

WILL POWER, THE SECRET OF LIFE.

By It Ailments Can be Abolished and Man Live to a Good Old Age.

If we are to believe certain medical alarmists, in five hundred years time the creature man will be a totally different being from what he is now. In fact, according to numerous authorities, the world is going to be inhabited by persons who, although tracing their descent from our unworthy selves, will not be men and women as we know them.

Not to mince matters, the present man is to be abolished. Already one distinguished wisacre—an anti-cyclist presumably—has discovered that in 2400 the earth will be populated by bald-headed, bicycle-humped apparitions without legs: another has made the awful revelation that the coming man will be minus his little toe, because his forbears neglected to find employment for that retiring ornament.

A third—more daring than his fellows—has given out that instead of children being born into the world the future 'infant' will be a grey-bearded fossil with shattered nerves, a head like a golf-ball, and a lease of life extending to only twenty years before him—and all because the business people of the nineteenth century lived in a ceaseless whirl of excitement and paid no heed to the principles of health.

Whether these pessimistic predictions are to be realized depends not a little on that very self-sacrificing class of men—the inventors. There are some half-dozen individuals who are under the impression that they have discovered the secret of longevity. One of them is endeavoring to cheat the tombstone maker by living on oatmeal porridge and turnip water in the South of England. As passive as a block of wood, his one idea is to shut his door against worry. He refuses to read the papers for fear of unsettling his emotions, and never goes to London.

No doubt most of these would-be Methuselahs are sad cranks, but, all the same there is no question that the exciting times in which we live prejudice our chances of living to a ripe old age. The consequences of existing day in and day out in a state of rush and worry are, of course, more apparent in business circles than anywhere else, and the forms in which they manifest themselves are decidedly curious.

Hearing that there was a gentleman in London who makes a speciality of the ailments of city men and longevity as well, the writer took upon himself the liberty of calling upon him.

"Let me tell you first of all," observed the doctor, "that it is possible to so fortify the human system as to make it absolutely impregnable to the assault of disease."

"That means that we can live for ever?"

"Not necessarily, but the majority of mankind die very much sooner than they ought to do. My opinion is that man should be able to live until he is 120. It is quite usual for people in Hindustan to live long past a hundred, and if they do this why can't we? As for myself I put my patients in such condition that if they only act up to my formula they won't contract disease."

"How long are you going to live yourself, may I inquire?"

"I think I shall live to be 130. There is no cause for death if the balance of forces can be maintained."

"You treat business men, I believe?"

"Yes; I have made a special study of all the ailments that city men are heir to, and most peculiar they are. Scores of rich men come in here thoroughly shattered in health by the anxieties and competition of business. And really I don't wonder at it. Apart from the stress of life we exist on an artificial system. Why the trade in pick-me-ups in the city has grown to enormous proportions. There are men who can't do a stroke of work until they have taken a brandy and soda. Indeed, they have become so accustomed to stimulate themselves, both with brandy and drugs, that they can't dispense with them."

"And you put them on their legs again?"

"What I do is to inculcate the secret of self-control. Half the business men who go out of their minds do so because they are unable to control themselves. They haven't the will. They are the slaves of their emotions. My point is that emotion, being the expenditure of force, is at the root of all disease: give your emotions unlimited play—as nearly everybody does nowadays—and you weaken your body to such a degree that in the course of time you are fit for nothing. To be in good health and attain old age you must know how to live a natural, calm, and collected life."

"One of the principal complaints of city men is loss of memory. Some of my patients have so overtaxed their brains that they can't trust themselves. I had a peculiar case the other day. A patient came to consult me and half an hour after I had wished him good-bye I was surprised to see him back again. It appeared that he had gone to the railway station and forgotten

THE IDENTICAL NOTE



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the name of the place in which he lived. He asked me to write it down for him!

"The basis of my treatment," the doctor continued, "is to make the patient equally sound in mind and limb—so sound that he has absolute control of himself. The secret of life is will-power. If you have will you can do almost anything. There is a case on record of an Italian nobleman who, at forty years of age, was at death's door. He suddenly exerted himself and declared that he would live. He succeeded, and died at 103."

"I should like an ounce or two of your methods."

"It would take too long to go into details, but I may say that I attach enormous importance to music, color and baths. I order these things to my patients, like other doctors order drugs. For example, if a person is suffering from melancholia, I give him stirring music. As regards color, it has an immense effect on the health and I frequently advise my patients to have their windows made of colored glass. Color has the same effect on the constitution as music. My advice to a person who requires stimulating is to put red, orange, and yellow panes into the window of his sitting room. To those who need soothing I recommend green violet, or indigo."

"By the way, reverting to loss of memory," my informant added, "I know a lady who, fifteen years ago, suddenly lost all recollection of her youth. Extraordinary to relate her memory is now returning gradually."

Breaks of memory, it may be added, puzzle the doctors more than any other mental peculiarity. Some time ago an author contracted a fever and when he recovered he was unable to remember his alphabet, and it was impossible to persuade him that he had ever written a line in his life.

The Choice of Paints.

Two-thirds of the cost of painting consists of the item of labor, so that economy in painting consists in using a paint that will last and look well for a long time. Then there is the point of preserving property. Poor paint that cracks and peels off allows moisture to penetrate, and the thing painted rots or rusts as quickly, if indeed not more quickly, than if it were unpainted. When the question arises what kind of paint to buy for painting a house, or a barn, or a plow, or a floor, many people are content to leave the selection to the paint dealer or the painter.

This sometimes results in loss because painters make mistakes in mixing or are deceived in the materials they buy, and dealers sometimes sell inferior goods for the sake of a little temporary profit. The safest plan for the purchaser is to go by the label. If the label bears the name of the Sherwin Williams Company the paint in the can may be depended upon. The Sherwin Williams ready-mixed paints have behind them a successful record of twenty-nine years which is a very satisfactory thing for the paint-user to think of when he invests his money in painting. These paints are not limited to either zinc or lead in their making but use the best of both, in the right proportions, together with the best oil and the best drier, so that the user gets all the paint value there is in each of these ingredients. The Sherwin Williams' paints are prepared for every purpose, a special paint for each, and by getting the proper paint for his purpose the paint-user practices the best economy and gets the best effect. Different qualities are needed in a paint for painting a house and one for painting a farm wagon, and the paints for interior decoration in the home are very different from those prepared for use on buggies and carriages. A paint that would wear best and look best for one purpose might be entirely unsuited for another. A postal card sent to The Sherwin Williams Company, 21 St. Antoine St. Montreal, will secure a book containing valuable hints on paint and painting.

Her Toy a Rattle. IT—214

Mrs. Franklin Wood, of Sherman, Penn., found her child, two years old, and a child of a neighbor, three years old, playing in the grass. She noticed that the little one was occasionally striking something (in front of her with a short stick,) and after each stroke they would laugh heartily

She watched them for several minutes, when she walked toward them to see what they were doing. When within a few feet of them she was struck speechless and motionless to see that their plaything was a large rattlesnake. Mrs. Wood grasped a club and bravely went to the rescue, and with few blows killed the snake, after which she remembered nothing until revived by the neighbors. The snake was five feet long and had nine rattles.

Plenty to Come.

In Spain the people take no note of time, not even from its loss. Everything is to be done manana (to-morrow).

A wealthy Englishman, who had long lived in Spain, had a lawsuit. He pleaded his case in person, and managed to win his case. The victory cost him three days of trouble and expense, so that when the judge congratulated him on his success, he replied—

"Yes, that's all right; but it has cost me three days, and time is money. I am a busy man, and these three days are lost for ever."

"Oh, you English!" answered the judge; "you are always saying that time is money. How are you to get your three days back? Well, I will tell you. Take them out of next week; surely there are plenty more to come!"

CAN'T EAT.



FOOD is the fuel that feeds the fires of life. Digestion is the process that turns the fuel into energy. Few possess perfect digestion. If your digestion is imperfect, if you cannot eat what you like without discomfort, if you cannot eat when you ought to eat, the time has come when you should take Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. Hunger is the best sauce. Take these Pills and get hungry. You may eat what you want if you take Dr. Ward's Pills.

WHAT THEIR MERITS ARE:

My system was entirely rejuvenated by the use of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I consider them a marvelous strength and nerve builder for dyspepsia. I was so sick and miserable that I seemed to have no life or energy left in me. I suffered so at times that I thought death would be better for me. I had tried Doctors and different kinds of medicines, but all failed to do me any good. I am in every way now a well woman, and have been for months. Before using these Pills I was so sick that I could not keep anything in my stomach. I was under the opinion that dyspepsia could not be cured, but now I am satisfied it can be cured, for I am able to eat like any healthy woman and feel better in every way. They have built me up also, I now weigh several pounds more than I ever did before. In conclusion, I would advise every woman afflicted with poor digestion to give Dr. Ward's Pills a trial.

MRS. L. E. WATSON, Port Colborne, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50 cents per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Dr. Ward Co., 77 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of information free.

THE SUN BURNED OUT.

Even the Sun will burn himself out, and one day be as dark and cold as the Moon.

Everything has its day. Sometimes the rich dress of a lady has a very short day. You get it smeared or stained or the color is absorbed by the Sun. That is the end where TURKISH DYES have not been heard of. But use these incomparable dyes and the garment is new again with a lovely color (and surely 72 shades leave room for the free play of taste!) which you cannot wash out! which will resist rain; and which will remain lustrous and beautiful while a thread of the dress remains. When a lady has a rich dress to dye she does not ask for the common dyes whose shades 'Run in' miserably little murky rivulets. Oh no! She will have nothing but TURKISH DYES, which have the latest improvements, slavishly copied by the interior dyes. They are bright and beautiful. They are the best quality. They are prepared with the greatest care, and they will dye any color or kind of garment. Don't take common dyes. They promise to the eye, and break it to the experience.

Send postal for 'How to Dye well' and Sample Card to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

FLASHES OF FUN.

At the Races.—"Hurrah! They are off!"
Tramp (with luncheon): "So am I!"

Woman thinks of a dozen things at once. Man has a dozen thoughts on one thing.

I've cured my husbands insomnia. How did you do it? Pretended I was sick and the doctor left medicine which Henry was to give me every half-hour all night long.

"Isabel Ouida Upton" is the fanciful name of a little girl. Her initials being I. O. U., it is presumable that she is "a child of promise."

She: "I thought you told me your salary was £5 a week?"

He: "Oh, no; I said I earned £5, but I only get £2."

Do you ride a wheel? she asked, well I don't know that I would be exactly justified in claiming that, he replied but now and then I have a wrestling match with one of them.

Mr. Bunker (to applicant for his daughter's hand): "Is your position sound?"
Applicant: "Decidedly so, sir. I'm a trombone player."

Tyres: "Have you named your boy yet?"
Spokes: "No; my wife and I can't agree. She wants to name him after her bicycle, and I want to name him after mine."

"Oh, May, what do you think? Charles has proposed to me!"

May: "Well, I'm not surprised. When I refused him he said he would do something silly."

Hostess: "What are you going already, professor, and must you take your dear wife away with you?"

Professor: "Indeed, madam, I am sorry to say I must."

Farmer (to young thief): "What are you doing under the tree with that apple?"

Bright Boy: "I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple, which I see, has fallen down."

She: "I was a fool when I married you."

He: "Aren't you a fool still?"

She: "No, I am not."

He: "Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you."

Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me? asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Gardens. Not the least, marm, cried the showman. He never bites he swallows his vittles whole.

Giggs: "Riggs put up a peculiar plea in court when he was accused of having two wives."

"Giggs: 'What excuse could he have?'"

Giggs: "He said he was born a twin."

Tell me about your graduating class photograph, Miss Lily. Well, all those homely girls standing up at the back are the smart ones; all those pretty girls sitting down in front are the silly ones.

To what do you attribute the curative properties of your springs? asked a visitor at a health resort. Well answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, I guess the advertising I've done had something to do with it.

Office boy (to his employer): "Mr. Betts outside, sir, wants to see the junior partner."

Junior Partner: "Not in; I owe him £5."

Senior Partner: "Show him in; he owes me £10."

Friend (leaving the office with the merchant): "I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe."

Merchant: "No I never do. That safe cost me £70, and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little I've got in it."

Mistress: "Bridget, this is altogether too much: you have a new follower in the kitchen every week."

Bridget (complainingly): "Well, ma'am, you see the food in this house is so bad that no one will come here for longer than a week."

I see that they have put a sounding-board at the back of the ministers pulpit, said Baron. What do you suppose that's for? Egbert—Why to throw out the sound. Gracious said Baron, if you threw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left to the sermon."

David Slopway: "I shall bring you back these dark trousers to be reseat, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal."

Mr. Snip (tailor): "All right, and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago I will be pleased to reseat that also."

You know I've stood a good deal."

It is recorded of a young top who visited one of the Rothschilds that he was so proud of his malachite sleeve-buttons that he insisted upon exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them and said:—

"Yes—it is a pretty stone. I have a mantlepiece made of it in the next room."

"Do you remember," said Miss Ancient to Colonel Crabtree, "how when you were a young man you proposed to me and I rejected you?"

It is, one of the happiest recollections of my life," said the Colonel, with an air of gallantry. And Miss Ancient is still wondering.

"I took out a living picture show once," said the theatrical manager, "and I had several queer experiences."

"We always had trouble getting suitable music, for one thing. I remember that we struck a certain town where the music was furnished by a seedy, freckle-faced young man, who officiated at one of those bangy-bang pianos. I asked him if he could think of music suitable to each picture as it was displayed."

"Oh, yes," certainly he could, "and do it impromptu."

"The performance opened. He was seated at the piano, and he turned to look at the first picture. It was 'Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.'"

"He didn't hesitate an instant. Like a flash he turned and began pounding out. 'There's Only One Girl in This World for Me.'—Chicago Journal."

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