

MEAL TIME MISERIES

Indigestion Can be Cured by the Tonic Treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is only one way to cure indigestion and that is to give your system so much good, red blood that the stomach will have strength enough to do its natural work in a healthy, vigorous way. Many dyspeptics dose the stomach with tablets, syrups and other things alleged to assist in digesting food, but these things merely give temporary relief—they never cure indigestion—and the trouble grows worse and worse, until the poor dyspeptic is gradually starving. In a case of indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the mixtures and so-called pre-digested foods in the country. These pills cure indigestion because they strengthen and tone the stomach, thus enabling it to do the work nature intends it should do.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, St. Jerome, Que., says: "For months I suffered tortures from indigestion. After every meal the misery was intense, so that I finally ate most sparingly. I tried several so-called indigestion cures, but they did me no good. My general health began to run down. I suffered from headaches and dizziness and pains about the heart. Often after the lightest meal I would be afflicted with a smothering sensation. Finally my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under the use of this medicine the trouble began to disappear, and in less than a couple of months I had completely recovered my health and can now enjoy a hearty meal as well as any one."

It is because they make new, rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, sciatica, St. Vitus dance and the headaches, backaches and other indescribable ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HIMALAYAN HOSPITALITY.

A Traveller's Experience in the Upper Indus Valley.

In spite of poverty which limits their good intentions, the inhabitants of Central and South Central Asia display a charming hospitality. Such, at least, is the impression gained from Mr. Ellsworth Huntington's recent book, "The Pulse of Asia."

At Matayan, a village in the province of Ladakh, the habitable portion of the upper Indus Valley, a friendly villager invited Mr. Huntington to dive down from the crust which covered eight or ten feet of snow into a one-storey house. This was at an elevation of ten thousand five hundred feet.

Although it was April 11th, the snow, even on a level, was higher than the tops of the houses. Where it had been shoveled off the flat roofs, it formed high banks, protecting them from the wind, and making them the favorite sitting-room at that season, and even in winter, for the sunshine is always warm in that dry, cloudless climate.

When the little black cows had been driven and pulled out of the way, Mr. Huntington descended to an almost closed shed used for the two or three hardy sheep and goats, and ushered sleeping, into a dark stable containing a little pony, shaggy, like all the animals. Bending low once more, he climbed over a high sill, and was in the warm, close family living-room.

Light and air came in through a hole in the roof a foot square, surmounted by a chimney-pot a foot high, made of three stones set up to keep out the snow. A few bits of ragged cloth on the mud floor for sleeping purposes, a half-dozen metal utensils, and an iron pot full of Himalayan tea, kept warm over some embers, comprised all the visible equipment for housekeeping.

After the host had persuaded Mr. Huntington to take a seat on the floor, a half-palsied old woman insisted upon ladling out for him a bowl of tea. It was surprisingly good in view of the

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed **Scott's Emulsion.**

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

How Philip Won His Spills



WHEN Philip came to Perkins' Row 'Twas winter time, and we had snow.

Poor Phil! the cold was new to him; It seemed to take away all vim And leave him cold and stiff and blue;

His teeth would go a-chattering, too, Worse than the monkeys at the Zoo.

We never thought that we would be In much the same sad way as he Had we come North and left a clime Where it is summer all the time;

So we began to plague an' tease Poor Phil, as he would cough and wheeze And beat his hands and shake his knees.

We guessed he must be awful meek To take our jeers an' hardly speak A word in turn; he never told He was too busy fightin' cold To notice us or pay much heed To what we thought of him—indeed, A good fire was his chiefest need.

But by and by his cold thawed out, And later came HIS turn to shout; He showed a southern nerve and fire That made us fellers fear his ire.

He won in almost every game, 'Cept where the use for skatin' came— 'An' this he tried 'til he was lame.

One afternoon when fine snow lay On Somers' Hill we held at bay A crowd of fellers from downtown, Who all about us gathered 'roun'.

We held a fort on top the hill, 'An' on their heads we'd snowballs spill With force enough to almost kill.

But soon their number was too great, And we grew anxious 'bout our fate. They harder pressed and fought, until

At last we fled—'cept hero Phil, Who, though he'd fall time and again, Fought on with all his might and main—

And Phil thus glory did attain!



fact that a poor grade of tea leaves had been steeped half an hour or more with milk, butter, salt, and soda. In richer houses Mr. Huntington was often served with tea which had been improved by being churned violently in a slender, greasy black churn, twenty inches long by four in diameter, in order to mix the rancid butter well into the compound before it was turned into the drinking-bowls.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS, A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE.

The mother who, in her gratitude for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child, said that "There's a smile in every dose," coined a very happy and very true phrase. The tablets cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, and make bright, smiling, happy little ones. Mrs. John Young, Auburn, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for more than a year and I think they are the best medicine that can be given a baby. They are splendid at teething time, and for stomach and bowel troubles. You don't need a doctor if you keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house." That's about the highest praise a mother can give and it's true, every word of it. You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EXPERT OPINION.

"I like to hear your wife talk," remarked the visitor. "She has such a quid tones, as it were."

"You bet she has," rejoined the husband. "Her talk drowns every other sound."

A man never gives his hair a thought until he has none to think about.

"In some circles of old," said the pedantic person, "it was the custom to have a skeleton at the feast." "We follow the same custom," said Mr. Meekton. "We have a turkey one day, and the skeleton for the next four."

TIPS ON COLD WEATHER

HINTS ON HOW TO KEEP WELL IN THE WINTER SEASON.

Physician Tells the Way to Treat the Beginnings of Colds and Rheumatism.

"How do you keep well in winter?" a physician was asked the other day. "I don't keep well," he said. "But I escape a good many ailments that seize my friends and acquaintances. Colds, now. They come in through the nose and mouth. I keep my mouth shut, and so have only one entrance to guard. Firstly, I keep out of the way as much as possible of people with colds. If a coughing, sneezing man sits opposite you or beside you in a train or tram, you cannot avoid infection. You get the germs in your nostrils inevitably. Provided you are vigorous and healthy at the moment, you escape. But if you are fatigued going home at night, or chilled going to work in the morning, you almost certainly catch the cold.

CURES FOR COLDS. "When I get home after such an encounter, or, in any case, if I feel the beginnings of a cold, I put a spoonful of brandy or whisky in the palm of my hand, and sniff it up. Do this at the very first sign, and you will stop the cold nine times out of ten. Menthol snuff, or ordinary tobacco snuff, serves the same purpose. But you must use it rarely, or it loses its effect. Boric acid, mixed with vaseline and used as an ointment inside the nostril morning and night, is an almost certain preventive. You need use it only when colds are about. Personally, I find that overcoats and fires increase the chances of catching cold. Plenty of exercise diminishes them.

Rheumatism? I never have rheumatism, for this reason. At the first faint twinge of pain in shoulder, knee or wrist, I cover the part with flannel. You can make a knee-cap out of the leg of an old pair of pants. On the shoulder, under the coat, you can put a small piece of flannel. The wrists you can protect with wool cuffs. But wear these things only when the rheumatism threatens. Coddling is bad. Besides this measure, exercise yourself. Indian clubs used twice a day will keep shoulder and wrist joints free and healthy. Sloop into a sitting posture twenty times every morning to bend the knees. Touch your toes with your hands, to bend the back. Do not sit in draughts or in wet clothes, and you may safely calculate on escaping rheumatism and lumbago.

"By the way, if you do get wet on the shoulders, put a newspaper over them under your coat.

TOOTHACHE TIPS.

"Toothache? It generally comes on at the first chill of winter; and neuralgia, if you are susceptible to it. Now, toothache is mostly due to acid in the mouth, the product of fermenting particles of food. Wash your teeth in tepid water with soap and a soft brush morning and night. If you have the least pain, apply a little bicarbonate of soda. You can put it on the toothbrush, and use it as a powder.

Fight the toothache at the very start in this way, and the chances are a thousand to one that you will repulse it. But if it gains a footing, ask the chemist for some carbolic acid dissolved in ether. He will know what you want. This, properly applied, is an absolutely sure remedy for toothache in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Pare a match to a point, twist a wisp of cotton-wool around it, clean out the tooth cavity. With another match, in the same

way, swab the cavity round with bicarbonate of soda to remove the acid. Get a third match with a wisp of cotton-wool, and dip it in the carbolic acid and ether. Rub the cavity round with this. Then put a tiny particle of the carbolic acid on a little bit of cotton-wool. Place this in the tooth. Cover it with another piece of cotton-wool. Your toothache will have disappeared in ten or twelve minutes.

"Be very careful how you use the carbolic acid. It will hurt your fingers, gums, tongue, or lips if it touches them. "Earache is rare. Avoid draughts, especially sitting in them. Put cotton-wool in the ears. The great remedy, however, is to put a piece of cotton-wool in the bowl of a pipe, drop in five or six drops of chloroform, place the stem in the ear, and blow through the bowl. But this is trenching on the doctor's province.

NO REMEDY FOR NEURALGIA.

"Neuralgia? Well, I cannot give you a cure, but I can give you a tip or two. Avoid dyspepsia, and take plenty of exercise. Don't get chilled or overtired. Do not come out of warm rooms in light dress. If you are a woman, do not wear heavy hats and bonnets, and do not dress the hair so that it drags the scalp. If you get an attack take small doses of quinine at once—some grain thrice daily. Big doses are sometimes necessary, but they upset the digestion and depress you. Small doses are tonic; large doses are depressing. Remember this, for the misuse of quinine is very common. In my own case, neuralgia is generally cured in the following way. I sit before the fire, and heat a strip of flannel, which I apply over the pain. Every two minutes I repeat the process until the pain goes.

"Anything else? Influenza? I don't know any cure for influenza except rest and bed. Those severe feverish colds that one gets sometimes I treat as follows: I go to bed, and stay there until well. While in bed I eat little solid food—toast and tea. But beside me I have a basket of grapes, oranges, apples. On these I live. No jellies, no meat, fish, eggs, or anything of the sort. When I arise in a day or two, I am a new man. Fry this rest and fruit cure. You won't starve."—London Answers.

THE PENALTY OF PROMINENCE.

Dorothy's father is a militia colonel, and on a recent occasion she saw him, in brave array, at the head of his regiment.

"How did you like your father in his uniform?" the colonel asked his small daughter that night.

"You looked handsomer than anybody else," said Dorothy, loyally, "and you held your head up as high! But I think they were mean not to let you have a drum to play on!"

"Can you tell me what a smile is, Elsie?" asked the father of his little daughter. "A smile is a laugh that cracks one's face without breaking it open," replied the small observer.

There is Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

E. W. Groves

DRINK PLENTY WATER

TELLS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND THE KIDNEYS.

Gives Readers Advice—Also Tells of a Simple Prescription to Make a Home-Made Mixture.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. Also drink plenty of water. You can't drink too much of it.

Just try this simple home made mixture, and don't forget the water, at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost.

Almost any druggist in the smaller towns can supply the ingredients named, as they are commonly used in the prescription department.

GREAT UNDERGROUND BALLROOM.

How It Is Lighted by Day and Night—Gardens Overhead.

The underground ballroom of Welbeck, where their Majesties of Spain graced the debut of the Duke and Duchess of Portland's only daughter, has none of the gloomy characteristics of a cellar, says the London Chronicle.

By day as well as by night it is perfectly lighted, being designed and built by the old duke as a picture gallery. It is lighted entirely from above, the flat, wonderfully decorated roof being pierced by twenty-seven big octagonal sky-lights, built up of prisms and recessed from view. The light falling thus is softened by passing through rich crimson silk. The eighteen exquisite glass chandeliers which illuminate the room by night were an object of the mysterious duke's particular care; many sets, after being specially made, were ruthlessly rejected before his taste was pleased.

One notable feature in the room is the marble bust of the "invisible prince"—as his tenants called him—who constructed the apartment by the simple process of excavating a quarter of an acre of ground, lining the clay banks with a double wall, sandwiched with asphalt to exclude damp, spanning it with iron beams weighing over twenty tons each and resting on arches to form the roof. It is quite flat and level with the garden above, so that one walks over a beautifully turfed lawn, little dreaming that below this sylvan spot is the splendid chamber 160 feet long and 64 feet wide, which has been described by competent judges as the most noble and amazing private room in Europe.

RINGWORM.

Stubborn Case Healed by Zam-Buk.

The most troublesome and obstinate of all scalp trouble is Ringworm. Mrs. H. Girdlestone of 106 Rawdon St., Brantford, Ont., says: "My daughter had ringworm very bad, so bad that I was compelled to have her hair cut off. I obtained a preparation from the druggist to paint the sores, but instead of curing, the Ringworm developed into nasty sores matting and smothering badly. I saw Zam-Buk advertised in the newspaper and immediately sent for a box. After several applications I could see a great improvement, and as I kept up the Zam-Buk treatment daily the disease was soon checked. The nasty sores were thoroughly cleaned and healed and all trace of Ringworm banished from the child's scalp in a few weeks after commencing with Zam-Buk. I cannot recommend Zam-Buk too highly."

Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, chapped hands, cold sores, itch, ulcers, eczema, running sores, catarrh, piles, bad legs, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, abscesses and all diseases of the skin. Of all druggists and stores, 50c., or post paid upon receipt of price, from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 6 boxes \$2.50.

"I cannot imagine why you refused such a splendid offer," remarked a disappointed mother. "But he always dresses so shabbily," said the daughter. "Well, that's merely eccentricity." "Yes, I know. But he would probably expect me to be just as eccentric!"