ODD WAYS OF THE BEAVER

HOW HE MANAGES TO STAY UNDER WATER IN WINTER.

Interesting Information About This Busy Little Animal.

The current number of Rod and Gun in Canada has an article on the habits of the beaver in which the writer, Frank H. Risteen, tells some interesting things about that most interesting of North American animals. Of the cutting power of the beaver's teeth the writer says:—

"The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up most any kind of wood that comes his way. I once measured a white birch tree, twenty-two inches through, cut down by a beaver. A single beaver, generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair-sized sapling, say three inches through, in about two minutes and a large tree in about an hour.

"One of the queerest facts about the beaver is the rapidity with which his long, chisel-shaped teeth will recover from an injury. I have known beavers to break their teeth in biting a trap, and when I caught them again ten days afterward you couldn't see a sign of the break—the teeth had grown out to their former perfection in that short period."

Mr. Risteen's experiences have not given him a very high opinion of the beaver's swimming powers. He writes:

"As compared with the otter or mink the beaver is

A VERY SLOW SWIMMER.

His front legs hang by his sides, and he uses only his webbed hind feet for purposes of swimming. It is easy to capture one in a canoe if you can find him in shoal water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and easy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would almost take a leg off—so you want to catch him sharp. The place to grab him is by the tail."

Of the ability of the beaver and some other wild animals and birds to remain a long time under water this writer says:

"The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come up to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air coming in contact with the ice and water is purified, and the beaver breathes it in again. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

"When the ice is thin and clear I have often seen the muskrat attached to his bubble, and by pounding on the ice have driven him away from it, when he would drown in a very short time. I believe that the beaver as well as the loon, sometimes employs this pneumatic suction principle by breathing into the mud on the bottom, and thus remaining under water for a remarkable length of time."

That it is difficult to hold most of the shyer fur animals in captivity is known to those who have made the experiment, but the beaver evidently takes the lead in this respect in Mr. Risteen's estimation, as the following will show:

"It almost takes a burglar-proof safe to hold a newly captured beaver. I once caught an old one and two kittens up the north branch of the Sou-West, put them in a barrel and brought them down to Miramichi Lake. That night she gnawed a hole through the barrel and cleared out.

LEAVING HER KITTENS.

They were so young that I had no way of feeding them, so released them in the hope that the mother might find them. Soon after that I caught a big male beaver. I made a large log pen for him of dry spruce, but the second night he cut a log out and disappeared.

"Beavers, when alarmed generally make up stream, so I went up the brook to where a little branch came in and I thought I would go up that a little way, and I hadn't gone more than ten rods before I came across my lad sitting up in the bed of the brook having a lunch on a stick he had cut. He actually looked as if he knew he was playing truant when he caught sight of me out of the side of his eye.

"I picked him up by the tail, brought him back, and put him in the pen, supplied him with plenty of fresh poplar, and he seemed as tame as possible and never gave me any more trouble. I brought him out to Stanley where he lived for a long time. Turnbull had a thoroughbred mongrel dog which was jealous of the beaver, and one day attacked him. He only did that once for the beaver nipped the dog's tail off quicker'n a cat could catch a mouse.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Goodness ! This meat is absolutely raw. This new cook is wretched ; she never cooks anything half enough.

Mr. Hauskeep—Don't blame her. She's only a woman.

Mrs. Hauskeep—What has that to do with it ?

Mr. Hauskeep—Well 'woman's work is never done,' you know.

Germany has now 19 millions more people than France, and France has 3 millions more than Italy.

Nervous old Invalid—Well, Miss Nipper, I think it's quite time the passage walls were repapered ! Landlady—Pardon me, sir, but I am waiting to see 'ow your 'ealth goes on. Coffins is sich things to knock the paper off a-comin' down.

A doctor giving advice to a patient who was a furious smoker, said :—Never smoke cigars without using an amber mouthpiece. Also clean your pipes regularly after having smoked them, and avoid smoking the same pipe twice in close succession. Having taken these precautions, avoid smoking altogether, and you'll soon be all right."

TRIFLES WITH HISTORIES

KNICK-KNACKS WHICH TELL OF HUMAN TRAGEDIES.

Disasters of Long Ago Brought to Mind by the Finding of Relics.

On January 16th, 1862, work was being pushed vigorously in the Hartley Colliery in Northumberland, England. Suddenly there was a grinding crash, and one of the immense twenty-ton iron beams of the ventilating shaft collapsed, and fell into the depths below. With its huge weight it smashed the brattice and carried down tons upon tons of earth and rock, burying completely every soul below. Two hundred and two were buried alive, for the pit had but one shaft.

A few weeks ago the scene of this awful disaster was at last pumped dry, and the first miners who had entered it for forty years descended. There at the bottom lay a tub of coals still full to the brim, as it had been loaded on that fatal day, and perfect in every particular, except that the water in which it had stood so long had rusted its iron hoops.

Nature, or man, or both, soon wipe away, or cover up, the ugly remnants left by fires, floods or explosions; but now and then a little relic comes to light which brings powerfully to

MIND THE DETAILS

of some forgotten tragedy. Hunting for sea-bird's eggs in the cliffs near the harbor of Mendoza, in South America, two boys from the British ship "Emerald" saw something shining in the cleft far above the high-water mark.

They reached it and found it was a handsome gold bracelet, set with stones, still clasped around the wrist of a woman's skeleton. The bones were wedged tightly in a cleft of the rock, where no living creature could have passed. They brought the jewel down, and inquiry proved that the relic dated from the awful earthquake of March, 1860, when a great tidal wave dashed over the land and swept seven thousand lives away in less than seventy seconds! The waves had caught the wearer of that bracelet from either beach or boat, and left her there, forgotten, in a niche of the rocks till the boys found her bones, nearly half a century later.

The annihilation of Cervera's fleet by the Americans, off Santiago, is still fresh in the memory. But the wrecks have been cleared away by salvagemen, or waves, and the scene of the battle, with blazing ships and drowning men

IS CALM AND PEACEFUL

as ever. A London jeweller possesses a little relic which brings vividly to mind the horrors of the scene. It is a blackened lump of metal, which close examination shows to be composed of silver Spanish dollars. It was found on the body of a sailor on the warship "Maria Theresa," and is an eloquent testimony to the thoroughness with which the American shells did their work.

One of the most charming curios belongs to a nephew of Sir Richard Temple. It is a ring, which, when you touch a hidden spring, and place it near your ear, plays a tiny, tinkling tune. It is only lately that this ring has been made play again. For years it was out of order, and when at last its works were examined, they were found to be choked with a clot of blood.

The ring is a relic of a tragedy more than a century old. Made nearly two hundred years ago in Genoa, this quaint bit of jewellery came into possession of an ancestor of its present owner, who lived in France at the time of the Revolution. Detesting the wild work of the mob,

HE FLUNG HIMSELF

heart and soul into the cause of the King and Queen.

Like all the others who did so, he paid the penalty. After long weeks in a gloomy dungeon, he was led out to die, with many others of the world's finest aristocracy. Just before his turn came, he held the ring to his ear, and for the last time he heard it tinkle out its cheery little tune. Then he laid his head upon the guillotine, and his life-blood stained the block on which a few hours before a queen had died.

A curio, which at first sight has nothing striking about it, lies upon the sitting-room chimney-piece in a Wolverhampton house. Its owner, Mr. Albert Matthews, an old sailor, is a living example of how near a man can have come to death without dying.

In 1874 he was mate of the pearling schooner "Fly," when she was wrecked on one of the Solomon Islands. He and the others, seven in all, got ashore in safety, only to find themselves in the hands of the cruellest tribe of cannibals in the world. They realized this when, after a week of imprisonment on good food, they were taken out to form, themselves, the principal dish in a prolonged series of festivities. One by one they were knocked down with a stone war-club!

Matthews was left to the last, a stunned spectator of the horrible fate of his comrades. At last his turn came. He was bound against the sacrificial post, and a big chief was

ACTUALLY RAISING HIS CLUB

when, with a shriek and a roar, a shell swept in from the sea, and burst among the savages.

A German warship had seen the "Fly" fast on the rocks, and come up just in time. Mr. Matthews's relic is the fork which, but for that lucky shell, would have been used upon him as it had already done duty upon his comrades. This frightful fork is of a very hard, bluish-red wood, and of a pattern only used at cannibal feasts.

A tragedy so complete that not one single survivor remains to tell the tale is, fortunately, rare. One such, which Britons will always be proud of, was the fight of those gallant forty under Major Wilson against an army of a thousand savages. Ringed by death, they went to their end singing "God Save the Queen."

Mr. Rhodes, possesses among his treasures a unique memorial of this disaster. It consists of a pair of earrings, taken from the ears of the Chief Makoni leader, under Lo Bengula, of the great Matabele revolt. By a remarkable coincidence, this relic is one which surviveth a second disaster. It is one of the very few which were saved from the burning of Mr. Rhodes's beautiful house, Groot Schuur.

MISSING LONDONERS.

Probably you have seen a crowd of 20,000 people; you have looked about you at this sea of heads and thought that such a number of human beings represents the population of many a small town. It will surprise you therefore to hear that 20,000 persons are reported as missing in London every year! Are they found again? Only about one-fifth—less than 4,000—of these missing persons are ever accounted for, by suicides and in other ways. The others disappear from friends for ever. Many of them are "wanted" by the police, which explains why they do not reappear. Numbers of them leave London, going abroad or into the provinces, but the police state that the majority merely go from one part of the metropolis to another, and live there under assumed names; their identity is changed and they are "missing"—within a few miles of those who seek them.

The average duration of human life increased during the past hundred hears 3 years for men and 3½ years for women.

A Run Down System.

SHOWS THAT THE BLOOD AND NERVES NEED TONING UP.

This Condition Causes More Genuine Suffering Than One Can Imagine—How a Well Known Exeter Lady Obtained a Cure After She Had Begun to Regard Her Condition as Hopeless.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

"A run down system!" What a world of misery those few words imply, and yet there are thousands throughout this country who are suffering from this condition. Their blood is poor and watery; they suffer almost continuously from headaches; are unable to obtain restful sleep and the least exertion greatly fatigues them. What is needed to put the system right is a tonic, and experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the only never-failing tonic and health restorer.

Mrs. Henry Parsons, a respected resident of Exeter, Ont., is one of the many who have tested and proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For many months she was a great sufferer from what is commonly termed "a run down system." To a reporter of the Advocate she gave the following story in the hope that other sufferers might benefit from her experience:—"For many months my health was in a bad state, my constitution being greatly run down. I was troubled with continual headaches, my appetite was poor and the least exertion greatly fatigued me. I consulted a physician but his treatment did not appear to benefit me and I gradually became worse, so that I could hardly attend to my household duties. I then tried several advertised remedies but without result, and I began to regard my condition as hopeless. A neighbor called to see me one day and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having tried so many medicines without receiving benefit, I was not easily persuaded, but finally I consented to give the pills a trial. To my surprise and great joy I noticed an improvement in my condition before I had finished the first box and by the time I had taken four boxes of the pills I was fully restored to health. I no longer suffer from those severe headaches, my appetite is good, I can go about my household duties without the least trouble; in fact I feel like a new woman. All this I owe to that best of all medicines, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I would strongly urge other sufferers to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized the world over as the best blood and nerve tonic, and it is this power of acting directly on the blood and nerves which enables these pills to cure such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER . . . 75c

25c

At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

KING EDWARD'S STABLES.

THEY ARE A SMALL PALACE IN THEMSELVES.

Some of the Most Valuable and Beautiful Horses in Europe.

It is only fitting that the horses of a King should be lodged in an equine palace and should lead lives of dignity and luxury worthy of their high station.

That "all the King's horses" have comparatively speaking, as good a time of it as "all the King's men" cannot be doubted by anyone who has seen the royal stables at Buckingham Palace and Windsor and has seen the conditions under which they live.

The stables at Buckingham Palace, which lie barely screened from the beautiful gardens, are a small palace in themselves, forming with the coach-houses stately rows of buildings, arranged in the form of a large quadrangle, approached from Buckingham Palace Road by an imposing gateway.

The side of the quadrangle opposite to the entrance-gate is the home of the beautiful cream and black horses familiar to the spectator of Royal State processions. Here, in spotlessly clean, perfectly appointed stables, with stately columns and vaulted roofs, are stabled some of the most valuable and beautiful horses in Europe.

Seen apart from their rich trappings, the cream horses, with their uncommon "complexion," almost colorless eyes and pink noses, looking like equine Albinos, lose something of their stateliness and picturesqueness. They are, however, magnificent animals, perfect in form and breeding, and standing on an average nearly

SIXTEEN HANDS HIGH.

The creams, like the blacks, are of Continental extraction, although for many years both have been bred at Hampton Court. They live long, reaching an average ago of over twenty years ; and curiously enough nearly all of them bear royal names, such as Emperor and Monarch, Sovereign and King George, names peculiarly appropriate to their high rank and duties.

The blacks, which are of Dutch origin, are still larger and finer, many of them being between seventeen and eighteen hands high.

The Palace Road side of the quadrangle is devoted to the carriage-horses, about thirty in number, nearly all magnificent bays averaging about seventeen hands, and all equal to fourteen miles in the hour in double harness. Five hundred guineas a pair may be set down as the average value of these splendid animals.

The utmost care is taken in training these horses, which are warranted to maintain their equanimity under any disturbing conditions, from a German band to the discharge of an 81-ton gun.

In the coach-houses on the east side of the quadrangle are to be seen some of the most costly and magnificent carriages in Europe, including the gorgeous State-coach which, after forty years of disuse, was seen at the opening of Parliament some months ago by King Edward VII.

It is interesting to note that this "glass coach" is eight yards long, 12 feet in height, and weighs no less than

FOUR TONS.

The carving on it cost over $7,500, the gilding nearly $5,000, and the coach-maker's bill was $8,365.

But this truly regal, if not very comfortable, coach is only one among many State carriages of more subdued splendour. The semi-State coach which was built by a Lord Mayor of Dublin is a beautiful vehicle in all the glory of lake, vermilion, and gold, surmounted by one large centre crown and four smaller ones, one at each corner of the roof. The hammer-cloth is a gorgeous arrangement of purple, scarlet, and gold, embossed with the royal arms.

For State purposes there are also a dozen other coaches of lake and vermilion decoration, with similar regal hammer-cloths and crowned tops.

Perhaps the most interesting of these royal carriages is the comparatively plain landau which the Queen invariably used in London, and to which she remained loyal during the last quarter of a century of her life.

The Windsor stables are almost equally interesting, with their magnificent greys and their army of carriages of all degrees of stateliness and simplicity. Here may be seen Queen Victoria's favorite garden chair, low, four-wheeled, and canopied, which used to be drawn by Black Sam, the Queen's favorite Exmoor pony.

Here, too, are the large, high phaeton, the favorite carriage of the Prince Consort, religiously preserved in his memory ; the odd-looking basket-carriage in which the infant Prince of Wales took his airings nearly sixty years ago, Russian droskies, a French char-a-banc, and many other historic vehicles, which ? the King will treasure in memory of his mother.

KNEW SHE WOULD COME BACK.

A young man who looked as if he might be twenty-five years old, was sitting in the waiting room of the railway station. On his knee was a year-old baby. Presently the baby began to cry, and the awkwardness and helplessness of the young man were so marked as to attract general attention.

At this point a waiting passenger a fat and amiable looking man, crossed the room and said to the distressed baby-tender :—

"A young woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her luggage, didn't she?

Yes.

You expect her back, I suppose?

Of course.

Ha, ha ! Excuse me, but I can't help laughing. A woman once played the same trick on me. You're caught, young man. She took you for a greenhorn.

Oh, she'll come back, answered the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

She will, eh ? Ha, ha, ha ! What makes you think so ?

Why, because she's my wife, and this is our first baby.

Oh—um—I see ! muttered the fat man, and he was in such haste to get back to the other side of the room that he nearly fell over a passing pug dog.

WAY FREIGHT HOTEL

PROPRIETOR OF THE POPULAR MONTREAL HOSTELRY TALKS ABOUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Used Them Some Years Ago for a Bad Case of Kidney Weakness. —Recommends Them Highly to All Those Who Are Worried by any Urinary Sediment.

Montreal, Aug, 26.—Dan W. Allan, proprietor of the Way Freight Hotel here, made a strong statement about the well-known remedy Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Allan's hotel is at 463 St. James street and enjoys considerable popularity with railroad men.

Some of the latter were discussing ailments peculiar to engineers, brakemen, firemen, conductors, and train crews generally. It was acknowledged that the greatest difficulty a railway man has to contend with is Kidney Trouble. The continual jarring of the train weakens the filters of the system and various forms of Kidney Trouble result

"Every man that works in an engine cab or on any part of a railroad train ought to use Dodd's Kidney Pills," said one man.

"Are Dodd's Kidney Pills what they're cracked up to be, though ?" put in a second.

"Yes, sir," returned the first emphatically, "Dodd's Kidney Pills are what they're cracked up to be, and I'll leave it to Mr. Allan."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Allan, "I firmly believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will do everything that is claimed for them. They are a genuine medicine. They cured me of Kidney Trouble, I know that. My urine was full of a kind of red brick dust for years. I knew it was my Kidneys, but could get nothing to stop it. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills did the work finally, and I've been all right ever since."

FORCE OF HABIT.

People Who Can't Sleep for the Quiet.

Country people, when visiting London, rarely sleep well for the noise. Most people know this, but has it ever occurred to you that Londoners frequently suffer in the same way while staying in the country owing to the excessive quiet?

They miss the dull roar of the streets by day, and by night the rattle of cabs, and the hundred-and-one noises familiar to those who live in the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis.

A Londoner, who had chambers in Piccadilly, was ordered to a small country place for rest and change of air. In a very short time he was the victim of the most terrible insomnia and fits of nerves into the bargain. The local doctor whom he consulted was a clever fellow. He recommended him to move from his apartments to a hotel, at the back of which was a yard frequented at night by carters watering their horses on the way to a neighboring market town.

He slept the first night to the music of heavy wheels lumbering over the cobbles, and the shouts of the men.

It is a strange fact, too, that those who have lived by the seashore for any length of time find it difficult to obtain their usual rest. They miss the music of the shore, which in time becomes part and parcel of their slumbers.

Such is the force of habit.

A LUCKY OPPORTUNITY.

"Bruce sold his dog."

"What did he get ?"

"The man offered him fifty cents for the collar and Bruce threw in the dog."

CEYLON TEA IS UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE BEST.

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

IS SELECTED FROM THE PUREST BLENDS. Lead Packages 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

NOTABLE CLIMB OF A BRIDE.

Ascent of Mount Sir Donald, in the Selkirks, by a Woman.

The Matterhorn of the Selkirks, Mount Sir Donald, has at last been ascended by a woman, says a letter from Glacier, B.C. Only about a dozen men have succeeded in getting to the highest point of this pyramid of stone with its needle point piercing the sky at an elevation of 10,700 feet, although many have come from all parts of the globe to attempt its ascent. There are higher mountains, but few on this continent so difficult of ascent, and yet a small woman, a bride, not more than 5 feet 2 inches high, and weighing only 96 pounds, has succeeded where strong and experienced mountaineers have failed.

Mr. and Mrs. Berens of Kent, England, are on a bridal tour round the world. Mrs. Berens learned the other evening that no woman had ever climbed to the top of Sir Donald. She had never done any mountain climbing except she had ascended Mount Stephen, but only to the fossil beds, which is an easy ascent. Neither had she suitable clothing.

She donned her husband's breeches cut as to come a little above the knees, but, womanlike, stuck to her pink shirt waist. This shining mark enabled the interested spectators to watch through the long telescope her progress over seracs, crevasses and the most difficult kind of rock work.

Accompanied by her husband and two experienced Swiss guides stationed at Glacier, B.C., the party left at 3.10 in the morning, and after spending a little more than an hour on the extreme summit, returned at 5.30 amid the cheers of the spectators.

Mrs. Berens was apparently none the worse for the trip and appeared at dinner at usual. She was so modest concerning her achievement that she was with great difficulty induced to speak of it. She thinks there are at least 3,000 peaks and as many glaciers visible from the top of Sir Donald. She had any number of narrow escapes. Once the snow cornice upon which she was walking gave way and precipitated her, luckily, upon a huge bank of snow many feet below.

She climbed perpendicular walls saturated with the waters from the melting snows and fell into a crevice at one time, from which the guides, to whom she was roped, rescued her.

At another time she slipped upon the ice and was held dangling over a precipice, and had the guides not held her would have fallen several thousand feet to the rocks below.

She says she had simply determined to go to the top, and she did ; but she does not advise any other bride to spend her honeymoon that way nor any other woman to make the trip.

HE WOULDN'T DO.

I would like, she said, walking up to the counter, to see the manager of this department.

The clerk, seeing that she was beautiful, smiled at her in his blandest way, felt that he ought to avail himself of any opportunity there might be to explain things to her, and sweetly replied.

I don't see him anywhere about just now. Won't I do ?

She looked him up and down a few times, permitted an expression that he didn't quite understand to overspread her features, and then replied :

No, I don't think you will. I'm his wife, and——

But the clerk had gone to hunt for him.

SMART BOY.

Huh ! exclaimed Mr. Rox, after reading his morning mail, "our boy's college education is making him too blamed smart.

What's the matter ? asked Mrs. Rox.

I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes : "Dear Father : I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. M. CAMPBELL.
Bay of Islands.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
WM. DANIELS.
Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEORGE TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

Potatoes were first cultivated on what is now the border of Peru and Chili in the Andes Mountains.

The object of this advertisement is to induce you to try Monsoon Ceylon Tea

Get a packet. It really merits a trial. Lead packets — All Grocers

NOW, ABOUT THIS SEASON'S OIL

For MOWERS, REAPERS, THRESHING MACHINES, Etc.,

"S" PEERLESS

is Favorite with Ontario Farmers—over 20 Years before the Public. See that you get it. Hardware, Drug and General Stores sell it. Holds 17 Gold Medals.

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO. LIMITED
SAMUEL ROGERS PRES. TORONTO.

USE MICA AXLE GREASE.

If I stand on my head the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it ? No one ventured to contradict him. Now, he continued triumphantly, when I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet ? Because, replied Hostetter McGinnis, your feet are not empty.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

On an average, one in four cases of typhoid in the British troops in South Africa has proved fatal.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

Of all money transactions in Great Britain, 97 per cent are transacted by cheque ; only 3 per cent by notes or gold.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Londoners drink 1,250 million pints of tea in a year. The teapot to hold this amount would comfortably contain St. Paul's, dome and all.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

England has 807,471 paupers, by the latest returns ; Scotland, 97,947 and Ireland, 97,587.

For Over Fifty 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."

250 million bricks are used in a month in the United Kingdom ; that is, each inhabitant uses ninety in a year. Each American averages 150.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

The revolver-carbine of the Swiss Army, invented by Major Kercklin, fires 48 shots in 24 seconds, and will kill at 2,000 yards.

When you write to an advertiser tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest to do so, as Our Folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W P C 1091

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Limited.
Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man

ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES.
Asbestos Goods, Pipe Covering, Lubricating Oils, Greases, etc.
WM. SUTTON COMPOUND CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

FRENCH CLEANING.
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