midnight, a few minutes late, the train reached Waterloo. As Lucy alighted she saw the Frenchman lifting his portmanteau out of a carriage ahead. A porter took it and walked to the exit, the Frenchman following—Lucy followed him.

They passed Ashley Grayne on the platform, but he did not appear to see them. He was there with his bicycle, going back to Graynewood by the train. Lucy was startled at seeing him, and started back. That moment widened the distance between herself and the Frenchman. At the barrier, too, she had to ascertain the amount of the fare, and pay it in cash.

Free, she ran out of the station. The Gladstone bag was on top of a hansom, and the Count was standing on the step, calling to the driver:

"66A, Dean Street, Soho."

In a moment the cabman had whipped up his horse, and was driving away. Lucy hurried to cross the yard just as a late arrival in a hansom dashed into the station. Furious driving, a confused woman, and the horse's hoofs did the the rest. There was a scream, and then the rapidly gathered together crowd picked her up, bleeding and senseless.

The horse which had knocked her down was, a few minutes after drawing her unconscious form to the nearest hospital.

CHAPTER XXIX.

That was what havpened at midnight at Waterloo station. At Grayne Hall at the same hour excitement was reigning. Sir George Grayne was lying on the study floor dead, and his nephew Reginald was in the custody of the police, charged with his murder.

Vere was prostrate with grief, for things looked black against the man she loved, and who had only that evening told her he loved her still, and that his infatuation—his blind infatuation—for Miss Westcar was at an end.

He was arrested in the study beside the dead man, and when the servants entered the room he had the knife—a keen, double-edged weapon—with which the murder had been committed, in his hand.

His late quarrel with his uncle was known to every member of the household. He had been forbidden the house, and yet he was found on the premises in the dead man's presence. No servant had admitted him; things indeed looked black against him.

Miss Westcar moved about the house like a woman in a dream. The house she had been building proved but of cards—it had tumbled down. Her plans, her ideas, her pictured future had crumbled away. She was mad with an inward rage—rage against the hand which had struck the blow, and so foiled the scheme for her future happiness.

And who was the murderer? With Vere, she knew perfectly well that it was not Reggie. Like Vere, she knew him too well to, for a moment imagine him guilty of blood-shedding. He was in custody, and under gravely suspicious circumstances; but that was all.

The last train brought Ashley home. He was inexpressibly shocked to be met with the tidings of his uncle's murder. For some time he seemed too dazed to realise it, and sat as one petrified. Then his grief was so deep that the servants were greatly moved by it: they had not thought him so fond of his uncle.

The night through in that house no man or woman slept. Daybreak was welcomed, breakfast was welcomed, anything to compel the doing of something and possible forgetfulness of the dead master.

The police had wired to London, and by the first down-train a detective came—Detective Janson. The local police rather ridiculed the idea of London assistance, the case seemed so plain to them. There was the recent quarrel between uncle and nephew and the surreutitious entrance into the house. It was as plain to the local police as the nose on your face.

Their idea of the acumen of the London detective fell considerably before he had been half an hour on the premises. He had heard the story from all lips in, practically, silence; and when the narrators were exhausted, and the local sergeant was boasting of his safe custody of the murderer, Janson threw cold water on the local force.

"See here, sergeant," he said, "don't you make too sure that you have got the right sow by the ear. I have had a day or two's—just a day or two's—experience more than you have, and by it I have learnt that it is not always the most guilty-looking man who is guilty."

"Oh, there's no doubt in this case, sir."

"Um! think not? Well, don't you let me interfere with your opinion, you know, all the same, it's just as well not to start counting your eggs before they're laid. Lived here all your life, sergeant, eh?"

"Yes."

"Looks a truly rural sort of place. Murders don't crop up too often eh?"

"Never been one except last year, Sir George's wife was murdered on the road some few miles from here."

"I remember. You didn't catch the murderer?"

"No; but we have been more fortunate this time."

Janson looked at him, but tendered no more advice. He said:

"Well, you may be right, Leyland. Don't let me keep you. You have your prisoner locked up in one of the rooms here? Very well, just let me have a look at him, and then I won't bother you any more. Whilst you are doing your duty taking him to the station I'll amuse myself looking over the house. Two o'clock before there'll be a bench of magistrates, you say? Very well, I'll see you again there. And now for the prisoner."

The sergeant led the way to the butler's pantry. It had a heavily barred window, and but one door; it had been selected for that reason. Outside this a policeman was on duty.

"I've stretched a point, Mr. Janson, here. The prisoner is engaged, I think, to the daughter of the house and so I have permitted them to have an interview. You don't think it wrong?"

"Wrong?—in this particular case? Oh no!"

The policeman opened the door, and Janson entered. Vere and Reggie were sitting talking. He was endeavouring to comfort her, and she was endeavouring to comfort him. The union was filling in the time pleasantly. To the sergeant's extreme surprise, the detective walked straight over to the prisoner, and, stretching out his hand, said:

"How do you do, Mr. Reginald? I'm a detective from London, come down to get you out of this mess you are in."

Vere impulsively sprang to her feet, and, seizing the detective's arm, said:

"You don't believe him guilty?"

"Not a scrap more than I am myself."

"Thank God!"

And then she swayed; but a few sharp words from the detective acted like a tonic.

"Come, come, no fainting! I am down here to help the prisoner, and you must help me."

She was herself again in a moment.

"And now, Mr. Reginald, you quite understand that I don't ask you any questions, and anything you may say may be used in evidence against you later on."

"I've told him that," interposed the sergeant.

Janson smiled.

"I have nothing to conceal," said the prisoner.

"Maybe not," said Janson; "but all the same, I'll listen to the story from the lady's lips, if you don't mind. Now you can say good-bye for a bit, can't you? The sergeant here has got a fly waiting, and he will want you to go with him—down the village, because, of course, there must be an examination before the magistrates. You must expect a day or two's imprisonment whilst we find the real murderer, you know. And now"—he put his arm through the sergeant's, and led that mystified officer to the door to give the lovers a chance of a more private farewell,—say good-bye. And you, miss, I will wait for. I want to have a talk to you."

Outside the door the sergeant looked with amazement at the London detective, and that worthy increased the amazement by winking and tapping his nose thrice with his forefinger.

"Sergeant," he whispered, "if you're careful I should not wonder if you got promoted over this little job."

And that opinion coinciding with the sergeant's own, he began to have a better idea of the London detective Perhaps it was his way to work like that, to pretend friendliness when all the while he was pumping for information. After all, it wasn't a bad idea. He would try it himself the next time he got a chance.

(To be Continued.)

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

MERIT 'Tis Merit That Brings Success.

That Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine possesses unusual merit as a treatment for Throat and Lung Diseases has been proven in a score of ways.

It has stood the test of time.

It has gradually grown more popular year by year.

It has at least three times the sale of any similar preparation.

It is to be found in the homes of the great majority as the favorite treatment for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, Etc.

Is it any wonder that there are many imitations of so successful a family remedy?

What we would emphasize is the necessity of care in buying.

You cannot afford to risk health, or life itself, to an imitation or substitute which has not sufficient merit to work its own way.

Look for the PORTRAIT and SIGNATURE of DR. A. W. CHASE on the bottle you buy.

These are the best guarantee which any medicine can bear.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Is wonderfully successful as a cure for CROUP, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, and SEVERE CHEST COLDS; 25 Cents a Bottle, family size (three times as much), 60 Cents. At all Dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO. To protect you against imitations the Portrait and Signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

For Purity, Strength and Flavor

It is superior to the finest Japan tea grown.

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea is displacing Japan tea just as "Salada" Black tea is displacing all other Black teas.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all Grocers.

MESSAGE TO ALL CANADIANS

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ALL STAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

Emilien Clouatre had Backache, Headache and Could Not Sleep—Now he Can Sleep, Work and Enjoy Life—Dodd's Kidney Pills Did it.

Val Racine, Que., Nov. 23.—(Special).—In these days when nearly every newspaper tells of deaths from Kidney Disease the case of Emilien Clouatre of this place comes as a message of hope to the Canadian people. He had Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him completely and permanently.

M. Clouatre is always glad to tell of his cure. He says: "I can not do otherwise than praise Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cured me of Kidney Disease.

"I had pains in the back and headache and could not sleep at nights. I got up in the morning more fatigued than the night before. I took nine boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me completely. Now I can sleep well and work well and my backache and headache are gone. I have had no trouble since I took Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease. They have an unbroken record of thirteen years in Canada.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

At some motor-car trials at Southport the highest speed obtained against the wind was sixty-eight miles an hour.

The Corporation of Exeter has granted a site at the principal entrance to Barn Meadow, Exeter, for a Buller equestrian statue.

A system of electro-pneumatic signalling has been installed by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, now approaching completion.

In a high jumping competition at the Southport Physical Training College, a girl student achieved a height of four feet ten inches. This is believed to be a record for her sex.

The North-Eastern Railway Company have decided to substitute electricity for steam power for the driving of the whole of the machinery comprised in the company's locomotive works at Gates-head-on-Tyne.

Sir Mark Collet, the well-known English financier, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday last week, has been governor of the Bank of England since 1866. He comes of Manx stock. He was made a baronet in 1888.

In a ploughing match at Aldermaston, a pair of donkeys attached to a small plough performed excellent work. The owner entered the donkeys with the object of showing how these animals could be profitably used by small farmers.

Three men who were found in the act of rifling a Greengate (Salford) pawnshop had a stock of handkerchiefs wrapped round their bodies and other goods had been made up ready for removal. They were sent to jail for six months apiece.

A picture post-card about a foot long and nine inches broad is the latest novelty. It was on view in a Cheapside shop window. It costs 3d., requires a penny stamp, and has a view of London on the back, with space for the sender's name.

At a meeting held at Hull it was resolved to establish a College of Music for Hull and the East Riding. Dr. Smith explained the scheme in detail, and a council was appointed and arrangements made to raise £1,000 for foundation expenses.

Edward Smart, driver of a pleasure waggon which collided with a train on the light railway, near Weston-super-Mare, whereby two married, women, of Cardiff, were killed, and four others injured, was committed for trial for manslaughter on Tuesday.

The Admiralty recently announced that they intended to provide sailors with a knife, fork, spoon, enamel iron plate, and an oilcloth cover for their new mess tables. In the past the seaman has had to eat his food with a broad-bladed clasp-knife and his fingers.

At the annual meeting of the Durham College of Science, at Newcastle on Monday, it was reported that the balance of the £50,000 required for the Lord Armstrong memorial has been guaranteed. The scheme provides for the erection of a statue, and the completion of the college buildings, which will be known as the Armstrong Memorial University College.

An ex-detective-sergeant of the Metropolitan Police, named Wm. James, was remanded at Clerkenwell Police Court charged with having murdered his sister-in-law and attempted to take the life of his step-daughter by shooting them with a revolver at 19 Myddelton square. The prisoner's wife obtained a separation from him some time ago, and he had not been to the house where the tragedy took place since August.

A miner named William Wilson was sent to jail for three months hard labor at Castleford for stealing fivepence from a till in a grocer's shop. Prisoner, who is known as a "black sheep," entered the shop through the back window, which he opened with his knife. Unfortunately, however, for him he forgot his knife and a pit bottle in leaving.

The demolition of the Royal Caledonian Asylum building in Caledonian Road, Islington, has been commenced. For nearly a century the asylum has occupied a prominent place among the charitable institutions of London, and during that long period many hundreds of poor Scotish children have been reared and educated within its walls.

An American contractor is building a power house in London for the Metropolitan Railway, which has been happily termed the "miracle in bricks," a tribute to the remarkable speed at which the construction is being erected. The British bricklayers do not challenge the speed, but they claim that it has been exceeded in at least one instance by London bricklayers.

NOT ALTOGETHER MODERN.

Breech-loading guns are usually supposed to be a nineteenth century invention. The London Chronicle says that in the shop of a Dublin gunsmith at Cork Hill is on view a breech-loading rifle which was offered to the British war office at the close of the eighteenth century. It was rejected on the ground that it took too much ammunition. That the breech-loader is older still, and that there is little new under the sun, has been proved at Tobermory Bay, Mull, where Captain Burns of Glasgow has, with the permission of the Duke of Argyll, been searching for relics of the Admiral of Florence, one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada known to have been blown up in 1588 in that far-away water. With the aid of an old chart the diver went down into twelve fathoms and came across a bronze breech-loading cannon, four and a half feet long, eight inches in diameter at the breech, and bearing the date of 1563. The diver also discovered a pistol, heavily incrusted with lime, a sword blade and a kedge. The relics are to be exhibited in Glasgow.

SWEET SARA.

Sir Samuel Sims saw sweet Sara Sampson swimming. Suddenly she seemed sinking. Sir Samuel stood stunned. Striding seawards, spurning shingle, Sir Samuel swiftly swam Sara-wards. Sir Samuel skillfully supported swooning Sara; swimming shorewards, Sir Samuel successfully succoured Sara. Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits—special Scotch. Sara saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit; Sir Samuel saw Sara's sweetness. Sir Samuel soon sought Sara. Striding slowly, Sara sighed softly. Sir Samuel seemed speechless.

"Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sara.

"Say, Sam, Sara," said Sir Samuel.

Sara, smiling shyly, softly said "Sam."

"Sara—Sally!" stammered Sir Samuel. "Sweet Sara—sweetheart!"

Sara solemnly surrendered.

When Rheumatism doubles a man up physician and sufferer alike lose heart and often despair of a cure, but here's the exception. Wm. Pegg, of Norwood, Ont., says: "I was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I got three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and they cured me. It's the quickest acting medicine I ever saw."—18

SOMETHING SHE DID NEED.

Lady of the House (sharply)—"No, sir, I don't need no soaps."

Pedlar (suavely, opening another bag)—"'Elements of Grammar,' ma'am? Only ten cents."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or if they don't have them they are apt to get them, if they're too impulsive."

He (time 11.30 p.m.)—"And you will think of me when I am gone?" She (suppressing a yawn)—"I'll try to—if you ever give me an opportunity."

Miss Angell—"And what are you doing for your rheumatism?" Mrs. McFee—"'Deed, an' I don't need to do a thing for it; it's able and willin' to work for itself."

"They say she's just crazy to marry him." "She is, indeed. She's continually throwing herself at his head; and the strangest part of it is he never suspects it." "Oh, that's not so strange. Women are notoriously poor throwers, you know."

Wife—"I dreamed last night that I was in a store that was just full of the loveliest bonnets, and——" Husband (hastily)—"But that was only a dream, my dear." Wife—"I knew it was before I woke up, because you bought me one."

When the little folks take colds and coughs, don't neglect them and let them strain the tender membranes of their lungs. Give them

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It will cure them quickly and strengthen their lungs. It is pleasant to take.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 6

49—03

"JUST RUN ACROSS."

Some People are Lucky.

Some people make an intelligent study of food and get on the right track (pure food) others are lucky enough to stumble upon the right way out of the difficulty just as a Phila. young woman did.

She says: "I had suffered terribly from nervous indigestion, everything seemed to disagree with me and I was on the point of starvation when one day I happened to run across a demonstration of Postum Food Coffee at one of the big stores here.

"I took a sample home and a sample of Grape Nuts as well and there tried them again and found they agreed with me perfectly. For months I made them my main diet and as the result I am restored to my former perfect health and can eat everything I want to.

"When I spoke to my physician about Grape Nuts he said 'It is a most excellent food.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Look for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every package of both Postum and Grape-Nuts.

MENELEK AGAINST SLAVERY.

Forbids His People to Make Slaves of Galla Natives.

A few weeks ago King Menelek of Abyssinia issued a decree against the slave trade. It is couched in the language of potentates who have unlimited power to enforce laws of their own making. The King says:

By a letter forwarded some time ago to all the provinces, I forbade traffic in men of the Galla tribe. I also intimated that those guilty of this offense would be excommunicated from the Christian Church of Abyssinia, but you refuse to cease making slaves of the Galla men.

Now beware. You who are taken in the act of enslaving the Gallas will no longer, as heretofore, be fined or turned out of the church. But you will be punished in your own persons, by which I mean will be subjected to the penalty of mutilation.

This is certainly one of the most drastic measures yet taken against slave trading in Africa. The Gallas are a fine tribe, widely spread over the country south of Abyssinia. A large part of their territory, by agreement between Meneleck and Great Britain, now lies within the King's domain.

The Abyssinians, with their guns and superior military skill, have regarded Gallaland as their poaching ground and have inflicted great hardships upon the natives, whom they robbed frequently, not only of their produce but also of their liberty.

The evil has been increasing. Abyssinians have seemed to think that the easiest way to acquire wealth was to make a raid in Gallaland and carry home a few scores of natives to sell as slaves. The crimes committed against this superior tribe have been the scandal of Menelek's reign. The Gallas have been powerless to make affective defence, though they have lost no opportunity of spearing individual Abyssinians or very small parties and speedily decamping to avoid detection.

Years ago the Arabs were wont to invade the Galla country and take hundreds of the natives into slavery. In recent years, however, the Abyssinians have been the only oppressors.

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 7B

"You may pay a higher price, but don't flatter yourself that you can buy better tea than Blue Ribbon Ceylon. Ask your friends about it.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

Pessemists thrive on disappointments.

Love is the only sure cure for feminine coquetry.

Some men seem to have the horseless brand of horse sense.

A quiet little game is one in which money does nearly all the talking.

Probably the mule kicks because his owner doesn't use a steam plow.

England may be the mother country, but the United States seems to be the father-in-law country.

It's as difficult to convince a stubborn man as it is to fatten a windmill by running corn through it.

Miss Elder (displaying her new gown)—"Now this is a perfect copy of a dress of the First Empire." Miss Kittish—"You remember exactly how they looked, I suppose?"

Mr. Stubb—"The weekly papers say down at Matilda Senkin's dinner-party the table fairly groaned." Mrs. Stubb (who was not invited)—"I guess it did. Matilda Jenkin's cooking is enough to make anyone groan."

Young Wife (at dinner)—"I didn't tell you, Adolphus, I cooked the dinner to-day, myself." Husband—"Indeed! Then in my thoughts I have been doing poor Mary Ann a great injustice."

The sunniest place in the earth is either the great Sahara or the desert of Arabia. The cloudiest place is in Northern Russia, the southwest coast of Peru, or the coast of the French Congo, Africa, all being about the same in this respect.

$100 Reward, $100

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"She's not half as bad as she's painted." "Well, she has only herself to blame." "Eh?" "She paints herself, doesn't she?"

Eyes and Nose ran Water.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents.—17

Mrs. Jones: "You can't seem to keep a servant, Mrs. Baxter." Mrs. Baxter: "Yes, I can; but when it comes to half-keeping two or three policemen along with her, I won't!"

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." 23-74

"Well," said Pat, "cliver as ye are, ye can't tell me what keeps bricks together." "Shure," said Mike, "it's mortar." "No," said Pat. "It's wrong that ye are. Sure morther keeps them apart!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

Quizzem: "Hallo, Pat! I hear you went out on a strike.." Pat: "That's right. Oi shtruck for shorter hours." Quizzem: "Did you get them?" Pat: "Oi did. Oi'm not wurkin' at all now, b'gorry!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Why, how rumpled your shirt-waist is, Edith." "Dear me, and it has only just been pressed, too." Edith was quite as self-possessed as ever. But John colored deeply.

Golding (who has given his consent): "I hope, young man, that you know the value of the prize you will get in my daughter?" Young Man: "Well—er—no, sir; I don't know the exact value, but as near as I can find out it's in the neighborhood of $25,000."

That Awful Breath

IS DUE TO CATARRH AND COLDS

Possibly you haven't noticed it, but others have.

Catarrh and colds if neglected soon develop into the chronic forms, accompanied by the most nauseating and disgusting symptoms. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a specific for curing colds, coughs, deafness, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis, cold in the head, influenza and all diseases of the nose and throat. It relieves in 10 minutes. 6

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is without an equal for all skin troubles.

Down in Panama a woman doesn't cut much of a figure in society unless she is the daughter of at least fifteen or twenty revolutionists.

Overtaken by a heavy shower of rain a lady took refuge in a shop, where she employed the time in making some purchases. "You seem very quiet to-day," she said to the obliging salesman. "Yes, madam," was the reply; "just look at the weather! What respectable lady would venture out of doors on a day like this?"

MESSSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—I suffered for years with bronchial catarrh. I commenced in January last (as an experiment) to use MINARD'S LINIMENT which gave almost instant relief. And two bottles made a complete cure and I have had no symptoms of a return of the trouble since March.

Gratefully Yours,
MARK BURNS.
Vankleek Hill, Ont., Oct. 3, 01.

t-f

People who do the best they can to-day have the way open before them to do better to-morrow.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

It is great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough judgment to keep silent.

Heart relief in half an hour.—A lady in New York State, writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: "I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it."—19

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