

Getting Thin

A Prop
Talmage Makes a
Friendship Bet

A Basuto Wedding:

COSTUMES NOT JUST UP TO OUR STYLE,
BUT MADE TO WEAR—HOW THE CEREMONIAL PASSED OFF.

Mr. A. Hale, the war correspondent of the London, Eng., Daily News, took the opportunity, when the Eighth Division was skirmishing on the borders of B-sutoland, to cross the border and interview one of the chiefs. He had the good fortune to be present at the wedding of a pair of native mission converts. He sends to the Daily News an amusing account of the rights and ceremonies, dresses, etc.—

A Basuto Bride.

When I arrived at Jonathan's village that warrior was away with a band of his young men, so that I could not see him, though I saw his son at a wedding which was being held when I reached the scene. I was taken through rows of naked, grinning savages, of both sexes, to be introduced to the bride and bridegroom, whom I found to be a pair of mission converts. When I saw the bride I was struck by her beauty. She was dressed in a beautiful white satin dress, which fitted her as if it had been fitted at her out of a gun. It would not meet in front by about three inches, and the bodice was laced up by narrow bands of red silk, like a footballer's jersey. In her short, wavy hair she had pinned a wreath of artificial orange blossoms, which looked like a duster of snow. Her feet were encased in great gauzy lace well big enough to make a fly-net for a cow camel in summer. It was not fixed on to her dress, nor to her wreath, but was tied on two little kinky curls at each side of her head by bright green ribbons after the fashion of a prize filly of the draught order at a country fair. Her hands were encased in a pair of white kid gloves, and she was wearing a ring at each finger. She had a gentle little fist that would have scared John L. Sullivan in his prime. When I was introduced to the newly-shocked matron she put one of her gloved hands into mine with a smirking air of coyness that made me feel cold all over, for that hand in the kid glove remained me of the day I took my first lesson from Laurence Foley, Australia's champion boxer, and he had a right to teach me on (thank Heaven!) that occasion. In her right hand the bride carried a fan of splendid ostrich feathers, with which she brushed the flies off the groom. It was vast enough to have brushed away a toy terrier, to say nothing of flies, and looked a toy in that giant fist.

A Brand From the Burning.

The groom hung on to his bride's arm like a fly to a sugar-stick. He was a tall young man, dressed in a black frock coat, light trousers (broad up to show that he wore socks), shoes, white gloves and high-crowned hat. He carried his bride's white kid gloves, and a bunch of flowers in the other. He tried to look modest, but only succeeded in looking silly, hypocritical and awfully uncomfortable. At times he would look at his new spouse, and then the most unsightly expression would cross his foxy face; he would push out his great thick lips until they threw a shadow all round him; open his dazzling white teeth and let his great wood-red tongue protrude with the skin in the form of a heart; then he would look like a rent in a black velvet gown with a cardinal's red hat studded in the centre. He may have been full of saving grace—full up and running over, but it was not the brand of Christianity that I would care to invest my money in. When he caught my gaze riveted upon him, he tried to look like a brand plucked from the burning; he rolled his great velvet eyes skyward, swelled his nostrils, puffed out his chest, and when he called a mouth, until it looked like a crumpled doormat, folded his hands meekly over his breast, and comported himself generally like an advertisement for a mission society.

The Same Old Suit.

From him I glanced to "Papa," who had given him away and seemed mighty glad to get rid of him. "Papa" was dressed in pure black from head to heel—just the same old suit that he had worn when he struck this planet, only more of it. He was guiltless of anything and everything in the shape of dress except for a large ring of horn which he wore on top of his head. He didn't wear a parrot, or fans, or goggaws of any kind in his great muscular lists. One hand grasped an iron-shod mace, and the other lovingly fondled a battle-axe, and both weapons looked at home where they rested. He was not just the sort of a father-in-law I should hanker for if I had been out of matrimonial venture—but the woman in the other hand was a bit older than the wife of his old "civilized" son, with all his faults he looked a man. A chum of mine who knew the ways of these papas had advised me to purchase a horn of snuff before being presented to the bride and groom, and I had acted accordingly.

Catarrhozone Cures Asthma.

When the ceremony of introduction was over, and I had managed to turn my blushing face away, from "Mama" and the boy, who were very nicely clothed in horned, I offered the cuff box to the happy pair. The groom took a small pinch and smiled saucily as though committing some deadly sin. The bride, however, poured a little heap in the palm of her hand about as big as a hen's egg, regardless of her nice white kid gloves. This she proceeded to snuff up her capacious nostrils with savage delight until the tears streamed down her cheeks like rain drops on a coal heap. Then she took both her hands spread wide, hands out palm downwards like a mammoth duck treading water, and sneezed. I never heard a human sneeze like that before; it was like the effort of a horse after a two mile gallop through a dust storm. And each time she sneezed something connected with her wedding gear rippled or gave way, until I began to be afraid for her. But the wreck was not quite so awful as I had anticipated, and when she had done sneezing she laughed. All the crowd except the groom laughed, and the sound of their laughter was like the

Wonders.
As for the woman, she found the chief wonders of creation, not in the culminating vertebrate, but in the lower orders of life.
"The jellyfish, for instance!" exclaimed the woman. "How was it ever going to tell its beautify?"
Now the other thought they could understand her all the same none of them, as it transpired, had ever put up any preserves.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Strength and Endurance

Are factors of the greatest success.

No person can do full justice to himself without them.

In no season of the year are they more easily exhausted than in the spring.

We need not discuss the reason for this here. It's enough to say there is one, and that Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength and endurance, as thousands annually testify.

The Mahoning River, Ohio, is at flood.

EXTREME WEAKNESS Resulting From Poor Watery Blood.

Heart Palpitation, Dizziness and Weakness in the Legs Followed Until the Sufferer Felt That His Case was Almost Helpless.

(From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont.)

No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone-mason by trade, and has helped construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: "Last March," said he, "my health became so poor that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently, and if I stooped to pick up anything I would be overcome with dizziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down and put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of anaemia. He prescribed for me, and I took three bottles of medicine, but the results were not what I expected. She is a lady well known and highly esteemed, and her story of recovery has caused general satisfaction. She writes:

"I wish to make known to all what good I have obtained through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are a very valuable remedy. I have been a sufferer for over two years with Bright's Disease. I employed a doctor to treat me, but he did not get any better. I heard of the wonderful cures Dodd's Kidney Pills were working in the Island, and bought a box of them. After using the first box, I felt that I was getting better, so I bought more. Now I can truly say that I am a well woman. I think every suffering woman should know of the remedy that will cure her, and so I am giving my experience for publication."

Mrs. Brooks' statement is only one of many equally strong cases cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills in the neighborhood.

Another case somewhat similar occurred in Salem, Mass. A wealthy merchant, as a result of an accident, lost a large quantity of blood, and when the doctor arrived, he was lying in bed, white and apparently dead. The unfortunate man had only just married, and his wife prayed to the doctor to save his husband's life. The doctor felt sure that if he gave the man his own blood he would bring him back to life, and that probably he might never make it good again. He would not allow the wife to make the sacrifice, but she gave nearly a quart of blood instead. The merchant recovered, but the doctor who had given the blood, and the plucky wife, who look after him as if he were their own brother.

A country doctor died of typhus fever early in the year. He was called to attend a young woman who was infected with the disease, and he went into the room where the patient lay and carefully examined the body. At the time the doctor was in a low state of health, and he caught the dreadful fever and died within a fortnight.

A young French doctor some time ago inoculated himself with cholera germs and suffered many weeks of serious illness, yet he continued to experiment with various medicament discovery which was believed to cure all germ diseases. Unfortunately, the medicine refused to act, and the plucky doctor died of the fever he had given himself.

When Koch's fluid was first discovered half a dozen German students were the first persons to have it injected into them. No one knew what the fluid was, and it deadly poison as a case of syphilis, and the men allowed the drug to be injected into their systems are worthy of the highest praise. The dose given to them was far too powerful, and two of the number were nearly killed outright.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Just a Word.

If so send a letter or postal card to the above address, answering the following questions:

Where are you going?

Where are you going?

Where do you start from?

How many are in your party?

Will you take your household goods?

Special low rate settlers' tickets on sale during March and April to points in Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and all Western States. Full particulars from B. H. Bennett, General Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Just a Word.

We swallow pleasure at a gulp, sorrow by sip, which punctuates our folly.

Satan's court yard is always well kept, owing to paying material sent in such quantities by men.

The man your wife might have wedded, or the woman your lord might have mated, were paragons.

If it is not good for man to abide alone, how much worse it is for woman signs the spinner.

Until she is hated let no woman consider herself a woman of importance, socially.

A man in love is more interesting than a woman, because he is so certain no one suspects it.—Indianapolis Sun.

Pain Must Go.

Where Polson's Nerviline is used. Composed of the most powerful pain-subduing remedies known. Nerviline cannot fail to give prompt relief in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pain in the back and side, and the host of painful affections, internal or external, arising from inflammatory action. A bottle of Nerviline will give efficient proof of its superiority over every known remedy. Try Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents. Druggists sell it.

He Found It.

It was a Dutch royal marriage—that of William III. to the Duke of York's daughter—but the passengers on board the ship feel some discomfort inhaling sulphurous fumes, but never mind, there is no way to remove them.

Mr. Demon Bend 11:30 p.m. (Don't get frightened at the dying groans you may hear.)

Avv. Perdition Midnight (Tickets for sale by all barkepers.)

Made to Cure.

To cure what? Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, and Bronchitis. Its name is Catarrhozone. If you breathe it, it cures you. There's lots of satisfaction in using Catarrhozone, and after you've used it a little while you'll wonder how you ever lived without it. Two sizes, 25¢ and \$1.00. All druggists or by mail. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn.

Impossible Definitions.

A Local Legislature—A body of men which never wastes the silver of speech.

A City Council Chamber—A place where men assemble who have no axes to grind.

A Circulation Manager—A man who swears to the truth and nothing but the truth.

A Yellow Editor—One who never writes articles headed, Concerning Scroos and who never drinks anything stronger than water.

A Board of Trade—An organization the meetings of which are attended by thousands of people.

A Political Party—The joining together of those whom no man can put asunder.

A Potato—The germ of oratory.

A Police Investigation—No definition possible or impossible, as the matter is sub judice.—Vancouver Province.

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"My dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, "I saw in the papers to-day of a decision of a Virginia court that the wife may, in some cases, be the head of the family."

"John Henry," replied Mrs. Bickers,

"the courts are sometimes very slow about finding out things!"—Puck.

Catarrhozone Cures Asthma.

Man and the Microbe.

At this point in the fable the man marveled greatly in that he had not met the microbe long since.

"In what guise have you travelled, pray?" asked the man.

"Why, for the most part, in the guys who didn't boil their drinking water!" replied the microbe, candidly.

The Patient—Oh, doctor, look at our cemeteries."

Catarrhozone Cures Asthma.

Doctor—Well, I consider the medical profession are badly treated.

See how few monuments there are to famous doctors or surgeons.

The Patient—Oh, doctor, look at our cemeteries."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Almost Unversed.

Did you feel very nervous the first time you appeared in tights, Miss Shipton?"

"Yes, terribly. I remember it well. I almost forgot my lines for a minute or two. It was in the march of the Amazons, and just as I stepped before the audience I could tell by the way it felt that my helmet wasn't on straight!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

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