HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

FULL-BLOODED CATTLE.

It does not cost any more to raise full-blooded stock than half breeds and inferior scrubs. The only difference in the cost is the initial purchase. The full-blooded naturally costs several times as much as the inferior animal, but in the end one such animal may prove cheaper than three or four of the scrubs. The farmer who starts in with the idea and buys only a few blooded stock as he can afford it, increasing his herd gradually, may find in the end that he is in a much better position than his neighbor who buys any kind of cattle simply because they are cheap. The reason why more do not start in with this idea is because they have the erroneous belief that it costs more to maintain the blooded stock. This is not true at all, for the fine cattle do not require more food nor better surroundings than should be given to every farm animal that is worth anything. If the farmer's style of keeping cattle is to neglect them and let them practically shift for themselves, the scrub stock may be better suited to his purpose, for the half-wild animals are undoubtedly hardier than the well-bred ones, and they will be able to pick up a living much better on a cold, cheerless and almost foodless range. But where the animals are kept carefully according to modern ideas of cattle raising with sufficient food to nourish them, and proper shelter and protection, the blooded animals are just as cheap to support at the poorest scrub.

This being the case, no farmer can feel that he is not able to keep a few and in time to substitute them entirely for his inferior cows, pigs, sheep, and cattle. Let him begin by weeding out gradually all the poorest of his flock, and make every addition be of fine blooded animals. It is better to do this even if only one or two can be purchased a year. The flock will increase in the natural way, and as it multiplies the owner will realize that he possesses something that marks the cream of the trade. Every animal that he brings into the world has its price, and a price that fluctuates much less than that given for inferior stock. Such well-bred stock can always be sold. There is scarcely a herd of good pigs, cows or sheep that cannot find a good customer even in the midst of dull and depressed times. This is the financial difference in the returns of the two herds. One adds an uncertain and varying income, the other brings an assurance of certain definite an an assurance of certain definite profits and values that can be depended upon at all times. The man of business sense can readily see which will prove the most profitable to him in the end.

SELECTING GOOD COWS.

It is hard work for the most experienced to select a good cow merely by her appearance, though one may think he knows all the marks that indicate a large milk production or a good butter cow. She may have them all and yet by improper treatment when young she may have been so spoiled as to fall far short of what she should have been. She may have been fed so that she acquired the habit of turning her food into flesh or tallow instead of milk or butter fat, before she ever came to milking, and if so, it is doubtful if hereditary influence can counteract the effects of evil training any more than it always does with the human race. We nearly all know of instances where surroundings have been unfavorable, and have made those go wrong who were naturally good; and while there are cases of reform, it takes much time and trouble to effect a cure which is doubtful at the best. The surest way for the dairyman to get a good herd is to raise them himself; to breed for milk, to feed for milk, and to use every method that he knows of to develop the milk-producing power. When this has been done after the cow is in milk we believe it is possible to so feed as to bring up the percentage of butter fat, not perhaps beyond her natural capability, but up to that, which is a point that very few cows ever reach. We do not think a good Jersey has reached her full percentage of butter fat until she makes a pound of butter from five quarts of milk six months after she drops her calf, and as this may seem to be an extravagant statement to many people, we will say that we know of a case more than 30 years ago in which a man won a wager of $50 by four quarts of his cow's milk making over one pound of butter, the milk being cared for and the cream churned by a perfectly disinterested party.

AMOUNT OF SEED TO THE ACRE.

There are enough grains in a bushel of good cloverseed to furnish plants for twenty acres of land if every seed grew and thrived. But this does not occur. Ten to fifteen pounds an acre is about right. There are sixty pounds in a bushel of seed. One bushel to five acres suits me, though on old land many farmers now sow one peck of seed an acre. If timothy was sown the preceding fall, and the alleged clover-field is really to be a meadow largely timothy, it may be a waste of seed to use more than eight pounds to the acre. For actual clover-fields I like the use of very little timothy-seed, and want it to go on them in the spring with the clover, thus giving the clover pretty full swing. When seeding with oats, use less than the usual amount of seed-oats, and thus give the clover a chance if good clover is really wanted. A heavy growth of oats kills out the tiny clover-plants or else retards their growth so that the sunshine after harvest finishes the job in hot and dry summers.

ABOUT HANDS.

The hand, in the light of comparative anatomy, most significantly marks the distinction between man and brute. Its complex apparatus and the relation between its preformances and the mind are so remarkable that familiarity alone prevents their being observed with wonder.

In aristocratic portraits the shape of the hand is remarkably elegant, and Byron was undoubtedly correct in regarding the beauty of this feature as an indication of gentle blood. One of the most common signs of want of breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them.

In southern countries, kissing the hand is a loyal salutation. The practice is recognized in several of Shakespeare's dramas—"Why, this is he who kissed away his hand in courtesy." "You kiss your hand," says Colin to Touchstone, "that courtesy would be unclean at Court if courtiers were shepherds."

And what picture of a troubled conscience has ever been imagined equal to the night-walking scene in "Lady Macbeth?" She had been used to "have her dainty hands" from childhood; but, having once stained them with human blood, it seemed to her reproachful heart that the spot would never wash out.

There is something irresistably pathetic in the moaning whisper, "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." It is the glorious boast of the patriot to cast

"With unparchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land."

The hands are, by the very instinct of humanity, raised in prayer, clasped in affection, wrung in despair, pressed upon the forehead when the soul is "preplexed in the extreme," drawn inward to invite, thrust forth objectively to repel, the fingers point to indicate, and are snapped in disdain, the palm is laid on the heart in invocation of subdued feeling, and on the brow in benediction.

The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness, and its non-acceptance the most civil and yet meaning of repulses. Shaking hands is a mode of greeting the origin of which is lost in obscurity, and individuals display character in their manner of doing it.

Who cannot at once feel the antagonism between the touch of a prude and the cordial grasp of a friend? Who knows not the sailor's grip of candid heartiness from the conventional "passive giving of hands?" How perfectly does the graduated or lingering pressure cause the mercury in love's barometer to rise or fall by the scale of hope. What sympathies and antipathies are demonstrated by the various degrees of kindly, irresolute, vivacious, careless, fond, or earnest manners of shaking hands! It is this relation between temperament, feeling, consideration, and the instinctive action of the hand which has given rise to palmistry.

HIS POSITION.

Like him? snorted the Old Codger, referring to a neighbor whom he did not in any wise appreciate. I have no more use for him than a man with dyed whiskers has for another man with dyed whiskers. That's how I feel toward Henry J. Swank—confound him!

THE COUNTRY BAND.

What kind of instruments have you in the new band?
Mostly greenhorns.

A NEW KIND OF AIRSHIP.

IT WAS INVENTED IN HAYTI BY PROFESSOR PICKERING.

Subject of Queen Victoria the Inventor—It Steers With Its Own Air Power—Arrangement of the Vessel.

A new airship of remarkable design has been invented. Scientists and men who have devoted their lives to the conquest of the air for man's flight say it is practical and will succeed. Its inventor is a man well known in the lists of those who have devoted time, money and brains to the great problem hitherto unsolved—the subjection of the lightest and vastest of the elements to the needs of the man of the future. He is John E. Pickering, a subject of Queen Victoria, and a resident of the Island of Hayti, West Indies.

Professor Pickering represents the younger school of students of aeronautics. While he recognizes the value to science of the exhaustive researches of Professor Langley, and to a certain extent utilizes the results of Professor Langley's work, he has in the invention of his airship broken radically away from Professor Lan methods. He does not believe th is feasible and wise to attempt to overcome the immense force of gravity in so light an element as the air by forcing a heavy body through it.

He argues that, while it might be possible to

FORCE AN AIRSHIP

of great weight against the air and to sustain it by the aeroplane method, a practical machine can be better constructed along different lines. A ship that sails on the air rather than one that is forced on the air follows, in his opinion the natural line for invention. He points to the fact that, while it is possible to navigate a submarine boat which is heavier than the water in which it lies, it is much easier to follow the time-honoured custom of building a boat which is lighter than the water and will sail over its surface.

He has accordingly designed and constructed an airship along the lines indicated. It combines those requisites of extreme ingenuity and marvellous simplicity which go to the making of all successful inventions. It is novel in outline and design, and the genuineness of the invention is attested by the fact that the experts of the United States Patent Office, who take special delight in knocking out inventions that are not genuine, have just granted letters patent to Professor Pickering for his airship.

Viewed from the outside there is nothing particularly remarkable about the Pickering airship. Smooth runners on the bottom serve to support it when resting on the ground, while a

BROAD RUNNER AT THE REAR

assists in guiding it in ordinary f ight. It is elongated and oval in shape, having smooth sides, which offer little resistance to the air.

The interior mechanism, however, is of entirely original pattern. The ship is divided into upper and lower compartments. The upper section is known as the ballon section and is capable of containing enough gas to float the entire ship in midair. The gas with which the different compartments are filled is supplied from the rear of the ship. Each and every compartment can be filled or emptied at the discretion or pleasure of the ship's engineer; thus allowing the ship to be raised or lowered to its native element as may be desired. Escape valves and safety vales communicate with the outside of the ship.

Below the balloon section and filling the lower compartment of the ship are living rooms for its occupants storerooms for various tools and necessities and the driving and guiding mechanism of the ship. The first models, and perhaps all models of the Pickering airship, will use electricity as a motor force. The entire top of the vessel will be constructed of rubber on light aluminum frames, and throughout in every case possible the lightest metals and materials will be used.

In the middle of the lower compartment will stand the dynamo. This will furnish

POWER FOR THE ENTIRE SHIP.

By a succession of accelerating wheels or by means of multiplying gearing with the double driving wheels at the rear of the ship there will be no difficulty in causing these paddle wheels to revolve at a rate inconceivably fast, thus causing the ship to shoot forward through the air toward its destination at any desired speed.

A a matter of fact the Pickering air-ship is built with a rudder, but, as was stated above, this is only an accessory and could be done away with entirely if desirable. Prior to Professor Pickering's invention inventors of airships have invariably tried to steer their vessels by means of an elaboration and combination of rudders at the rear. Any kind of a rudder is all right for plain sailing in a straightforward direction, but all methods of guidance up to the present have failed when an attempt was made to raise or lower the vessel in the air.

The Pickering airship is operated by the charging of the balloon or gas dome until the car is lifted.

CLEAR OF THE GROUND.

The engine is then started, and this sets in motion the fans and the propelling wheels. If it is desired to run the fans the bent tubes are turned so that they project rearwardly, and the blast through them aids the ship in its forward motion. In case the operator wishes to cause the ship to rise and run on a higher plane in the air the valves are set in the air tubes so that a current of air is forced downward through them. As this goes down the ship rises.

On the other hand if it is desired to lower the ship the valves are reversed, the fans are turned and a current of air is forced upward through the ship. If the ship is to be turned about the crooked tubes are set sidewise and opposite one another, and the lateral motion of the air as it leaves the vessel causes it to be propelled around to either side and at any desired. Thus no difficulty is afforded in guiding the ship in an even more complete fashion in the air than is discovered in managing and directing our great ocean liners at sea.

TOO STRENUOUS.

Dat is a mighty busy world, said the philosophic hobo. Dat ain't no joke, returned his companion. It's gittin ter be harder work ter keep from workin' dan it is ter work.

HIS CONVERSATION.

Miss Gabby. Freddy Fethered reminds me of a barometer.
Miss Wunder. Why?
Miss Gabby. Oh, he can't talk of anything except the weather.

The Inspector of Steamboats

For the Dominion Government was unable to find a cure for Itching Piles—After 9 years of torture he was positively cured by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. O. P. St. John, the Dominion inspector of steamboats, residing at No. 246 Shaw street, Toronto, was for many years chief engineer on the lake steamers, and is a prominent citizen.

In the following voluntary letter Mr. St. John tells of his efforts to rid himself of the misery of Itching Piles, and of his final success by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. He says:

> "I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to sleep on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom have been cured by its use."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles. It is the only remedy guaranteed to cure piles, whether blind, itching, bleeding or protruding. It is the only pile cure having the endorsement of eminent physicians, and of the best citizens in the land. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HERO OF MAFEKING SIEGE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BRAVE COL. BADEN-POWELL.

The Most Versatile Man in the British Army—He Is Possessed of Marvelous Scouting Instincts.

As Lord Wolseley was walking along a crowded street in London ten months ago, he met a young man, spare in frame, and sinewy, energetic in his movements, with a face that spoke resolution and self-reliance from every feature.

"Hullo!" called the British commander-in-Chief, to whom especially of all Englishmen war with the Boers was an imminent problem. "Why aren't you in South Africa?" Two days later the young man sailed for the coming field of war, where he was to make a name for himself as the defender of Mafeking.

Colonel Baden-Powell, who was the man, stands well-nigh along among the present British leaders in South Africa, because of his uniform and unquestioned success against the Boer foe. With barely a thousand men, and with few of his officers trained to military service, he held at bay five times his force for nearly eight months. Sortie answered attack. For every blow the Boers have struck he returned a harder one. When feigned retreat lured the eager foe far from their works, the sudden spitting of Maxims and the thunder of lyddite mines under the on-rushing feet taught the bloody lesson that this English weasel is not to be caught asleep.

HARD TOWN TO DEFEND.

Had he a walled town to defend, or a place naturally defensible, his exploit might even then seem not inconsiderable. But Mafeking lay on almost a flat plateau, with few hills to break the monotony, and only the low mimosa bush to afford a slight covering and no protection to the warrior. The town itself is an ugly collection of galvanized iron buildings, with two or three brick and stone stores and offices. Valueless in itself, having neither diamonds nor gold to commend it to a man's fancy, the little place is still of vast strategic importance from its location to the railway and the Molopo river, and its proximity to the Transvaal frontier. Therefore, said the theoretical fighters in far away London, let Mafeking be defended, and defended it was.

Fortunately for Mafeking and fortunately for Baden-Powell, each knew the other of old. Three years ago the gallant colonel made preparations there for the expedition of Sir Frederick Carrington, which crushed the Matabele. Baden-Powell knew this country through and through.

LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

Even before that day Baden-Powell had remarkable experience as a soldier. A Hussar, and then a heavy Dragoon, a staff officer of the ornamental type, able-de-camp, a member of the General Staff, he showed strong qualities in each position. It was in the Ashantee War, however, that he evidenced his great capacity by his leadership of raw levies under Sir Francis Scott.

One gets a keen insight into his character from the words he once penned, "Don't flurry; patience wins the day." While fighting the Ashantis he laughingly adopted as his motto the native saying, "Softly, softly, catchee monkey." He has further set forth his idea of success in a reported remark that "a smile and a stick will carry a man through almost any difficulty." Little wonder that his power to get hard work out of his followers is almost limitless.

A cavalry officer by training, he has yet accomplished feats that would do credit to an engineer or an artillery expert. In many senses he is the rough-rider of the British army, practical, ready for emergencies, fertile of resources, and insistent on discipline only so far as it means greater military efficiency. His absolutely novel building of a circular railway track round Mafeking, on which to run his armoured train, illustrated his swift application of means to urgent need.

A CLEVER SCOUT.

Most suggestive of all his qualities as a soldier is his ability as a scout. He is, in fact, the authority in the British army on scouting, and revised the last proof-sheets of a book on the subject while the enemy were closing in upon Mafeking. The story may be apocryphal, but it is said that when one of Cronje's lieutenants came with a white flag to ascertain whether the town would surrender, Baden-Powell calmly finished his revising of proofs, and then apologised for the delay by saying that printers were always in such a hurry.

PEN PICTURE OF A BATTLE

DEATH REAPS A HARVEST IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT.

Remarkable Description of a Night Attack, by a War Correspondent—It was a Sermon in Silence.

One of the most graphic writers among the many correspondents in South Africa during the war, has been a representative of the London Daily News. For some time his name was withheld, but latterly the articles are signed "Al Hales." A recent letter from his hands under date of Springfontein, gives the following description:

It was dark—dark as the inside of a dog, not the heavy, sullen darkness of a brooding storm, but the black blankness of a night that looked as if it never hoped to have a dawning. Our camp lay in a hollow, like the hollow of a woman's hand half closed; there were no hills around worthy of the name, the veldt simply rose gently upward on all sides of us like the bust of a damsel in her teens. Our tents were pitched in the very centre of the hollow. In the sunlight they had shone white against the brown earth and blue sky, but now they were lost to view, merged in the universal frown which had settled on the face of all God's creation. There were no camps fires to enliven the gloom—not one solitary spark of flame broke with red smile the eternal wilderness of shadows. We knew that the enemy was hovering around us; our scouts had ridden near enough to count the formidable array of their grisly guns, and every movement of the foe betokened an attack during the still watches of the night.

THE SOUND OF STEEL ON STEEL.

The daylight had faded into twilight, and twilight had passed with fleet footsteps into night, and then the order had passed from tent to tent in low-toned whispers that we should stand to arms to give the soldiers of the veldt a welcome worthy of the land whose flag we fought under. There was no sound of throbbing drums to quicken the pulse and warm the blood; no harsh, metallic ring of bugles on the air, no cheery word of high command to tell the soldiers that their trusted leader held their destinies in hand—nothing was heard except the low, sharp sound of feet on the African soil, or the whispering voices of men mingling with the whisperings of the wind.

All else was still. The horses, tired with the journey of the day, stood motionless within their lines. Even the transit mules forbore to break the solemn silence with their devilish cries, which are a mixture of a tearless sob and a joyless laugh.

BACKED BY BRITISH HEARTS.

Then we who listened with our hearts in our ears caught a low command, and men moved past us, treading as lightly as armed men can tread, out on to the open veldt to girdle the camp with rows of steel, backed by British hearts. Then once again the stillness, as of death, fell upon us where we lay, face downwards on the soil, waiting we knew not what, it might be wounds, or that strange passage of the immortal soul which men call death. And in the blackness where no eye but the eye of God could reach, we each man stood face to face with his own soul, and few were there who did not wish some pages of his past had never been written in the book of life.

A SERMON IN SILENCE.

It was a sermon in silence, yet so eloquent that every soul was stirred. Some of us thought of home, of wife and child; others let their fancy rove to her whose girlish lips had clung to theirs when the dear home ties were broken by the rude hand of war. Others in that grim period thought fondly of a large and healthy rock to hide behind, and he whose hand traces these lines owns readily that he was one of them. For it had dawned upon him in that evil hour that all the fame and glory in the world would not be big enough to plug a tiny hole a Mauser bullet makes.

And so the time passed on until our nerves were strung to that high pitch which in a woman leads to maniac laughter, half-drowned in tears, and foolish wringing of the hands. Then from the outer circle of the belt of blackness came a sound we knew, a sound that for a space caused each heart to stand on its edge, then leap again until the blood flooded the head and filled the eyes with crimson fire. It was the sound of guns—the deep-mouthed dogs of war baying defiance to the couchant lion on the veldt. The silence fled before the sudden sound like some poor shivering soul towards the Day of Judgment.

THE WAIL OF SHELLS.

Then came the shells, shrieking and wailing through the horrible clouds of night like devils driven for ever in hopeless horror from the gates of the eternal city. We know not whence they came nor whither they were going. We only knew, and cared to know, that they were made of iron while we were made of something not much harder than mud, and a voice within us told us that if there were a collision it would not damage the shells. Yet we the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, non-combatants and peaceful scribes, stuck to our posts like heroes, partly because we had no time to run, and partly because we did not know which way to run if we had time and to spare. Oh! the sighing and the sobbing of those most damnable shells! They seemed to weep as they sped toward us like women who had been widowed through the deeds of evil men. They lifted up their voices in the night and screamed as I have heard a horse scream in the quicksands. They laughed as a drunkard laughs when delirium has possession of his brain; they howled as wolves howled through the snow-covered forests of Canada; and we tried to scoop holes in the earth to put our heads in.

BURSTING OF SHELLS.

We were not afraid, but no man who knows anything concerning shells wants to stop one with his head—you wouldn't get a medal if you tried to do so. You would not even get a funeral, because there would not be enough of you left to make any sort of decent funeral, and people are too busy war time to go round a battlefield with a broom looking for odds and ends of war correspondents to make a burying. Then the shells burst, and it seemed to me that some wanton devil in Sheol had lifted the lid and dropped something dreadful out of torment. For a moment our ears seemed bursting with sounds like the riving of timbers when some storm-tossed "trader," driven in the teeth of a gale, strikes the rock-ribbed coast-line. Then a glare of yellow light, with a white and crimson heart, then darkness, a shriek, a moan, a gurgling cry, a hurried rush of stretcher-bearers; a pause. The bearers return and lay something down beside me, something that a few minutes before had been a man I hear a sound such as a man makes when trying to drink water in a western desert. I reach out my hand in the blackness, and draw it away again as if I had touched fire.

THE MEMORY OF A PRAYER.

What is it I have touched—something broken, crushed, mangled, warm and wet, wet with the thick, sticky moisture I have felt at times on the haft of my hunting knife? I don't need to be told; I know. That is why I crawl away and bow my head, and try to remember the words of prayer taught me years ago at a mother's knee. Once again the hellish music of the guns commences, and our guns join in the devil's orchestra, and then, rattle, roll and rattle, the rifles on the veldt keep time, and the death angels with all-seeing eyes watch the fateful bullets, and on wings of the wind follow them home to the hearts of Boer and Briton, whilst we with shrivelled souls lie on the grimy earth and pray for the dawning which seems to us to have departed from the world for ever.

But it comes at last, and as it comes slowly, as if reluctant to open its eyes on such a scene, we catch sight of the old flag, the Empire's flag, floating, where our soldiers placed it just before sundown, whilst far off, on the very lips of the veldt, we can just descry the last remnants of the enemy's rear-guard as they move off defeated and undone.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

LIEBIG'S FIT CURE

Will cure Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance and Falling Sickness. A TRIAL BOTTLE sent FREE of ALL CHARGE to any sufferer sending us their name and address and mentioning this paper.

Address The LIEBIG CO. 179 King St. W., Toronto.

All Japan teas are colored.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is pure and uncolored.

HE EXPLAINS THE PICTURE.

This, said the artist, is a battle scene—time, say the year 2000 A. D. The defending force is on the extreme right of the canvas—

I can't see them, observed his friend.

Certainly not; they are strongly entrenched—

Can't see any entrenchment.

Of course you can't. The entrenchments are skillfully concealed from view.

I should think you'd show some big guns or something.

Nonsense! The guns are disappearing guns and they have disappeared.

Well, how about the attacking force?

Over here on the left—all under cover. You can't expect them to expose themselves to the spectators any more than the enemy.

Well, your picture is a mere landscape.

Yes; but I take it that's how a battle will look in the year 2000.

SOME NATURAL GIFTS.

To his accomplishments as a soldier Col. Baden-Powell adds a remarkable number of natural gifts. He is a good artist, chiefly in black and white, and has the rare ability of drawing with either hand. He is an excellent amateur actor, an adept stage manager, a keen sportsman, a yachtsman when he has time, and withal an author of several books, which reflect in their vigorous language, the healthy pulsating activity of his mind.

With his bold, adventurous spirit, his strong self-reliance, his alertness and careful watching of the enemy, his cheeriness and never-say-die confidence in victory, his absolute fearlessness and devotion, to his men, his versatility in the arts of war, Colonel Baden-Powell is an example not more to younger officers than to older ones.

WHAT OF THE OTHERS?

Temperance Lecturer—Who was the gentleman just here?

Resident—Ah, that was Dr. Skidds. He is one of our most liberal contributors to the cause.

Temperance Lecturer—He only gave a quarter.

Resident—I know it.

LOGIC.

Mother—Didn't I tell you not to touch the preserves without my permission?

Son—Yes, mother.

Then why didn't you come to me and ask me?

Because I wanted some.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

APPARENTLY LUCID INTERVAL.

This, said the man who was driving the visitors through the grounds of the lunatic asylum, is an inmate who is incurable, but perfectly harmless. He is permitted to wander anywhere he chooses inside the inclosure.

At this the harmless lunatic, sitting on the grass under a tree, with a book in his hand, looked up and saw them.

Three big men, he called out, and one poor horse to pull them! And it's Sunday, too! Gentlemen, I'd rather be your prayer book than your horse. It isn't worked as hard!

And as the party drove on he resumed his book and his ordinary condition of incurability.

"A step in the right direction" is to give up using poor or adulterated tea and drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

Wisdom in buying tea consists in buying the best—

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. Lead Packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Summer Painting.

Summer surroundings are greatly marred by buildings shabby for want of a little paint. The hot sun opens seams and warps and cracks the boards. Protect your houses and barns with

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

the well known sun and weather fighters. Get a color card. Select your color from a wide range and rest satisfied you have the best in the paint making line, of pure oil, turpentine and pigment.

Est'd 1842.

A. Ramsay & Son, Paint Mak kers. MONTREAL.

A BAD FAULT.

Medlin makes me think of a horse I used to have.
How so?
He interferes.

Have You Neuralgia?

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Weary Watkins—I see by the papers that the Prince of Wales is looked after by the police all the time.

Hungry Higgins—Yes, an' he never works, neither. I guess we ain't the only ones.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A QUESTION OF HEIGHT.

Then you don't love me any longer! she moaned.

No, he coldly replied, I think you are quite long enough.

The Arnprior postoffice is being renovated, at a cost of $9,000.

ILL TEMPER

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physicial suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.

NOT INVITED.

Daughter—Shall we invite Dr. Bigfee to the reception

Mother—I think we'd better not; he's so absent-minded. He might charge it in the bill.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

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