All Soap is not Pure Soap

That is the reason why $5000.00 reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that

Sunlight Soap

contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Shrunken woolens, frayed linens and sore chapped hands are evidence that all soaps are not pure soaps.

Sunlight Soap is guaranteed to be a pure soap. Dealers are authorized to return purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint. Sunlight Soap is equally good in hard or soft water.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO 1001

There's easy, good washing ahead for the Sunlight Maids

PALE WEAK GIRLS

Obtain Bright Eyes, Rosy Cheeks and Perfect Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

Miss Jennie Barrows, Rigault, Que. says—I write to thank you for the wonderful benefit your Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done me. I am now 22 years of age, but from the time I was fourteen I did not enjoy good health. A couple of years ago while attending school I grew worse and the Sisters in charge called in a doctor. After treating me for some time, without any improvement, he told me that I must discontinue my studies. When I got home I was sent to Caledonia Springs. The first month I was there it seemed to help me, but, like all the medicine I had taken, the help was only temporary, and I relapsed into my former condition. I grew so pale and waxlike that strangers called me the wax figure. My heart would beat so violently that I could hear the noise it made. I was so weak I could not walk a block without stopping or without resting two or three times. My head would sometimes ache so violently as to almost drive me wild, and at other times I would grow so dizzy that I could not stand. At this time I was taking treatment but all the time I was getting worse and weaker and I hardly hoped ever to be better again. At this time I read in a newspaper of a case what similar case I tried to the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt improved a great deal. From week to week, I gained in color and strength until by the time I had used eleven boxes I was enjoying better health than I had for many years. I am now well and strong and I thank God for the blessing of good health that wonderful Dr. Williams Pink Pills have conferred upon me. I would strongly advise every weak and ailing girl who reads this to give no time in taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills cured Miss Barrows by enabling them to make the red blood necessary to drive disease from the system. They do this in the blood and cure that. That's why they cure all troubles due to bad blood, Anaemia, paleness, complaints of the skin, loss of strength, nervous troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, and a host of other troubles arising from bad blood, and are specially recommended for the system by the troubled boys and girls. Be sure to get the genuine Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Don't take a substitute, or anything else by the same name. The genuine Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by the dozen or hundred boxes. Price 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The New Idea Woman's Magazine.

The account of the "Crafts of Deerfield" given in the New Idea Woman's Magazine for February is charming in the familiarity of the homely industries. It treats of such as fagoting, making and basketry, all revived to the success to which they have attained. Other illustrated articles in the number are "The Spanish-American Patio" by Gertrude L. Brown and "Japanese Pottery" by Katherine Lee Smith. The new styles in dainty underwear are described with illustrations and notes on correct "Outing Clothes" for men are given. For hostesses there is a good suggestion for a "Valentine Party," and for little people some ideas as to making their own valentines. An article on "Renovating an Unfashionable Lounge" will be welcome by housekeepers, as well as the recipes for "Breakfast Dishes" and the paper on "Mending Linen." There are several bright discussions, one on "The Chaperon" by Constance Fuller McIntyre, one on "Why Our Girls Marry Foreigners" by Jean Holden, and a third on "The Aims of the Business Woman" by Esperance Goodlove. Besides this there are several good stories and poems.

WOMAN'S GREATEST ENEMY.

Constipation the Cause of most Women's Troubles—An Easy Way to Permanently Cure this Painful Condition.

There are few women indeed who do not suffer with chronic constipation. Nearly all are slaves to some kind of medicine to correct this trouble, and yet they get nothing but temporary relief. One period of constipation is followed by another, and it's physic, physic, physic, year in and year out, till life becomes a burden.

There is now a sure cure for this condition and a cure that does not have to be repeated. It is Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill.

Dr. Leonhardt, of Lincoln, Neb., is the author of this prescription. He used it for years with wonderful success in his own large practice as a remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation.

Many ladies who have suffered for years are now enjoying good health and a perfect freedom from the old constipation through the use of Anti-Pill.

Mrs. Tabb, 237 Emerald St. North, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"I am no longer troubled with constipation. I cannot praise Anti-Pill too highly."

A month's treatment for 50c. All druggists, or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Sole agents for Canada.

Either Way.

O'Rorke—The man phwat has no wife is nawthing. McToole—So is the man phwat has wan, b'gobs!

Too Expensive.

Binks—Are you going to get a new suit this season? Jinks—No, my tailor says he can't afford it.—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE INTERCOLONIAL SHARPERS.

An Australian Yarn.

(Written for The Champion.)

Just six years ago I was one of a full-berthed mail boat's company leaving Sydney, most of us booked to Albany en route for the Coolgardie gold fields.

The seas were running high as we steamed out from the Heads, and the same evening it was grand in the bright light of moon and stars to watch the foam from monsoon breakers leaping up in white, glistening columns under the windows of the lighthouse at Cape Howe.

Arrived at Melbourne, a rumour we found had preceded us and it was of a tenor to hearten many an anxious adventurer on board. It told of a big rush to the Darling Ranges, to a spot just 40 miles from the city of Perth. We could hardly get a wink of sleep for the eager talk going ahead in the cabins round us. The gold fever had begun to tell.

For myself, human nature was ever the most engrossing subject, and I found one specimen on board the Arcadia, who well repaid the attention I gave him, even if the supervision of a detective would have served society's ends better.

He was a short, spare, bullet headed chap, with the suspicion of a squint, responsible for his body, and his left slightly lost at the knee. During meals he occupied a seat at the inner end of the saloon. He was the pet aversion of the stewards on account of his persistent envy in arriving late. I often watched him through the skylights as I lester after dinner, and I am certain he refused no one of the courses. He told me afterwards that this was his rule. He was talkative. His very pleasingly prudential habits did not hinder him to the table steward. From the group of stewards standing round the bar and pantry came many a withering glance his way and an occasional sly allusion to "double meal."

Brown, for so he named himself, had a funny little way of giving his head a twist half way round for emphasis, while the innocent new-comm questions he would occasionally propound convulsed the dining stewards in spite of themselves. He did not often come out on the poop deck, dividing his time instead between the butcher's assistant and the barber, and I once caught him watching with the most comical air of wonderment the antics of a Lascar over his abluTions.

Curiosity put me in his way as he was gazing at the notice board of the ship's run one afternoon. I passed some trite remarks about the relative speeds of Atlantic liners and the Australian mail steamers. He looked at me, just a little roughly at first, but as quickly relaxed into hand geniality, observing "Yes. But for my part 350 miles a day constitutes a very good run and on the safe side sir, on the safe side. I never feel comfortable with Captain H— on the voyage out, driving her at from 300 to 400 knots. Festina quidtiana, eh! sir." I looked at him again. Was he a basso, tenor, or a clergyman travelling incog.

Turning up his eyes in a mild and innocent manner he then began to explain the grounds upon which he based his mother's home in the wealds of Kent and the anticipated delights of a continental honeymoon. "Yes," he continued, "I've made a pot of money out of cobar copper and I mean to have a real good time. I shall see all that's worth looking at on the voyage. I've never been to Adelaide, but my sister lives in the South Australian capital. She's married to the Master of the Mint. I've nearly gave him-self away that times, and I know some hospitable people up at Mount Pleasant.

We were now within two hours of dropping anchor at the Semaphore. The day was bright and not too warm even ashore. My chatty English shipmate arranged that we should meet in city, inspect the Mint, go to a play in the evening and spend Tuesday at the mountains.

Mr. Reginald Brown, true to his word, met me smiling at our trysting place, but as his lips parted, a look of crestfallen disappointment came over his face. Unfortunately our visit to the Mint was impossible, there was a public holiday on. "But come in here," he said cheerily. "And I'll make out a fresh application for a pass! So saying, he led me into a hotel in a selected part of a southern suburb. We sat down in the elegantly fitted bar parlour. Brown pressed the bell and requested writing materials and drinks. We had not been seated two minutes when a hesitating knock was heard at the parlour door. Brown's cordial "Monsieur," revealed to us a florid-faced, handsome grandee, for such he appeared to be, clad in clothes of the most fashionable cut, and with a beaming smile that would have made shoddy look respectable. "I hope I do not intrude," he began in benign tones. "Not at all," quickly rejoined the encouraging Mr. Brown. "Sit down! Perhaps you will join us in a glass of South Australian Burgundy. We are travellers like yourself and the more the merrier."

"You are right, I am a traveller. Just landed from Cape Town. The serious bit of the business, however, is, that I cannot tell how long I may take to reach the objective of my trip." "Ah! Very strange; you interest me, sir," quoth Brown. The magnificent stranger relaxed from his somewhat oppressive stateliness of pose, put down his gloves and leaned forward, looking hard at both of us. He seemed the very incarnation of philanthropy, his blue eyes gleaming merrily, and he laid one hand softly in one of Brown's and began his story. "I am in search of my brother. If he meets me he will hear of something to his advantage." As he repeated this latter phrase, so common in colonial advertising columns, in slow and most impressive tones, our interest deepened, and we settled down to an attitude of respectful attention.

"If you will bear with me, gentlemen, I shall explain the circumstances. It is now fifteen years since my rich African uncle visited the home of his brother in the quiet old country village where he was reared. I and my brother Jim were lads of 18 and 17 then. Father was a blacksmith, there were four sisters, all younger than us boys, and our life was a hard one. Uncle did not take long to see how we were situated, and the poor prospects for his nephews if they did not get a helping hand somehow. So he asked father to let us leave dull old Drayth-rpe and go out to his African ostrich farm. He allowed father a year to make up his mind on the subject, but he, good old dad, wrote Uncle a month after the visit and it was all fixed that we were to go out to Africa before the winter set in. Uncle sent home money and first class tickets. A right pleasant voyage we had of it, and Uncle Will met us himself at Cape Town. He was a big man in the colony and we were introduced to some leading families and we lost our hearts to two pretty girls, as nice and clever as ever you set eyes on. But there was hard work before us, new and strange as you can well understand, for we knew dence all about farming or ostriches either. Well, to cut a long story short, Jim, who was placed in the station office, after two years of the lonely life up in the veldt, took to drink, muddled the books and it was discovered after he left that there was a deficiency of £500 in his cash.

Uncle cut up rough over the head of it, but in a while he relented and sent the ungrateful young beggar a cheque for £200, with a request that he hoped he would avoid Ostrich Dale for all time to come.

Once in a while I had a letter from Jim, but it is two years since I received his last. Six months ago my Uncle died, leaving £3,000 in hard cash and £20,000 in property. His directions were that I was go in search of the prodigal Jim and mail the lot with him. Should I fail to disc ver his whereabouts within twelve months from the opening of the will, then the whole of the estate would revert to myself.

So here I am. Can you assist me? I have heard that he was at one time in Broken Hill. And I say, gentlemen," (here he pulled out a thick roll of notes from a side pocket) "I intend to spare no expense in this affair." Brown, at the sight of the notes, began to caution our friend of the risk he ran in carrying so much loose cash. He explained to him the mysteries of a current banking account and cheque book! A more general conversation ensued. The stranger gave us his impressions of society at Adelaide, he admired the situation of the city, encircled by public parks, its dry ventilation perfect. He was in love with the bonhomie of the shop keepers. Then a point in the game of bridge was discussed. The stranger had a bet with an army captain whom he had met in a flash house. Brown differed, and their voices rose in high debate. Finally, a bet was suggested as the only satisfactory solution of the difference. I was asked to hold the stakes. Brown effusively handed me the price of the silk hat named in their terms. As he did so, he winked meaningly to the stranger and I did not fail to mark the signal. How they would entrap me I quickly guessed. It was the ancient lure of the sharper—first the romance, second the dispute between the confederates. Then, according to the gullibility of the subject, cards, wagers, drinks, an invitation to some low haunt and a clean pocket for their guest.

So vanished the South African dream story and I saw in the friendly daylight of disillusionment the figures of two of the skilled sharpers, who haunt the Australian mail boats, the despair of detectives and police. But for once they missed their prey. I left them to watch an intercolonial cricket match.

Daily Globe and Champion 1 year $4.25

REASON No 2.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE

Red Rose Tea

Because it is tested by skilled tea tasters.

Tea tasting can well be called one of the fine arts. A man who can taste several hundred cups of tea a day, and, by his keen senses, detect the slightest difference between them, and who, blindfolded, can tell where each and every tea was grown, not only the country, but the particular district, and often the very plantation—such a man is the professional tea taster.

The head man in my tea room, Mr. W. R. Miles, is a master in his profession. He learned the business in London, Eng., and is a tea taster by right of birth, as both his Father and Grandfather were tea tasters. It came natural to him and he is recognized as one of the best judges of tea in America.

He and his assistants do nothing but taste the teas, and superintend the blending.

RED ROSE TEA is the result.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.

BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

Worshipers of Strange Gods.

Snake worshipers are more numerous than river worshipers in the Punjab. They have always been a large denomination in heathen countries. Why they worship snakes is a problem that has been frequently discussed to no particular purpose. But people who worship owls, bats, lobsters, rats and mice will worship anything, and perhaps snake worshipers are so common merely because snakes are so widely distributed and so far from exclusive in their habits. If a man worships an opossum or an ornithorncus, he must go to Australia to do so, but serpents are everywhere. So is the earth (Prithi), and the earth, as Hertha, Demeter and under many other names, has never wanted adorers.

Even the untutored Pawnees are earth worshipers and bury articles by way of sacrifice, which is more economical than burning them, as they can be dug up again. The ancestral mound is a good deal adored in the Punjab. In Scotland it became the fairy hill, as at Aberfoyle, and was treated with conspicuous respect in times comparatively modern. The church was usually built as near it as possible, perhaps to counteract the influence of the ancestral mound or to acquire any local sacredness that might be going.—London News.

The Ballot and Office.

In 1777 it was written into the constitution of Vermont that "the house of freemen of this state shall consist of persons most noted for wisdom and virtue, to be chosen by ballot, by the freemen of every town in this state."

Time and conditions have lowered our standard. We are content with average wisdom and average virtue, and in years of apathy virtue and wisdom are quite forgotten, and we elect whom the machine nominates. Rotation in office, party control of nominating machinery, the ambitions of corporations and of party leaders—these are the forces that move the pawns on the legislative chessboard. Under the political conditions which the majority of the voters tolerate can we expect the legislature of a state to be composed of the best men of the community? And we know that the real danger of the democracy is the withdrawal of intelligent and humble men from public duties.—S. P. Orth in Atlantic.

Druid Money.

Druid money expresses one of the many plausible ways of refusing to pay at all, so common to all peoples. It is the exact equivalent of the Roman phrase to pay on the Greek calends, which meant never, as the Greeks had no calends. Patricius says of the Druids that they constantly received money which they promised to return in another life. Butler in "Hudibras" refers to this:

> Like money by the Druids borrowed,
> In t'other world to be restored.

The same tricks are played in the eastern as in the western world, for Purchas in his "Pilgrims" tells us of certain priests of Peking who barter with the people upon bills of exchange, to be paid in heaven a hundredfold.—London Express.

Avoiding a Quarrel.

On one occasion when interposing in a quarrel Lord North observed that there was often far too much readiness to take offense. "That is not my case," he added. "This very evening one member who spoke of me described me as 'that thing called a minister.' Well, to be sure," continued Lord North, here patting his ample sides, "I am an unwieldy thing. The honorable member therefore when he called me 'a thing' said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added 'that thing called a minister' he called me that thing which of all things he himself wished most to be, and therefore I took it as a compliment."

Old Time Naval Methods.

Fancy sending a gunboat to the China seas without a surgeon on board! But such things used to happen. The admiralty provided a well stocked medicine chest. But the captain knew nothing of medicine, so he had all the medicine bottles emptied into a big tub and then assembled the company. "All the stuff is there," said he, "and if any one goes sick he shall have a dose of the mixture, for there's bound to be something in it that will suit you."—London Mail.

Duplicates.

Smythe—Remember when Chatto was married last year how he kicked about the duplicate wedding presents? Browne—Yes. Smythe—Well, that sort of luck seems to follow him. He had a somewhat similar complaint yesterday. Browne—What was it? Smythe—Duplicate birthday presents. That is to say, twins.

Woes of Wealth.

"Wealth has its penalties," said the philosopher.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It's pretty hard for a man to have to go guessing through a French menu when he would rather have pork and beans."

The Poor Printer.

One of Browning's remarks is characteristic. He once said to Dr. Knight that "all the unintelligibility of 'Sordello' is due to the printers. They would change my punctuation and not print my commas, semicolons, dashes and brackets."

The Cause.

Caller—What makes you say sister is fond of me, Bobby? Bobby—Sister!

A man who cannot explain his ideas is usually the dupe of his imagination in thinking he has any.

Right Living and Good Looks.

Today our great cities show proportionately a higher average of dress and general striving after personal attractiveness among both men and women than the great cities of any other country.

Success depends in the largest measure upon health and the personal impression one makes upon his fellow men, and properly to develop and to maintain the "points" that make for personal attractiveness is to develop and maintain health.

For example how many men and women stop drinking and overeating because fat is fatal to good looks? The struggle to keep looking young is a struggle to keep in perfect health. And what a blessing that is to the present and all future generations!

The price of good looks is right living, and the reward of right living is health.

Miss Nellie Holmes, treasurer of the Young Woman's Temperance Association of Buffalo, N.Y., strongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your medicine is indeed an ideal woman's medicine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menorrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restful sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me, I tried your Vegetable Compound on the recommendation of a friend from the East who was visiting me.

"I am glad that I followed her advice, for every ache and pain is gone, and not only this, but my general health is much improved. I have a fine appetite and have gained in flesh. My earnest advice to suffering women is to put aside all other medicines and to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MISS NELLIE HOLMES, 540 No. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.—$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When Animals Go Bad.

An animal trainer says that "no man living knows all about animals or more than a very little about them. Some who are dead thought they knew. That is the reason they are dead. Only those who realize their ignorance and supplement it with untiring watchfulness last long at this queer business that I'm in.

"Sooner or later most animals of the cat kind become utterly intractable and remain so. 'Going bad' is the professional term for this. Rarely do they return to their old amenable ways. Henceforth they are of no use as performers and are relegated to the exhibition cages, for any man entering the cage of a lion or tiger that has gone bad is instantly attacked. This is one of the terrors of the trade. Symptoms of the change of heart are apparent enough sometimes, particularly in animals which are growing old. Occasionally, however, some young beast, formerly as obedient as you could wish, will turn murderous without cause or warning. If her trainer gets out alive he is lucky. If he ever enters her cage again he's a fool."—McClure's.

$1000 PILE CURE.

A Thousand Dollar Guarantee goes with every bottle of Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid—the only certain cure for every form of Piles.

George Cock, St. Thomas, Ont., writes:—Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cured me of a very bad case of Piles of over ten years standing. I had tried everything but no permanent cure till I used Hem-Roid. I was Blind and Bleeding Piles and suffered everything. Ointments and local treatments failed but Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cured me perfectly."

Hem-Roid is a tablet taken internally which removes the cause of Piles. $1.00 all Druggists or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Japanese English.

At a recent exhibition of pictures in Tokyo, Japan, the following notice was posted: "No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take within himself dog or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take care of himself from thievly."

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses of the United States. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Uninterested.

"Over there, ladies and gentlemen," said the guide to the party of "personally conducteds," "are the famous mud baths of"—

"Don't interest me," said the gentleman from the United States indifferently. "I've run for office too many times at home."

Nature Causes Dyspepsia, and Cures it.

Nature resents any infringement of her laws. Overeating—hasty eating brings indigestion. Indigestion means dyspepsia and constipation. Too rich food and drink mean biliousness and kidney troubles. But nature is generous. She gives us a cure for all these troubles.

"VIROQUA" INDIAN REMEDY

"VIROQUA" Indian Remedy

It is made exactly as the medicine men of the Six Nations Indians prepared it for hundreds of years. It is a combination of rare herbs (found only in the forests) "VIROQUA" never fails to cure all forms of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles. Our little booklet tells how we obtained the secret of the medicine men—some facts about the cures "VIROQUA" has made. 50 cts and $1.00 a box. Sold by all druggists or by mail prepaid on receipt of price. Put up in capsule form.

VIROQUA INDIAN REMEDY CO.

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Dividend paying Stocks in old established industries and financial corporations to net the investor 6 to 8 per cent. per annum.

Correspondence invited.

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--ALL KINDS OF--

Tables, Couches, Chairs, Music Racks,

are all other lines are to be found at

R. BURLING'S

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WINCHESTER

FACTORY LOADED SMOKELESS POWDER SHOTGUN SHELLS

Good shells in your gun mean a good bag in the field or a good score at the trap. Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" Smokeless Powder Shells are good shells. Always sure-fire, always giving an even spread of shot and good penetration, their great superiority is testified to by sportsmen who use Winchester Factory Loaded Shells in preference to any other make.

ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

BLOOD DISEASE CURED.

If you ever contracted any Blood or Private Disease, you are never safe until the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. Don't be satisfied with a "patch up" by some family doctor. Our New Method is Guaranteed to Cure or No Pay. $5,No Names Used without Written consent.

Cured When all Else Failed

"Could I live my early life over, this testimonial would not be necessary, though I was no more sinful than thousands of other young men. Early indiscretions, later excesses, exposure to contagious diseases all helped to break down my system. When I commenced to realize my condition I was almost frantic. Doctor after doctor treated me but only gave me relief—not a cure. Hot Springs came, but did not cure me. The symptoms always returned. Mercury and Potash drove the poison into my system instead of driving it out. I bless the day your New Method treatment was recommended to me. I investigated who you were first, and finding you had over 25 years' experience and responsible financially, I gave you my case under a guarantee. You cured me permanently, and in six years there has not been a sore, pain, ulcer or any other symptom of the blood disease." M. A. CONLEY.

25 Years in Detroit. 250,000 Cured.

We treat and cure: Varicocele, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Stricture, Impotency, Secret Drains, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Consultation Free. Question Blank for Home Treatment and Books Free.

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Announces to its hundreds of thousands of policy holders throughout the world that its funds held for their protection have reached the enormous sum of over

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Many millions more than the assets of any other life insurance company in existence. This Company has returned to policy-holders the stupendous sum of over

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Made for Comfort and Wear!

Men's Working Shoes

Boys' Shoes, lots of them

Men's, Ladies' and Misses' Fine Shoes

If quality and price counts with you we are sure to get your shoe trade. We have the best selection west of Toronto.

THOS. WILSON,

MILTON.

His Gentlemanly Resentment.

The Judge—You called him a liar, did you? How did he take it? The Colonel—He agreeably surprised me, sub, by acting like a perfect gentleman. He knocked me down, sub.

A Jilt.

"Is Miss Richly an athletic girl?"

"I should say so! She threw over one of the heavyweights of the football team."

Not love, but tact, makes the world go round.

Monkey Brand Soap will clean a house from cellar to roof, but won't wash clothes

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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LIFE INSURANCE.

Get Fully Acquainted With the Terms of Your Policy.

"What the average purchaser of life insurance doesn't know about the thing he is purchasing would fill a good sized book printed with very narrow margins," says an insurance expert. "For instance, I talked not long since with a man who fancied he was insured for $10,000 on the fifteen year endowment plan. That is, he thought he had to make payments for fifteen years—which was true—and that at the end of that time he could get $10,000 in cash or take a part in cash and a part in paid up insurance, which, as it turned out, was not true. The rate he was paying was so very low for what he said he was getting that I asked to see his policy, and when I looked at it I found, just as he might have found on a brief examination, that while he was insured for life with only fifteen yearly payments, he could not get the $10,000 or any part of it for a good many years more. No insurance company in the world will permit the fooling of a patron like this if it can help it, and yet to attribute such a mistaken idea to fraudulent misrepresentation on the part of an unworthy agent would not always be fair. Many men who take insurance, and especially those who do not decide to go in until they have looked at it a long time, go in finally with a rush. They don't give the agent time to tell them what they are getting, and often don't find out for years afterward. Another thing that many insured persons do not know is that a receipt on the first payment, arranged between the insured and the agent, sometimes renders the whole transaction void."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Why the Festival Is Celebrated on Dec. 25.

There are no definite allusions in the writings of any of the disciples of Christ as to the date of his birth. Nor has there ever been produced proof of any character as to the exact period of the year when Christ was born. There are, very true, occasional references to the event in the Scriptures, but nothing that the Nativity occurred in the winter season.

The institution of the anniversary dates back to the second century in Christendom, and it has been almost uniformly celebrated by the branches of the Christian church with appropriate rejoicings and ceremonies. The frequent and somewhat bitter controversies, however, relating to the date of Christ's birth early in the fourth century led Pope Julius to order a thorough investigation of the subject by the learned theologians and historians of that period. The result was in an agreement upon the point and that decision seemed to have settled all disputes that that time, universally accepted except by the Greek church. While this has never changed, the reckoning has been made according to the Gregorian calendar, which was adopted in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and on which computations of time nearly all civilized nations have since based.

The Silver Tongued One.

"So that's the silver tongued one, is it?" said the man in the restaurant. "Wonder why they call him that."

"Because," replied the waitress, "silence, which is golden, is much more valuable than his tongue."

Novels Versus Husbands.

Some women will believe anything in novels that their husbands have to make stick with affidavits.—Chicago News.

Strong Diet.

Veterinary—So your new bull is sick. What seems to be the matter with him? Owner—A little of everything, I guess. While we were away this afternoon he chewed up and swallowed the dictionary.

Sport and Adventure with Rod and Gun

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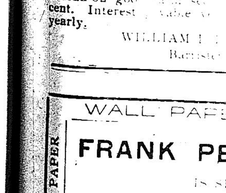

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