SOZODONT for the Teeth LIQUID POWDER each 25c

DREYFUS' OWN STORY.

Graphic Extracts From the Book He Published Yesterday—His Long Torture.

"Five Years of My Life, 1894 to 1899," the English translation of Captain Dreyfus' autobiographic history of the famous affair with which his name is forever linked, is published in England and America simultaneously with the appearance of the original in France. Captain Dreyfus describes from first to last the inner workings of the great events with which he was associated. The story of the degradation acquires a new and vivid interest when told by the sufferer himself. This took place on Saturday, January 5, 1895. Dreyfus was marched to the centre of the square under a guard of four men and a corporal. Let him now take up the thread of the narrative.

"Nine o'clock struck. General Darras, commanding the parade, gave the order to carry arms.

"I suffered agonizingly, but held myself erect with all my strength. To sustain me I called up the memory of my wife and children.

"As soon as the sentence had been read out, I cried aloud, addressing myself to the troops:

"'Soldiers, they are degrading an innocent man. Soldiers, they are dishonoring an innocent man. Vive la France, vive l'armee.'

"A sergeant of the Republican Guard came up to me. He tore off rapidly buttons, trousers stripes, the signs of my rank from cap and sleeves, and then broke my sword across his knee. I saw all these material emblems of honor fall at my feet. Then, my whole being racked by a fearful paroxysm, but with body erect and head high, I shouted again and again to the soldiers and to the assembled crowd the cry of my soul:

"'I am innocent!'

"The parade continued. I was compelled to make the whole round of the square. I heard the howls of a deluded mob. I felt the thrill which I knew must be running through those people, since they believed that before them was a convicted traitor to France; and I struggled to transmit to their hearts another thrill—belief in my innocence.

"The round of the square made, the torture would be over, I believed.

"But the agony of that long day was only beginning.

"They tied my hands, and a prison van took me to the Depot (Central Prison of Paris), passing over the Alma Bridge. On coming to the end of the bridge I saw through the tiny grating of my compartment in the van the windows of the home where such happy years of my life had been spent, where I was leaving all my happiness behind me. My grief bowed me down.

"At the Central Prison, in my torn and stripped uniform, I was dragged from hall to hall, searched, photographed and measured. At last, toward noon, I was taken to the Sante Prison and shut up in a convict's cell."

Wife's Farewell Kiss Refused.

Captain Dreyfus was first confined in the prison at the Ile de Re. Here he was allowed to write to and occasionally receive visits from his wife. On February 21st he saw that devoted woman for the last time until his restoration. That was the day set for his transportation to Devil's Island, one of the Isles du Salut (Isles of Health, a woful misnomer!)

"She asked that they tie her hands behind her back and let her approach and kiss me. The director gave a rough refusal. After the interview, which was from two to three o'clock, I was suddenly told that I must get ready for my departure, without either of us having been previously informed. The preparations consisted in making a bundle of my clothes."

As soon as he reached the Saint-Nazaire they placed him in one of several convicts' cells on the forward deck, which were closed by a simple grating. The part of the deck in front of these cells was uncovered. The night was dark and the cold fearful, nearly 14 degrees Centigrade below zero (about 7 degrees Fahrenheit). Only a hammock was thrown to him, and he was left without food.

At Ile du Diable.

On his arrival at the Ile du Diable the following measures were taken for his disposal, and were in force until 1896:

The hut destined for his use was built of stone, and covered about seventeen square yards. The windows were grated. The door was of lattice work, with simple iron bars. This door led to a little hallway six feet square, the entrance to which was closed by a solid wooden door. In this antechamber a guard was always on duty. These guards were relieved every two hours. They were not to lose sight of their prisoner day or night.

At night the outer door was closed, inside and out, so that every two hours, at guard relief, there was an infernal clatter of keys and iron work.

"By day I had the right to go about in that part of the island," writes Captain Dreyfus, "comprised between the landing place and the little valley where the lepers' camp had been, a treeless space of less than half an acre. I was absolutely forbidden to leave these limits. The moment I started out I was accompanied by the guard, who was not to lose sight of a single one of my movements. The guard was armed with a revolver; later on a rifle and cartridge belt were added. I was expressly forbidden to speak to anyone whomsoever.

"At the beginning my rations were those of a soldier in the colonies, but without wine. I had to do my own cooking, and, in fact, to do everything myself.'"

From the month of April, 1895, until the autumn of 1896 he kept a diary intended for Madame Dreyfus. This diary was seized with all his papers in 1896, and was never turned over to his wife. He was only able to obtain possession of it at the time of the Rennes trial, in 1899.

This book reproduces it in full. It is a pitiful and painful record of monotonous suffering.

Tortured by Terrific Heat.

Soon he complains of the terrific heat which takes away all strength and energy. On April 27th he records that the heat has forced him to change his manner of life.

"I rise at daybreak (half-past five) and light my fire and make tea or coffee. Then I put the dried vegetables on the fire, and afterward make my bed, clean up my chamber, and perform a summary toilet. At 8 o'clock they bring me the day's rations. I finish cooking the dried vegetables, and on meat days place these rations on the fire. Thus all my cooking is over by 10 o'clock, for I eat in the evening what is left over from the morning.

"At 10 o'clock I lunch. Next I read, work, dream, and, most of all, suffer, until 3 o'clock. Then I make a thorough toilet. As soon as the heat has diminished, toward 5 o'clock, I cut my wood, draw water from the well, wash my linen, and so on. At 6 o'clock I eat the cold remains of my luncheon. Then I am locked up. The night is my longest time.

He complains of fever, stomach trouble, disgust for everything. Worn out with fatigue and misery, he finds it difficult to sleep. "Oh! the horrible nights!" he cries. His food is almost uneatable. Yet his worst misery is that he receives no letters from home. At last, on May 2nd, the mail boat is sighted.

"My heart beats as though it would burst. Does the boat bring my wife's letters, which have been at Cayenne more than a month? Shall I read her dear thoughts and be comforted by her words of affection? My joy was boundless on finding there were letters for me at last, but this was soon followed by a cruel disappointment, when I saw they were letters addressed to the Ile de Re, and dated previous to my departure from France.

He found out subsequently that the letters had in fact been sent back to France to be read by the Colonial Ministry, as well as by the Ministry of War. Later his wife was told that she would have to leave at the Colonial Ministry, on the 25th of each month, the letters which she wished forwarded. She was forbidden to make in these letters any reference to the Dreyfus case or events relating to it, even such as were matters of public discussion. Her letters were read, studied, passed through many hands, and often suppressed entirely. Those that reached Devil's Island, could, of course, contain nothing of a private character. Finally, owing to this rigid censorship, she was obliged to refrain from even mentioning any of the efforts made to discover the truth, lest those who were interested in smothering the facts might turn the information thus acquired to their own uses.

The suspicious watchfulness of his guards now increases to a heart-breaking point. On July 12th he cries:

"The martyrdom they make me endure is too fearful. It is their duty to guard me, to prevent my going away—if so be that I have ever shown the intention, for the only thing I seek and wish is my honor—but I am followed everywhere; all I do is a matter of suspicion and rebuke. When I walk, they say I am tiring out the guard who must accompany me, and if I say that I will not leave my hut they threaten to punish me. But in the end the day of light will come."

Later Times.

He now writes out the narrative from the time when his diary terminates until light at last began to appear on the horizon. But it came at first in such fitful gleams that he hardly knew whether to rejoice or to sorrow anew. In December, 1898, he learned for the first time some of the events which had passed in France; of the accusation brought by his brother against Commandant Esterhazy, whom he did not know; of Esterhazy's acquittal; of Henry's forgery, followed by his confession and suicide. But the bearing of these incidents was still dark to him.

On January 5, 1899, he was examined by a commission of the Supreme Court sent to Devil's Island. Great was his astonishment at hearing for the first time of his pretended confession. When at last, in June, it was announced to him that the Supreme Court in Paris had quashed and annulled the sentence pronounced upon him by the court martial and remanded him to a court martial at Rennes, his joy was boundless, unutterable. He imagined that the day of justice was at last dawning for him.

"The Court's decision terminated everything, I thought, and I had not the slightest idea that there remained anything to do but go through some necessary legal formalities."

His first complete understanding of how he stood was given to him at Rennes by his counsel, Maitre Labori.

"I learned of the long series of misdeeds and disgraceful crimes constituting the indictment against my innocence. I was told of the heroism and the great efforts of noble men, the unflinching struggle undertaken by that handful of men of lofty character, opposing their own courage and honesty to the cabals of falsehood and iniquity. I had never doubted that justice would be done, therefore Maitre Labori's account of these events was a great blow to me. My illusions with regard to some of my former chiefs were gradually dissipated, and my soul was filled with anguish. I was seized with an overpowering pity and sorrow for that army of France which I loved."

A WALL STREET PREDICTION.

Keep Your Eyes Open for a Storm in the Financial World.

History is repeating itself. We had just such an experience twenty years ago, after our recovery from the Jay Cooke panic, which led to the close of the stock exchange for a period of over a week. At that time speculation was so wild that the price of stock exchange seats was advanced to abnormal figures, daily transactions surpassed the record, combinations of railroads and the laying out of new lines were constantly announced, scrip dividends and bonuses were declared, and there seemed to be no end to the prosperity of this great and growing country. Then came the assassination of Garfield and almost ten years of dull times, with stocks dropping again to a very low level. We shall pass through this experience again. Railroad wars, signs of which are visible in various sections, will certainly break out when business becomes depressed, and the railroads must struggle to get their share of the traffic in competition with each other. There will be seasons when our crops will partly fail and our export business will diminish, when money will become less plentiful and when labor will be dissatisfied and business be full of unrest.

But this is not all. Many of our great railroad lines have already largely added to their capital stock and bonded indebtedness, and have sold their new securities to the public. Others are preparing for new issues, and when the aggregate comes to be reckoned up at the close of this year, the amount of new investments thus offered to the public will foot up to amazing figures. The St. Louis & San Francisco, the Pennsylvania, the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific, and other great systems are all offering, or are about to offer, stocks and bonds for public sale, in such enormous quantities that it is safe to say that they will shortly be within the reach of the humblest citizen.—Jasper, in Leslie's Weekly

NIAGARA TO THE SEA.

No finer trip can be taken than the water route down the St. Lawrence, passing through the Bay of Quinte, Thousand Islands, and running the rapids of the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. The Hamilton-Montreal Line steamers leave Hamilton at 1 p. m. and Toronto at 7 p. m. Tuesdays and Thursdays. After June 5th, the boats will make three trips per week, the additional boat on Saturday. We offer very low rates on this line for both single and return tickets.

The Toronto-Montreal Line steamers leave Toronto at 3.30 p. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from June 1st to June 15th, inclusive, and from June 17th daily, except Sunday. Steamer Toronto and the new steamer Kingston will make the service on this line. They are the finest boats in fresh water. After leaving Toronto the first port is Rochester, Kingston, Thousand Islands, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Between Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadousac, and the Saguenay River, and it is the finest trip on the continent. The boats on this line cannot be surpassed. The Manor Richelieu Hotel at Murray Bay and the Tadousac Hotel at Tadousac are the finest summer resorts in Canada. Both of these hotels are owned and operated by this company. For further information as to tickets, folders, etc., apply to H. Foster, Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, No. 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

The Stupid Ass.

We hear of a man in Kansas who cleaned house—six rooms—in one day, in order to show his wife that he could do it. This was a very demoralizing thing to do. The man who fails ignominiously to build a coal fire, in order to convince his wife that it is no use to ask him to do such things, proceeds more closely in accordance with the real spirit of his sex.—New York Mail and Express.

Nerviline Gives Satisfaction.

Polson's Nerviline, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in sides or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Medicine dealers everywhere.

Horseradish Sauce.

If you wish to serve the sauce with fish make as follows: Mix a teaspoonful of mustard with a tablespoonful of vinegar and a little salt; stir carefully into this a quarter of a cup of cream and then mix in as much grated horseradish as required to make a thick sauce. This sauce may be made with oil instead of cream, mixing it with the vinegar and seasoning it for French dressing.

The Result.

"My wife and I tossed up last night to see whether she'd get a new spring bonnet or I'd get a new suit."

"Who won?"

"I did."

"What kind are you going to get?"

"Well, she hasn't decided yet whether to have it trimmed with flowers or feathers."—Harper's Bazar.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Her Chagrin.

Nebb—How did you enjoy the opera last night?

Bilkins—Very much, indeed, but my wife thought it abominable.

Nebb—You don't tell me!

Bilkins—Yes; you see, she wore her new hat and they wouldn't permit her to keep it on.—Ohio State Journal.

Not a Bostonian.

Hoyter—What an ass Welch is! He is forever talking about Goethe. I hate a man who is always putting on airs.

Smith—That's not it. He has just found out how to pronounce it and naturally he likes to do it.—Boston Transcript.

Bad for the Head.

Mrs. Blinks—Headache this morning, eh? Humph! What caused that?

Mr. Blinks—I—er—don't know exactly, but I remember I had a sort of rush of blood from holding my head down during that long prayer Sunday before last.—Exchange.

HEART FAILURE

But Not Fatal This Time, for Timely Treatment Saved.

For Six Years a Newfoundland Man Suffered from Heart Trouble—Unable to Work, and Suffering Great Pain, He is Discouraged—Dodd's Kidney Pills Make a New Man of Him.

Cape La Hune, Nfld., April 29.—(Special)—Many think that Heart Disease is incurable, but the fact that it is curable, is proven by a case that recently came to light in this place. Mr. Thos. Barter makes the following statement:

"For over six years I suffered intensely with palpitation of the heart, and had to give up work. I could not do anything at all, until I saw in an advertisement that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure Heart Disease. I sent for seven boxes, and I have used five of them, and am now completely cured. I can do my work again as well as ever I could.

"I am not much of a speaker, but I have tried to write my story as plainly as possible, and am doing so because I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of palpitation or other Heart Trouble, and I think everyone suffering in this way should be told of the remedy, that I found so successful in my case."

Mr. Barter's testimonial has been voluntarily given for publication. He can have no object in giving it, other than the hope of helping some other poor sufferer, as pointed out in his letter.

If anyone doubts the genuineness of Mr. Barter's testimonial, or the truth of any statement made therein, they are at liberty to write to him and find out for themselves.

Mr. Barter is only one of many in this neighborhood, who have been cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but his case is one of the most striking, and evidently proves that Heart Disease is the result of Kidney Derangements, and can be cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Deranged Kidneys increase the heart's work, and cause palpitation and other heart troubles. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys, and thus relieve the Heart.

Pekin Bells.

Pekin is rich in remarkable bells, the finest specimen being located in the Bell Tower on the western side of the Tartar City, and the Ta-Chung-Su, or Temple of the Great Bell, beyond the city wall. The latter contains the great bell of Pekin, cast by order of the Emperor Yong Lo in 1415, and hung in the present tower by the Emperor Waulch in 1578. This gigantic object measures 15 feet in height, is 9 inches thick, and has a circumference of 34 feet at the rim. Ir weighs 5½ tons, and is covered inside and out with inscriptions from the Buddhist outras in Chinese characters. How this huge piece of metal was raised to its present position is a mystery which has never been solved

A Beautiful Volume.

One of the most timely and interesting of recent publications is the book just put on sale by the World Publishing Co., of Guelph, entitled "Queen Victoria." It is a comprehensive story of the noble life and glorious reign of our late lamented Queen, including a condensed history of Great Britain. The work is written by John Coulter, the eminent London historian, and John A. Cooper, the editor of the Canadian Magazine; and they have spared no effort to make it complete and accurate. The book contains over 700 pages, and is beautifully and appropriately illustrated; the letter press is good, and the binding is in keeping with the general excellence of the volume. It is a work which should find a place in every patriotic Canadian's library.

Tying the Marriage Knot.

How few of those that talk of the "marriage knot" realize that the knot was ever anything more than a mere figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. There the priest took a thread of the garment of the bride and another from that of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union which now existed between herself and her husband.

Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.

To Whip the Editor.

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break.

"Oh, pa's gone upstairs to whip the editor!"

"Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the gentle Samaritan.

"Pieces of him have," said the boy, with a fresh burst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."—Exchange.

Catarrhozone Cures Bronchitis.

Stumped.

"That absent-minded looking man is a wonder. He can tell you the exact distance to all the planets, their relative positions in space and all about 'em."

"Yes," answered the scoffer. "If you want to stump him, ask him how far it is to the nearest grocer's or to the postoffice."

Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.

Inventor of Bottled Beer.

It is not, we fancy, generally known that bottled beer was accidentally discovered by Alexander Nowell, head master of Westminster school, circum 1543; he was also the author of the Catechism. A curious collection.—The Lancet.

Catarrhozone Cures Bronchitis.

They breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.—Richard III., ii.1.

The number of poor relieved last year in Great Britain was 792,367 persons.

UNITED STATES ENGLISH.

A New York Paper Pleads for Its Purity.

Slang should be discouraged, because it impoverishes the language, freeing its users from the necessity of choosing words acurately.—New York evening paper.

Van wholloped the first ball for two sacks to the centre field. Selbach foozled to Cross. Thomas lifted a high one which Selbach nailed, and Van froze to Slagle's low line lick. He also made a grand running catch of Delehanty's balloon. Dolan tossed Hickman's mushy grasser over to Delehanty. Strang stung Cross' flippers with a stiff liner. Flick beat out a hot grounder to Ganzel. Wolverton died. Bernard to Ganzel, on a weak wabbler and the latter got a life. Van slashed out a beauty to right. Selbach merely sloshed to Dolan. Van became Quakerish and fell asleep; he was promptly nailed by McFarland's quick heave to Delehanty. Cross swipe hit the left foul line. Donohue died. Warner chucked Thomas' bunt to Ganzel. Slagle hit mushy to Taylor and never got near first. Wolverton ferried Strang's grounder over to Delehanty. Flick flogged the Dummy for a triple to left centre. Bernard glued to McFarland's boost. Flick got over the pan on Wolverton's long fly to Van. Dolan lobstered. Ganzel lifted one which Flick clutched. Bernard lobstered. Bernard fuddled on Thomas' warm grasser. The Dummy side stepped McFarland's shin parer, and Delehanty and Flick ambled home. McFarland died. Taylor boosted one which Donohue nailed. Van popped up an easy one for Cross. Thomas nipped Selbach's rise. Dolan got a free ride.—Same paper.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARD'S LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribe my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your medicine.

LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Burin, Nfld.

The Queen's Jewels.

The remainder of Queen Victoria's splendid jewels, other than those belonging to the nation, was left among Her Majesty's three daughters; and Princess Beatrice has received a number of special bequests as well, including some very fine furniture which adorned the Duchess of Kent's rooms at Frogmore, and which had remained there just as they were during the life time of the Duchess and at the time of her death more than forty years ago. To the Duchess of Fife, Queen Victoria bequeathed a well-known portrait of the present King when a child; and Queen Alexandra has also recently presented her eldest daughter with a beautiful miniature of the late Queen, framed in jewels, as a birthday present.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

The Man With the Pull.

'Tis not the man of valorous mood,
All ardent for the fray,
Who is most certain to secure
Men's plaudits, day by day,
Some men may toil and shear the sheep
While others get the wool,
The worker oft must yield unto
The man who has a pull.

And yet the one who glory holds
Beyond his rightful share
Must feel he sits beneath a sword
Suspended by a hair.
And he who leads a placid life
Of honest effort full
Need feel, perhaps, no envy of
The man who has a pull.

Special From Kingston, Ont.

Kingston, Ont., May 13, 1901.

Please announce to the readers of this paper that we have just placed in the hands of the drug trade a 25c. size of that now famous remedy Catarrhozone. This will be welcome news to a great many, as it will save them the trouble of sending to Kingston for it. If your druggist hasn't it he can get it from N. C. Polson, Kingston, Ont.

Patience Does the Trick.

When you know you are on the right track do not let any failures dim your vision or discourage you, for you cannot tell how close you may be to victory. Have patience, and stick, stick, in spite of every hindrance. A Chinese student became so discouraged by repeated failures that he threw his book away in despair. While in this despondent mood, he saw a poor woman rubbing an iron rod on a stone to make a needle. Struck by the wonderful patience of the woman, he went back to his studies with new determination and became one of the greatest scholars in China.

Catarrhozone Cures Bronchitis.

Vain Regrets.

"Hardly more than a year ago," says the Minneapolis, Kan., Messenger, "this paper contained whole columns of biography, poetry and condolences dealing with the death of a minister's wife in this county. The preacher was married again the other day, whereupon we regret all that poetry."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

Would Fill the Bill.

"That meter doesn't seem to be as large as the old one," commented the property owner. "Do you think it'll do?"

"Don't worry, boss," replied the gas office employee, reassuringly; "it'll fill the bill."—Philadelphia Record.

Catarrhozone Cures Bronchitis.

ISSUE NO 20 1901.

Don't Cough

Stop it with SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil.

A little coughing is nothing—the tickling, that makes you cough once, is some dust; not the least harm. You scratch an itch, and forget it. This cough is scratching an itch.

But the cough, that hangs on and comes back, is a sign of an itch that hangs on and comes back. There is something that makes that itch.

Inflamation: a germ; it's alive; like a seed in moist warm ground; it will grow if you let it, even in children.

Take SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil, and the germ will die.

If you have not tried it, send for a free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

How Sanitation Lengthens Life.

The good effects of improved sanitation in modern days and the general increase of knowledge in regard to the laws of health are shown nowhere so conclusively as in the extension of the average duration of human life. Sixty years ago the expectancy of life of a male child averaged less than 40 years and that of a female child 42 years. At the present time the average for males is nearly 46 years and for females 48. This means that nearly three years have been added to the working lifetime of men and two years and a half to that of women. There is encouragement in this for all who are engaged in teaching and preaching the gospel of good health. Ignorance, prejudice and indifference are slowly giving way to enlightened and common-sense methods of caring for the body. It is not unreasonable to expect that by the end of the present century the average duration of human life may be raised to at least fifty years.—Leslie's Weekly.

Catarrhozone Cures Bronchitis.

A true enemy will tell you of your virtues, and others of your faults.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TO

The Pan-American Exposition

Buffalo, May 1st to Nov. 1st, 1901.

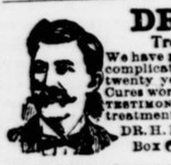
The Grand Trunk is the Direct and Popular Route from all points to Buffalo.

Elegant and Superior Service.

Parlor, Pullman and Dining Cars on through trains.

For all information as to rates, train service, tourist literature, apply to agents, Grand Trunk Railway System.

M. C. DICKSON, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.



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Treated Free.
We have made dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Cures worst cases. Book of TESTIMONIALS and 10 days treatment FREE.
DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, BOX O ATLANTA, GA.

CLOTHES WASHER
Sent on Trial
at wholesale price. If not satisfactory money refunded. Guaranteed to run easier and do better work than any other machine on the market. A good machine for agents to handle. Big money made. Thousands in use. For terms and prices address
STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Hamilton, Ont.

ARE YOU IDLE, OR BUSY, AND WANT to better yourself? Write, in your own hand, to Marsual & Co., tea importers, London, Ont. Outfit furnished.

FOR SALE—THE WORST OF CORNS and warts cured without fail by Bauld's Perfect Corn Salve. Mailed free for 25 cents. Address E. H. Bauld, 878 Yonge st., Toronto.

FOR SALE—A VALUABLE BUSINESS property—with private dwelling attached and stable; opposite the railway station in a town in Manitoba; or will EXCHANGE for a good house (near Hamilton preferred) and a few hundred dollars cash. Box 291, Orillia, Ontario, Canada.

SPECULATORS MECHANICS, CLERKS & laborers and others desiring information about Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario and Michigan; pamphlets and personal letters containing full information will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents to defray expenses. Moore & Miller, P.O. Box 336, Sault Ste Marie, Ont.

HOME WORK—$6 TO $15 WEEKLY; NO canvassing; we have several lines to give out; some to copy letters; an hour or two evenings will add $5 to $6 to your weekly income; enclose stamp; work sent any distance. Address Eagle Mfg. Co. 408 Spitzer Building, Toledo, O.

THE WAGGONER EXTENSION LADDER—lightest, strongest and handiest made; the celebrated "Lindenwood" extension step ladder; best out for fruit picking, painting, plumbing and general use; every farmer needs one; also painters' trestles, paste boards, etc. Illustrated catalogue free. Address the Waggoner Ladder Co., Limited, London, Ont.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two railways, 130 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. Will be sold in one parcel or divided into lots of 15 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Address Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 402, Winona, Ontario.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty five cents a bottle

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO