Jim Dumps' young wife while yet a bride
Some biscuits made with greatest pride.
Jim looked with fear upon the food,
But to a bride one can't be rude.
"Let's eat 'Force' first, dear, 'tis my whim,"
It saved the life of "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

when in doubt, eat it.

All "Sunny Jims" Now.

"In our household 'Force' is as familiar and welcome as 'Sunny Jim,' and that's saying a good deal, for we are all 'Sunny Jims' now. "R. L. STONE."

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER XVI.

Brenda left Mrs. Wylie at eleven o'clock, merely walking away from the door of the Suffolk Mansions without wrap or luggage.

When Mrs. Wylie found herself left alone, she proceeded placidly to await further events. She was convinced that, sooner or later, the husband of her protege would appear.

About twelve o'clock there was a knock at the door which shut off Mrs. Wylie's comfortable suite of rooms from the rest of the house.

"Ah!" murmured the occupant of the drawing-room. "Our violent friend. Twelve o'clock; I must get him out of the house before Theo arrives."

She leant back and tapped the pages of her magazine pensively with an ivory paper cutter, while her eyes rested on the floor.

In the course of a few moments there was audible the sound of murmuring voices, followed shortly by footsteps.

Mrs. Wylie looked up with a pleasant expectancy. It was Captain Huston.

The soldier, glanced round the room uneasily, and then he advanced toward the fire without attempting any sort of greeting. Mrs. Wylie remained in her deep chair, and as the Captain came toward her, she watched him. His unsteady hands gave his hat no rest. Taking his stand on the hearthrug, he began at once in a husky voice.

"I have come to you, Mrs. Wylie," he said, "because I suspect that you know where Alice is to be found. This game of hide-and-seek to which she is treating me is hardly dignified, and it is distinctly senseless. If I choose to take decided steps in the matter, I can, of course, have her hunted down like a common malefactor."

He spread his gaitered feet apart, and waited with confidence the result of this shot.

"In the meantime," suggested Mrs. Wylie, with unruffled sweetness, "it is really, perhaps, wiser that you should remain apart. I sincerely trust that this is a mere temporary misunderstanding. You are both young, and, I suppose, both hasty. Think it over, Captain Hustonl and do not press matters too much. If, in a short time, you approach Alice with a few kind little apologies, I believe she would relent. You must really be less hard on us women — make some allowance for our more tender nerves and silly susceptibilities."

By way of reply, he laughed in a rasping way, without, however, being actually rude.

"I have an indistinct recollection of having heard that before," he observed, with forced cynicism, "or something of a similar nature. The kind little apologies you mention are due to me as much as they are to Alice. Of course, she has omitted to draw your attention to sundry little flirtations. . . ."

The widow stopped him with a quick gesture of disgust.

"I refuse," she said deliberately, "to listen to details. Alice will tell you that I treated her in the same way. These matters, Captain Huston, should be sacred between husband and wife."

"Well, I suppose you have Alice's story through Brenda? It comes to the same thing. I can see you are prejudiced against me."

Mrs. Wylie smiled patiently, with a suggestion of sympathy, which her companion seemed to appreciate.

"The world," she said, "is sure to be prejudiced against you in the present case. You must remember that the moral code is different for a pretty woman than for the rest of us. Moreover, the husband is blamed in preference, because people attribute the original mistake of marrying to him. I don't say that men are always to blame for mistaken marriages, but the initiative is popularly supposed to lie in their hands."

Captain Huston tugged at his drooping mustache pensively. He walked to the window, with the assurance of one who knew his way amidst the furniture, and stood for some time looking down into the street. Presently he returned, avoiding Mrs. Wylie's eyes; but she saw his face, and her own grew suddenly very sympathetic.

He played nervously with the ornaments upon the mantlepiece for some moments, deeply immersed in thought. There was a chair drawn forward to the fire, at the opposite end of the fur hearthrug to that occupied by Mrs. Wylie. This he took, sitting hopelessly with his idle hands hanging at either side.

"What am I to do?" he asked, half cynically.

Before replying, the widow looked at him—gauging him. "Do you really mean that?"

"Of course — I am helpless. A man is no match for three women."

"To begin with, you must have more faith in other people. In myself . . . Brenda . . . Theo Trist."

The last name was uttered with some significance. Its effect was startling. Huston's bloodshot eyes flashed angrily, his limp fingers clenched and writhed until the skin gave forth a creaking sound as of dry leather.

"D——n Trist!" he exclaimed. "I will shoot him if he comes across my path!"

Mrs. Wylie did not shriek or faint, as ladies are usually supposed to do when men give way to violent language in their presence. But there came into her eyes a slight passing shade of anxiety, which she suppressed with an effort.

"But first of all," she said, "you must learn to restrain yourself. You must understand that bluster of any description is quite useless against myself or Theo. Alice may be afraid, but Brenda is not; and with Alice fear is closely linked with disgust. Do not forget that."

She spoke quite calmly, with a force which a casual observer would not have anticipated. In her eagerness she leant forward, with a warning hand outstretched.

"And," he muttered, "I suppose I am to suppress all my feelings, and go about the world like a marble statue. It seems to me that that fellow Trist leaves his impression on you all. His doctrine is imperturbability at any price. It isn't mine!"

"Nor mine, Captain Huston. All I preach is a little more restraint. Theo goes to far, and his reticence leads to mistakes. You have been misled. You think that . . . your wife and Theo Trist . . . love each other."

The soldier looked at her steadily, his weak nether lip quivering with excitement. Then he slowly nodded his head.

"That—is my impression."

Mrs. Wylie evinced no hurry, no eagerness now. She had difficult cards, and her full attention was given to playing them skilfully. She leant back again in her comfortable chair, and crossed her hands upon her lap.

"Using primary argument," she said concisely, "and meeting opinion with opinion, I contend that you are mistaken. I will be perfectly frank with you, Captain Huston, because you have a certain claim upon my honesty. In some ways Alice is a weak woman. It has been her misfortune to be brought up and launched upon society as a beauty; a man who marries such a woman is assuming a responsibility which demands special qualifications. Judging from what I have observed, I am very much afraid that you possess these qualifications, in but a small degree. Do you follow me?"

The man smiled in an awkward way.

"Yes. You were going to say, 'I told you so.' "

"That," returned the widow, "is a remark I never make, because it is profitless. Moreover, it would not be true, because I never told you so. Circumstances have in a measure been against you. You could scarcely have chosen a more dangerous part of the world in which to begin your married life than Ceylon. As it happens, you did not choose, but it was forrced upon you. In England we live differently. A young married woman is thrown more exclusively upon the society of her husband; there is less temptation. You will find it less difficult . . ."

"Is married life to be described as a difficulty?" he interrupted.

Mrs. Wylie did not reply at once. She sat with placidly crossed hands gazing into the fire. There was a slight tension in the lines of her mouth.

"Life," she replied, "in any form, in any sphere, in any circumstances, is a difficulty."

After a moment she resumed in a more practical tone:

"Again, Alice is scarcely the woman to make a soldier's wife in times of peace. War . . . would bring out her good points."

Huston moved restlessly. Mrs. Wylie turned her soft gray eyes toward his face, and across her sympathetic features there passed an expression of real pain. She had divined his next words before his lips framed them.

"I am not a soldier, Mrs. Wylie."

"Resigned . . . ?" she whispered.

"No; turned out."

Unconsciously she was swaying backward and forward a little, as if in lamentation, while she rubbed one hand over the other.

"Drink," continued Huston, harshly; ". . . . drink, and Alice drove me to it."

There was a long silence in the room after this. The glowing fire creaked and crackled at times; occasionally a cinder fell with considerable clatter into the fender, but neither of these people moved. At last Mrs. Wylie looked up.

"Captain Huston," she said pleadingly.

"Yes."

He looked across, and saw the tears quivering on her lashes.

"Come back to me to-morrow morning," was her prayer. "I cannot . . . advise you yet . . . because I do not quite understand. Theo Trist is coming to lunch today. Will you come back to-morrow?"

"I will," he answered simply, and left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

As Theo Trist mounted the broad bare staircase of Suffolk Mansions, his quick ears detected the sound of Mrs. Wylie's door being drawn forcibly to behind departing footsteps.

He continued his way, without increase of speed. The person whose descent was audible came slowly to meet him, and in a few moments they were face to face upon a small stone-paved landing.

Neither departed from the unwritten code by which Englishmen regulate their actions; they merely stared at each other. Each looked at the other with the hesitation of men who, meeting, recognize a face, and half await a greeting of some description. In a moment it was too late, and they passed on—one upstairs, the other down, with unconscious symbolism — having exchanged nothing more than that expectant, hesitating stare of mutual recognition and mutual curiosity.

Each was at heart a gentleman, and under other circumstances, in the presence of a third person, or with the view of sparing a hostess anxiety, they would undoubtedly have shaken hands. But here, beneath the eye of none but their God (who, in His wisdom, has purposely planted a tiny seed of divergence in our hearts), they saw no cause for acting that which could, at its best, have been nothing but a semi-truth.

When Trist greeted Mrs. Wylie a few moments later, he detected her glance of anxiety; but it was against his strange principles to take the initiative, so he waited until she might speak.

After a few commonplaces dexterously handled, she suddenly changed her tone.

"Theo," she said with that abruptness which invariably follows her hesitation on the brink of a difficult subject, "there was a man in this room ten minutes ago who announced his fixed determination of shooting you the very next time you crossed his path."

"Yes; I met him on the stairs . . . ."

And . . ."

"And he did not shoot," said Trist with a short laugh as he turned and faced Mrs. Wylie.

Then he did a somewhat remarkable thing — remarkable, that is, for a man who never gave way to a display of the slightest emotion, demonstrating either sorrow or joy, hatred or affection. He took Mrs. Wylie's two hands within his, and forced her to sit in the deep basket-work chair near the fire with its back toward the window.

Standing before her with his hands thrust into the pockets of his short serge jacket, he looked down at her with quizzical affection.

"Some months ago," he said, "we made a contract; you are breaking that contract, unless I am very much mistaken. You have allowed yourself to be anxious about me — is that not so?"

The widow smiled bravely up into the grave young face.

"I am afraid," she began, ' . . . yes, I am afraid you are right. But the anxiety was not wholly on your account."

Trist turned slowly away. The movement was an excess of caution, for his face was always impenetrable.

"Ah!" he murmured.

"I am very anxious about Alice and Brenda."

"Ah!" he murmured again, with additional sympathy.

She did not proceed at once, so he leant back in the chair he had assumed, and waited with that peculiar patience which seemed to belong to Eastern lands, and which has been noticed before.

"Theo," she said at last, "has it never struck you that your position with regard to those two girls is—to say the least of it—peculiar?"

"From a social point of view?"

"Yes."

"If," he said in a louder tone, on his defence, as it were, "I were constantly at home, society might have something to say about it. But, as it happens, I am never long in London, and consequently fail to occupy that prominent position in the public esteem or dislike to which my talents undoubtedly entitle me."

"Fortunately, gossip has not been rife about it."

"Partly by good fortune, and partly by good management," corrected Trist. "With a little care, society is easily managed."

"A tiger is easily managed, but its humors cannot be foretold."

This statement was allowed to pass unchallenged, and before the silence was again broken, a servant announced that luncheon was ready. Mrs. Wylie led the way, and Trist followed. They were both rather absorbed during the dainty repast, and conversation was less interesting than the parlor-maid could have wished.

The maid had left the room; there was no fear of interruption. Trist amused himself for some moments with a minute morsel of Gorgonzola: then he looked up, unconsciously trying the temper of his knife upon the plate while he spoke.

"I had," he said, "an interview with my chief this morning."

"Ah! Sir Edward, you mean?"

"Yes," slowly, "Sir Edward."

Mrs. Wylie saw that she was expected to ask a question in order to keep the ball rolling.

"What about?" she inquired pleasantly.

"I informed him that I proposed burying the hatchet."

"You are not going to give up active service!" exclaimed Mrs. Wylie in astonishment.

"I promised to go to one more campaign — the Russo-Turkish — which will come on in the spring, and after that I shall follow the paths of peace."

Mrs. Wylie rolled up her table-napkin, and inserted it meditatively into an ancient silver ring several sizes too large for it.

"I used to think," she murmured, "that you would never follow the ways of peace." Then she looked across the table into his face with that indescribable contraction of the eyes which sometimes came even when her lips were smiling. "I am not quite sure of you now, Theo," she added gently, as she rose and led the way toward the door.

Trist reached the handle before her, and held the door open with that unostentatious politeness of his which made him different from the general run of society young men. As she passed, he smiled reassuringly, and said in his monotonous way:

"I am quite sure of myself."

"Not too sure?" she inquired over her shoulder.

"No."

In the drawing-room he succumbed to his hostess's Bohemian persuasions, gnd lighted a cigarette. He seemed to have forgotten his own affairs.

"About Alice," he began— "what is to be done?"

For some reason Mrs. Wylie avoided meeting his glance.

"I told Alfred Huston," she replied, after a pause, "that I would communicate with Alice, and that I had hopes of their living happily together yet."

Her tone was eminently practical and business-like. Trist answered in the same way.

"I told Alice," he said cheerily, "that I would ask you to communicate with Huston, with the view of coming to some definite arrangement. Hide-and-seek is a slow game after a time."

"What sort of arrangement?j'

"Well . . . I suggested that he should agree to leave her unmolested for a certain time, during which she could think it over."

Mrs. Wylie's smile was a trifle wan and uncertain.

"In fact, you made the best of it?"

"Yes. What else could I do?"

"I told Alfred Huston," she said, disconnectedly, "that I trusted you to do your honest best for all concerned in this matter."

"Which statement Huston politely declined to confirm. I should imagine."

Mrs. Wylie shrugged her shoulders. Denial was evidently out of the question.

"Then my name was brought in?" asked Trist in a peculiar way.

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"By me. It would have been worse than useless, Theo, to have attempted ignorance of your influence over the girls."

For a second time Trist avoided meeting his companion's glance.

"I told Sir Edward," he said, after a considerable space of time, "that I must be allowed to remain in England for some time to come; it seems to me that I should have done better had I asked to be sent away on active service without delay."

"I should hardly go so far as to say that, Theo," remarked Mrs. Wylie placidly; "but I think you must be very careful. I only want to call your attention to the light in which your help is likely to appear in the eyes of the world."

"You have no . . ." — he hesitated before saying the word "man," but his listener gave a little quick nod as if to help him—"man to help you, except me; and it seems better that there should be someone whom you can play, as it were, against Huston's stronger cards — someone of whom he is afraid."

"Yes," replied the lady with an affectionate smile; "I quite understand your meaning; and I think you are right, although Alfred Huston is not an alarming person; he is very weak."

"When he is sober," suggested Trist significantly.

"And," she continued, "I am convinced that this reconciliation is more likely to be brought about if it is left entirely in my hands. Your influence, however subtle, will be detected by Alfred Huston, and the result will be disastrous. Unless . . . unless . . ."

She stopped in a vague way, and moved restlessly.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you go to Alfred Huston and convince him by some means that there is no love between you and Alice."

The laughter with which he greeted this suggestion was a masterpiece of easy nonchalance,— deep, melodious, and natural; but somehow Mrs. Wylie failed to join in it.

"No," he said; "that would not do. If Alice and I went together, and took all sorts of solemn affidavits, I doubt whether Huston would be any more satisfied than he is at present. The only method practicable is for me to hold myself in reserve, while you manage this affair."

He had risen during his speech, and now held out his hand.

"I have an appointment at the Army and Navy," he said, "and must ask you to excuse me if I run away."

Mrs. Wylie was left in her own drawing-room nonplussed. She gazed at the door which had just closed behind her incomprehensible guest with mild astonishment.

"That," she reflected, "is the first time that I have seen Theo have recourse to retreat."

(To Be Continued).

THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says : "My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE STUDENT.

Judge—"Then you have lost both your parents. Have you any brothers or sisters ?"

Prisoner—"One brother."

J.—"What does he do ?"

P.—"He studies."

J.—"He will be sorry enough to know that his brother has been brought up five times for stealing. What is he studying ?"

P.—"He is studying a new and improved method for cutting through the patent metallic roller shutters."

PAGE FENCE

This is the Page standard eleven bar wire fence. Coil, spring wire (not crimped)—takes up the slack in summer, does not become too tight in winter—regulates its own tension all the time. Page uprights in one piece stand a strain of 300 pounds. Common uprights spliced at each bar break at 200 pounds. Page gates, ornamental fences, poultry netting, are standard the world over.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. St. John, N.B. Montreal, P.Q. 12

1—2—27

GOOD HEALTH.

How It Can Be Obtained and How It Can Be Preserved.

The health of the whole body depends upon the blood and nerves. The blood must be rich and pure, and the nerves vigorous and strong. Therefore a medicine that makes new blood and strengthens the nerves reaches the root of many serious diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this, and this is the secret of their wonderful power to conquer disease. Thousands of cases—many of them in your own neighborhood—have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure rheumatism, Sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, nervous and bilious headache, heart trouble, indigestion, neuralgia and the ailments that render the lives of so many women a source of misery. Mr. Jas. Adames, Brandon, Man., says :—"Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully a year I rarely got a good night's sleep. I gave the pills a thorough trial and can now truthfully say I could not wish for better health."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will surely do for you, but you should be careful to get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper round each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c. per box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 815

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HOME FINDING.

Children's Aid Society Does Not Send Children to Institutions.

The question is sometimes asked, "Why not keep the children in the institution until they are old enough to earn wages ?" We think it better, writes J. J. Kelso, that they should be adopted or placed in foster-homes where they may grow up like other children in the community. If retained in an institution they would grow up a separate dependent class supported by charity. In a family they learn to take care of themselves and gain an experience of life which they never could if separated from the rest of the world.

Many people do not themselves want children and suppose that no one would take them except for selfish purposes. This is a great mistake, for children are both loving and lovable, and if given an opportunity would soon make themselves indispensable in the home. Love for little children lies in the heart as seed in fertile soil ; the pressure of little hands, the sweet caresses, the light of baby eyes, even the tears of childish grief will cause the love-seeds to germinate and grow up into strong affections.

Some childless couples live in dreary monotony who, if they took a little boy or girl to raise, would find life worth living. Others have found it so, and are finding it out all the time.

Therefore we say with full assurance and confidence that the home is better than the institution every time.

How's This !

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CALLED KING OLD DUFFER.

Salisbury Did It in Edward VII.'s Presence.

Many stories have been told about Lord Salisbury's absent-mindedness and strange mistakes in identifying well-known people, combined with a supreme indifference for all persons with whom he finds himself in company. The latest of these stories which has gone the rounds in London recently tells of an incident which occurred at the King's levee the other day.

Lord Salisbury was present and was standing, apparently wrapped in thought, among a crowd of distinguished men, when the Bishop of London approached and greeted him. To the surprise and chagrin of the latter Lord Salisbury failed utterly to recognize him and the Bishop was forced to explain who he was and to recall to the former Prime Minister the fact that he had appointed him Bishop of London in 1901.

Later on when the Bishop was conversing with the King he expressed regret that Lord Salisbury was apparently unable to recognize his friends, and told His Majesty what had happened. The King laughed heartily and said:

"He has treated me worse than that. Not long ago, while having an audience with me, he gave a beautiful example of thinking aloud. On a table close to his lordship stood a photograph of myself. Lord Salisbury, taking it up, gazed at it for a few moments, and then remarked, 'Poor old duffer; I wonder if he is as stupid as he looks?' "

This is not the first time that Lord Salisbury has failed to recognize Bishop Ingram, who is one of the best known and most popular divines in England. A few weeks after he had appointed him Bishop Lord Salisbury met him at a great London house and had a long conversation with him.

At the close of this talk the then Prime Minister of Great Britain went to the hostess and asked her who the intelligent young ecclesiastic was with whom he had just been talking. Last summer, at a great annual garden party, at his country estate, Hatfield House, Lord Salisbury was seen to approach an obscure country member of Parliament and greet him warmly. He led him off by the arm and kept him in earnest conversation for a long time. The country member of the House finally rejoined his friends beaming with pride, while Lord Salisbury was carried off by his daughter, Lady Gwendolen, to perform his duties as host. The Premier explained to her that he had just been having a most important conversation with Lord ——, mentioning the name of a member of his own cabinet.

THE OLDEST LAWSUIT.

A lawsuit which may probably be claimed as the oldest in the world is reported from the Trentina, says the London Mail. The two communes of Gallio and Foza have been for four centuries in litigation for the possession of an extensive tract of woodland, which has assumed the character of a virgin forest, with trees of colossal size, which no man dares to touch. Spots are still pointed out where, 200 years ago the two communes fought pitched battles for the disputed wood. Apparently the homeric struggle is as far from closing as ever.

PROOF.

A lady who had been travelling abroad was describing an Irishwoman whom she met.

"She was so refined, so well-educated !" she said. "Why, she was so careful in avoiding all temptations to brogue that she invariably called the crater of Mount Vesuvius 'the creature' !"

"Is that my umbrella you have ?" "Most likely. I've just bought it in a pawnshop."

24—03

SCHOOL IN 1950.

Teacher (to newly-arrived pupil)—"Have you your vaccination certificate with you ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated against croup ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been vaccinated with the cholera bacillus ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written certificate that you have been made immune against whooping-cough, measles and scarlatina ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you promise never to use the sponge and slate-pencil of your neighbor ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing that at least once every week all your books be thoroughly fumigated with sulphur and your clothes be disinfected with mercuric bichloride ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, as you possess all the necessary protective measures prescribed by our modern hygienic requirements, you may mount over that wire inclosure and take yonder aluminum seat and may begin your lessons."

COLLINGWOOD IS WITH THE REST

REMARKABLE CURE OF A CITIZEN BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Valentine Fisher's Terrible Sciatic Pains Speedily Vanished Before the Great Kidney Remedy.

Collingwood, May 25.—(Special)—Every city, town and village in Canada is reporting remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and Collingwood is not behind the rest. There are scores of people here who have used the great Kidney Remedy and who are not slow to tell of the splendid results. Valentine Fisher, well known in the town and surrounding country, is one of them.

"I was troubled with Kidney Disease for thirteen years," Mr. Fisher says in telling of his cure. "It developed into Sciatica which located in my side so that I could not walk without a cane. I had to use hypodermic injections of morphrine to ease the pain.

"I tried different medical men and medicines with no good results till I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes effected a perfect cure. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who are suffering from Rheumatism or any other form of Kidney Disease."

CREATING A DEMAND.

Not long ago a lank, elderly man entered a shop where all sorts of drugs and patent medicines are sold.

"Three weeks ago you sold me a bottle of Henry's Harmless Hair Restorer," he said, leaning over the counter and addressing one of the clerks with a friendly air.

"Certainly. I think I remember you," said the clerk. "Want another bottle ?" and he half turned toward the shelves.

"No," said the friendly man. "I just called in to tell you that if you continue to carry that hair restorer you'd better lay in a line of wigs. There'll be a great demand for 'em."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, DENVER

For the International Convention at Denver, July 9th to 13th, the official route selected by the Transportation Managers for Ontario and Quebec is via the Chicago and North-Western and Union Pacific Railways. Special train of tourist sleeping cars through to Denver. Tickets on sale July 6th, 7th and 8th. Return limit August 31st, 1903. Very low rates from all stations in Canada. Write for official Christian Endeavor folder, rates and full information to B. H. Bennett, 2 East King street, Toronto.

Magistrate—"Why didn't you go to the assistance of the prosecutor in the fight ?" Policeman—"Sure, an' Oi didn't know which av them wus going to be th' prosecutor, yer honor !"

MOWER FEATURES.

The Tracker Board on the Massey-Harris Mower has a projecting steel shoe.

It runs all along the bottom of the Board.

It prevents the Board wearing down and helps to make a better track than the ordinary Board.

The Drive Wheel of the Massey-Harris Mower has four pawls and twenty-seven cogs.

That is why the Knife on the Massey-Harris Mower begins to operate as soon as the horses move forward. There is no lost motion.

It is not necessary to back up when starting in the grass.

The Mower begins to cut right where it stands.

The Doubletrees can be hitched either above or below the Pole. The attachment is very simple.

The new British naval 50-ton 12-inch wire gun will fire shells weighing 850 lbs. at the rate of one a minute.

Dear Sirs,—Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT without any surgical operation and there is no indication of a return.

CAPT. W. A. PITT.
Clifton, N.B. Gondola Ferry.

7-59

The most lofty clouds measured last year were at a height of 36,000 feet, and moved at 149 miles an hour.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime." "Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl. After a pause ; "George says if you're sleepy go to bed, by all means."

Five o'clock teas and social functions of any sort are incomplete without

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

By giving your guests the best you flatter them and are commended for your own good taste.

Black. Mixed. Ceylon Green. Ask for Red Label.

FORTY CENTS—SHOULD BE FIFTY 8

t-f

Government Tests

have proven that 80 per cent of all the unsprayed fruits going to waste might be marketed at top prices if sprayed with a

SPRAMOTOR

Nine-tenths of the labor can be saved where much whitewashing or painting is necessary. We want you to know why Spramotors will save your fruit while ordinary sprayers fail. The buying of a Sprayer is the matter of a moment, yet a mistake is a costly experience. It means the loss of your labor and chemical, and affects your profits. We want you to know why the Spramotor was awarded First Place in the Spraying Contest, and the Gold Medal at the Pan American Exposition. We want you to know why Sprayers should be made of good brass. We want you to know why Spramotors have more points of excellence than all others combined. We want to supply you with the facts, and help you to avoid mistakes. Will you let us try? Send for our Treatise, "A Gold Mine on Your Farm," on the diseases of fruit trees and their remedies. It's Free.

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Ramsay's paints are for beauty, protection and durability—made from the best oil, turpentine and pigments.

The price is just right and all good dealers have them.

You can't get better paints—many get worse.

Write us, mentioning this paper, and we'll send a booklet showing how some beautiful homes are painted with our paints.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, • • MONTREAL. Estd. 1842.

14—26

RATHER CONFUSING.

"What," he asked, "does 'E.R.' stand for ?"

"In what connection ?"

"Why, referring to the King of England, of course."

"It stands for 'Edward Rex.' "

For a minute the inquirer was buried in thought.

"His mother used the initials 'V.R.,' didn't she ?" he asked at length.

"She did."

"Was she 'Victoria Rex' ?"

"No ; she was 'Victoria Regina.' "

"That's what I thought, and that's what puzzles me."

"How does it puzzle you ?"

"Why, I can't help wondering what King Edward wanted to change the family name for."

Host (who has spilt some tea over a lady's dress)—"So sorry—luckily none of it has gone on to the carpet."

CHEAP EXCURSION TO DENVER.

The Wabash will sell round trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, Col., at less than the one way fare. Tickets on sale July 6th, 7th and 8th, good to return any time before August 31st, 1903.

Passengers going via Detroit and over the great Wabash line, can go via Chicago and Omaha, return through Kansas City and St. Louis without extra charge. This will give passengers the grand opportunity of seeing the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis. All Wabash trains stop at the Fair grounds.

For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

"The preacher made a great mistake on Sunday and lost a good collection." "How ?" "Well, he appointed a bill-collector to go round with the plate, and bless me if every man in the congregation didn't ask him to call again on the 15th."

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. 1-19

23-74

Teacher (of class in anatomy)—"How many bones are there in a chicken ?" Millie (youngest member of a large family)—"I can tell you how many there are in the neck. That's the only part I ever get."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The salt in the ocean is sufficient to cover 700,000 square miles of land a mile deep.

PLAN NOW FOR SUMMER TOURS

No matter where you are going, if in the United States, write to Fred. P. Fox, care Lackawanna Railroad, Buffalo, N. Y., for rates and routes. Very cheap excursions during the summer to Atlantic City, Boston and New York. Excursion rates now in effect to all resorts. Plan now.

All the gold coin at present in use in the world weighs less than 900 tons.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

Willis—"Did the doctor do anything to hasten your recovery ?" Wallace—"Oh, yes ; he told me he was going to charge me five dollars a visit."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Bibbs—"That was a remarkable escape of Borebeigh's. It is a wonder he is alive to tell the tale." Gibbs—"Yes ; and such a pity, too!"

Just what it was 25 years ago,

St. Jacobs Oil is now.

The prompt, sure cure for

SORENESS AND STIFFNESS

Price, 25c. and 50c.

t—f

HANDS AND FEET.

"Did those people whom you went to civilize welcome you with open hands ?"

"No," answered the missionary, sadly ; "they all jumped on me with both feet."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Landlord—"I tell you this—I sha'n't let you move out of my house till you pay your rent !" Tenant—"Ah ! A permanent home is what I have always wanted !"

RUBBER GOODS

Latest Novelties, all styles. Correspondence invited. Enclose 2c stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO., P. O. Box 1142, Montreal.

6-57

Dominion Line Steamships

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Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St. Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

9-60

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Montreal

- - RUPTURE - -

DON'T make yourself worse by wearing a spring truss. YOU CAN'T hope to get well under such conditions. We have what you want, comfort at work, waking or sleeping. Write at once for particulars, or come and see. The Belt and Truss Mfg. Co., 433 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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Maple Syrup and other produce to advantage for you.

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1-45

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We invite large or small accounts of persons residing anywhere. Our new book "SAVING MONEY BY MAIL" will be sent free on receipt of your address.

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Put a variety into Summer living—it's not the time of year to live near the kitchen range. Libby's

Veal Loaf Potted Turkey
Deviled Ham
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Quickly Made Ready to Serve.

Send to-day for the little booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," full of ideas on quick, delicious lunch serving. Libby's Atlas of the World mailed free for 5 two-cent stamps.

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