

INVITING SICKNESS

People Whose Blood Supply is Scanty
Are in Danger of a
Breakdown

Thin or impure blood is an invitation to sickness. The blood is at work day and night to maintain the health, and any lack of strength or purity in the blood is a weakness in the defence against disease. Anaemia is the doctor's name for lack of blood. Its surest symptom is palor. Anaemia does not confine itself to age or sex, though it is particularly common to young girls between the ages of 14 and 17, when nature makes peculiar demand upon the blood supply. The same lack of blood, however, prevents full recovery after la grippe, fevers, malaria, and operations, and is present in old age, and in persons who have been under unusual mental or physical strain. In all cases of bloodlessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine known to medical science. They actually make new pure blood, which brings with it a healthy appetite and new strength and vitality. Mrs. George Roy, Clair, Sask., says: "I have tested the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills time and again when a poor condition of the blood might have led to more serious trouble. I am a woman of forty and as occasion required I have used the Pills off and on since girlhood. I have proved their value in the ailments that afflict my sex, and I have never known them to fail. I also gave them to my son for nerve trouble which we thought would result in St. Vitus dance, but the use of the Pills prevented this and made him well and strong. I do not know any better investment than to keep half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, as they will save more expensive doctor's bills."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AFRICAN EAR ORNAMENTS.

Plugs of Wood, Rings of Horn or
Ebony, and a Can.

No people in the world are fonder of personal adornment than the black natives of Africa. Their cravings has led them into practices that, to our eyes at least, hideously deform the body. Among these is the custom of loading their ears with all manner of rude ornaments.

The boys and girls, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, says J. Bland-Sutton in his book, "Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia," have their ear-lobes pierced. A thin spigot of wood is inserted in the hole, which is gradually enlarged by the introduction of thicker pieces, until it is large enough to receive a stone with a groove running round it. These stones vary in size, but the ultimate result is the transformation of the lobe into a rounded cord-like loop, which, in the black ears of these men and women, looks like a ring of india-rubber. Among the Masai the full size is attained when the cutaneous ring of one side will meet its fellow over the crown of the head.

When the lobe has been stretched to its utmost capacity, it becomes the receptacle of many strange things, such as plugs of wood, rings of horn or ebony, and occasionally a can or gallowpot. The British Museum has a stone ear-plug that weighs two pounds and fourteen ounces. It is not an uncommon sight to see natives with scores of rings in each ear.

The ornaments possess various social or tribal significance. No Masai woman ventures to leave off her ear ornaments in the presence of her husband; should she happen to take them off in his absence, she would on his return run into the hut and resume them immediately.

To break one of these rings of tissue is a great offense, and accordingly when native women "fall out," they snatch at each other's ear-loops and seek to spoil one another's "beauty." The tribes have men among them, however, who are skilful enough in plastic surgery to reunite the ends of broken ear-loops.

Just how strong is the desire of the black man to mutilate his body can be seen by the fact that the na-

tive police, after three years' of civilizing service under the government, generally go back to their native villages, strip off their uniforms, smear themselves with greasy clay, and weight down their ears with wooden plugs and metal rings.

SAVED LAUDER'S LIFE.

Wearing his kilts, Mr. Harry Lauder, the comedian, played a novel part on the sands at Blackpool, England, recently. His concern for dumb animals, especially pit ponies, is well known, and when he was invited by the Mayor of Blackpool to distribute the prizes in a competition for donkeys, Mr. Lauder eagerly responded. Having fixed medals to the winning donkey's bridles, the comedian mounted a sandhill and indulged in interesting and amusing "patter."

He related some of his experiences as a pit boy. He told how, when going through a drift in a coal mine, his pit pony suddenly stopped. "Immediately I struck him with the whip," Mr. Lauder



Harry Lauder.

proceeded: "He turned round to the side of the little tub I was sitting in, and I am not exaggerating when I tell you that about 10,000 tons of stone fell. Had it not been for the cuteness of the hearing of that pony we should both have been buried alive. I owe my life to that Shetland pony. Instead of licking my pony because he didn't go on, when I saw what happened I jumped out of the tub and put my arm around his neck and kissed him."

THE TRADE IN LEECHES.

Nothing to What It Used to Be—
Paris the Source of Supply.

Forty years ago there were in Paris alone ten wholesale dealers in leeches, each of whom sold between 300,000 and 400,000 leeches monthly, for which they received on an average about \$50 a thousand.

To-day there is only one dealer in the capital and he gets from 6 to 7 francs (\$1.20 to \$1.40) a hundred. His name is Leya and he handles about 130,000 per month, says the Medical Brief, his best market being the United States. He has sometimes half a million in stock.

In former times the Paris poor law administration purchased 80,000 francs (\$16,000) worth a year; this was in the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century; the administration now finds itself amply supplied with \$40 worth annually.

The great breeding ground for French leeches was the marshes around Bordeaux. A poor peasant named Bechade was the creator of the industry. He rented a tract of marsh land for about \$60 and this, when properly stocked with leeches, became worth \$5,000.

Bechade collected the leeches by buying all the worn out horses he could get hold of and driving them into the marshes five or six times a month, especially in April, May, June, October and November. Bechade's business flourished, and when he died he was worth a million francs.

After a while the French leech trade was ruined not only on account of the great decline in the demand, but on account of the accessibility of other sources of supply brought about by the improved facilities of transport, fast trains bringing them in a short time from Turkey, Bohemia and Dalmatia and to a more limited extent from Algeria and Russia.

A total of £24,000,000 per annum is spent on the salaries of Government officials in England, Scotland and Ireland.

Butter may be kept cool in hot weather by filling a basin with cold water, and putting the butter on a plate on the top of the basin.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

WHAT IS TRANSPIRING AT THE HUB
OF THE PROVINCE.

Dr. J. O. Orr and the Canadian National
Exhibition—The Meredith Family—
Dr. Hastings' Regulations.

For fifty weeks in the year Dr. J. O. Orr is a private citizen; for the remaining two weeks he becomes a public institution. Those two weeks are, of course, the period of the Canadian National Exhibition, of which he is the General Manager.

Dr. Orr is not a Doctor by courtesy. He has not been honored with a D. D. from a theological college or with an L.L.D. from a university, although he has been appointed a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto by the Provincial Government, an appointment which at the time provoked considerable comment. Dr. Orr earned his title like any other M. D., by putting five years plugging at the medical colleges, and in a long time since he has practised medicine. He had in him always the instincts of the showman. He has the capacity for attracting crowds and for entertaining them, and so it came about naturally that when there came a vacancy in the management of the Exhibition, and when the same exhibition had fallen upon evil days, the Board of Directors, searching for some one with a genius for the show business, should let their choice fall upon the active doctor.

THE DOCTOR'S JOB.

Managing the big show is not such a hard business now as it was ten years ago. It goes with its own momentum now. So many various organizations have taken hold of various departments, pledging their prestige to make a go of them that there would be a pretty good show now if there was no central management at all. But there is still plenty of work for an active manager. If there is to be a growth there must be improvement in all departments, and what is even more important, there must be fresh novelties of a more or less spectacular nature. These are the hardest things in the world to get. Another great showman, P. T. Barnum, declared that the public likes to be fooled. This is scarcely true nowadays. The public wants its money's worth. If it is going to be fooled, it wants to be fooled in a real smart way. It won't stand for fakes, and the fact is that about fifty per cent of the "special attractions" which try to get space at exhibitions are fakes. It's up to the doctor to separate the fakes from the "square deals," and when he makes a mistake there is a howl from the public.

Every year in the "private citizen" period of his life Dr. Orr spends several weeks in the Old Country, and some of the most interesting attractions of recent years have resulted from those visits. The exhibition has been able to enlist the sympathy of such men as Earl Grey, who provides the Doctor with letters of introduction when he goes abroad, and in this way he gets close to the people who can give him the things he wants. If the Doctor could some time only give an exhibition of old world "Red Tape," he would be happy.

THE DOCTOR AND ART.

A lot of time is spent, too, in getting in touch with the people who have valuable paintings which they are willing to loan for the art exhibit. Few of these are to be had on this continent, but Europe has them by the car load, if one only knows how to go about getting them. On the subject of paintings there is a continuous feud on between the Doctor and the Artists Association. The artists think the pictures that are put in the Exhibition gallery ought to be high class artistically. The Doctor doesn't object to high art, but if he can't get with it some subject that has a strong popular appeal he doesn't give a hang for high art. For example, it has been found from long experience that battle scenes and pretty women are the subjects that make the people come and look. But your commissioner might find more high art in some quiet landscape with a few sheep in the foreground. The Doctor lets the artists have their own way to some extent—he lets them stick up their landscapes and sheep over in the corner—but he takes pains to see that his battle scenes and pretty women stand right out on the middle of the wall.

BOARD HAS FINAL SAY.

While Dr. Orr is the active manager, and is expected to supply the drive power in initiating and sane judgment in making recommendations, he has the advice, and is under the direction, of a Board of Directors, which includes many leading citizens. During fair time the Board meets daily, sometimes several times on one day, and throughout the year it keeps a more or less touch with the plans under way. All these men give their time without remuneration, having in mind the welfare of the city and whatever personal honor and glory that may come incidentally. The present President, Mr. J. G. Kent, has been preceded by such men as Mr. George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., and Mr. W. K. George. The Board of Directors is elected by the Exhibition Association, which meets once a year, and is composed of representatives of various organizations, but dominated largely by the Toronto City Council, Board of Trade and Manufacturers' Association. While there is room for criticism of the method of representation in the association, there remains in the suspicion of the system of pocket boroughs, it must be admitted that the results attained have not been bad.

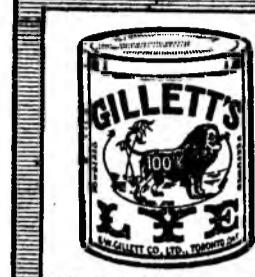
A HURRY UP APPOINTMENT.

The almost unseemly haste with which the City Council rushed through the appointment of Mr. T. G. Meredith as Corporation Counsel in succession to Mr. H. L. Drayton has given rise to no little comment. It is true that in many a Toronto lawyer who does not relish the idea of a \$15,000 a year plum going to an outsider (for Mr. Meredith hails from London) and who think that they are just as capable of handling the job as he is. They point out that Mr. Meredith, in his London practice has never been called upon to handle cases of the importance that he will be required to deal with as Toronto's Corporation Counsel, and that his appointment was just a leap in the dark. At the same time the Meredith family has generally, in mental capacity, proved equal to any job they have undertaken. A family that has produced one Chief Justice, one ordinary Justice and a Bank manager ought to be able to provide a Corporation Counsel for Toronto. In family ability the Meredith family resembles the Osler. At the same time it is not altogether unnatural that there should have been some comment about T. G.'s speedy appointment. It calls attention to the fact that while Sir William Meredith never attained office as Prime Minister of Ontario he is to-day one of the most influential men in it. This remark is, by the way, because Sir William may not have known anything about the city council appointment.

SIR JAMES AND SIR WILLIAM.

In Provincial matters, however, it is doubtful if Sir James Whittell is higher regard for anyone's opinion than for that of his predecessor in the leadership of the Conservative party. Loyalty to old friends is one of Sir James' most likeable qualities, and his loyalty to Sir

GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE



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William Meredith has manifested itself more than once. Toronto may find that an alliance with the Meredith family may not be unprofitable, even if it does cost \$15,000 per annum.

DR. HASTINGS' CAMPAIGN.

Dr. Hastings, who for the past year has been the city's Medical officer of Health, continues to keep in the limelight. That is not to say that he is a self-advertiser, but he keeps himself talked about by reason of his enthusiasm for his work, which is a vastly different thing. He has made of the health office of the city a live institution and has brought it into closer contact with the daily lives of the people than perhaps any other department of government, municipal, provincial or federal. He has just concluded a vigorous swat the fly campaign, thereby arousing the interest of every housekeeper in town. He has been insisting on covered garbage tins for every house, and has demanded that the fruit dealers who make elaborate sidewalk displays must keep fruit covered over. He has been protesting against noises as being injurious to public health and has even gone so far as to advise against the keeping of any early-crowing roosters within the city limits. He has succeeded in making outside closets made illegal, a sweeping order which affects about one-quarter of the homes in the city. He has abolished the common drinking cup at public fountains and is installing a type of fountain that can be used without a cup.

IS THE DOCTOR FUSSY?

Some people think the Doctor is fussy. And perhaps he is over careful. But the man who is responsible for the general health of a modern city has quite a care on his shoulders and he realizes the catastrophe in the shape of epidemic that always hangs over any one of the big centres of population as other people don't. However, most people give the M. D. credit for "doing something." The criticism which he probably feels is that which is coming from the working people. A good many of his innovations, while making for the general comfort and health of the city, mean considerable expense to the poorer people. New garbage tins, for example, are an item. The abolition of roosters cuts off a source of revenue for many more. Covering up fruit brought a big protest from the small merchants, while the installation of inside closets has brought an expense that thousands of families can ill afford, though it has brought a rich harvest to the plumbers.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS QUIET.

One of the duller places in Toronto these August days are the offices at the Parliament Buildings. The staff are depleted by reason of holidays. The ministers are often away and business is pretty nearly at a standstill. The only excitement is caused by the motor bus loads of American tourists who make hourly pilgrimages to the seat of provincial government. They troup through the corridors, look at the maps and the paintings on the walls, peep in at open doors, and if they are in good humor tip the guide who has shown them through. But it is a very vague notion of Canadian institutions that many of them get. There are frequent inquiries if the King ever comes here, and this year a great many fair tourists asked to see the Duke of Connaught.

TURN YOUR TIME INTO MONEY

There is a firm in Toronto who give hundreds of men and women an opportunity to earn from \$250.00 to \$1,500.00 every year with little effort. This firm manufactures reliable family remedies, beautiful toilet preparations and many necessary household goods, such as baking powder, washing compounds, stove, furniture and metal polishes, in all over one hundred preparations that every home uses every day. Just one person in each locality can secure exclusive right free to distribute these preparations to their neighbors. They pay 100 per cent commission to their agents. Don't you think you better increase your income? If so, write The Home Supply Co., Dept. 20, Merrill Building, Toronto, Ont., for full particulars.

Last year Switzerland exported over 11,000,000 watches of the aggregate value of more than \$25,000,000.

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WHY BOND HOUSES SELL BONDS IN-
STEAD OF HOLDING THEM.

They are Dealers in Bonds Just as the
Grocer Deals in Groceries—Their Money
is Made in a Quick Turnover—Salesmen
Just as Necessary in a Bond Business
as in a Wholesale Grocery Business.

The articles contributed by "Investor" are for the sole purpose of guiding prospective investors, and, if possible, of saving them from losing money through placing it in "wild-cat" enterprises. The impartial and reliable character of the information may be relied upon. The writer of these articles and the publisher of this paper have no interests to serve in connection with this matter other than those of the reader.

(By "Investor.")

Some people wonder "If bonds are so good, why do bond dealers want to sell them?" Moreover, if this new issue of stock they see advertised is so likely to increase in value, why don't they hold it and then sell it.

Now, in the first place, bond dealers, and those who handle new stock issues (I would call them promoters had not that word come into disrepute as a result of its connection with mining stock flotation) are merely dealers, as their name implies. A grocer buys preserved fruit and sells it to his customers. He makes his profit on that transaction and by turning over enough preserved fruit in the year he makes it pay him to handle it. If at that same time he knew that the fruit crop was a poor one and that he would probably have to sell his preserves higher the next year, would he be likely to hold his in his storeroom in order to make a greater profit? Not if he was wise. While he was holding his present supply he would probably lose a chance of turning over his stock three or four times, and that turnover would be much more satisfactory than holding on the chance of the speculative profit.

Moreover, a bond dealer is not an investor. The expense of handling bonds is very great and the profit relatively very small—the percentage is far less than that which the grocer makes on his purchases from the wholesaler. And though the grocer may think very highly of the goods he deals in we would think him very foolish if he shut up shop and just kept his supply of goods on his shelves to use for his own profit. The grocer had sufficient to last him the balance of his life. There is, however, a very important reason why most grocers couldn't do this, and that is because their business is done on credit. They buy from the wholesaler and borrow money from the bank to do so, repaying the bank when they have sold the goods. Of course, in some cases they get credit from the wholesaler, but in that case they really borrow from him. The bond dealer does the same thing. He buys a million dollar issue of bonds and borrows money from his banker to pay for it, paying off the banker when the bonds are sold. It would be unwise, indeed, to criticize him for attempting to sell his bonds.

"Well, if your bonds are good why do you have to send men out to sell them," asked one man once of a bond salesman. "Why don't you just advertise them in the papers. If they are so good the investors will buy them." A good many people do buy bonds from reading newspaper advertisements, but in the present day it is so difficult for people to tell the good from the bad in advertisements that they seldom buy from what is advertised unless they know the house offering the bonds. It requires a personal interview with most investors to get their business, just as no wholesale grocer would trust to a newspaper advertisement to get the country grocer's orders. It is the same idea exactly. And the salesman who gets the most business gets the greatest salary, and so he has to "hustle." It isn't because they can't sell bonds in Toronto that they seek you out in the country, but because they want your business and your neighbor's. The more business they get the quicker the turnover and consequently often they can afford to sell bonds at a less profit than a house whose business is smaller and whose turnover is slower. That is why it pays to send out salesmen.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Many a man's courage isn't skin deep.

Worthless people are often more amusing than worthy ones.

When two smiles come together in a head-on collision the result is a kiss.

A man likes to acknowledge his faults to a woman who insists that he has none.

It is said that there are people who have money and do not know how to enjoy it.

Sometimes a girl misses a good thing by pretending she doesn't want to be kissed.

One way for a man to find out just what a woman really thinks of him is to make her angry.

Nothing jolts a married man more than to have his wife spring one of his old love letters on him.

The child who is afraid of the dark may become a politician when he grows up and fear the light.

The largest pyramid in Egypt contains 99,000,000 cubic feet of stone.

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