# JUST ONE MORE REMARKABLE CASE

## DIABETES IS AGAIN VANQUISHED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

**Donat Laflamme, of St. Marguerite, Que., the man Cured—Further Proof of the far Reaching Power of the Great Kidney Remedy.**

St. Marguerite, Dorchester Co., Que., July 11.—(Special).—That all varieties and stages of Kidney Disease yield readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills has been proved almost daily for years, but when another victory over the deadly Diabetes is scored it is always worthy of mention. Such a case happened here.

Donat Laflamme is the man cured, and the cure was quick as well as complete. Speaking of his cure Dr. Laflamme says:

"For two years I suffered from Diabetes. I was attended by the doctor, but all his remedies did me no good. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and two boxes cured me completely."

What will cure Diabetes will cure any Kidney disease is an old saying. And no doubt remains that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes.

# HUNTING THE HARTBEEST

## SPORT ON THE VELDT OF SOUTH AFRICA.

**Pursuing Fleet Footed Game and Picking Off Antelopes With a Rifle.**

The mornings are cold in South Africa—cold with the chill of iced champagne. One wakes with the impression of a summons. One is glad to be awake. The world is full of beautiful day dawns. I have seen the sun rise north and south of the equator, in the eastern and in the western hemisphere. Nowhere have I known, says Douglas Story in the Shanghai Times, so inviting a daybreak as upon the veldt. It calls one to action with the smile of an assured obedience.

One wakes with one's feet to the smouldering embers. The blankets no longer tempt to sleep. They have grown strangely inadequate. The sky in the east is green with the green of the jade stone. Through it the morning star has burned a tiny glow point. Elsewhere is dense blackness. The stillness is tangible. The sounds of the night have died. The sounds of the day are not born. The green above the skyline lightens to the green of old bronze. A Kaffir drags a brand from the heap of ashes. He quickens it into life. He sets about his cooking. The wait-a-bit thorns rattle their dry bones. The world stirs to its waking. The green of the horizon lightens to yellow. It warms to orange. It blazes into crimson. Out of the heart of the furnace emerges the sun, red, gleaming, new-minted. From the cook pot comes the fragrance of coffee. It is 4 o'clock of a South African morning.

### A SOUSE IN THE BUCKET,

a tightening of belts, the swallowing of a pannikin of coffee, the munching of a Boer meal cookie, the on-saddling of a Basuto pony need but a sparse ten minutes when the veldt pheasants are calling from the grass. The sun clears itself of the horizon. We ride away from the wagon. The white tilt gleams monstrously huge in the dawn light. We knot our handkerchiefs about our throats, I and Chris Villiers, for the air cuts keen as a razor.

Chris is Boer-born and veldt-bred; long, lanky, loose-jointed, with far-sighted blue eyes set deep beneath shaggy eyebrows the color of the sun-dried grass bushing his haunches. He sits his horse straight-limbed, with the balance of a skater. His clothes are coarse and chase-stained, his beard long and untrimmed, his velschoens hacked from the hide of the water buck with his own hand. His stirrups are mud-caked and rusty. His rifle is clean and burnished. It is his fetish and his friend. His name is carved with infinite care upon the stock. His waist is girt with a self-fashioned bandolier glistening with cartridges. His eyes and his rifle tell the tale the Englishmen learned at Colenso and at Modder River. From his youth up Chris has been taught to shoot to kill. He has learned the value of cartridges. He rides with his rifle butt resting upon his thigh.

Beyond, in the yellow veldt, is a troop of hartbeest. They are grouped about a salt pan. Their triangular shadows show black upon the sand. Through the glass their long black faces, upstanding withers, drooping quarters, gnarled horns, seem the rudely modelled creations of a savage. Their russet coats glow against the cold white of the pan. The cows are licking the salt edge of the brack, swaying their tails. Two bulls on their knees are belaboring each other goodnaturedly with their awkward, ineffectual horns. The clatter of their swashbuckling comes with the memory of a medieval tourney. I would fain stay and watch. Chris needs meat. His rifle goes up at the leftmost bull. I aim at the other.

### THE REPORTS ARE AS ONE.

There is a sudden peace between the duelists. The Boer's bull falls forward upon his opponent. The other struggles to his feet. Their horns are interlocked. Before the wounded antelope can rid himself of the encumberance of the head, our rifles ring out a second time. Two hartbeest lie stretched upon the pan. The herd is off up the wind. The white blaze upon their rumps bobs ludicrously.

No horse can outrun the hartbeest, but we can afford to give them chase. Away out over the veldt they stretch. Their clean-cut limbs move rhythmically. They race as though drilled by a sergeant instructor. It is glorious out here in the young morning. The cool air is invigorating as a shower bath. The horses enjoy the sport. Chris points with his rifle to the front of the antelope. His keen eye has detected the break of a donga. He digs his rusty spur into his pony. The horses gallop mightily. The antelope are swallowed up in the dip of the valley. The horses are pulled up on the very brink of the donga. Together we are gazing into the hollow. There, to the right, is the bevy of red coats. They are 300 yards distant. Chris wastes no time. He sights at a lumbering cow. The rifle cracks. The hartbeest swerves as though stung by an insect. The thud of the bullet comes heavily back to us. The antelope keeps on.

We spring to our ponies. We ride rapidly along the verge of the valley. The hartbeest is distanced by her comrades. She tosses her head impatiently. Chris waves his rifle in triumph. Without a shudder of warning she pitches forward upon her long black nose, lies still, her red body strangely out of tone with the pale yellow of the landscape. Her herd comrades are but a spatter of dots sprinkled across the open veldt. Chris has no time for sentiment. He springs from his horse, clambers down to the carcass. With the dexterity of long experience he skins it. We need no bultong and the heads of the bull heartbeest at the brack pan are better worth keeping than this staring one of the cow.

So he toils up the bank with the reeking hide to his pony, fastens it behind his saddle, and mounts for the homeward journey. Beneath, in the donga, we leave the corpse of the hartbeest, pathetic in its nakedness. In the blue vault above an aasvogel is poised, watching the carrion. From the rocks a jackal creeps hungrily forward. There is no beast of the desert, so poor that the veldt scavengers will not

### WAKE HIM AT HIS DYING.

Easily we tripple on the back trail, Chris singing the volkslied. There is an ominous gathering of vultures above the brack pan. Chris quickens his pony, ceases his carol.

"Pas op, Mijnheer!" he yells across to me. "The aasvogels are tearing the skins."

We canter to the edge of the pan. Nothing has been disturbed. The vultures have time at their disposal. They are still circling above the dead hartbeest, content to wait the approach of the jackals. We hobble our horses, and set to the labor of skinning. They look strangely unnatural, the two antelope, with their eyes set high up in the forehead, with their corrugated horns jutting upward and outward, then sharply bent back over the neck, with the absurd tufts of hair crowning their cheev bones. Yet do they afford royal sport, and our bag is usually heavy. We have fresh meat enough to delight the Kaffirs, to yield a meal for our own table. Se we ride away from the brack pan. We found it pure and unsullied, dimpled with the dainty footprints of antelope. We leave it blood-stained and trampled upon, polluted with the presence of beasts of carrion.

It is hot now and airless. The veldt palpitated like a living thing. Outlines are blurred. Foul flies cling to the skins at our saddles. Locusts spring out from underneath our horses' hoofs. We plug steadily campward. We stumble upon it almost before we had recognized the surroundings. We kick up a slumbering Kaffir. We call for water. We demand breakfast. There is an air of sudden resolution throughout the camp. The voor-looper gathers sticks for the fire. The cook boy lovingly handles the fresh meat. His assistants bake cookies and cut up vegetables. The driver departs for the strayed oxen. In the shade, under the wagon, we lie, waiting tiffin. We are weary—hungry. Our pipes afford some little alleviation. We think of the joys of the morning, of the satisfaction of the kill, of men in pink hunting red hartbeest, of pheasants as vultures tearing carrion, of—

"Skoff, baas!"

The grinning coov boy has made ready our steaks of antelope. We rub our eyes, and fall to as only the men of the veldt can fall to after a morning's riding. Hartbeest is not so palatable as springbook or koodoo, but this is no day of fine distinctions. We eat. We smoke. We fall asleep in the shade of the wagon. We shall not inspan till 4 o'clock. Elsewhere the world is silent. Even the locusts are at rest. The hot peace of the veldt has settled upon us.

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First Merchant—"Byers, you always have such a pretty typist. Do you select her for her beauty?" Second Merchant—"Yes, indeed; it pays. You see, before I got on to the scheme my three clerks would stay away on the least provocation. Now, they have fallen dead in love with her, and not one of them stays away if he can possibly help it, for fear the others will get ahead of him.

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A—"Is it true that your cashier has eloped with your daughter and a large sum of money?" B—"It is quite true; but he is an honest fellow, and means to repay me. He has already returned me my daughter."


## 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 obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


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Hewitt—I'm always happy when I'm smoking a good cigar. Jewitt—You expect your friends to contribute too much to your happiness.

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**Wilson's Fly Pads** are sold by all Druggists and General Stores.


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Sippins—Don't you think that old Mrs. Snobby has an uneven disposition? Pippins—Quite the reverse. She is always the same—disagreeable.

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## Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend


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It sometimes happens that a handsome woman hasn't brains enough to be pretty.

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**Wilson's Fly Pads** are the best fly killers made.


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There is only one woman admiral in the world. The Queen of Greece is an admiral of the Russian Navy.

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Rather than perjure themselves some men refuse to swear off drinking.

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## Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.


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$13,750 has just been paid for a single playing-card, a nine of diamonds. Upon the back of it Holbein had painted an exquisite minature of Frances Howard, Duchess of Norfolk.

### WRONG TRACK.

**Had to Switch.**

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch over.

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong standing.

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and I was allowed to eat whatever I fancied—rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.—so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order, and at the age of twenty-three I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on, lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first. That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body, all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago, and never since then have I had any but perfect health for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and can enjoy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will make one feel for hours." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

True food that carries one along and "there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package


Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP** REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 22



*If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.*



## Potatoes, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Apples

Let us have your consignment of any of these articles and we will get you good prices.

**THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO, Limited**

Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts, TORONTO.



LOWER PRICES — USE — BETTER QUALITY

FIBRE EDDY'S WARE

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1861

CAN BE HAD IN

**Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, &c**

Any First-Class Grocer Can Supply You.

INSIST ON GETTING EDDY'S.


### HAUNTS OF FISH AND GAME.

**Attractions for Sportsmen on the Line of the Grand Trunk.**

The Grand Trunk Railway Company has issued a handsome publication, profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings, descriptive of the many attractive localities for sportsmen on their line of railway. Many of the regions reached by the Grand Trunk seem to have been specially prepared for the delectation of mankind, and where for a brief period the cares of business are cast aside and life is given up to enjoyment. Not only do the "Highlands of Ontario" present unrivalled facilities for both hunting, fishing and camping, but the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay, Thousand Islands and St. Lawrence River, Rideau River and Lakes, Lake St. John, and the many attractive localities in Maine and New Hampshire, present equal opportunities for health, pleasure and sport. All these localities are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and on trains unequalled on the continent. Abstracts of Ontario, Michigan, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine fish and game laws are inserted in the publication for the guidance of sportsmen. The Grand Trunk Railway has also issued descriptive illustrated matter for each district separately, which are sent free on application to the agents of the Company and to Mr. J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, G. T. R., Union Station, Toronto.

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Pigeons hovering about the London streets are everybody's prey, having no owners, the police say that they cannot and will not take action against any person killing the birds.

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**Wilson's Fly Pads**: the original and only genuine. Avoid cheap imitations.


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In volume of commerce the great ports stand in this order: London, New York, Antwerp, Hamburg, Hong Kong, Liverpool, Cardiff, Rotterdam, Singapore, Marseilles, Tyne ports, and Gibraltar.

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**Wilson's Fly Pads,** One ten cent packet has actually killed a bushel of flies.


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Society people are very fortunate in being able to talk without putting themselves to the trouble of thinking.

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## Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians


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In the British Museum is a love-letter to an Egyptian princess, 3,500 years old, and inscribed on a brick. What must the court have looked like during a breach of promise case in those days?

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**For Over Sixty Years**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22-01


### CANCER AND BEER.

An inquiry by Dr. Alfred Wolff into the mysterious cause of cancer has yielded an unexpected conclusion which promises temperance advocates a new and powerful argument. Dr. Wolff discovers that all the districts of high cancer mortality are those in which beer or cider is largely drunk. Bavaria, for instance, heads the list in Germany and Salzburg in Austria—both great beer-drinking provinces. In France the statistics are still more striking. There is the most marked contrast between the high cancer mortality in beer-drinking departments and the low death-rate from cancer elsewhere.

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Wife—Did you notice how full of his subject our pastor was this morning? Husband—Yes; and I also noticed how slow he was in emptying himself of it.

**BUCHANAN'S UNLOADING OUTFIT**

Works well both on stacks and in barns, unloads all kinds of hay and grain either loose or in sheaves. Send for catalogue to

M. T. BUCHANAN & CO., Ingersoll, Ont.

25-34.



**CARPET DYEING** and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy Address Box 158, Montreal.


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Many a man who imagines he could run the earth can't even manage a small garden successfully.

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**Wilson's Fly Pads** will clear your house of flies.


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One cook often spoils the broth as completely as too many.

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## Ask for Minard's and take no other.


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A girl doesn't necessarily object to a young man's moustache because she sets her face against it.

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**Wilson's Fly Pads,** Three hundred times cheaper than sticky paper.


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Austria evidently wants an entente cordiale. The Vienna City Council has voted $200 to an Austrian travelling information bureau in London, established to promote intercourse between Austria and England.

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Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.


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"Do you think Miss Richly cares anything for you?" "Well, I think she's beginning to care a little." "What makes you think that?" "Why, the last time I called she only yawned twice, and two weeks ago I counted five yawns in one evening."

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St. Martin, Que., May 16, 1895.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.


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A woman's voice isn't necessarily heavenly because it sounds unearthly.

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Benefactor—"How is your husband now, my dear woman?" Poor Woman—"I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room." Benefactor—"Could I see him?" Poor Woman—"Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county prison."


Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

**Shiloh's Consumption Cure** The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears. It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. 311

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