A TALE OF THE SEA

Beach Street was in those days much as it is now, the quaintest, saltest, imaginable thoroughfare on the coast of Great Britain; littered with anchors of all sizes, with huge coils of hemp cable, with odd fantastic capstans for the winding-up of boats, with tall poles for the spreading of nets, lines from window to window for the easy drying of linen, queer dusky alleys leading at night-time into a true smuggling blackness of atmosphere; beerhouse after beerhouse in friendly juxtaposition, with a perpetual seething and hissing of surf upon the steep shingle, as a regale to the ear, and miles of sand plains beyond billowing to Sandwich, and sweet and musical into late autumn daytime with wild-flowers of fifty different sorts and birds of all kinds.

It was now about nine o'clock in the evening; there was no moon, the starlight made no sheen, and the sea brimmed in tremorless ebony to its confines. The few oil lamps in Beach Street threw a feeble gleam upon the shingly road; but how full of people Deal was on this particular night, York might have gathered from the groups of men showing through every tavern window he passed; drinking, arguing, singing, capercutting, as Jack will when newly come ashore, amid motionless fogs of tobacco-smoke. The first sign his eye caught was that of the Kentish Sickle. He entered the place, and found it crowded with boatmen and seamen. The landlord, a purple-faced man who had removed his wig for air, and yet looked half dead with heat, stood behind a little bar or counter drawing ale out of a cask, the top of which was on a level with his hand. York inquired if he could have a bed; the landlord shook his head, with a glance at the tall youth, as though he suspected a kind of impertinence in such a question in the face of the crowd of people smoking and drinking beyond.

"Can you name me a house in which I'm likely to obtain a bed for the night?" said York.

"No," said the purple-faced man, continuing to draw ale into thick glass, one-legged tumblers, which, as fast as he filled them, he pushed to a couple of fellows, who carried them to the tables. "It'll be odd if ye gits a bed to loie in to-night, mate, in Deal. Whoy, it'll be ending in the boatmen having to turn their boats' keel up for lodgings;" at which observation a large heavy man in a round hat and a great belt round his waist, fit for the snugging of a horse pistol or two, burst into a loud laugh.

York walked out, and entered another tavern hard by. This, too, was full, its five bedrooms crammed, the state-bed of the place to be occupied by no fewer than four men, to lie heel to heel, whenever it should suit them to withdraw to it; as the perspiring dried-up little landlord informed York with a grin of exquisite satisfaction.

He tried a third, a fourth; tramped on to the Cat o' Nine Tails alehouse; but to no purpose. Had every house had its forty beds to let, they would not have apparently met the demand that night for accommodation from the captains, mates, passengers, sailors who had come ashore on special business, or who had deserted, or who had to take the coach next day to London or wherever they might live, counting (as passengers) upon days and perhaps weeks of detention if they stuck to the craft lying out in the Downs yonder.

York had now reached the Sandown extremity of Deal; he retraced his steps and passing the houses he had visited, he arrived at much such another one as they, called the Lonely Star, into which he walked. At the end of a tolerably long narrow passage was an open door, out of which floated clouds of tobacco-smoke along with the incense of the punch-bowl. A little on this side the door was a staircase, and nearer yet to the entrance, a recess, in which sat a plump woman of fifty, with sloe black eyes and red cheeks and treble chins. Over her head hung an old-fashioned lantern, the light of which was comfortably reflected in rows of bottles on shelves behind her filled with liquors of various dyes.

"Can I have a bed in this house?" asked York of this plump, good-humored woman, who at his approach let fall some knitting she was at work upon.

She ran her bright black eyes over him with an expression as though she found pleasure in the sight of his long womanly hair and pale handsome face and manliness of stature, and answered after a minute's thinking: "I'm afraid not, sir. Every bed in the house is taken. I never remember Deal so full of strangers."

"I shall have to return to the ship, then," he exclaimed, "Yet I would rather not. Plying betwixt the Downs and the shore is costly work to a poor man—at least your boatmen make it so. A spare sofa would serve me. I have been ill in South America, and am not yet well, and durst not lie in the open. A pillow and a roof for my head would suffice. I must be up by daybreak, perhaps before. My sweetheart's mother, Mrs. Bax, lives t'other side of Sandwich, more Minsterway than that town.—D'ye know her, ma'am?"

"By name, sir: a very decent good lady. I'm sure."

"There's a bed for me there; but it's too far to reach it on foot to-night. Besides, my sweetheart, Jenny, will not expect me till to-morrow, by noon, or thereabouts. Now, what am I to do for a bed? There will be other houses of entertainment in this town besides those I have visited in this street?"

"There's a gentleman," said the landlady, after a short spell of thought, "lying up-stairs who has used my house for some years running. 'Tis but a bit of a room he's in, sir; but he rests in a great big bed, broad enough to house a large family. If you wouldn't mind sharing it with him, he'd accommodate you at my request, I don't doubt. What do you say?"

"You are very good, ma'am; 'twould be a godsend I assure you. I could not feel more weary had I been tramping Deal all day."

"Step into the end room, then," said she, "and call for what you will whilst I find out if the gentleman will receive you."

He entered, and found himself in the company of some score and a half of seamen of all denominations, with a sprinkling of soldiers and a few women. The room was unpleasantly full; the height of it was no taller than a small ship's 'tween-decks, and it had something of the look of a 'tween-decks, with its substantial joists or rafters, its small porthole-like windows, and walls resembling bulkheads. A few of the nearer folks stared at him on his entrance, and a couple of the women giggled a bit at his hair; but the company were on the whole rather too drunk to give him much heed. It was an old-world scene that, for its utterly vanished qualities of colour, atmosphere, attire, is scarcely imaginable in these days; unsnuffed rushlights flaring on the tall narrow chimney-piece and on the tables; men mahogany-cheeked with weather, some wearing their own hair in tails, some with wigs, with here a three-cornered hat cocked over its owner's nose, there a round tarpaulin perched on nine hairs, with a fathom of ribbon down the back; most of the people smoking long clay pipes and arguing with drunken animation, with now and again the added hullabaloo of one who would set up his throat for a song; the women in colours which made one think of a crockery shepherdess; and visions of copper-nosed salts looming out in postures of wrangling at the tables in smoke-obscured corners.

York took a chair near the door and called to the drawer for a glass of spirits. After a little the landlady came to him and said that she had knocked at Mr. Worksop's door and asked if he would object to a bedfellow; and that his answer was the gentleman was welcome if so be he would contrive to ride with an up-and-down cable; by which she understood Mr. Worksop to mean that he expected the gentleman to keep to his side of the bed. York thanked her, and said he should be glad to go to rest at once.

"I shall be quitting your house before you're up," said he, "and will pay you for the bed now, if you please."

"As you will, sir," said she: "it will be a shilling."

He gave her the money.

"There will be no difficulty," he exclaimed, "in letting myself out in the morning? I do not wish to disturb the house by a stiff wrestle with harsh bolts and difficult locks."

"That'll be your door, sir," said she, pointing to the street entrance at the end of the passage. "There is but one bolt, and it shoots easily. We fear nothing but the foreign invader at Deal, sir. The latch will fall when you pull the door after you."

He thanked her, took his bundle, and followed her up-stairs. She knocked at a little door painted stone-colour, leaning as with age in its frame. A voice answered, "Come in," in a muffled hurricane note.

"It's the gent, Mr. Worksop, as is to lie with you," responded the landlady; and then, putting the rushlight into York's hand, she bid him good-night with a pleasant wish that he would find his sweetheart happy and in gay health next morning.

The latch of the door appeared to be jammed; York struggled with it for some time, but could not succeed in lifting it. Meanwhile, he heard Mr. Worksop, who was manifestly a seafaring man, calling from the bed several varieties of sea-blessings upon the eyes and limbs of his disturber, until, losing all patience, he bawled out in the tones of a gale of wind: "Put your shoulder to the latch and heave it up! Thunder and blood! ain't it plain that prising's your only tack?"

York did as he was told, and by so doing lifted the crazy old door off its latch, and entered.

He found himself in a little room, with the ceiling but a very few inches above his head. The apartment was almost entirely filled by a large, black, funereal four-poster, undraped, and furnished with a perfect Atlantic Ocean of blanket, mattress, and coverlet. On the left side of this immense bed lay a man, of whom nothing more was visible than a curiously elongated face, as though his countenance had been stretched, lengthening the lineaments out of all proportion to their breadth. This odd face was crowned with a large red handkerchief, so twisted over the head as to serve as a nightcap. The clothes of a nautical man of that age lay heaped upon a chair under the very little window which gave light and ventilation to the room.

"Sorry to break in upon your rest, Mr. Worksop," exclaimed York; "but needs must, you know.—But for your kindness, my bed to-night might have been on the cold ground, I fear.—Deal's amazingly full, certainly."

"Very welcome, very welcome," growled Mr. Worksop in a somewhat softened voice, staring over the edge of the bedclothes, with small, windy, deep-set eyes at the long hair and tall figure of the young fellow. "There's room enough; only be so good as to bear a hand and tumble aboard, for I don't feel up to the knocker to-night, and there's been row enough going on down-stairs since I've lain here to make a dead man get up and shoulder his coffin for a cruise arter peace."

York fell to undressing as expeditiously as possible.

"What's your calling, may I ask?" inquired Mr. Worksop, rumbling out the question with his mouth half covered with bedclothes.

"A sailor," was the answer.

"What ship, sir?"

"Well, I was second-mate of the Coelia, but sickened at Valparaiso of some pestilence there, and was left behind by the master. I was down six months with the malady, and nearly a dead man. Then the captain of the brig Jane offered to carry me home on condition or my helping him in the navigation of the vessel—I mean, taking observations and keeping the reckoning and the like; for he had lost his chief-mate; and his second, who was the ship's carpenter, couldn't read or write. We brought up in the Downs this evening; and as my sweetheart lives within a few hours' walk of this place, I came ashore, meaning to start for her home at dawn to-morrow. Small chance of my disturbing you, Mr. Worksop; you'll find me cat-like, and won't know I'm gone till you turn to look."

"Right you are, sir; right you are," rumbled the other: "there's room enough here. Why, boil me alive, Oh! but this must have been in a royal bed of state in its day."

"I'll blow out this light," said York.—"But have you a tinder-box handy, Mr. Worksop? I'm without that convenience—without a good deal that should have been mine but for Valparaiso. It's well to be able to strike a light; one never knows what may happen."

"There's my jacket on that cheer," answered Mr. Worksop; "you'll find what you want in the left-hand pocket."

York felt, and found the things, placed them near the rushlight, extinguished it, and got into bed.

They lay talking for a while. Mr. Worksop, it seems, had been boatswain of a West Indiaman for three voyages.

He had been paid off in London a week or two before; and having been born at Deal, had run down to spend a few days at the old spot and to take a short cruise about the district. He was too sleepy to talk much; but it was plain, from the little he let fall, that he was a man who had used the ocean for many years, and had much that was moving and interesting to tell, whenever he should feel disposed to deliver himself of his experiences. Presently he began to wander, then to snore. York lay awake for some time, listening to the hum and roll of the voices of the drinkers in the room below. There was an oil lamp just outside the window, which threw a dim illumination sufficiently clear to render faintly visible the outlines of objects. The young fellow rested, lost in thought, with his mind going to his sweetheart, from whom he had been parted fourteen months; then to his prospects in life; the offer made him by the captain of the Jane, his chances of getting the money due to him from the owners of the Coelia, and the like; and then the noises below quieting with the departure one by one of the revellers, he closed his eyes and was presently asleep.

He was awakened by a sense of suffocation and found himself bathed in perspiration and panting for breath under the weight of the bedclothes. The boatswain was snoring heavily. All was silent out of doors, saving at intervals the moan of a gentle gust of wind, like a long human sigh, running through the stealthy seething sound of the midnight waters pouring upon the shingle. He sat upright for the relief of the posture; but whether it was that the Valparaiso fever was not yet out of him, or that his condition rendered him particularly sensitive to atmospheric conditions, he found the temperature of the room insupportable. Indeed, the little compartment was nearly all bedstead. The lungs of the boatswain, to judge by his breathing, seemed to require the air of the open ocean to fill them. There was an odour of flue, too, along with a tepid flavour of bedclothes, that was as stifling in its way as the atmosphere of a bakehouse.

The young fellow quietly got out of bed with the design of opening the window, but found the casement, as the door had been, a sort of fixture, whose dislocation must result in the waking of the whole house. He pined for a drink of water; but there was no jug or washing apparatus in the room, and it was manifest that gentlemen who put up at the Lonely Star were to expect no better convenience than an outdoor pump for their ablutions. Now, the Lonely Star was sure to have a pump of its own as well as a backyard; and the fancy of a drink of cold water coupled with a short spell of breathing the dewy night-air worked so irresistibly in the feverish young man, that he resolved at all hazards to explore for the relief he panted for. He put before his fancy a figure of the house, and kept in his mind the bearings of the staircase and the public room he had entered. He could recall that, whilst seated in that room, he had taken notice of a glass door screened with red curtains at the extremity of it, with a white step between it and the floor. This he made sure led into the back-yard, where, though he should not meet with a pump, he was certain to obtain fresh air.

He partially clothed himself; but, on trying the door, found he could not lift the latch with his fingers. He felt in his pockets, but was without anything to enable him to pry open the jammed and rusty arrangement. The boatswain snored heavily in the soundest sleep. York dreading the fellow's temper should he awaken him, walked softly to the man's clothes, and, by the feeble light that shone upon the little window, groped in the pockets for any contrivance that should serve him as a lever. The jacket pockets contained nothing but a tobacco-case, a pipe, and some papers. He felt in the felthand breeches' pocket, and touched a quantity of pieces of money, the weight of which proved them to be gold, apparently guineas and half-guineas. In the other pocket was a large clasp-knife, such as sailors carry, with a ring through the end of the haft for a lanyard.

York took his knife, went to the door, and succeeded in lifting the latch; and this done, he stole forth, leaving the door ajar; then putting the knife in his pocket, he groped his way downstairs all very quietly, as he did not wish to disturb the house. The street lamp that had helped him in the bedroom served him below wherever there was a seaward-facing window, and he made his way without difficulty through the long, low-ceiled public room, reeking and sickening with the lingering fumes of tobacco and rum punch; and pulling back the single bolt of the glass door he had taken notice of, he found himself in a little back-yard with, sure enough, the outline of a pump in the corner faintly touched by the starlight.

He drank and bathed his hands and face, and felt himself greatly refreshed. There was an inverted tub close to the pump, upon which he rested himself, and here he continued to linger for some time, reluctant to quit the sweetness and freshness of the cool air that was breathing direct from the sea for the oven-like oppressiveness of the little bedroom. Maybe he dozed, for he was suddenly startled by the near drowsy voice of a watchman calling the hour, two o'clock. On hearing this, he arose, re-entered the house, quietly bolted the glass door after him and returned to his bedroom.

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN DESIGNER.

A lady who was formerly one of H. R. H. Princess Henry of Battenberg's governesses has a great aptitude for illumination. She is yearly commissioned to design and decorate borders for the Queen's own private journal, and so very minutely and carefully is this done that she has nearly six months' work before her when she once commences a volume. Each page has a beautiful border, and, as far as possible, the subjects chosen for the illumination are suggestive and suitable to the season of the year or the place in which Her Majesty is likely to be at the time. The frontispiece is a marvel of color and design in the Italian style. The binding is always left to the Queen's own taste.

WHAT THE GERMANS DO.

Out of Germany's population of 51,770,284, 2,835,222 are in the service of the state,—soldiers, clerks, etc.,—18,501,307 are farmers, and 5,966,845 are engaged in commerce. Mining and manufactures are Germany's most important industries, 20,253,241 being engaged in them.

A GENERAL SMASH.

So you went wheeling yesterday. Did you break the record?

No; but I broke nearly everything else."

"I HAVE HAD

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and this testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderful penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure.

WHAT IT DENOTES.

You have heard her sing?

Oh, yes.

Well, what do you think her method denotes?

A total lack of sympathy and consideration for others.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

No. 4

Many Women

DON'T BELIEVE

In quack medicines. YOU DO BELIEVE that you are weak and ill.

DO YOU KNOW that you can easily regain health, strength and vigor?

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash

for sale by all Druggists at 75c and 25c. I part vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living. Woman's Triumph," Explanatory pamphlet, sent free on application. Orders filled promptly from the laboratory.

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 578 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A TRAPPER'S STORY

A Calling That Entails Much Hardship and Exposure.

One Case in Which the Exposure Brought on La Grippe and Serious After Troubles—How the Victim Secured Renewed Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Rockport is but a small hamlet, but it has achieved a wide reputation owing to the fact that it is situated in the very heart of the far-famed Thousand Islands, and for this reason attracts during the summer months hundreds of pleasure seekers. Among the residents of the village none is better known than Wilson A. Root. During the summer months he follows the occupation of an oarsman, and none knows better than he the haunts of the gamey bass and pickerel. In the winter and spring months Mr. Root follows the occupation of trapping and this pursuit requires one to be out in all sorts of weather, and in the water frequently at a time of the year when the water is none too warm. As a result of a wetting Mr. Root took a severe cold which developed into la grippe, which took such a firm hold upon his system that for a time he was unable to leave the house. His kidneys became affected, and he suffered from severe pains across the back. There was a feeling of continuous tiredness, which no amount of rest or sleep seemed to relieve. The appetite was fickle, and there was an indisposition to exertion or work. A number of remedies were tried, one after the other, but without any beneficial results. At this juncture a friend strongly advised that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be given a trial. They had cured thousands of others, and why not he? Acting on his friend's suggestion Mr. Root procured a single box of the Pink Pills, and before all were used felt an improvement. This encouraged him to persevere with the treatment, and after the use of a few more boxes of the pills Mr. Root found his health fully restored, all the pains and aches had disappeared, and with their disappearance came renewed strength and activity. Mr. Root says—"I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be unsurpassed as a medicine, and I advise any who are ailing to give it a fair and honest trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

AMERICA TO EUROPE IN A DAY.

James Gresham is Building a Boat to Twist Through Water Five Miles a Minute.

If the plans of a Brooklyn man do not miscarry, it will soon be possible to take breakfast in New York and dine the same night in London. James Gresham, is constructing a boat which he says will be able to travel at the rate of five or six miles a minute, either on the surface of the water or submerged. At that rate of speed the ocean ferry-boats will make the trip in less than ten hours.

Some time between now and the holidays the first boat will be completed and ready for an actual test. The parts are now in process of construction in various machine shops and shipyards near New York, and the work of putting them together will require little time after the parts are completed. Mr. Gresham has already constructed a model three feet long which has demonstrated the practicability of his invention and has encouraged him and other capitalists to advance the $10,000 necessary to build the larger boat.

THE HULL IS THE PROPELLER.

The model consists of a cylinder of polished steel about thirty-five inches long and eight-inches in diameter, tapering in somewhat blunt curves to each end. Around the cylinder from one end to the other runs a thin steel flange, fastened spirally so that the flange—always at right angles to the surface of the cylinder—encircles the cylinder nearly two complete turns. As the cylinder revolves on its axis the flange (about an inch and a half wide in the model) has an effect on the water somewhat like that of a screw propeller. In other words, the spiral flange, revolving, pushes back against the water so that the cylinder is forced forward. As this flange encircles the cylinder from end to end, it will be seen that the pushing force exerted is tremendous.

At each end of the cylinder rises a bent tube, perhaps one and a quarter inches in diameter and six inches long. These tubes are open at the top, and just below are encircled by miniature conning towers. At one end of the cylinder is a steel rudder, attached to a heavy steel keel, hanging below the cylinder. The upright tubes, which are somewhat like bent smokestacks or airshafts, rise from each end of the cylinders. They are joined to an inner cylinder, around which, on ball bearings, the outer flange cylinder revolves, while the inner shell does not turn, but preserves an equilibrium. Within the inner circle is the machinery to furnish the power.

THE MODEL WAS SPEEDY.

The model has been tested in ponds and in a specially constructed trough. It travelled 613 feet in seven seconds. The inventor is certain that the vessel will travel more than five miles a minute.

Mr. Gresham says the boat will naturally travel more rapidly when under water than when only partly submerged. This he explains by saying that all portions of the flange will then operate on the water at once. The length of the boat now in course of construction will be 108 feet.

The boat can be totally submerged in less than four minutes. This can be accomplished through the agency of valves, which let the water into the outer shell. By revolving the outer shell the water can be instantly thrown off. In fact, less time will be consumed in bringing the boat to the surface than in submerging it.

A MARTYR TO DUTY.

Mother (suspiciously)—If you haven't been in swimming, how did your hair get so wet?

Little Dick—That's perspiration—runnin' away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'.

EVERYBODY PENSIONED.

Denmark allows every subject, male, or female, who is 60 years of age, a small pension.

DON'T FORGET

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft acorns.

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil without the fish-fat taste.

You get all the virtue of the oil. You skip nothing but the taste.

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis.

A Beamsville Man Cured of Rheumatism and Scrofula.

A GIFT SAVED A LIFE.

Timely Recommened by a well-known Member of Parliament.

County of Carleton to Wit:

I, Jean Hudon, of the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, carpenter, do solemnly declare that I live at No. 105 St. Andrew Street, City of Ottawa, that I am a carpenter by trade and am 50 years of age. For the past nine years, since June 1886, I have had Eczema all over my body, hands, arms, legs, face and head, in fact, I was perfectly covered with the complaint, which caused me to be covered with sores from head to foot. I have doctored with several doctors here in Ottawa, and have taken all kinds of patent medicines that I heard were good for the blood. Only one doctor, out of about seven, said that I could be cured, and he has been doctoring me for three years, and his treatment proved a failure the same as the rest. I have been very bad of late, until Mr. S. S. Ryckman, M.P., of Hamilton, Ont., gave me some of his Kootenay Cure, which was on the 30th of April, 1895. After taking the medicine for four days I began to feel better, and have continued to get better every day since, the sores having disappeared, and I feel better in every way. Should you want further proofs of my cure I can furnish you with hundreds of names of persons who will testify as to my condition for the past nine years. St. Joseph's Society has assisted me, more or less, for the past nine years, as I am a poor man, and there are plenty there who knew my case well. St. Joseph's Society consists of 250 members.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893. (Signed) Jean Hudon.

Taken and acknowledged before me at the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, this 8th day of November, 1895.

(Signed) N. A. Belcourt,
A Notary Public.

Willie—"Mamma they say history repeats itself, don't they?" Mother—"Yes, dear." Willie—"Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?"

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"Congratulate me, old boy—at last I'm on the top round of the ladder of success."—"Well here's to you; but I'll bet you got there by turning it upside down."

Garland Base Burners & Ranges are no higher in price than other first class goods, but are superior in many ways. Any Base Burner or Stove bearing the well known name "Garland" cannot be equalled. Merit always tells. Ask your dealer to show you these Stoves.

"Is he happily married?" "Well, his wife is the sort of woman who will stand up near the rear door of a street car when there are vacant seats further up front."

UNABLE TO MOVE HAND OR FOOT FOR WEEKS—HORRORS OF RHEUMATISM.

"For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism in my back. Last spring I became so very bad that I was unable to move hand or foot, and was in bed for weeks. My husband and I became discouraged, and had given up all hope, but at the critical time, a neighbor, Mrs. Blanchard, who had been cured of lumbago in three days by South American Rheumatic Cure, called to see me, and advised me to try this remedy. I did so, and the first bottle enabled me to sit up in bed, and in a week I was attending to my duties as usual. It is without doubt the best remedy in the world."

"Mrs. John Beaumont, Elora, Ont."

Bingo—"I think I will take a trip to Niagara next week. Every one ought to see it." Witherby—"Haven't you been there?" Bingo—"Yes; on my honeymoon."

ONE SOURCE OF PAIN AND SUFFERING UNDER HUMAN CONTROL.

The remedy known as South American Kidney Cure never fails to give relief in six hours in all derangements of the kidneys or bladder. Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation or ulceration of the kidneys, neuralgia, consumption, hemorrhage and catarrh of the kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, etc. It purifies and regulates the urine, removes sediment in urine and prevents scalding. It is worth a thousand times its cost for prostatic troubles in the old, such as enlargement, inflammation and ulceration of the prostrate gland.

Mother (instructing her little son's devotions)—"And now, Willie, pray for grandma's safety." Willie—"Does she want a bike too?"

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

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"Then she does not look with favor on your suit?" "No; I made a mistake in proposing to her in golf costume."

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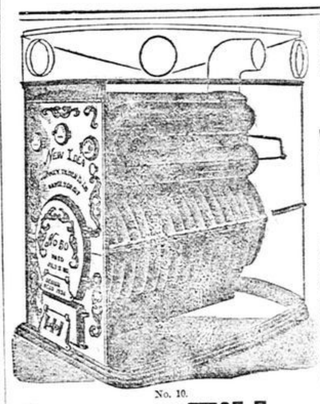

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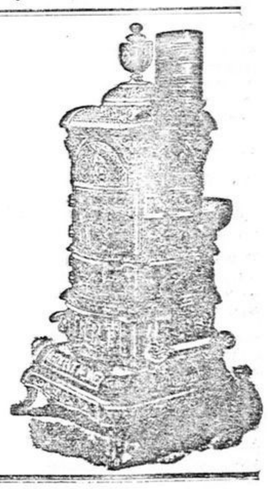

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