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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Health Hints.

Eat, sleep and rest at regular hours.

Eat moderately, sleep moderately and hurry up moderately. Be moderate in everything.

Genial, unselfish cheerfulness which warms a man in his inmost life helps him to be strong and well, not only in body, but in mind.

To bend the shoulders and hollow the chest when walking not only injures the lungs but gives one a look of weariness and depression.

Select food rich in material to build up the body you live in. Brain, bone and muscle are not made out of layer cake and floating island.

Don't fret and worry about your own affairs or your neighbors'. A fretful, irritable temper can break down the constitution sooner than hard work.

Dress in warm, light clothing, so that the circulation may be even over the whole body. If you wish sound lungs, dress so that you can breathe deeply, and if you wish a clear head, keep your feet warm and dry.

Every man and woman who would be well needs every day to take p enty of healthful exercise which will send the blood and nerve currents thrilling and tingling to the very tips of the toes and fingers, giving fresh life to the whole body.

Hold the chest and head up with strength and courage, and the chin down with firmness; put the foot down lightly and evenly, bend the little spring in the in step, which makes the step easy and flexible, and then walk from the hips, not from the knees. Walking is a delightful and fascinating exercise when practic d as an accomplishment.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and it is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

How It Impressed Her.

Everything, even a magnificent church, must be regarded from the point of view of the beholder. A London paper says that two country girls, who acted as if they might be enjoying a holiday from domestic service, were observed walking down the aisles of St. Paul's cathedral. Under the great dome one of them stood and gazed around her with an air of such wonder that a spectator might well suppose that she was awe-struck by her solemn surroundings. But when she spoke the idea w s dissipated. "Oh, Sarah," she exclaim , "wouldn't this place take a long time to sweep?"

When children are pale, peevish and restless at night they require a dose or two of Miller's Worm Powders. They are pleasant to take; no physic required.

The Proper Way of Breathing.

To learn to breathe properly, inflate the lungs and walk for five paces, keeping the mouth shut and breathing through the nose, increasing the five paces to ten, and then to fifteen or more. Follow this up by taking several long breaths after getting up in the morning and again before retiring.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Railroads in India.

In 1898, according to official reports, 1,451 miles of new railroad were opened for traffic in India, bringing the total mileage up to 22,650. During the current year 1,579 miles are to be completed, and in 1900 the programme contemplates the construction of 1,859 miles. The milcage of telegraph lines in operation is 48,848.

They are a Powerful Nervine.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.

First Intoxicate the Fish.

In order to capture fish a South American tribe whips the water with the wood of a tree which contains a substance having a narcotic influence on the fish, which are then readily caught.

To Talk of Tuberculosis.

It is announced by the British Medical Journal that an international congress on tuberculosis and the methods of combating it will be held in Berlin from May 23 to 27.

Miller's Compound Iron Pills restore the color to pale cheek and bloodless lips.

Gummy—Experience is a dear teacher. **Glanders**—And there is no avoiding payment of the tuition fees.

That weak, tired condition will soon change by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

Clinker (meeting Dr. Probe)—Look here, doctor, what's a good thing for a cold?

Dr. Probe (gruffly)—Consult a physician.

A new back for 50 cents. Miller's Kidney Pills and Plaster.

SPIES AND RENEGADES.

Philippine War as Seen by Local Newspapers.

TRAGIC DEATH OF AN OLD HERO.

How Big Hearted Americans Are Saddened by the Sight of Natives Suffering In a Lost Cause—Treacherous Traits.

The American, an enterprising newspaper representing progressive ideas in Manila, relates interesting incidents of the war. A few days ago, after the Kansas boys had made a charge and swept everything before them, they—or at least a few of them—suddenly became aware of sing-

ON OUTPOST DUTY.

ing Mausers coming from the rear. Ping! Ping! The little leaden messengers whizzed about their heads and raised the dirt and dust about their feet. The foliage was dense overhead. A whole squad could have hidden up there.

At length, after considerable search, the tree was located in which the hidden gunner was doing his deadly work, but the thick leaves screened him perfectly from those he was shooting at. Volleys were fired into those thickly clustered branches before the lifeless fingers let the Mauser rifle drop clattering to the ground. And what kind of a man do you suppose it was those Kansas veterans found there? They found an old Filipino who had lost one limb in some past trouble, perhaps in some fight with the Spaniards. His comrades had tied him up in the tree so that he couldn't fall down, and there he staid, shooting as long as his fingers could hold his rifle. American bullets had riddled his body, but the rope that bound him to his post kept the lifeless clay still there. He died a hero, fighting in a lost cause.

Midway between the pumping station and the settling tank an old man, bent and crippled, with one leg bandaged up, sat in the gathering twilight with his chin in his hands, gazing steadfastly into the dying embers that had just licked up his once happy home.

Everything had gone up with the smoke. His family had either perished or were with the fleeing rebels miles and miles away. There were no comforts at hand, no food or water within reach; nothing but the old man and his immense sorrow.

A few rods farther on were a lone tree and a stone wall spattered with the blood of an American officer who had been murdered a few hours previous, perhaps by a warm friend of this same old man. Away off yonder, over the great waters, were brothers, sisters, a sweetheart and a loving mother anxiously praying for the officer's safety, anxiously and vainly praying for his happy home coming. Night came on, the old man sat there, the blood stains turned black on the stone wall, and we walked on feeling more than ever that war was the blackest curse on earth.

Another gentleman who has been visiting around the districts traversed during the actions of the past few days informs us that at one place he found the corpses of two Filipinos lying in a building. As he approached three or four large and gaunt dogs, their jaws besmeared with blood, ran away. On looking into the place the gentleman was horrified to see that the starving creatures had been eating the bodies and had torn and mangled one of them in a most horrible and revolting manner.

Renegades and spies have to be looked after as well as the forces of Aguinaldo. So far the American forces have produced only two renegades, and they are both dead. Here are some news paragraphs from Freedom, another American newspaper in Manila:

A day or so ago a Spanish first lieutenant was discovered among a gang of natives who were being "gathered in" by the Minnesota boys for holding a seditious meeting. He formed an edifying spectacle as he besought his guards not to turn him into the calaboose with his dark skinned friends, but he got there just the same.

Passing along the Spanish bridge yesterday afternoon, on they came, as innocent looking a bevy of white smocked youngsters as one might meet any day outside a Sunday school gathering. There were about 115 of them, escorted by a guard of Kansas boys. The latter had their suspicions attracted to the queer movements of these ingenious niggers—mere boys some of them—and on pouncing upon them in the vicinity of a go down in which they had been gathering not many miles from Chinatown the Kansas lads discovered them all to be dispording the rebel uniform or as near an approach to it as possible beneath their immaculate looking white dittoes. One of them only was armed and with a knife. The whole gang was duly marched to the arsenal, where ample opportunity will be given them to reflect on the stupidity of their malicious and abortive plot.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Tea and coffee should never be left uncovered, as their strength and flavor evaporate by exposure.

Grease has the effect of blunting sharp knives, so they should never be allowed to remain in this.

Lay a little bag of powdered mustard in the mouth of a pickle jar to prevent the contents turning mouldy.

Damp salt removes stains of tea and egg from china articles.

Coal in the cellar should never be damped, as it generates poisonous fumes.

White spots on furniture may be speedily removed by rubbing with spirits of camphor.

Good forks should never be used for toasting purposes.

The kitchen in every household, be it big or little, should be kept perfectly pleasant and wholesome by regular cleansing.

The sink should be an object of special attention, for if not well rinsed and sluiced after washing up it will become the hotbed of disease.

The vegetable matter which is kept in the kitchen should be placed in a covered hamper, and overhauled constantly, and any root which shows signs of decay at once thrown out.

Kitchen cloths must, of course, be washed out daily and hung on the line to dry, instead of being thrown together in a dark corner or tub till a washing day is due. Meanwhile those cloths are holding grease and harboring smells. The shelves should be scrubbed as often as those of the larder, and occasionally some disinfectant added to the rinsing water.

Twice a week a lump of soda should be placed on the top of the sink drains and very hot water poured directly on to it. This is to cleanse the pipe of any greasy matter adhering to it.

The walls and ceilings should be washed if painted, or whitewashed if plain plaster, at least once a year. The garbage pail should never be stood beside the house, for them the contents are thrown in, and ugly splashes on the walls are the result.

Medicine stains on silver may be removed by the application of diluted sulphuric acid rubbed upon the silver with a soft rag. Finally rinse the article in warm soapsuds.

Attacks of sore throat during cold weather are largely attributable to insufficient exercise in the open air. Frequent sufferers are notoriously lacking in this respect.

To make a linseed poultice put the meal into a bag of flannel of the size of poultice required, sew up the open end, and boil, bag and all, in a small quantity of water. When the seed is soft squeeze out all moisture, and use the bag instantly as a poultice.

To freshen a room place a good lump of camphor on an old plate or saucer, heat a poker, and with it burn the camphor. The fumes will thoroughly purify the room, and the smell of camphor will only last for a short time. This process is useful to get rid of the smell of damp, of a new carpet or in illness.

Tender Recollections.

The balloon was tugging at its rope and bouncing about clumsily in the puffs of wind. A widow stood regarding it with streaming eyes. She was alone, but a crowd gathered about her, attracted by her untimely tears. She sobbed for ten minutes, while the crowd restrained themselves, but at last an old gentleman—whose long white hair and saintly face declared his belief that he was privileged to thrust himself into anybody's business—stepped forward and said:

"Madam, why do you weep? Why, oh, why these tears?"

She looked smuffled loudly and then replied:

"It's the balloon."

"But," queried the old gentleman, "why does the spectacle of a balloon cause you to weep? Did a loved son once perish as an aeronaut?"

"No," replied the weeper, "it wasn't a son—it was my husband."

"Ah, your husband was killed while ballooning?"

"No, he wasn't; my husband died in his bed, but he weighed 21 stone, and that jumping balloon reminds me of just how Henry looked the last time I saw him a-dancing. His figure was like that!" and the widow dissolved in a new burst of tears.

A Soldier's Blanket.

This story, told of Sir Ralph Abercromble, the victor of Abouklr, shows that even in death he did not forget consideration for others. After the battle at which he was mortally wounded, he was carried on board a ship, and a soldier's blanket was placed under his head to ease him. He felt the relief, and asked what it was.

"Only a soldier's blanket," was the reply.

"Whose blanket is it?"

"Only one of the men's."

"I wish to know the name of the man."

"It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph."

"Then son," said the dying general, "that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

There Are Others.

First Tramp—I'm glad spring's come.

Second Tramp—So am I. We ain't de only fellers now wot don't feel like working

THE GENDRON

Is the Wheel that SELLS ITSELF.

Ask any disinterested rider about it and see what he says.

Gendron M'f'g Co., Limited TORONTO, ONT.

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I am a member of the newly established **STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE** and have some attractive Gold, Silver and Copper stocks on hand. I deal in **British Columbia, Ontario** and **Republic** issues. My favorites just now are **Morrison, Winnipeg, Noble Five, Derby** (copper), **Golden Star, Republic, Lone Pine, Princess Maud, Reindeer** and **Jumbo.** I have recent information relative to the last five Republic properties.

Phone 1842. E. CARTLY PARKER, Mining Broker, 12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

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Forbear.

Forbear; give up a little; take more than should be put upon you. Make allowance for another's judgment of the case; differing in constitution, circumstances and interest, we shall often decide differently about the justice and integrity of things; and mutual concessions alone can heal the breaches and bridge over the chasm between us, while quick resentment and stiff maintenance of our position will breed endless dispute and bitterness.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

When Genius Gets a Show.

"Why is it the mind is brighter when a man is past 40?"

"After that age the man gets sense enough not to eat too much."

Was It Empty?

Goslin—Aw, I have a vewy bad headache this mawning, doncher know.

Cuspid (a dentist, absent-mindedly)—Why don't you have it filled?

Probable.

"It's never too late to mend," was evidently intended for those men who indulge in "ripping" times.—Kansas City Independent.

ST. JACOBS OIL Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Soreness, Stiffness, Backache, Muscular Aches

ST. JACOBS OIL

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Ramsay's HOUSE PAINT BARN PAINT ROOF PAINT

All dealers have it. Ask for card or send to us and we will tell you where to get it.

A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS, Montreal.

In the Old Way.

"Hiram," said the wife, "do you b'l'eve in this new way of killin folks—called 'lectrocution?"

"I hain't studied much erbout it," was the reply. "In my family they most ingin'rally hung 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Hardworking American.

"Who is that man, mamma?"

"Why, that's your father, Willie. Don't you know him?"

"No. It's over two years since you took me to his office."

TAMWORTH PIGS!

$17 per pair, not akin 6 to 7 weeks old, at your nearest express office. Only choice stock sold.

H. D. SMITH, INGLESIDE FARM, COMPTON, QUE.

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NATIONAL FARMERS CO. TORONTO.

$2.95 GOLD PLATED. Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-back old-hand-dial-gold open face, stem-wind and set, gold plated, handsomely engraved, warranted to wear a good number of years, is fitted with a jewelled American Model Movement that we warrant to give good satisfaction, and is just the watch for trading purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch to be exactly as represented, pay the express agent $2.95 and charges, and it is yours.

Dept 1. Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

T. N. U. 221

THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

And a little chil I shall lead them.

The tune settled into full swing, and the boys kept shoulder to shoulder. Jakin banging the drum as one possessed. The one fife made a thin and pitiful squeaking, but the tune carried far, even to the Ghurkhas.

"Come on, you dogs!" muttered Jakin to himself. "Are we to play forever?" Lew was staring straight in front of him and marching more stiffly than ever he had done on parade.

And in bitter mockery of the distant mob the old tune of the old line shrilled and rattled

Some talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander
And such great names as these!

There was a faroff clapping of hands from the Gurkhas and a roar from the highlanders in the distance, but never a shot was fired by British or Afghan. The two little red dots moved forward in the open parallel to the enemy's front.

But of all the world's great heroes
There's none that can compare
With a row-row-row-row-row,
To the British grenadier!

The men of the Fore and Aft were gathering thick at the entrance into the plain. The brigadier on the heights far above was speechless with rage. Still no movement from the enemy. The day staid to watch the children.

Jakin halted and beat the long roll of the assembly, while the fife squealed despairingly.

"Right about face! Hold up, Lew, you're drunk!" said Jakin. They wheeled and marched back.

Those heroes of antiquity
Ne'er saw a cannon ball
Nor knew the force o' powder—

"Here they come!" said Jakin. "Go on, Lew!"

To scare their foes withal!

The Fore and Aft were pouring out of the valley. What officers had said to men at the time of shame and humiliation will never be known, for neither officers nor men speak of it now.

"They are coming anew!" shouted a priest among the Afghans. "Do not kill the boys! Take them alive and they shall be of our faith."

But the first volley had been fired, and Lew dropped on his face. Jakin stood for a minute, spun round and collapsed, as the Fore and Aft came forward, the maledictions of their officers in their ears and in their hearts the shame of open shame.

Half the men had seen the drummers die, and they made no sign. They did not even shout. They doubled out straight across the plain in open order, and they did not fire.

"This," said the colonel of Gurkhas softly, "is the real attack, as it ought to have been delivered. Come on, my children."

"Ulu-lu-lu-lu!" squealed the Gurkhas, and came down with a joyful clicking of kukris—those vicious Gurkha knives.

On the right there was no rush. The highlanders, cannily commending their souls to God (for it matters as much to a dead man whether he has been shot in a border scuffle or at Waterloo), opened out and fired according to their custom—that is to say, without heat and without intervals—while the screw guns, having disposed of the impertinent mud fort aforementioned, dropped shell after shell into the clusters round the flickering green standards on the heights.

"Charrgin is an unfortunate necessity," murmured the color sergeant of the right company of the highlanders.

"It makes the men sweer so, but I am thinkin it will come to a charrge if these black devils stand much longer. Stewarrt, man, you're firin into the eye of the sun, and he'll not take any harm for government ammunection. A foot lower and a great deal slower! What are the English doin? They're very quiet there in the center Runnin again?"

The English were not running. They were hacking and hewing and stabbing, for, though one white man is seldom physically a match for an Afghan in a sheepskin or wadded coat, yet through the pressure of many white men behind and a certain thirst for revenge in his heart he becomes capable of doing much with both ends of his rifle. The Fore and Aft held their fire till one bullet could drive through five or six men, and the front of the Afghan force gave on the volley. They then selected their men and slew them with deep gasps and short hacking coughs and groanings of leather belts against strained bodies and realized for the first time that an Afghan attacked is far less formidable than an Afghan attacking, which fact old soldiers might have told them.

But they had no old soldiers in their ranks.

The Gurkhas' stall at the bazaar was the noisiest, for the men were engaged—to a nasty noise, as of beef being cut on the block—with the kukri, which they preferred to the bayonet, well knowing how the Afghan hates the half moon blade.

As the Afghans wavered the green standards on the mountain moved down to assist them in a last rally, which was unwise. The lancers, chafing in the right gorge, had thrice dispatched their only subaltern as galloper to report on the progress of affairs. On the third occasion he returned with a bullet graze on his knee, swearing strange oaths in Hindustanee and saying that all things were ready. So that squadron swung round the right of the highlanders with a wicked whistling of wind in the pennons of its lances and fell upon the remnant just when, according to all the rules of war, it should have waited for the foe to show more signs of wavering.

But it was a dainty charge, deftly delivered, and it ended by the cavalry finding itself at the head of the pass by which the Afghans intended to retreat, and down the track that the lances had made streamed two companies of highlanders, which was never intended by the brigadier. The new development was successful. It detached the enemy from his base as a sponge is torn from a rock and left him ringed about with fire in that pitiless plain. And as a sponge is chased round the bathtub by the hand of the bather, so were the Afghans chased till they broke into little detachments much more difficult to dispose of than large masses.

"See!" quoth the brigadier. "Everything has come as I arranged. We've cut their base, and now we'll bucket em to pieces."

A direct hammering was all that the brigadier had dared to hope for, considering the size of the force at his disposal, but men who stand or fall by the errors of their opponents may be forgiven for turning chance into design. The bucketing went forward merrily. The Afghan forces were upon the run—the run of wearied wolves who snarl and bite over their shoulders. The red lances dipped by twos and threes, and, with a shriek, up rose the lance butt, like a spar on a stormy sea, as the trooper, cantering forward, cleared his point. The lancers kept between their prey and the steep hills, for all who could were trying to escape from the valley of death. The highlanders gave the fugitives 200 yards' law, and then brought them down, gasping and choking, ere they could reach the protection of the bowlders above. The Gurkhas followed suit, but the Fore and Aft were killing on their own account, for they had penned a mass of men between their bayonets and a wall of rock, and the flash of the rifles was lighting the wadded coats.

"We cannot hold them, Captain Sahib!" panted a ressaldar of lancers. "Let us try the carbine. The lance is good, but it wastes time."

They tried the carbine, and still the enemy melted away—fled up the hills by hundreds and there were only 20 bullets to stop them. On the heights the screw guns ceased firing—they had run out of ammunition—and the brigadier groaned, for the musketry fire could not sufficiently smash the retreat. Long before the last volleys were fired the litters were out in force looking for the wounded. The battle was over, and but for want of fresh troops the Afghans would have been wiped off the earth. As it was they counted their dead by hundreds, and nowhere were the dead thicker than in the track of the Fore and Aft.

But the regiment did not cheer with the highlanders, nor did they dance uncouth dances with the Gurkhas among the dead. They looked under their brows at the colonel as they leaned upon their rifles and panted.

"Get back to camp, you! Haven't you disgraced yourself enough for one day? Go and look to the wounded. It's all you're fit for," said the colonel. Yet for the past hour the Fore and Aft had been doing all that mortal commander could expect. They had lost heavily because they did not know how to set about their business with proper skill, but they had borne themselves gallantly, and this was their reward.

A young and sprightly color sergeant, who had begun to imagine himself a hero, offered his water bottle to a highlander whose tongue was black with thirst. "I drink with no cowards," answered the youngster huskily, and, turning to a Gurkha, he said: "Hya, Johnny! Drink water got it!" The Gurkha grinned and passed his bottle. The Fore and Aft said no word.

They went back to camp when the field of strife had been a little mopped up and made presentable, and the brigadier, who saw himself a knight in three months, was the only soul who was complimentary to them. The colonel was heartbroken and the officers were savage and sullen.

"Well," said the brigadier, "they are young troops, of course, and it was not unnatural that they should retire in disorder for a bit."

"Oh, my only Aunt Maria!" murmured a junior staff officer. "Retire in disorder! It was a bally run!"

"But they came again, as we all know," cooed the brigadier, the colonel's ashy white face before him, "and they behaved, as well as could possibly be expected—behaved beautifully indeed. I was watching them. It's not a matter to take to heart, colonel. As some German general said of his men, they wanted to be shooted over a little, that was all." To himself he said: "Now they're blooded, I can give 'em responsible work. It's as well that they got what they did. Teach 'em more than half a dozen rifle flirtations that will—later—run alone and bite. Poor old colonel, though!"

All that afternoon the heliograph winked and flickered on the hills, striving to tell the good news to a mountain 40 miles away. And in the evening there arrived—dusty, sweating and sore—a misguided correspondent who had gone out to assist at a trumpery village burning and who had read off the message from afar, cursing his luck the while.

"Let's have the details somehow—as full as ever you can, please. It's the first time I've ever been left this campaign," said the correspondent to the brigadier, and the brigadier, nothing loath, told him how an army of communication had been crumpled up, destroyed and all but annihilated by the craft, strategy, wisdom and foresight of the brigadier.

But some say, and among these be the Gurkhas who watched on the hillside, that that battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of the big ditch grave for the dead under the heights of Jagai.

An Unlucky Move.

"No, I can't think of going in there," said the young man with a shudder, when his friend proposed going in the cafe. "It's too warm in there. I would have to unbutton my overcoat."

"Got the grip?" asked the friend, solicitously.

"No. I haven't the grip, it is worse than that. See here," he cried, hoarsely, "I've got to unburden myself to some one and get a little sympathy or I'll explode! You know that girl I've been going with? Well, I've been trying for the past year to make myself solid there, and I have always been in doubt just how I stood in that quarter. So the other day when it dawned upon me that I had a birthday coming, I thought it would be a good plan to let the girl know it and use it as a feeler to find out how much she cared for me. I was puzzled for some time just how to convey the information to her, and finally hit upon the plan of giving her small brother a dollar to tell his sister in a casual way that I had a birthday coming in the near future."

"And he kept the dollar and said nothing about it," put in the sympathetic friend.

"I wish he had," sighed the young man. "No, he kept his part of the bargain and the result was that I received from her on my birthday a hand-painted necktie. You never heard of such a thing! I'm blessed if I ever did, either, but the girl says they are all the style and bound to be the rage. The one she gave me is a deep red with white daisies painted on it by her own fair hand. I've got it on now, having been up to her house going into raptures over it. I'd show it to you only I fear the police would arrest me for creating a disturbance. So long, I must hurry home and get it off before I have an attack of nervous prostration. Say, you don't know of any ablebodied crook, do you, that I can get to break into my room and steal that tie?"

Told in Figures.

The world's navies employ 1,696,000 men.

The negro race embraces about one-tenth of the world's population, 450,000,000 persons.

There are 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

The yearly output of cigars from the Philippines is 440,000,000.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high, and spread from 60,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvas.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,020,300 notes.

During the year 1898 25 officers of the army were killed in battle or died of wounds received in battle, and 49 others in the active list died from other causes. There were 25 deaths among the retired list.

The amount of powder required to propel cannon projectiles is about half the weight of the projectile. A projectile four inches in diameter weighs 33 pounds; five inches, 50 pounds; six inches, 100 pounds; eight inches, 250 pounds; ten inches, 500 pound; 12 inches, 850 pounds; 13 inches, 1,100 pounds; 16 inches, 2,378 pounds.

Turkey has been engaged in war 38 years of the present century, considerably more than one-third of the time; Spain comes next, with 31 years of war; France has had 27 years; Russia, 24; Italy, 23; England, 21; Austria, 17; Holland, 14; Germany, 13; Sweden, 10; Portugal, 10; Denmark, 9. Much of this is for reckoning of the first Napoleon.

His Teacher's Influence.

Not many years ago a boy was sent from his home in the west to a New England fitting school. He was the only son of rich and influential parents, says The Youth's Companion, and had, unfortunately, been little restrained or controlled.

The four years he spent in the fitting school were apparently worse than wasted. Again and again the head master called this unruly boy to his study, and gravely and gently reproved and admonished him. Sometimes he prayed with the wayward boy. All was to no purpose.

Then the lad went to college and continued his thoughtless career for more than a year.

Suddenly a great change came. Some one noted the fact that this change was coincident with the death of the head master in the school where the boy had fitted for college.

After about a year of self-training the young man timidly asked to be allowed to prepare himself for joining the church. Strangely enough he insisted upon going back to his old school, the scene of his boyish extravagances and folly, and there joining the church he had once openly scorned.

When asked why he did so, he answered with unsteady lips and swimming eyes:

"There was a good man. I knew him, and he is dead. He has helped many a wayward soul, and he has helped me."

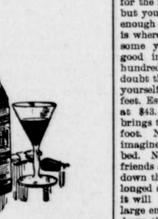
A DEADLY POISON.

Persistently and strongly should the fact be emphasized that alcohol is a poison. Medical dictionaries define it as a poison. No well-posted physician will to-day hazard his reputation by denying that alcohol is as much and as really a poison as arsenic or strychnine or any other of those dangerous and deadly drugs that should never be tampered with by those unskilled in the science and art of medicine.

If the poisoned victim of indulgence in intoxicating drink desires to be cured he must at once abandon the indulgence that has caused his disease. Saddening experience has proved how hard and sometimes almost impossible it is to do this. The cry of the weakened and irritated nerves for the familiar relief of further indulgence becomes an overmastering craving that only those who have felt it can understand. The sufferer needs some substitute that will at once soothe and tone—some skilful treatment that will overcome the fierce desire, eliminate the accumulated poison, and help nature to rebuild what folly has torn down. Can medical science supply this need?

It can and has. We have in the Samaria Prescription a positive antidote for alcohol. It is the result of thirty years' experience in the treatment of alcoholism. We stake our reputation on the success of our treatment when our simple directions are followed. Failure impossible.

"I have taken your Samaria Prescription and it has cured me entirely. I have no wish to drink at all and feel splendid. I had tried to quit drinking often and lasted a while, but always went back. This time I feel that I have stopped liquor for good. I was always hard up before, but now I always have a roll and can buy things I could not afford before. My wife is the happiest woman going and a look at her face is like a blessing. I thought I would let you know how I felt about this cure, but cannot say all I feel. I wish you all success."



The Samaria Prescription not only tones and builds up the system to its previous strength and virility, but absolutely destroys and obliterates the appetite for liquor. Men who wish to stop drinking but who have tried and failed owing to a weakened will power, and who have lost control of themselves, can with the aid of this remedy cure themselves effectually in a short time. No necessity for going to a retreat or taking injurious hypodermic injections of mineral matter, which lodge in the brain and other tissues, to their permanent injury, sometimes causing insanity and frequently death, but an inexpensive home treatment.

The cost will be less per dose than whiskey. The price of the Samaria Prescription puts it within the reach of the poorest man. If he can afford to buy whiskey or beer he can afford our cure. Reader, don't hesitate, but determine to throw off the tyrant now and be a free man and let your future efforts be for the benefit of your family and not the saloon keeper.

The Samaria Prescription is sold at druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, with full directions, to any address for $3.00. Remit by P.O. or express order, or registered letter. Parties wishing to conceal their identity when remitting may write us for our private address. Letters sacredly confidential.

SAMARIA REMEDY CO., Jordan St., Toronto, Ont.

Sharks Afraid of Noise.

The cowardliness of sharks is well known among men who have been much to sea in southern waters infested by man-eaters. The fiercest shark will get out of the seaway in a very great hurry if the swimmer, noticing its approach, sets up a noisy splashing. A shark is in deadly fear of any sort of living thing that splashes in the water.

Among the South Sea Islands the natives never go to sea bathing alone, but always in parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they may make the greatest hubbub in the water, and thus scare the sharks away. Once in a while a too venturesome swimmer among the natives foolishly detaches himself from his swimming party and momentarily forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a swish, and the man-eater comes up beneath him like a flash and gobbles him.

Every Man His Own Soda Fountain.

A Mr. Stearne of Zurich, Ill., has obtained a patent for reducing carbonic acid gas to liquid form, and he proposes to sell it to the public in little steel capsules, small enough to be carried in the vest pocket. By this invention every man can have a soda fountain with him wherever he goes, for by unscrewing the capsule and dropping its contents into a pitcher or bottle of water the liquid dissolves into gas again and charges the water like apollinaris or soda in a fountain or siphon. A company is being formed for the purpose of making capsules and charging them with the liquid gas. It is proposed to put them up in the little boxes to be supplied to the public through druggists and grocers and furnish them to hospitals, steamships, armies and navies in quantity.

No One Knows.

Little Clarence (after a season of cogitation)—Pa, why are parlor ornaments called ornaments?

Mr. Callipers—My son, I cannot tell a lie; I do not know.

Swallowing a Farm.

This paragraph has been floating around in the papers for some time. It contains much for young men to think about, and as it was written by Robert J. Burdette, one of The Ram's Horn's contributors, it will, no doubt, possess interest to our readers:

"My business friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get enough money to buy a farm. But there is where you have been mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of a hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at $43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land just one mill per square foot. Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry bed. Now call in four or five of your friends and have them help you to gulp down that 500 foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow a pasture land large enough to feed a good cow. Put down that glass of gin. There is dirt in it—300 feet of good, rich dirt, worth $43.56 per acre."

That Was the Question.

Sandy Mc——, a Forfarshire farmer, had been spending an hour or two in the evening with a friend a couple of miles away. In going home night had staid Sandy, after partaking freely of his friend's hospitality, was riding home quietly across the sheep pastures on his guid auld mare, when they came to an open ditch which his mare refused to cross.

"Hoot awa', Maggie," said the rider, "dis winna dae. Ye maun jist gang over."

He turned back about a hundred yards, wheeled round, and gave the mare a touch of his whip. On she went at a brisk canter; but just as they reached the edge of the ditch she stopped dead and shot Sandy clean over to the other side.

Gathering himself up, Sandy looked his mare straight in the face, and said:

"Yera wee yet pitched, indeed, ma lass, but hoo are ye goin' to get ower yersel', eh?"

Fame by New System.

"That young man," said the citizen, pointing to a sharp featured youth across the street, "has made fame both for himself and this his native village."

"As to how?" asked the stranger.

"Simply by sending telegrams of congratulation or condolence, as the occasion called for, to prominent persons."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tracing It Up.

"Why on earth," said the Billville subscriber, "does the editor of a newspaper say 'we' instead of 'I?'"

"I don't know," replied the managing editor. "It is an old custom, but I think it dates from the time when the first newspaper editor got married."—Atlanta Constitution.