

Internal Cleansing Clears the Complexion.

Bright, ruddy complexion is simply a matter of good health. Keep the eliminating organs in good shape, and you'll have a complexion to be proud of.

Stir the liver occasionally, Enliven the kidneys, Regulate the bowels and flush out the wastes that deaden the color of the skin.

This you can do with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cleanse and purify all internal organs that are sluggish—purify the blood, give it richness, tone and the vitality that shines out in red cheeks, laughing eyes and ruby lips.

No medicine for the complexion like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Try a few boxes; they are harmless and efficient. 25c. at all dealers; sold in yellow boxes only.

Medical Symptom.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale called upon the editor of a paper in a small New England town. In the course of conversation the editor told him he was worrying about his wife, how he had sent her to the country for her health, how she was growing worse rather than better, how his heart urged him to go to her and how the necessity of grinding out his editorials day by day was keeping him from her bedside. Dr. Hale returned to his hotel and called for writing materials. After several hours he returned to the editor and threw on his desk a pile of manuscripts.

"There," he said, "Go and see your wife. I've scribbled off enough articles of contemporaneous human interest to feed your paper for a week."

A Satirical Picture in a Church.

There is probably only one church in Britain which contains a satirical picture. It is the little church of South Brent, in Somersetshire. On three oak pews are carved pictures which were intended to satirize the greed of a certain religious dignitary at Glastonbury. This ecclesiastic is represented in the first picture as a fox dressed in robes and miter and holding a crook in his right paw. In the second picture the fox has been manacled by a flock of geese, and in the third the birds have revenged themselves on their foe by hanging him from the branch of a tree.

GREATEST FEMALE STRENGTH ENER ON EARTH.

Thousands of women are wan, pallid, rundown and dispirited. What they need is that nourishing tonic Ferrozone. Soon they regain those laughing eyes, bright spirits and rosy cheeks. Ferrozone does this and more as Mrs. L. F. Adrianson of Whitney Pier, C. B., testifies. "My daughter was very much run down and had considerable troubles at times. Often I was at a loss to know what to do. I was advised to give her Ferrozone and I did so. Ferrozone cleared up all the trouble, made my daughter healthy and well. Ferrozone gives good appetite, regulates, strengthens. I consider it a medicine every woman should use regularly if she wants to feel her best. Rebuild with Ferrozone, it is the King of all cures. Price 50c. per box at all dealers.

Colors to the Blind.

"Have you any conception of color?" a friend asked a blind man. "What idea have you when you hear colors mentioned?"

"A person blind from birth, as I have been, can have no possible proper conception of color," was the reply. "To me color is sound, or, rather, music. When I hear the word red, for example, I instantly think of a high piercing note of music. Blue is to me a delicate sounded note, fairly high and pleasing in tone. Green is a soft tone and rather low, quiet and restful, while yellow is lively, quick little notes rapidly sounding and causing pleasure almost to laughter. Black, alas, is the only color we can realize, for we are told that that is the absence of all light, and we know only too well what that means."

A Problem and a Solution.

Here's a little problem I'd like to have you help me out on: A induces me to loan him some money, which, in order to accommodate him, I had to borrow. I borrowed it from a good looking young fellow. Not long after that A asked me to introduce him to the widow, and I did it to accommodate him. Now A has married the widow from whom I borrowed the money to loan him, and now his wife (formerly the widow) wishes me to pay her the money which I borrowed and which I loaned to A (now her husband). A won't repay the money, claiming he hasn't it and can't get it, and his wife won't release me. Will you please tell me what a fellow is going to do in a case like this?

READER.

Charge her a commission, equal to the amount, for finding her a husband and then keep away from good looking young widows.

SYSTEM REQUIRED FREQUENT CLEANSING.

Not only outside but inside as well your body must be frequently cleaned. Otherwise it becomes loaded with wastes that clog up the wheels of health. Much better to act in time. Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they strengthen and regulate the bowels, assist digestion, enrich the blood and thereby fortify the nerves and lay the foundation of lasting good health.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills bring vim and vitality so much sought for today; they infuse a feeling of freshness and spirit in those who have been ailing for years. Really no medicine so po-

Mark Twain's Art.

"Mark Twain in one of his amusing books of travel attacks the ant," said a nature student. "He ridicules the idea that the ant is industrious and wise. He devotes three or four pages to an account of an ant making its way homeward with a burden. He shows the ant climbing grass stems instead of going round them, doing a hundred silly things, taking in every case the long and foolish instead of the short and sensible way home. And hence, naturally enough, he concludes that the ant's wise industry is overrated—naturally enough, I say, Mark Twain's ignorance being granted, for he was unaware when he wrote that long and interesting passage that many kinds of ants are blind. He did not for all his close observation, take up his little ant subject, look for its eye sockets and find them absent. It was a blind ant Mark Twain studied, and he didn't know it."

A Trio of Husbands.

The traveled girl was explaining the strange looking locket she had about her neck on a thin gold chain. "It is a Buddhist charm," she said, "to keep off bad luck. A swarthy little woman in Tibet gave it to me. She took a great fancy to me. It is handsome if the back is of tin. The face is of turquoise. They make them like that in Tibet. The little woman's husband came up to her one by one, begging her to go home with them, but she wouldn't till she had finished talking to me. I felt very much flattered. Oh, yes, she had three husbands. The women are very scarce, you know, in Tibet. It was lovely to see them dancing attendance on her. Tall fellows there were, too, and handsome. She asked me how many husbands I had. It was very humiliating to have to acknowledge to her that I hadn't any," she sighed.

Captured by the Students.

Some years ago the selectmen of the town of Hanover, N. H., decided, in their wisdom, to collect a poll tax from every Dartmouth student of legal age. The boys said nothing to this, but quietly decided that if they paid taxes they would also vote. So they turned out in full force at the annual meeting. Having strength enough to secure control, in less than five minutes they had elected students to the positions of moderator and clerk. Thirty minutes from the time the meeting was called to order the town of Hanover had gone on record as having voted to build a brick schoolhouse 500 feet long, ten feet high and two feet wide and to build a plank walk from Reed Hall in Hanover to Lebanon, in which town was a female seminary. The tax collector did not trouble Dartmouth students for many years after that.

The Universal Language of Clothes.

The top hat represents the universal language of attire. It walls and weeps against the walls of Jerusalem, and it turns up in the solitudes of the desert. Even the loneliest mountain peaks are not safe from its democratic simplicity. Once I met a silk hat, probably rescued from some benevolent dust bin, milking a cow in a London park. The hat nearly caused a riot. Each and every passerby turned and stared indignantly. The eccentric cowboy in the top hat finished his allotted task, and in company of his cow and the milk pail he ambled placidly out of sight. Still one can't help asking in the interest of personal liberty, why shouldn't a silk hat be permitted to milk a cow? The cow doesn't mind, so why should we?

A Temple Made From a Single Stone.

Mayalpinam, India, has seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite boulders. Some idea of their size and the task of chiseling out the interior may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet long, and twelve feet wide. Travelers who have carefully examined them are of the opinion that it took centuries of work to carve these graceful edifices from native rock.

Hard Drilling.

A bit of the kind of American humor that has thrived since the days of Benjamin Franklin comes from a Montana mining camp.

Said one miner, "The rock down in that shaft is so hard that they used six barrels of drills the other day and barely scratched it."

"Ugh!" said another. "I saw 'em working on a ledge once where the rock was so hard that after they had used nine barrels of drills on it the hole stuck out six inches."

He Liked School.

A bright little four-year-old boy was taken to school for the first time. After he had been given a desk and set to work he suddenly put up his little hand.

"What do you want, Fritz?" asked the teacher.

"I should like to know when the holidays begin," said Fritz.—Die Muskeles.

No Great Loss.

"Oh, I am in despair," cried a poor woman, "my son has swallowed a cent!"

"Do not be too much distressed," said her friend. "After all, a cent is not a great sum."

Up and Down.

Stranger—What are your terms? Hotel Clerk—Rooms a dollar up. Stranger—I'm a poet, and I want—Clerk—Oh, in that case our terms are a dollar down.

Empty men are the trumpets of their own deeds.—Massinger.

A Savage's Sense of Duty.

Although the Australian aborigine has his vendetta, it is not always revenge that he seeks. Darwin tells of a native servant of a west Australian magistrate who went one day to his master, saying that one of his wives had died. He must go away therefore to a distant tribe and spear a woman to satisfy his sense of duty to the dead woman. "If you do, I'll send you to prison for life," said his master. For a year the man hung about, looking wretched and ill and complaining that he could neither eat nor sleep, as the spirit of his wife haunted him because he had not taken another life for hers. At last he disappeared. A year later he returned in high condition. There was no legal evidence against him, but it was known that he had gone to a distant tribe, had speared a woman to death and so, as he thought, appeased the spirit of his departed wife.

Leigh Hunt.

This famous Englishman has two distinct claims to fame. Not only was he a brilliant poet, essayist and critic, but much that we know of Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Dickens and Carlyle has been derived from the knowledge of these celebrities which Hunt gave to the world. Possessing a happy spirit and genuine scholarship, Leigh Hunt's writings sparkle with wit and cleverness, while his translations are among the choicest of their kind. His pecuniary difficulties undoubtedly prevented Hunt giving us his best at times, but after he was granted a pension amounting in all to £320 per annum the improved comfort and augmented leisure enabled him to make his mark on English literature with essays of remarkable power.

Not the Same Man.

District Attorney—What's your name? Prisoner—James Bruce. District Attorney—Ain't you the same man I sent to state prison for five years about six years ago? Prisoner—No, sir, District Attorney—What? Not the same man I sent to prison for burglary six years ago? Prisoner—No, sir, District Attorney (turning to jury with a "got him dead to rights" leer, then turning to prisoner)—Your name is James Bruce of Boston, Mass., isn't it? Prisoner—Yes, sir, District Attorney—And do you stand there and solemnly swear I never sent you to state prison? Prisoner—Oh, yes, you sent me to prison for five years, but I have not been the same man since.

A Chinese Chair of Repentance.

The knife chair is an instrument of torture used in certain Taping religious ceremonies, which takes the form of a straight backed armchair furnished with long blades wherever the body and limbs touch the chair. On the back the knives are placed horizontally; on the seat, as well as at the base for the feet to rest upon, vertically, while each arm is made of a similar blade, along the edge of which the sinner's arm rests. These blades are sharpened with a whetstone before use.

She Well Knew.

Gayley—You haven't had occasion to accuse me of playing poker for two years. Mrs. Gayley—Three years, my dear. Gayley—How do you know it's three years? Mrs. Gayley—Because I've worn this dress that long, and I got it the last time I caught you.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Why He Laughed.

The leader Damrosch once took an aged Hebrew friend to hear Meyerbeer's opera of "The Huguenots." Suddenly the old man burst into a loud guffaw as if some funny idea had struck him. "Why do you laugh?" inquired Damrosch. "Laugh! It's de beth game I ever saw. Vy, dare's a bloomin' lot of Protestanth an' Catholick a-killin' of each other to musle written by a Jew! Ha, ha! I'll come every night."—London Graphic.

Her Opportunity.

Naybor—I saw your wife leaving home in something of a hurry this morning. Marryat—Yes; she's going into the shopping district to contract about \$50 worth of debts. Naybor—My! Did she tell you that? Marryat—No, but I foolishly told her last night that I had that much left in bank.

An Unlucky Marriage.

Franein A.—Poor Marie, her wedding was a disillusion. Prantein B.—How so? Franein A.—She didn't get half the wedding presents she had reckoned on.—Figaro.

Had Had Proof.

"Do you really think that one can turn gray in a night?" "Of course. My wife turned blond in a hour."—Cartoonists.

NERVOUS and WEAK

COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT

To the thousands of people all over this land who are tossing on sleepless pillows night after night, or who pace the bedroom floor with nerves unbinged, and to whose eyes sleep will not come,

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

offer the blessing of sound, refreshing slumber.

They restore the equilibrium of the deranged nerve centres, and bring back the shattered nervous system to perfect condition.

Mrs. Wm. Richardson, Pontypool, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled at times with my heart, felt weak and nervous and could not sleep at night. I have taken several boxes of the pills and am wonderfully improved."

I have recommended them to others and they have found them just what they needed."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or \$3 per box at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The E. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 50c; No. 3, 25c. for special cases, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly W. Jackson)

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THIS WEEK ONLY

120 Opaca Blinds, Plain, in Standard Colors, Complete, at 38c each, reg. 50c.

72 only Felt Blinds, good Rollers, at 16c. each, reg. 25c.

Store Window Blinds, all widths, at lowest prices.

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A Big Assortment of New Lace Curtains and Portiers on sale this week at reduced prices.

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We are showing a big Range of New Suits for Men, Young Men and Boys. Buy your Easter Suit this week and save 10 per cent.

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This week we will offer some tempting values in Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers. Come in and look through our several Departments. New goods at right prices in store for you.

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