HOUSEHOLD.

TROUBLES THAT DO NOT COME.

Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The lips of Pity are dumb,
And there's never oil of wine
For troubles that do not come.

There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.

PRETTY RUGS.

Very handsome rugs are made by drawing narrow strips of soft woollen goods through burlap with a steel crochet hook and trimming off the loops evenly on the top. Cut the burlap one inch larger all around than you wish the rug to be; turn the raw edge over one inch and hem it. Then sew it in a frame, just as you would a quilt for quilting. If you think you cannot afford to buy stamped patterns, get plain burlap and sketch the design on it. Geometrical designs are pretty and are not hard to draw. Floral patterns may be stamped with some of the large perforated stamping patterns or copied from pictures. Light grounds are prettiest for flowers.

Soft woollen underwear is excellent for filling the designs. A very pretty rug has a landscape with a deer in the foreground. It was made of old woollen underwear dyed the colors required with diamond dye, and looks very natural. Ivy leaves on a black background make a pretty border for a rug. Cut one pattern out of pasteboard and mark them on the burlap with a pointed stick dipped in bluing. An old castle with a river and bridge in front would be pretty for the centre of the rug.

Small square or brick-shaped pieces of Brussels carpeting, bound with cloth or dress braid, and sewed together in the proper shape makes pretty rugs. A plain border may be put around it, and a heavy crocheted fringe sewed across the ends if you like.

To make a matting rug, cut a piece of closely woven matting any length desired, and paint a spray of poppies, or other large flowers with green leaves in the centre. Edge it all around with rope, and finish the ends with tassels made of frayed rope.

Oil cloth mats may be made of old Brussels carpet. Cut it the size you wish, tack it down loosely to an attic or other floor that is not used much, then paint it with brown house paint. The wrong side of the carpet should be uppermost. Let it dry in thoroughly, and add a good coat of varnish. Let it dry a week or two and it can be washed like other oilcloth. When the varnish and paint wear off renew them, and it will last four or five times as long as common oilcloth.

A soft rug to lay beside the bed may be made as follows:—For the foundation take a piece of burlap or old ingrain carpet the size you wish for the rug, and hem or bind it all around. Select some cast-off men's clothing of any color, cut the goods into strips three inches wide, and slash all along one edge two inches deep and one-fourth of an inch wide. Sew a strip of the darkest material all around the foundation, allowing the fringe to cover the hem. Proceed in this manner with all the other pieces, taking care to have each strip overlap the one before it at least an inch. The last strip, which will come in the middle, should be slashed on both edges, and made somewhat full.

Very pretty rugs are made from common burlap, worked in cross stitch with yarn. Select a smooth, firm piece of burlap and dye it black. Hem the edges and work a design in each corner and the centre in cross stitch, using bright colors. Place them in a rug frame to work them. Almost every housekeeper has odds and ends of colored wools that can be used, or one can usually buy remnants of yarn and zephyr for a trifle from the dry goods store. Line the rug with cloth.

E. J. C.

CARE OF WORKING HANDS.

Callous spots may be removed by the use of pumice stone, and stains by lemon, borax or ammonia, according to their nature. At night, after washing, rub the hands well with cold cream or any other emollient that agrees with the skin, wipe off all superfluous grease and wear old large gloves with the palms cut out to afford ventilation, to keep the sheets of the bed from being soiled. Never wash the hands in very hot or very cold water, as excessive heat and excessive cold are as destructive to the beauty of the hands as to the beauty of the face. Moist hands are unpleasant both to their owners and to those with whom they come in contact. To keep them dry wash them occasionally in water in which a lump of alum has been dissolved. Sunburn and freckles may be removed by the use of lemon juice and glycerine in equal proportions, or with a paste of cornstarch and glycerine.

AN OUTDOOR COSTUME.

Outing skirts are more in favor than ever and have proved a blessing to womankind, as they are invaluable for rainy days or long walking expeditions. Those most in favor reach nearly to the ankles, and are made of firm, double-faced material. The plain, tight-fitting skirt backs are

no longer considered good form and all the new models have two small box pleats instead. Shirt waists still follow the same lines as those worn for the past few seasons, with a few exceptions. Yokes are no longer in favor for the back and are regarded as quite out of date. The back should be laid in pleats from shoulder seams to belt line. The sleeves, of course, continue to grow smaller each season, and there is very little fullness seen in the new shirt waist sleeve. The accompanying design was drawn expressly for our readers; pattern cannot be furnished.

SPRING SMILES

Dyspeptic—Doctor, do you think that automobile riding in the country would do me any good? Doctor,—If you get one that will run about five miles out and then break down.

Bill—I understand Gayboy is one of the best-known men in your town? Jill—Why, he's so well known that he has to go out of town to borrow money!

Mrs Gadd—You do not show your age at all, Mrs. Gabb, delighted—Don't I? Mrs. Gadd—No; I see you've scratched it out of your family Bible.

Why stand ye idle here all the day? asked the taxpayer, who is fond of quotations. Because, replied the party of the second part, I am a city employe.

He—Did you enjoy the matinee, dear? She—Very much. I sat next to Mr. Gadabout, whom I hadn't seen for years. We had a nice long chat.

I cannot sing the old songs,
—She sang in mournful chant.
Her hearers rose and loudly cried:
Well, we should say you can't.

How did your weather prediction turn out? The prediction was all right, answered the prophet a little sternly. But somehow or other the weather went wrong again.

That girl, said the postmistress, is carrying out a clandestine correspondence with some young man. How do you know? asked the neighbor-woman. She never uses postal cards any more.

She—Summer is my favorite season. It's so delightful to sit under the trees and listen to the concert by nature's feathered songsters. He, enthusiastically—Isn't it, though? And it doesn't cost a cent, either.

Byles—Did you ever come across a more conceited fellow than Bulger? They say he is an atheist, and I believe he is. Bonter—I wouldn't like to go so far as that, but I do know that he doesn't recognize the existence of a superior being.

Visitor—I suppose that plate on the mantel is a rare piece of china of priceless value? Hostess — The value is largely sentimental, but it certainly is a rare piece. It was in use for two years and never so much as cracked by any of our servants.

Aw, say, Maggie, pathetically begged little Jimmie, ain't youse goin' ter be my beau w'en we gits bigger? No, replied the wee woman, who had seen Jimmie's father on numerous Saturday nights, I couldn't never marry a man wat I couldn't respeck his fadder.

THOSE LOVING GIRLS.

Mattie. Loss of sleep, you know, means loss of beauty.

Helen. Indeed! How long have you been troubled with insomnia?

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an still
Furz' you can look or listen.
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekie crep up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Th no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves, tell comfort died
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparklees out
Towards the poetiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a tune
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust thin one, an then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed fell full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O'blue eyes sot upon it.

That night, I tell ye, she looked somel
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin o' flitered on the mat,
Some doubtfie o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat
But hern went pity Zekie.

An yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?
"Wal—no—I come designin'"
"To see my maf Shes sprinklin
clo'es,
Agin to-morrow's l'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumptin;
Mebby to mean yes an say no
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An—Wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em ships,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' sullij'roun' the lips
An teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
All I know is they was married
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

—James Russell Lowell.

DERIVATION OF BOER.

It is curious to note, in connection with the national designation of our present foes in South Africa, the survivance in Scottish legal and agricultural parlance of the closely allied term "Bower," pronounced Boeer. The expression is properly applied to a person who hires, from the proprietor or principal tenant of a farm, a stock of cows along with the right of grazing them on certain fields. The Bower makes in return a money payment of so much per cow, and treats to making his profit out of the sale of the dairy produce. The precise legal position of a party who has a "bowing" lease is somewhat intermediate, being midway between that of a mere manager and that of a subtenant. Instances of this mixed contract of lease of land and hiring of labor are now rare, but it is still to be found in agricultural districts. An instance of it in Arran was the subject of judicial consideration in 1894. The word "Lower" is allied to the Gaelic "bo," a cow, and among its numerous cognates in the Aryan languges is included the Dutch term "Boer."

The first stores to reach Kimberley after its relief were 104 cases sent by the Red Cross commissioner at Cape Town. These were a priceless boon.

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE WAR.

Items That Will Interest at the Present Time.

Twenty-five additional bushmen are going to the front from Tasmania, so that the full contingent consists of 1,319 men.

Lord Salisbury is about to lose another private secretary, Viscount Newport being ordered to the front with his regiment, the Royal Scots Militia.

New South Wales has expressed, through Lord Beauchamp, its wish to supply transport waggons for South Africa, and is trying to ascertain from Lord Roberts what class of waggons he requires.

Private N. De Verdon, now serving with the Queenslanders in South Africa, is a son of the late Sir George De Verdon, the first agent-general for Victoria, and a nephew of Mr. Edward De Verdon, Q. C.

The New South Wales Minister of Education, addressing a number of teachers who had volunteered, advised them if they come across a spy or a traitor not to shoot him, but to tie a rope round his neck and drown him like a dog.

President Kruger's pipe has been the subject of a judicial notice in Dublin Students of Trinity College broke the windows of a firm of tobacconists because it was said, they had once presented a pipe to the President of the Transvaal Republic.

At Holy Trinity church, London, the first Sunday after the relief of Ladysmith, it was given out that Lady White and her daughters desire to return thanks to Almighty God for the relief of Ladysmith and the safety of Sir George White and his force.

Reuter's correspondent says there is reason to believe that many skilled Belgian and Dutch artillerists have been engaged and imported into the Transvaal from April, 1896, in regular batches up to the eve of war. They received £30 in cash, the same amount on arrival at Pretoria, 10s. a day pay, and grants of land. Specialists also accompanied the new guns.

The Law Times calles attention to the fact that the operation of the Wills Act is suspended in the case of soldiers serving on the field. In consequence of this it is open to a soldier to make his will on the battlefield by word of mouth. His will is also valid even though he be a minor when he makes it, and a subsequent marriage does not annul a will so made, as would ordinarily be the case.

The Mayor of Mafeking, Mr. Frank Whitely, is a Yorkshireman, who has led a most adventurous life. He left Bradford when a youth and roamed about the then unknown regions of Bechuanaland, hunting big game and trading in ivory. It was he who for years was the chief adviser of Khama, the chief of Barolong, and who was responsible for the conversion of the savage into one of the most enlightened of the native rulers.

One of the officers of the Salvation Army sent to South Africa writes:—"I spent the whole of yesterday afternoon with the soldiers at Fort Napier. The sergeant of the Queen was telling me how the Gordon Highlanders acted at the storming of Dundee. Just as they were nearing the Boers a number of men in the Boer lines held up their guns and yelled, "For God's sake, don't shoot, laddie! We are Scotch, haven't fired a shot at you!" It appears they stayed too long in the Transvaal, and were commandeered and compelled to fight.

How far men can do hard work without sleep is now answered one way by the Solicitor-General, who presided recently over the annual social meeting of the Royal Courts of Justice Temperance Society. Sir Robert Finlay said they could reflect with a feeling of gratitude and pride that British soldiers were commanded by one of the greatest leaders of the day, and one who had done so much for the moral well-being of the British army. It had been found, Sir Robert asserted, that the soldiers did their work much better under a system of total abstinence than under any other.

A visitor to Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes' Cape Town residence, says:—"In a cage there were a lion and a lioness, and in another a leopard. The former, it will be remembered, were sent as a present to Mr. Kruger, but were returned. Then it was stated that they had been shipped to England to be sent to the Zoo, but they did not arrive, and the reason assigned was that every one in Cape Town was too busy in connection with the war to make proper provision for their shipment. Now that Mr. Rhodes is able to return to Cape Town, it may be that the rejected of Kruger will in due course become the accepted of the Zoo."

A series of extraordinary scenes were witnessed at the weekly meeting of the Belfast Board of Guardians recently. A Unionist member rose to move a resolution congratulating the Royal Irish Rifles on their conduct during war, Lord Roberts and General Buller on the success of their military movements, and General White on his gallant defence of Ladysmith. A Nationalist member objecting, the Unionists Guardians, rose in a body and sang "God Save the Queen," the Nationalists meanwhile hissing, groaning and hooting. Several challenges to fight followed, but harmony was eventually restored by the chairman taking up the next matter on the agenda.

THE SEXTON OF THE SEA.

You scatter flowers on the grassy mound
That marks the spot where your loved ones be;
You bring them emblems with never a thought
For the dead beneath the sea.

For every ship that the hands of men
Have builded with chart and wheel
The bones of men in a hundredfold
Are laid beneath its keel.

A canvas shroud and an iron bar
At the weary head and the wasted feet,
And, lo, from the deck they move away
From the hearts that throb and beat!

Soldiers and sailors and captains grand,
Babes with a mother's breast
Wet with the lips that will touch no more
Come down in my arms to rest.

And I lay them gently alone to sleep
Where the bed of the sand is clear,
And none may wander and none shall stray,
For I keep them, oh, so dear!

And hark! When the bellbuoy tolls at night
Above the wave where the fishes swim,
You may know that I keep my Father's watch
For the day I shall give them back to him!

—John James Meehan in Leslie's Weekly.

DRUMSTICKS FOR BASS DRUMS.

Old Style With Stuffed Head, Modern With Head of Felt.

The old style, familiar drumstick for bass drums is made with the head of sheepskin or chamois, stuffed with yarn. Years ago the head of this sort of bass drumstick was made egg shaped; it is now commonly made pear shaped and secured to the stick, which is inserted into the head by winding around the neck of the head, with waxed cord. That part of the handle that is thus wound around is turned with a slight flare in its shape, so that the head cannot possibly slip off. This sort of drumstick is usually made with a hickory handle, though sometimes with a handle of rosewood.

The modern drumstick for bass drums is made of felt. Three pieces of very thick felt of a size sufficient to form the drumstick head are pressed together into a compact body that is firm and solid and yet has some degree of elasticity. This block of felt is bored transversely of its layers to receive the handle, and the head is turned down to shape in a lathe, the felt drumstick being made with an apple shaped head. At the base of the head and also at the top there is a metal cap, the cap at the top being held with a screw running through it into the end of the stick, the head being thus held between two metal caps. The handle is of rosewood.

The felt drumstick has been in use about four years. It costs about three times as much as the old fashioned drumstick, but is said to be more durable and more satisfactory in operation. The yarn stuffed head with long continued use flats down more or less when struck, and the stitching of the seams is liable in the course of time to break one; but if so, all varieties are likely to have much in common. It is a bituminous substance, for it burns with a dense, strong-smelling smoke; while an inflammable gas and small drops of liquid bitumen occasionally show themselves in the mines. Thus it may sometimes be closely related to such substances as amber or Kauri gum; indeed, it sometimes passes by the name of Kauri Amber. The shale itself, when highly bituminous, may furnish some varieties of jet, because it is occasionally found to contain scales of fish and other fossils. That would, no doubt, be the case with many of the inferior varieties, and then it would have some relationship to cannel coal, which is the most inflammable of all, so called from its name cannel or candle coal, from its easy ignition and bright flame.

This may be described as petrified vegetable pulp, and very likely some jet has had a rather similar origin. But a good deal, at any rate, of what has been examined under the microscope shows distinct traces of a structure characteristic of wood. Jet would therefore, take its place among the lignites, or "brown coals," which represent an intermediate stage in the conversion of vegetable matter into coal, retaining much more of the original oxygen than the latter. Lignite is common in more than one geological deposit, and often, in those later than the lias, in Germany, and other countries, is worked for fuel, as, for example, at Bovey Tracey, in Devonshire. But the Yorkshire owners, if jet comes into fashion will hardly be able to make a "corner" in it, for a very good quality can be got in Spain from the Province of Asturias, and from France in the Department of the Aude, not to mention other places. Ebonite has sometimes served as a substitute for jet, Art having stepped in once more to supply the deficiencies of Nature.

What is Your Favorite Color.

Women are learning to develop themselves and their virtues and their talents by means of colors. The various colors are said to have a wonderful influence over emotional natures.

For instance, the timid girl will show you her room all dressed in bright scarlet. She will have the brightest shades of red obtainable all about her; her gowns will be red, and her reading lamp, even, shaded with it. When you ask her the reason for this she will tell you that it is because red is the courage color.

The hypersensitive creature with green, far seeing eyes and a collection of books on spiritism and psychics, will always manage to surround herself with hues of violet and purple. This is the psychic color, and she determines to develop her psychic faculties by having a great deal of it about her.

The literary maid has also her color. She will tell you that she cannot write with proper enthusiasm without being surrounded by yellow, and plenty of it.

Green is the color for hope, blue for truth, white purity. The up-to-date maid has the symbolic list at her fingers' ends, and her own apartment is sure to display the result of her recent divings into color lore.

Jet is Coming in Again.

On the old principle that it is an ill wind which blows no one any good, this season, we are told, is likely to benefit the jet industry. The material had never quite gone out of wear, though for some time it has been out of fashion. Brightly tinted dresses are little in demand at present, so that the corresponding gems have been relegated to the jewel box. Indeed, a mourning garb will admit of hardly any ornament but jet. At one time, jet, or some imitation, had so far declined in popularity as to be a symbol of the faded respectability which has "known better days." Now it is to have its turn again. Though it takes a bright polish, it cannot be called beautiful; but that is not the aim of mourning—few things were uglier than the old-fashioned widow's cap, which among Australian natives is represented by a mass of plaster of paris molded on the head and left there till it drops off through lapse of time. Jet is no modern material.

The Romans were acquainted with it, as Pliny tells us that its name, gagates, was derived from the River Gagas, in Syria, where the material was found. That was shortened to gagat, as the Germans still call it, and finally to jet. But it was known in this country before ever the Romans landed in Kent; jet beads, rings, buttons, and other personal ornaments have been found in barrows of the Bronze Age, as may be seen in Yorkshire museums. In these instances the material probably was obtained from the coast near Whitby, this and the adjacent district being still the principal source for jet in Britain. It is occasionally washed up on the seashore like amber on the Cromber coast, but is only got in any quantity by mining. Some of the best, as Drayton wrote long ago, has been found on the Mulgrave estate. It occurs at two horizons, one in the Estuarine beds of the Lower Oolite, which, however, is generally too soft to be of any commercial value, and the other in the lias, rather above the middle division. Here the best or "hard jet" is obtained, but the softer kind is also associated with it.

The excavations are opened sometimes in the cliffs, sometimes inland; and the material—which commonly occurs in bands of a more or less lenticular form—after being dug out, is cut or ground into shape, and polished on list-covered wheels. What may be the origin of jet is not so certain; probably it has more than one; but if so, all varieties are likely to have much in common. It is a bituminous substance, for it burns with a dense, strong-smelling smoke; while an inflammable gas and small drops of liquid bitumen occasionally show themselves in the mines. Thus it may sometimes be closely related to such substances as amber or Kauri gum; indeed, it sometimes passes by the name of Kauri Amber. The shale itself, when highly bituminous, may furnish some varieties of jet, because it is occasionally found to contain scales of fish and other fossils. That would, no doubt, be the case with many of the inferior varieties, and then it would have some relationship to cannel coal, which is the most inflammable of all, so called from its name cannel or candle coal, from its easy ignition and bright flame.

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"Pharaoh 10c." "Pharaoh 10c." Cigar. Manufacturers.

RUSHED.

You seem to be very busy, Miss Dorothy!

I should think so. I'm doing so many things for so many people that I can't do anything for anybody.

"A Step in the right direction" is to give up using poor or adulterated teas and drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Teas

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

will displace all Japan Tea the same as Salada black is displacing all other black teas.

Lamps vs. Gas.

A significant hint in behalf of the use of lamps is found in the fact that in florists' greenhouses they are used exclusively. Gas is deadly to plant life, while burning kerosene is not. Where one is boarding and must sleep in the same room in which one sits during the evening, a lamp should invariably be used. The same rule holds good for the family sitting-room and for the rooms in which children are studying. An experiment involuntarily tried by a mother recently demonstrated the effect of the ordinary illuminating gas on the air of an apartment. In a hall bedroom a single jet was left burning unnoticed, for an hour or more, the door and window being shut. When the room was entered suddenly, the air, or want of it, was so overpowering that the person recoiled and could not cross the room, either to open the window or put the gas out, until the door had been left open for a minute or two.

ESSENCE OF BREVITY

The Shortest and Most Concise Story Ever Written About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. C. Kennedy, of Montreal, the Author, Tells the Whole Tale in Eleven Words—A Convincing Tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills, Notwithstanding.

Montreal, April 16.—It is seldom that the man who speaks the most words makes the greatest speech. In the Ottawa House of Parliament it is proved every day that the member that can say what he has to say most concisely carries most weight in debate. In the same way the letter of Mrs. Kennedy will not have the less meaning because of its brevity.

Mrs. C. Kennedy resides on St. Philip St., City of Montreal. On her own initiative she wrote the following letter concerning the wellknown remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

January 8th, 1900.

Dodds Medicine Co., Limited:—

Gentlemen,—Having used Dodd's Kidney Pills, I find them a great success.

MRS. C. KENNEDY.

32 St. Philip St., Montreal, Canada.

Mrs. Kennedy says not a word of detail, but the one great fact of importance to other sufferers lies in the expression "great success." That contains all the comforting assurance that could be expressed by a column of detail.

As is well-known, Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure any form of Kidney Disease that preys on mankind—Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Women's Weakness, Bladder and Urinary Complaints and Blood Dis. orders. It is used with equally "great success" in all. Whatever was the cause of Mrs. Kennedy's necessity for Dodd's Kidney Pills, the result was the same as experienced by everybody.

ROPES IN TWENTY KNOTS.

There are over twenty rope knots used in military engineering, in addition to which for pontooning and spar bridging there are several different forms of lashing and bracing.

The Raw Cutting Winds

Bring to the surface every latent pain. Rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, and complaints of a similar character hold revel at this season of the year amongst human nerves and human muscles. The best, the most powerful, and most certain pain cure is Nerviline. Nothing equals Nerviline for penetrating power. Nerviline is beyond comparison the grandest discovery for the relief of pain offered to the public.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT

Invigorates and Strengthens.

LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

STILL WOULD SAVE IT.

Blobbs—Poor Bjones has dyspepsia so badly that he says his life isn't worth living.

Stobbs—But, Mrs Bjones says he insists upon calling in ten doctor whenever he has an ache or pain.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

Tess—Do you really believe her complexion is genuine?

Jess—There's no doubt of it. I saw the box; the label on it said: "None genuine without our signature," and there was the signature right enough.

DERNIER RESORT

The wolf is at our door at last, cried the poet's wife in despair. What shall we do?

I'll fix him, replied the jovial bard. I'll read one of my poems to him.

A STEADY WORKMAN.

Housekeeper. I don't believe you ever did a stroke of work in your life.

Tramp. I was six years in one place mum.

Indeed! How did you happen to leave?

I was pardoned out, mum!

Agonizing Suspense!

The Terrible Situation of a St. Vincent Lady.

St. Vincent, Ont., Dec. 22nd.—No other man in Canada has gone through a period of such extreme anxiety, alternating with despair, as Mr. Joseph McCullough, a highly-respected retired farmer of this place, experienced during the past summer.

Last spring his family physician pronounced Mrs. McCullough to be suffering from an incurable case of Neurasthenia, or Nerve Exhaustion. She was extremely nervous, hysterical, and despondent. She had severe rheumatic pains, palpitation, had sharp pains in her left side, and over the kidneys; her feet were perpetually cold, her face ghastly pale, urine high-colored, scalding, and leaving a brick-dust deposit; sour stomach, splitting headaches, and pain after eating oppressed her. She had no appetite, could not sleep, and lost flesh startingly. It seemed to her friends that she was "going into decline." The physician said her only hope of relief lay in the Weir-Mitchell treatment. This being so costly, was out of the question, and her husband believed there was no hope. He read a newspaper article highly recommending Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, about this time, and decided to try them. Soon a change for the better came, and day by day the patient improved, till now, she is as well, strong and vigorous as she ever was. Her recovery is due entirely to Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills—the only remedy that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it. Every other medicine she used failed.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are sold by all druggists, at 75c. a box; sample size, 25c., or sent post-paid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada, Life Building, 42 King street west, Toronto.

MUCH EASIER.

Oi wish Oi'd nivver learned ty use ty-backy, said Mr. Dolan.

Fur what raysون? asked Mr. Rafferty.

Because 'twould be so much easier ty break of the habit now.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all drug sts. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MYSTERIES OF LIFE.

Dibbs—A man ought to know when he's got enough.

Jibbs—Well, I know when I've got enough work, but I never know when I've got enough recreation.

SUSPICIOUS ACTIONS.

You know Jack Fitz-Jackson married a wealthy girl whose friends gave her 700 bridal presents?

Yes; what of it.

He's started a department store.

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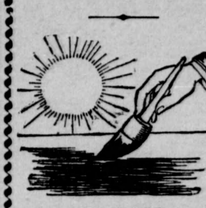

The sun may hurt you a little while you paint, but it can't hurt the paint. The house will shine too, and keep on shining for years, making it better, brighter, newer by the use of

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FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Softleigh. Weally, I—aw—have a notion to—aw—blow me bwains out, doncher know.

Miss Cutting. Indeed! Well, in case you do I'd advise you not to say anything about it afterward and no one will ever know the difference.

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References: Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited. The T. Eaton Co., Limited. The Massey-Harris Co., Limited. The Gutta Percha Rubber & Mfg. Co. The Wilson Publishing Co., Limited. 140 of Toronto where boilers may be seen working.