DISTRESS AFTER EATING.

Can Only Be Cured by Removing the Cause of the Trouble.

There is only one way to cure indigestion; the medicine must act upon the digestive organs—not upon their contents. Medicine should not do the stomach's work, but should make the stomach do the work nature intended it should do. Dr. Williams Pink Pills do this as no other medicine can. They tone up the stomach, restore the weakened digestive organs and promote natural digestion. There is no doubt about this—it has been proved in thousands of cases that Dr. Williams Pink Pills cure indigestion when all other medicines fail. Mr. Elzear Robidoux, St. Jerome, Que., offers his testimony to substantiate this. He says:—"For some years I was a great sufferer from indigestion. My appetite became irregular, and everything I ate felt like a weight on my stomach. I suffered much from pains in the stomach and was frequently seized with dizziness and severe headaches. Nothing I tried did me a particle of good until I began the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and these, after taking them for about two months, completely cured me. It is nearly two years since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not since had the slightest return of the trouble."

Dr. Williams Pink Pills cure not only indigestion, but every trouble due to poor blood and shattered nerves. They will not fail if the treatment is given a fair trial. Don't take any pink colored substitute—don't take anything but Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People. You will find the full name printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LIFE IN CAPE TOWN.

People Cannot Find a Place to Lay Their Heads.

"The seekers" is a name given to the large army of house hunters in Cape Town and its suburbs.

The Cape Argus calls them outcasts and homeless wanderers. One sign of their misery is the maniacal stare in their eyes when they scan the "to let" columns of the daily papers.

Some of them are old men, haggard, with a furtive way about them as they hurry along suburban avenues; others are still young, recently married, and in the full pride of hope. Disappointment has not yet blunted the edge of their hopes, nor dulled the imagination which pictures castles in the air.

These unhappy "seekers" are looking for houses to rent or to own. Some of them live in boarding houses. From the honeymoon they are merely as birds of passage. "We are only here," says a bride, "for a week; my husband has his eye on a house." In a month's time the eye of the bridegroom is on another house. In a year's time his naturally frank and open countenance has taken on a hunted look; the bride has become a victim of the boarding house chop, and the Monday's Irish stew has dethroned the only little recipe she had treasured up.

Sad are the tragedies of the "seeker." A forlorn gentleman was found seated on the peg planted by the architect to outline the foundations. "What are you doing here," asked the architect. "Waiting, sir, waiting. Don't mind me. Proceed with your work. I am the future tenant."

Another architect, who rented a villa, is building his own house. Every evening a couple visit the new building and mark the number of bricks laid during the day. They have first option on the old villa when the architect leaves for his new house.

In another case a funeral was in progress; but scarcely had the last mourning coach left, when, at the door, apologetic, but resolute, appeared the first of the "seekers" to claim the house.

If they hear that a house will be vacant in six months' time, and they find that other homeless waifs have news of the flitting, they will enter into a fierce rivalry for the affections of the agent. Such is the lot of the "seekers." Wretched is their plight, doomed, says Argus, to such a lingering grief.

A MOTHER'S PRAISE.

"From the time my baby was born," says Mrs. Rolt. Price, of Combermere, Ont., "he was always sickly and costive until I began giving him Baby's Own Tablets. He is now, well, strong and growing nicely, and I can hardly say how thankful I am for my baby's cure." In every home where there are young children this medicine should always be kept on hand. The troubles of little ones come when least expected, and a dose of the Tablets promptly given may save a precious little life. Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, and an occasional dose will prevent sickness. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BETTER THAN NONE.

When a now famous actor was a young man he was one day, while driving, asked by a pedestrian how to get to a certain village.

"You go," said the young actor, "down this road, and then you turn to the left, and afterwards—but I am going in that direction myself. Will you get in and let me drive you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said the stranger. "Poor company is better than none."

He climbed up and took his seat. He was tall and thin, with a very gruff, rude manner.

The actor tried to entertain him and to get him to talk, but he would say little. Once he drew out a well-filled case, selected a cigar, and returned the case to his pocket again. He was insufferable.

The young man whipped up his horse and mile after mile was covered in silence. It was beginning to grow dark.

"How about that road to the left that I was to take?" exclaimed the stranger, suddenly. "Ain't we come to it yet?"

"Oh, we passed it six miles back," said the other.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said the stranger.

"Because I didn't want to lose your society. Poor company, you know, is better than none," said the young man.

Some men live happily with their wives because the wives aforesaid won't stand for anything else.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" he asked. "Should the weather indications continue of an auspicious character, my intended destination is yonder enclosure, where my unswervable determination is to extract such an amount of lacteal fluid from the gently articulating kine as may be deemed necessary and advisable," calmly replied the rustic girl. And she passed on, leaving a gibbering idiot grovelling upon the ground where lately had stood a dandy masher.

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER II.

All the next day Mr. Meade pondered silently upon Sir Arthur Medway's interview with him, until evening came again, and the children were gone to bed.

"The boy," he said to his wife, "is nine year old; he takes a threshing like a man, aye, and has the grace to be thankful for't. He knows already more book-learning than ever I known all my life. He'll tell you the Latin for a cow or a cat smother than you'll print off your pats of butter, Martha. 'Tis but right he should know how he was come by and what he've got to look to. Let en choose for hisself."

Mrs. Meade demurred at throwing such a responsibility on a child of nine years.

"It's like this," Meade replied; "there's no lawyer living, not the Lord Chancellor hisself, can make me believe I haven't a right to a boy I've took and bred up from his cradle and been a father to. But Sir Arthur, he've got a right over the child, too, and 'tis plain as plums we can't both hev him, and only the Lord himself can judge between us. I've tried opening the Bible hap-hazard, but can't light upon what'll serve the turn. Only I come to 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings' twice, and it was borne in upon me that Philip must settle for himself."

The argument was unanswerable, and in much grief and trepidation, Mrs. Meade accepted the office of acquainting Philip with the choice that lay before him.

"Lither tongues," Mr. Meade continued, "was never meant for men folk Martha. I never was good at putting words to what's going on inside of me. Think I can, as well as any man. But darned if I can tell what I'm thinking of. You may mind the time it took me to come to the point when courting."

"To be sure, Meade," she replied, with feeling, "I did think you was never going to say 'mum,' and folk knew I was ready to say 'budget,' and there was a laugh against me in all the country-side. 'If you can't bring him on, Patty, you'd better throw him off,' Cousin Jane heve said many a time; 'if he had any house, he'd a known it was time to speak up long ago.' Whatever we should ha' done if it hadn't been for grandmother's great gander, I don't know; kept wiverin' on till now, I reckin."

"Right," replied Meade, gravely; "you're right, Martha, but even the girt gander would ha' ben nothing without your tongue. I beat the gander off of ye, and you cried and clung on to me, and there I stood like a girt zote and couldn't tell for the life of me what to say next. It did seem that simple to blurt out, 'Marry me, Martha,' all of a sudden right in the middle of the common with the wild gander and all the geese staring and hissing at us. I'd given ye a kiss but I had to keep my eye on that gander all the time. Then you said, 'Please don't leave me, Mr. Meade; I'm that frightened!' And that put it into my head to say, 'I'll never leave ye, my dear, if you'll promise to go to church with me, afore two months are gone.' And so 't was done, but it drove the sweat out of me, and you was all of a tremble in a pink Sunday gown, and the church bells ringen. And the old gander kept on hissing and running, so I was forced to keep my arm round ye all the way across common. I never hear a goose hiss but I think on 't," he added, pensively.

"'T wasn't the first lead I gave ye, either," laughed Mrs. Meade, brightening at these tender recollections; "but there, courten is like a cool hand at pastry; its born with some, and there are those can't do it to save their lives. 'Mat Meade's that nog-headed,' Cousin Jane used to say, 'I'd rather die an old maid than put up with such a duch chap.' But I thought to myself, 'Matt Meade has a good headpiece enough, if he is wanting in tongue. I've enough for both. And courten is only wanted ove a lifetime.'"

"I don't doubt things are ordered right," Mr. Meade commented; "but it seems a pity the courten isn't done by the women. I'd sooner unload ten wagons of flour than feel how I felt for months and months before your grandmother's great gander ran after ye. Any woman would ha' done it that easy, you'd scarcely know you'd ben through anything; their tongues twist and turn about like a well-broke, tender-mouthed filly."

"Ah, well, 't was soon done and over, after all," observed Mrs. Meade regretfully; "fullish times they were, I'm sure."

"It's what all must come to," moralized Mr. Meade; "bound to be fullish once in a lifetime is all mankind. You was a pretty maid, Martha; not that I was one to be took by a pretty face," he added, severely, knowing that female vanity dies hard. "No, my dear, I somehow seemed set on ye. I didn't know why. Whether 'twas the dairy, or the cooking, or the goodness of heart drew me on, I can't rightly say. But I was that dull and drug the days I didn't get a sight of ye. Bless me, how fullish we went on!" he exclaimed, suddenly checking this flood of tender reminiscence; for he was a man of sober thought and staid demeanor, and knew what was due to conjugal propriety and their advancing years. "What was I a-saying? Words is what I never could handle easy. I can heft anything you like to name with any man of forty; but when it comes to words, I'm bound to make a mess on 't. Words come natural to the womenfolk. So you tell the boy, Martha."

Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Meade ascended the steep creaking stair and went into the dim little attic in the ghostly twilight, her footsteps on the uncarpeted boards rousing the sleeping boy.

"Mother," he cried, starting up, "I didn't take the plums, indeed I didn't."

"Dear heart alive," said Mrs. Meade, "who's thinking of plums? I know who had them, my dear, and it wasn't you. You're never stinted in anything that's good for children, so you wouldn't take plums, and you've never told me a lie, yet, Philip."

Philip lay back on the pillow and wondered if the fowls had got into the garden when he left the gate open.

"Boys," said Mrs. Meade, giving him a kiss and carefully tucking in the bed-clothes he had dashed aside, "are made that lither and sprack they can't bide quiet long together, they're bound to be in some mischief tearing and siling clothes, upsetting and breaking things, and stabbling all over the house. I cried terrible when mine were took, but I do think to meself at times there was mercy in it. For however I could keep the house decent with four stabbling about, the Lord only knows."

"I did mean to shut the gate," said Philip, "but I forgot."

"Never mind the gate, my dear, but mind to shut him next time," she continued, smoothing the sheet under his chin. "For a boy you've been a good boy, and me and your father has never repented taking you—" here Mrs. Meade's voice failed her and she took out her handkerchief to Philip's dismay.

"Taking me?" he asked, after a pause; "where from?"

"From the workhouse," she replied. "Nobody knew so much as your surname when your poor mother died and left ye, and there was nothing for it but the workhouse, if Matthew hadn't come along and thought of them we'd lost and had it borne in upon him he was to take and breed you up in their place."

Philip had seen the workhouse boys in their thin and poor uniform at some holiday gathering in which they were included, he had marked their pinched and often vicious faces, had heard them use foul words, once he had been taken to see some one at the workhouse, once a man in Cleeve had been tried for ill-treating a young workhouse apprentice and he had stolen into the court to hear the case. He wound his stout little arm into that of the kind soul who had been a mother to him, and she kissed him and stroked the thick hair off his forehead. Then she told him how Matthew had brought him home one night, that he was of gentle blood and of an origin known to Sir Arthur, who wished to educate him with his own sons.

All this, in spite of her husband's tribute to her eloquence and Philip's eager interest and frequent questioning she effected not without difficult and much digression and repetition.

"But mother, what is my name?" he asked for at least the ninth time for he was tired out with eight evasive answers to this important question.

"My dear," she replied, on being thus brought to bay, "it's little chance you have of keeping the Fifth Commandment with your poor mother in her grave this seven years. It's only her dying wishes you can obey, which is, you was to be called Philip Randal and ask no questions"

Philip sighed; he had long since discovered that the whole duty of youth consisted in not asking questions, and the whole interest and joy of youth in doing so. He gave Mrs. Meade's ample form a tight squeeze and asked if he was to be sent to Marwell Court to live.

"Not if you don't want to go, my dear," she replied, tenderly stroking his hair on which the bright silver of the moon now shimmered. "Me and your father wants to keep you had enough, but we can't bring ourselves to stand in your light, Phil. Sir Arthur would make a gentleman and a made man of ye."

Mrs. Meade went on to speak of college education and of expenses, reaching far into manhood, of launching a youth in any profession. "Then, my dear," she continued, "your father and me are plain people, though comfortable, and we know manners as well as most; and I will say that for Meade, never a bad word comes out of his mouth, and always takes his hat off to his betters; and aggravating as Cousin Jane may be, while under his roof he's never nothen but civil to her. The worst he ever said was one Christmas time when Cousin Jane was onluckier than ever I knew, and said things made me wish the vittles might choke her. 'I could wish, ma'am, say Meade, as smooth as cream, 'your tongue had a been made no longer than your temper. You'd ha' been a happier woman.' She looked pretty straight at him, but it done her good. Your father's a good man, my dear. You never see him sit down to meals without washing his hands. But he and me haven't got the manners of Sir Arthur and her ladyship. They're high folk with manners to match. There's manners and manners, same as there's plain sewing and fine needlework, and there's nothen, no, not whooping-cough or scarlatina, catchinger than manners. So you must think hard about it, and perhaps you might put it in your prayers, my dear, to have a right judgment."

With these words and a final kiss and tucking-up, Mrs. Meade stole out of the moonlit attic, leaving Philip in a fever of confused and agitating thoughts and bewildering feelings.

He thought he should never go to sleep; he heard the tall clock on the stairs strike ten just as his mother left the room, but before her footsteps had ceased to echo along the boarded passages, with his arms still flung wide, the sudden sweet sleep of childhood descended upon his tired eyes and remained there til morning.

A few days later Philip, in his Sunday suit and clean collar, with hair freshly cut and an odor of soapsuds pervading him, started for Marwell Court in a high dog-cart, driven by a young groom, who was inclined to smile at the tender farewel which took place at the door. Philip looked back as long as he could see them with a sad, half-reproachful feeling; he seemed to be deserting. But this lowness of spirits was completely forgotton when he reached Marwell Court, which he had seen many a time from a distance but only once entered. On that occasion he was staying with Cousin Jane, the wife of a farmer in the neighborhood, and accompanied her on a visit to the house-keeper, who patted him on the head, which he did not like, and gave him plum-cake and currant wine, which he did.

That he might ever be master of that fine building did not enter among the many thoughts jostling in his small brain as he swept up the avenue, past one wing and reined in before a wide porticoed entrance. Like a dreamer, he got down from the dog-cart and went up the steps and through doors magically flying open of themselves to admit him. Here were tall splendidly dressed gentlemen in colored velvets, silk, and gold, their heads more floury than those of the men at the mill at home; kind and polite in spite of their bewildering splendor. No longer Phil Randal, the miller's boy, but a fairy prince penetrating to the heart of some dark enchantment, he passed through a spacious and beautiful hall, with a shining marble floor, with pictures on the walls and white figures poised on pedestals like wingless angels ready for flight, with rich hangings half-shrouding doors and windows, and was almost startled when the handsome lad who had played with him in the garden at home came bounding down the wide soundless staircase to receive him.

"Hullo, Randal, here you are at last," cried Claude, bringing the fairy prince from regions of dim enchantment to the solid earth with a bounce. "How are you? Come to my mother's room."

Philip answered him in a dazed way and followed him upstairs and along thick-carpeted corridors to a room full of strange flower-scents and pale blue satin.

"Lady Gertrude's room," Claude said before he opened the door, in a low tone that implied something like awe.

(To be Continued.)

SURE.

The Robust Physique Can Stand More Coffee Than a Weak One.

A young Virginian says: "Having a naturally robust constitution far above the average and not having a nervous temperament, my system was able to resist the inroads upon it by the use of coffee for some years but finally the strain began to tell.

"For ten years I have been employed as telegraph operator and typewriter by a railroad in this section, and until two years ago I had used coffee continually from the time I was eight years old, nearly 20 years.

"The work of operating the telegraph key is a great strain upon the nerves and after the day's work was over I would feel nervous, irritable, run down and toward the last suffered greatly from insomnia and neuralgia. As I never indulged in intoxicating liquors, drugs or tobacco in any form I came to the conclusion that coffee and tea were causing the gradual break-down of my nervous system and having read an article in the Medical Magazine on the composition of coffee and its toxic effect upon the system, I was fully convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble.

"Seeing Postum spoken of as not having any of the deteriorating effects of coffee I decided to give up the stimulant and give Postum a trial. The result was agreeably surprising. After a time my nerves became wonderfully strong, I can do all my work at the telegraph key and typewriter with far greater ease than ever before. My weight has increased 35 pounds, my general health keeping pace with it, and I am a new man and a better one." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

TATTOOING IS POPULAR.

Quite a Demand for Certain Up-to-date Designs.

Tattooing is now very popular in London and two or three men who have acquired considerable skill in this novel art are rapidly making a fortune. One of them claims to have already tattooed 15,000 persons, of whom 1,500 were women. On two of these women he has done his best work, reproducing on one with his needle the famous "Descent from the Cross" and on the other the "Ecce Homo."

He has also drawn numerous portraits of men and women and has inscribed many mottoes in the Abyssinian, Chinese and Arabic tongues. Moreover, he has tattooed marriage rings on the fingers of many women, who have desired in this way to give a proof of their eternal fidelity to their husbands.

Automobiles being now in fashion, several persons who are fond of the new sport have had their carriages tattooed on their arms, and it is even said that in some cases the name and address have been added, with the object of providing adequate marks of identification in case of accidents.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

An old typewriter ribbon soaked in a fruit jar of water will make a pint of purple hair dye.

Porous plasters embroidered with different colored yarn in various mottoes are all the rage.

A DOMESTIC INTERLUDE.

Daughter (marriageable)—"I think, pa, that you do Arthur injustice when you say that he is penurious."

Precocious Brother—"What's penoorious, pa?"

Pa—"Why, Bobbie, penurious is close."

Precocious Brother—"Then you're right, pa. Mr. Penrose is awful penoorious whenever he comes to see

Could Not Eat Without Suffering

Sixteen Years of Great Distress From Indigestion and Liver Trouble —Doctors Failed—Cure Effected by

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills

In most cases of chronic indigestion the liver and kidneys are at fault as well as the stomach, and because of their combined action on these organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure when all ordinary means fail.

The case of Mrs. Husband is not unlike scores and hundreds which are repeated to us. There can be no better evidence as to the thoroughness and effectiveness of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mrs. E. Husband, Moore street, St. Catharines, Ont., states:—"I was seriously afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for sixteen years. Finally I became so bad that I could scarcely eat anything without suffering terrible distress. Gradually I grew weaker and more emaciated, and though treated by three doctors and a specialist I received no benefit.

"After a time a pain began in my right side, which medical men said was liver trouble. I never got relief until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they helped me at once. By using about a dozen boxes I was entirely cured. I owe my cure entirely to this treatment, and make this statement with the hope that some poor sufferer may benefit by my experience."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, 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 box.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE BEATEN AGAIN.

Mary Malcolm's Life Was Measured by Days and Hours.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Had Her Able to be Out in a Week.

Another Remarkable Cure Brought Out by the Collingwood and Eglington Cases.

Toronto, Feb. 15.—(Special).—The interest in medical circles here over the cures of Mrs. Adams, of Collingwood, and Mrs. Philip, of Eglington, of Bright's Disease, has been given fresh fuel by another and yet more startling cure of that same terrible ailment. This latest case is that of a young girl, Mary Malcolm, who lives with her parents at 199 Maslborough Avenue, this city.

DEATH SEEMED SURE.

This cure is little short of miraculous. Miss Malcolm was in the clutches of Bright's Disease from May until September, and had sunk so low that her life was measured by days if not by hours. Hope had given place to a certainty of death, and her friends had turned to the sad task of preparing her grave clothes. These last ghastly garments are now in the house, but Mary Malcolm is a strong hearty maiden who can look on them without even a shudder of fear. Dodd's Kidney Pills effected the change. Here is the story as told by the girl's mother, Mrs. W. Malcolm:

"My daughter, Mary, who is now fourteen years old, was taken suddeniy ill with Bright's Disease in May, 1902. We had the doctor and continued with him till September, 1902, when he said he could do nothing more for her. She was so swollen with Dropsy as to be almost unrecognizable.

CURE WAS QUICK.

"From a book dropped in at the door, we learned of Dodd's Kidney Pills and as a last resort determined to try them. They gave her relief from the very beginning, so much so that in one week we were able to take her out to Munro Park for an afternoon.

"After taking four boxes, she was entirely cured and she has never had the slightest relapse. We can never say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills, as they certainly saved my daughter's life."

And Mary, the daughter on whom Bright's Disease had pronounced the sentence of death, now a picture of healthy girlhood, smiled a cheerful assent to her mother's statement and chimed in, "If I am ever sick again I will take nothing but Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is hardly necessary to add that proof piled on proof has convinced the public that Bright's Disease is curable and that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure; that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys the one unfailing remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

MAKING RADIUM.

It Is a Slow and Complicated Process.

Although nobody can really answer the question "What is radium?" the process of its manufacture or separation is by no means a complicated or mysterious one.

Radium exists in combination with lead, chalk, silica, iron, and other things which must be eliminated. For days a ton or so of uranite powder, which is obtained mostly from pitchblende, simmers over a slow fire with water and soda. This mixture is then put into big barrels, where a sediment is deposited; the sediment is then washed and re-washed, and put on the fire to simmer again with carbonate of soda. Then follows more sedimentation and washing, after which the residue is treated with hydrochloric acid. A colorless liquid results, containing small quantities of radium.

The chemist's object is now to separate these small quantities, and this he does by a series of re-actions and crystallizations. At each operation the crystals become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, until, after six weeks' manipulation, some twenty-five grammes of white crystals remain.

The radium contained in these is of low radio activity, and the greater part of their bulk is refined away. At the end there are left only a few centigrammes, as much as would cover the point of a knife-blade, to show for a ton or so of uranite powder and months of work.

NEVER AGAIN.

A story is told of a doctor who was much concerned at the drunken habits of his coachman, whom he had tried in vain to reform. One day he came upon a story so gruesome that it must, thought the doctor, make Mick a teetotaler for life. It was that of an old lady who had so saturated herself with spirits that her breath caught fire in blowing out a candle, and the flames, striking inwards, burned her in a moment to ashes.

Having read this frightful story to Mick with due melodramatic emphasis, the doctor wound up with the solemn admonition:—

"Mick, Mick, let this be a warning to you! Let this be a warning to you!"

"Oh, begorra, it will, sir," answered the awestruck Mick; "I'll never blow a candle out again the longesht day I live!"

The Stomach's "Weal or Woe!" —The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weal or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres mean good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nervine makes and keeps the stomach right.—52

Fred: "Frank is in a terrible fix.' Georgie: "How so?" Fred: "Jessie's father threatens to disinherit her if she marries him, and she says she will sue him for breach of promise if he doesn't."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"The last I heard of him he was climbing the ladder of success." "Yes; but he was trying to go up so fast that he overlooked a place where there was a rung missing."

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

Prices: 25c 50c $1. S. C. WELLS & CO. 305 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

15—04

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 231

WAS ALREADY PREPARED.

A certain small village in the West, far removed from the noise and bustle of commerce, boasts a female preacher, and the lady's duties are many. One day she may visit the sick, another attend a funeral, and the next baptize a baby. One afternoon she was preparing the sermon for the following Sabbath when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. Answering the summons she found a bashful young German standing on the step and twirling his straw hat in his hands.

"Good afternoon!" the preacheress remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yess? Vell, I vant me to kit merriet."

"All right; I can marry you," she said.

The lady's hair is beginning to silver, and the German glanced at it. Then he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the path.

"What's the matter?" she called after him.

"You gits no chance mit me," he called back. "I don't vant you; I haf got me a girl alretty."

MILLIONAIRES ARE USEFUL.

A country without millionaires will have few, if any, railroads, no modern sanitation, none of the devices and assistants of modern science. Poverty, ignorance, superstition, and despotism are invariably the lot of the common people in any country where millionaires have not appeared or do not remain. Nobody can do very much for himself without doing something for others. No man ever acquired a million in legitimate business without benefiting the community, perhaps to the extent of many millions. Millions now-a-days can come only with an active, exceptional capacity for successful business. Successful business does not mean, as it did in the Middle Ages, the power to rob your neighbor. It means the power to serve the public better than your neighbor can serve it. Necessarily this comes through the development and use of superior machinery or better methods for producing wealth and doing business.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Teacher: "All things that can be seen through are called transparent. Fanny, mention something which is transparent." Fanny: "A pane of glass." Teacher: "Quite correct. Now, Fanny, mention some other object through which you can see." Fanny: "A keyhole."

"My Heart was Thumping my life out," is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether.—51

Tommy: "Mamma, I want to ask you an important question." Mamma: "Well, what is it, dear?" Tommy: "If a boy is a lad and has a stepfather, is the lad a stepladder?"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Little Ethel: "Mamma said she hoped you would call to-day." Mrs. Caller: "That was nice of her. Where is your mamma?" Little Ethel: "Oh, she's spending the day in the country."

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." 12—0

Mr. Braggs: "I saw something new in dresses to-day." Mrs. Braggs: "Oh, what was it, John?" Mr. Braggs: "Your sister's baby—it's just two days old."

I was Cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Two Rivers, N.S. ROBERT ROSS.
I was Cured of Diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.
I was Cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.
Dalhousie

t-f

RICH PEOPLE MUST WORK.

Unless all the signs are wrong, we are likely to have, a few years hence a great many young men and young women with large capacity for appreciating luxuries of the most useless kinds, and exceedingly small capacity for earning even the most ordinary kinds of comforts. Not only the foolish rich, but also the foolish imitators of the foolish rich, are bringing up their children to be "ladies" and "gentlemen"—that is, helpless dependents upon inherited wealth. In a world that daily illustrates the fickleness of fortune, in a country where the triumph of merit and the downfall of incompetence is the avowed ideal, ever more nearly attained in practice, there could be no greater folly, no greater crime against one's children than training them to uselessness. No one is so rich, so securely rich, that in thinking of the education of his children he can afford to forget the oldest, most obvious, lesson of human experience

Conjurer (pointing to his cabinet)—"Ladies and gentlemen, I now call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the evening to step on the stage and enter the cabinet. I will then close the door. When I open it again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace." Husband (to his wife)—"Matilda, my love, do oblige the gentleman and walk up."

"The best value for the least money" is the motto of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.
Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

TWENTY-THIRD

ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—

North American Life Assurance Company

—HOME OFFICE—

112-118 King Street, West, Toronto,

For the Year Ended 31st December, 1903

North American Life 1847 Solid as the Continent

Dec. 31 1902.—To Net Ledger Assets		$4,773,785 35
RECEIPTS.		
Dec. 31, 1903.—To cash for Premiums	$1,132,616 91	
—To Cash on Investments	248,746 78	
		$1,381,363 69
		$6,155,149 04
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Dec. 31, 1903.—By payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc.	$423,217 86	
—By all other payments	355,720 43	
		$ 778,938 29
		$5,376,210 75
ASSETS.		
Dec. 31, 1903.—By Mortgages, etc		$1,003,604 06
—By Stocks, Bonds, and Debentures (market value $3,170,047 47)		3,148,345 86
—By Real Estate, including company's building		374,396 62
—By Loans on Policies, etc.		363,969 63
—By Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call)		443,810 34
—By Cash in Banks and on hand		42,584 22
		$5,376,210 75
—By Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection)		208,937 14
—By Interest and Rents due and accrued		40,652 89
		$5,625,800 78
LIABILITIES.		
Dec. 31, 1903.—To Guarantee Fund	$ 60,000 00	
—To Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund	4,974,197 00	
—To Death Losses Awaiting Proofs, Contingent Expenses, etc.	41,367 02	
		$5,075,564 02
NET SURPLUS		$550,236 76

Audited and found correct—JOHN N. LAKE, Auditor.
WM. T. STANDEN, Consulting Actuary.

*New insurance issued during 1903 ..... $ 5,884,890
Being the best year in General Branch in the history of the Company.
*Insurance in force at end of 1903 (net) $32,452,977
*No monthly or Provident policies were issued—this branch having been discontinued.

President,
JOHN L. BLAIKIE.
Vice-Presidents,
JAMES THORBURN, M.D., HON. SIR W. R. MEREDITH, K.C.
Medical Director.
Directors.
HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., G.M.G., E. GURNEY, ESQ.
L. W. SMITH, ESQ., K.C., D.C.L., J. K. OSBORNE, ESQ.,
D. McCRAE, ESQ., GUELPH.
MANAGING DIRECTOR,
L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.
Secretary, Superintendent of Agencies,
W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B. T. G. McCONKEY.

The report, containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on Jan. 28th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policy-holders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company and a copy of the Annual Report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Home Office or any of the Company's Agencies.

ONE-WAY RATES.

Every day from March 1 to April 30, 1904, the Union Pacific will sell One-way Colonist tickets at the following rates from the Missouri River:

$20.00 to Ogden and Salt Lake City.

$20.00 to Butte, Anaconda and Helena.

$22.50 to Spokane and Wenatchee, Wash.

25.00 to Everett, Fairhaven, Whatcom, Vancouver and Astoria, via Huntington and Spokane.

$25.00 to Portland and Astoria; or to Tacoma or via Huntington and Portland or via Huntington and Spokane.

$25.00 to Ashland, Roseburg, Eugene, Albany and Salem, via Portland.

$25.00 to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and many other California points.

From Chicago and St. Louis proportionately low rates are in effect by lines connecting with the Union Pacific to all above points.

For full information call on or address, F. B. Choate, G. A., 126 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Captain—"Sergeant, note down Private Dobbs three days on bread and water for slovenly turning out on parade." Sergeant—"Beg pardon, captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him. He's a vegetarian." Captain—"What! Then put him for three days on meat and soup."

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

"I punish you, my son," said the strenuous mother, as she wielded the slipper, "to show my love for you." "Well, mamma," rejoined the incorrigible youth, "you needn't force your love to work overtime on my account."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Prison Worker: "My man, what is the cause of your being here?" Convict: "Well, my lawyer knew too little, an' the jury knew too much."

"Regular Practitioner—No Result."—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."—50

Caller: "And this is the new baby?" Fond Mother: "Isn't he splendid?" Caller: "Yes, indeed." Fond Mother: "And so clever. See how intelligently he breathes."

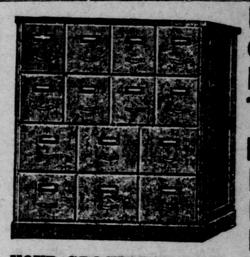
Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Mr. Kidder: "Ah, how-de-do, doctor? If you have a few minutes to spare I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy." Dr. Price: "What is the matter with the lad?" Mr. Kidder: "Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair."

Blood is Worthless
UNLESS CIRCULATED.
Health is assured by the new process of curing disease.
RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES.
Sick headache, indigestion, loss of vigor, failing memory, nervousness are all infallible signs of weakening nerves and indicate that your nerves lack rich blood with which to build up their broken tissues. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure heals and strengthens the heart and gives it the power to send rich blood coursing through the veins, when most diseases disappear as by magic. It relieves heart disease in 30 minutes and is a wonderful cure. 17
Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures piles in one to three days. 35c.

Mr. Kidder: "Ah, how-de-do, doctor? If you have a few minutes to spare I wish you would come over to my house and chloroform my youngest boy." Dr. Price: "What is the matter with the lad?" Mr. Kidder: "Oh, his mother wants to comb his hair."

DONT KEEP



YOUR GROCERIES all Over the Kitchen. Send for one of Our

MOUSE-PROOF GROCERY CABINETS

In Oak, with Metal back. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.75

The Bennett Mfg. Co.
PICKERING, ONTARIO.
Do not send stamps. Agents wanted

An admirable Food of