FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the

Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c
25c
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, MONTREAL.

An Anti-Microbe Crusade.

By Katherine Louise Smith.

It was appendicitis season. We were simple folks and not fashionable and so did not fall into the hands of the surgeon, but Maria said this was due to her extreme caution in selecting food for our table.

"Appendicitis," said Maria, with a sort of deferential look, "has been here all the time, only, like bacili and microbes, we did not know it. Now we do, or are liable to have it."

It was the time of fruits, God's own gift to nature, but we ate no grapes, strawberries or currants for fear of their being dead shots for appendicitis. It was this time of fruit that I called Maria's attention to the fact that people who ate these things seemed to be as well as those who did not.

"Maria," I said, with a rebellious air, "don't you know the doctors are on the lookout for a vermiform appendix irrespective of what anyone has eaten or proposes to eat?"

To which Maria replied that "it was well to be on the safe side," meaning, of course, the opposite to appendicitis side, and cut all fruit from our table. I am particularly fond of tomatoes and we had been eating them freely, when Maria came across an article in the Lancet or some other medical journal saying they produced cancer. Instantly we tabooed tomatoes. Of course, we had known all along that cucumbers and watermelons gave one cholera morbus, so these were entered on the death list early in our housekeeping venture. All this rather limited our diet, but my wife was ingenious and concoted a great many dishes that we felt sure were all right, and we always boiled the drinking water. We had pork and beans occasionally, like my New England ancestors, and once in a while Maria allowed a pie to decorate our table. However, one day I ran across an article stating half the woes of the world were due to indigestion, and New England stomachs, caused by New England pork and beans, had caused more crime in the world than we were aware of.

"Maria," I remarked, as we partook of our dinner, "we must instantly stop pork and beans. Think of the New England stomach as a factor in crime," and I called her attention to the fact that Leinbroso had entirely overlooked this in writing his "Female Offender."

"Still," said my wife, who was always hopeful, "we have our bread, some bread—and I am sure we boil all the water we use."

We rested calmly on the assumption that all was well and we were devouring no microbean morsels when, to Maria's horror, she one day discovered that white bread had a tendency to produce diabetes and that beef and tapeworm went together. The utter despair that followed these discoveries produced a complete reaction, and we decided to eat everything, microbes and all. Still, we boiled the water and shunned as deadly any that had not gone through the distilled-anti-bacilli process. In fact, Maria had ascribed my immunity from typhoid fever, diphtheria and pneumonia, let alone premature baldness and other misfortunes, to this saving process, and we had often smiled as we realized that we had got the better of defunct frogs and microbes with long names and short legs, knowing they could not harm a family whose aqueous beverage had been boiled, distilled, filtered and kept hermetically sealed until used.

Maria talked much of this. I heard her tell her friends in bursts of sudden confidence just how many twists she gave to the top of the jar to be sure it was sealed. I heard her dilate on how well I had been in consequence, and I listened while she told how she stood the jar on its head to see if anything ran out. Maria got me and the bottle and the hermetically sealed and standing on the head process so mixed in her auditor's mind that I determined to have my revenge.

I was passing a news stand one day and purchased a scientific magazine. The first thing that met my gaze was an article upon the ill repute in which boiled water should be held. When I saw that Dr. Koppe, a learned and respected member of medical societies without number, was the writer and that the excerpt was from the Deutscie Medicinashe Wochschrift I knew it was all right. The length and unintelligibility of the name gave me utter confidence. I waited until we were at the dinner table and the maid had just filled our glasses with our boiled-distilled-hermetically-sealed-until-used water, when I opened my attack.

"Maria," I said, with felgned solicitude, "you are not looking well; what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," replied my wife, smilingly. "I have had, in fact, a delightful afternoon. We went to the park, walked around, drank some of that pure spring water and came home."

"My dear girl!" I cried, holding up my hands in affected horror. "It is wonderful that you are alive. Do you know so little that you drink spring water? It is too pure. It does not contain salts and hence the microbes in it cannot live."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Maria, with a sort of don't-trifle-with-me air, "Thaddeus, you are crazy. You know we boil all our table water just to get rid of these microbes, and after it is boiled we put—"

"Maria!" I cried, as I gave my glass a push away from my plate, "spare me the details. I know it all and we have been all wrong. Here I am coming down with catarrh of the stomach all on account of that distilled water."

"I don't see what you mean," averred Maria, a little crossly. "I try so hard to keep you well. I boil the water and filter it, and then it is put—"

"My dear wife," I announced solemnly, "this is no time for trifling. Ring the bell and order water fresh from the faucet put on the table. We are drinking in distilled water a protoplasmic poison. I don't exactly know what that means, but the words are so indigestible that I am sure it is right. Isolated living organic elements, cells and all unicellular organisms,' I went on rapidly, bracing my feet against the table to give momentum, "are rapidly destroyed in distilled water. They are therefore dead in the water, and in this way we lose the salts and soluble cell constitution."

I managed to get this last off glibly and with a nonchalant air, for I was quite proud of the long words and hoped Maria would think it original. I paused to get breath, and while I did so saw Maria pour the contents of her glass back into the pitcher.

"Thaddeus,' said Maria at length, bracing up against the loss of one of her pet theories, "do I understand we will be too fresh if we drink distilled water? That while we render harmless the sort of frog broth we are inviting all sorts of polysyllabic perils?"

"I do," I said, "and I am going to write to the German servant and thank him."

"Well,' sighed Martha, "it is distracting to keep up with the different theories. We won't boil our water any more, but certainly you will keep on drinking a great deal every day. You know the doctors say there is no doubt that none of us drinks enough water. We ought to drink three or four quarts a day, it is so cleansing and beneficial generally."

"Oh, certainly,' I replied with a chuckle, "I am willing to keep on making an impromptu tank of myself, but, mark my words, Maria, in a few months reaction will set in here also, and we shall read of water on the brain or aqueous humor of the heart caused by too much water drinking."

And this last looked so probable Maria did not answer.

FROM THE TRAINS.

Passengers Get Glimpses of the Pan-American Exposition.

People travelling from the east and west will come within the zone of the direct influence and spirit of the Pan-American Exposition miles away from the great and glorious spectacle itself. Surrounding the setting of the exposition there are numerous features that will rival the attractions of the great show for public attention, and especially is this true of Niagara Falls. There is no greater or more wonderful eye-feast in the world than the Falls of Niagara, the beautiful gorge, and the dashing, tumultuous waters of the Whirlpool Rapids. If they are alert, long before their train stops at Niagara Falls, passengers over the Grand Trunk Railway will come in sight of the mighty observation tower from which searchlight signals will be flashed to the Electric Tower of the Exposition. In fancy one can picture the beam of the powerful projector extending way off toward Hamilton, Ont., to give glad welcome and greeting to the incoming trains laden with humanity anxious to see the falls and the Exposition. Speeding across the wonderful gorge, the train will carry its passengers in full view of the Falls of Niagara and the Whirlpool Rapids, while the remarkable gorge will stretch out on either side of the greatest railway steel arch bridge in the world. This bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Niagara Falls is one of the wonders of the locality, and resting, as it does, one end in the domain of King Edward, the other in the United States, it forms a portion of the industrial bond in the Anglo-Saxon union that forces a realization that no matter on which side of the Niagara we reside, we are all Americans—Pan-Americans.

Alleged Jokes.

"You believe, then, after all, that Shakespeare wrote the plays himself?"

She—But to make sure, the first time I come across him in heaven I'll ask him.

"But s'pose he isn't there?"

"Then you can ask him."

Miss Breezy—How did you get your father to let you take painting lessons? I couldn't get mine interested at all.

Miss Porkpacque—Neither could I when I talked of paints, but when I called them "pigments" he cocked up his ears.

"Why did you break off the engagement?"

"I don't know. I saw a pained expression came across his face one night when she asked him if Joan of Arc was Noah's wife; but, of course, a trivial thing like that wouldn't cause it."—Indianapolis Sun.

Husband—Don't you think it was very extravagant of you to buy all those things?

Wife—But I didn't buy them; I had them charged.

Hoax—The doctor told me I had a high fever.

Joax—How high?

Hoax—His bill makes it out to have been a $15 one.

Husband—What do you do when you hit your thumb with a hammer? You can't swear.

Wife—No; but I can think, with all my might and main, what a perfectly horrid, mean, inconsiderate, selfish brute you are not to drive the nails yourself.

Miss Goodleigh—Sister Gabbeigh, you don't know how much you are missing by not attending church regularly.

Miss Gabbeigh—I don't miss so much as you think. I have subscribed for two fashion magazines.—Baltimore Sun.

Church—You say Styles is up-to-date.

Gotham—Well, I should rather say he is. Do you remember that Prince Albert coat he's worn for so many seasons?

"Distinctly!"

"Well, he calls it a King Edward, now."

FIGHT WITH BENGAL TIGER

Arthur Spencer, who is in charge of the large menagerie which each year spends the winter months in Geneva, O., is one of the best known animal trappers and trainers in America at the present time. While he is yet a young man, his life has been full of experiences, any one of which would entitle him to notice. He has traveled in all portions of the globe, routed almost every animal of the earth from his native lair and had enough hair-breadth escapes to cause him to either shudder at the sight of a wild beast or fear nothing. The latter is nearer the case, for he is known to the profession as one of the most daring of present day trainers.

After the hour of training recently, when complimented for his remarkable work with animals and the ease with which he subdued the most hostile of man's enemies, he leaned back in his chair at the winter quarters and smiled at the thought of his thus exhibiting bravery. He then related an adventure which he considers one of the most thrilling of his life, and which a beautiful fur rug in his mother's home in Australia proves its truth—but truth always too remarkable for the human mind to comprehend.

It happened several years ago, when Mr. Spencer was in India. It was before the advent of railroads in that part of the country near Allahabad, which was an almost impenetrable jungle and abounding in all kinds of large game. It was in the day when whole villages in the vicinity would be sick at heart over the report that a Bengal tiger, the terror of the Indian jungles, had been seen. At the receipt of such intelligence crops would be abandoned, other outdoor work left incomplete, and, in fact, everything neglected until the animal was killed. This condition of affairs made a tiger hunt not only a sport but a public necessity. The natives, however, were armed with the most primitive weapons and in time of trouble usually waited the appearance of a hunting party to which they would join themselves as escort and assistants.

Just after a big tiger had carried off a couple of children and a woman from one of the little villages near Allahabad, Mr. Spencer arrived at the place with a party of hunters who were looking for leopards. Many of the natives joined the party and little time was lost in organizing for the exciting chase. A live calf was tied to a post just outside the village, with the hope that its bleating might attract the animal, but this was in vain, for a beast that has once tasted human flesh will not again touch anything else. As they were lying in wait for the result of the first experiment a wild cry went through the village, and it was learned that owing to the promised protection of the hunting party a farmer had ventured into his rice fields, which needed his attention, and before the very eyes of his wife and children had been pounced upon by a big tiger and carried off into the jungle. Everything was at once thrown into confusion. A dozen well-known hunters, who had spent years in the jungle, were apparently baffled by one tiger, and the experience was one which they did not enjoy.

At daybreak the next morning the party started. They worked according to a plan made the night before, that the hunters should separate and beat the entire country about the village. Spencer, anxious for an adventure, chose as his beat an old water course, knowing that the Bengal tiger, while resting, is usually to be found at the edge of a forest and near a stream. He had followed the stream for as much as a mile without any intimation of danger when he suddenly heard a rustle in a clump of bamboos, and before he could raise his rifle a big animal shot through the air and struck him heavily on the shoulders. He was rendered senseless by the shock, and when he recovered his mind he found that he was lying beneath the body of a mammoth tiger. At the slightest move of its victim the tiger growled, and Spencer realized that to play the best game he must lie apparently unconscious.

At a distant sound the beast quickly grabbed him by the side of his waistcoat, and, carrying him as easily as a cat would a kitten, broke through the weeds and tall rushes at a rate which dispelled all hope of assistance from his comrades. After going half a mile the animal stopped, listened, dropped his victim and then lay down beside him, much as a cat does with a mouse. Spencer had two revolvers and a knife strapped to his waist belt, but he dared not move enough to release them.

While he lay there, expecting that each moment might be his last, it came to his mind that in his side pocket he had a good-sized package of cayenne pepper, which is always carried by experienced jungle beaters. With a coolness born of desperation he slowly passed his hand into his pocket and reached the coveted powder. As he released the package the tiger opened its jaws and growled, and with its eyes glaring furiously was about to grasp its victim again when he threw a handful of red pepper full in its eyes and mouth. The beast was immediately frenzied with pain and rolled over, clawing furiously, but allowing Spencer to creep away on account of blindness. Then, keeping well out of the animal's reach, he sent two well-aimed revolver shots into his enemy, which gave a few spasmodic struggles and died.

The Proper Spirit.

First Doctor—I don't think it absolutely necessary to operate.

Second Doctor—But I told them that it was.

"Oh, well, then, as a matter of professional courtesy, I, of course, shall stand by what you said."—Life.

Crawford—He is trying to get up a health food that is palatable.

Crabshaw—That's ridiculous. The medical profession would never agree that anything palatable was wholesome.—Judge.

MR. GAGNON BETTER.

Prominent Quebec Gentleman is Cured of Kidney Disease.

Followed the Advice of an Advertisement, and Secured Results so Satisfactory that He has given His Own Testimonial for Publication.

Point Au Pic, Que., May 18.—(Special.)—Henry Gagnon is better.

This announcement will be hailed with pleasure by his many friends, who knew of his long illness.

For years, Mr. Gagnon has suffered with Kidney Complaint. What he has endured is beyond description. Everything he tried failed to cure him.

He had read many advertisements of how people were cured of Kidney Complaint by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and at last determined to make one more try. Happily for Mr. Gagnon, he had at last found the sovereign remedy for all Kidney Complaints. Now he is well. He says:

"I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and although at first I had little faith, I am happy to say that now I am completely cured of Kidney Complaint. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand medicine, and I shall always recommend them to those who may be suffering as I was."

There have been many Kidney medicines offered for sale in this Province from time to time. Some have failed to even relieve, a few others have given temporary relief, but only one has cured permanently and completely every case of Kidney Trouble, and that one is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There seems to be no case of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Trouble that this wonderful medicine will not immediately relieve and permanently cure, and Mr. Gagnon's wonderful restoration amply proves the truth of this statement.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy known to science that has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy.

GOOD FAT BERTHS

Have the Pastors of Some New York Churches.

New York pulpits, says a despatch, are regarded generally as the prizes in the clerical profession, as has been so plainly shown of late by changes at some of the local churches. To be minister in one of the city's big churches is a lucrative and desirable position. The salaries are large and the perquisites often amount to as much again as the salaries. It is said the late Dr. John Hall had an income of between $55,000 and $60,000 a year, of which his salary amounted to only $25,000, the balance being made up from marriage fees and other incidentals. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity, receives a salary of $25,000 and his perquisites amount to quite as much more as did Dr. Hall's. Dr. Dix has also about twenty assistant curates, none of whom gets less than $2,500 yearly. Not less than the income of either Dr. Hall or Dr. Dix, is the income of Dr. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, for besides a large salary, he officiates at more fashionable weddings than any other minister in New York. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, probably comes third on the list of high-priced ministers. Dr. McArthur, of Calvary Church, is the best-paid Baptist minister in the city, although his salary is not equal to that paid some of the Episcopal rectors. His fees are large, however. The custom of giving big marriage fees is increasing every year, the bigger the fee the more complimentary it is supposed to be to the bride. The rectors also get rich cheques for the christening of the little ones. So when it is remembered that handsome residences are thrown in with the large churches in addition to the large salaries, it will be seen that a call to a rich city church is not to be despised. It is a pleasant berth, and the incumbent is reasonably sure of it for the length of his natural life.

Buried Town Uncovered.

Archaeological researches near Caserta have resulted in the discovery of a buried town of the early period of the Roman Republic, which closely resembles Pompeii, says a Rome despatch to the London Daily Mail. The town, which must have been a favorite resort of wealthy Romans, is in an excellent state of preservation.

Investigations have been commenced in a public building of magnificent artistic design. It is nearly fifty yards long and enriched with numerous paintings and Greek statues. The present indications point to the discovery of a veritable archaeological mine of immense wealth.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Latest Ribbon Novelty.

Have you seen the very latest ribbon? It is known as the telegraph ribbon, and is a passing phantasy of spring. But nevertheless, for the present it is having much vogue. It comes in all colors, and has the black dots and dashes of the song of the wires. In gold it is decidedly effective, and it is being much used as a trimming on light afternoon and house frocks. Perhaps it might be just as well to get someone who understands to read the mystic legend it bears. If those who stand at the loom were of a waggish turn, there might be marvelous messages hidden behind these simple looking decorations.

L'Enfant Terrible.

A well-known singer was engaged to give a number of selections at a musicale lately. After the affair was over and the guests were chattering in their usual fashion, the hostess and her little girl, a child of about five or six years of age, came up to him.

"Oh, Mr.——," the hostess remarked, "you must be tired."

"Yes, you must be," agreed the little child; "we are."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Beware of the scandal monger and shut your ears to what ought not to be repeated.

SOZODONT for the **Teeth and Mouth 25c**

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Britain Not Ruined by the Sale of a Few Ships.

[Montreal Gazette.]

Mr. Morgan's purchase of the stock of the Leyland line of steamships has given the hysterical English press a new fit. The papers are seeing visions of Britain's carrying trade passing under a foreign flag and wild and many are the "yawps" that are being uttered. The situation somewhat recalls that after Colenso, when the same class of journalists were shrieking that the Empire was in danger of collapse because half a battalion of soldiers and eleven guns had been lost. The same shallow minded tribe is responsible for most of the talk that is being heard of Great Britain's commercial power being nearly broken. Great Britain will have to fight harder in the future for her trade than she has in the past. She never had so many or so keen competitors, and some of her rivals are only beginning to feel their way in outside markets. The fact is not one to cause lamenting. It should be an inspiration to greater exertion; and unless the breed has changed mightily and in a very sudden way, it will be. The men who stood in their places facing the death that raged around them all the day of Waterloo were the fathers of those who after Colenso and Magersfontein bowed themselves to the work that wiped out a dozen Colensos at Paardeberg and Kimberley and Mafeking, and added the area of a couple of European empires to the British possessions. The men who sold the title to a number of British steamships did not sell with it the British power to build more steamships and make more profit out of their management or sale. The country that gave the world the steam engine, the railway and the locomotive, the power loom, the submarine cable, the steam printing press, and the Oceanic and the Celtic as types of the greatest commercial fleet in the world, is not to be knocked out, even by the energy her own children have developed in other lands. The excitable English press is not a type of the English people.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitchfork with MINARD'S LINIMENT. Edward Linlief.
St. Peter's, C. B.

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Christopher Saunders.
Dalhousie.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Thomas W. Payne.
Bathurst, N. B.

A Census Discovery.

The census takers are said to have made a remarkable discovery in Epping Forest, where an old man, living under a bush for nearly 40 years, was for the first time reckoned among the population of England. A layer of leaves a foot deep formed the bed on which this wild man of the woods reposed. A few sticks set upright formed the walls of his habitation, and the leaves of the holly bush served for the walls of a cave. He had been ten years before the mast in the Royal Navy, and afterwards 14 years in the merchant marine. Then he sought out his relatives in the vicinity of Epping Forest, who received him kindly, but, being unwilling to trouble them as a boarder, he decided to find his own quarters. The forest afforded the most suitable refuge, and therefore he has camped out under a bush for the last thirty odd years. He has a small income from his Government pension, which provides the necessaries of life. For water he relies on the pools in the forest, which he declares to be far superior to the water supplied in towns. He has a vivid recollection of events 40 years ago, but of modern happenings he knows nothing.—English Exchange.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Rainbow Hosiery.

The woman who imagines that all-black stockings are the only kind sold in large quantities should pay a visit to the hosiery department of the big shops. The counters look very much as if a rainbow were running riot, and nature's spring-like hues are not more gay than the vivacious tints of the new season's stockings into which the up-to-date girl thrusts her pretty little feet.

There are grays, tans and biscuit colors in great variety, many embroidered with tiny figures of contrasting colors. Undeniably pretty are grays and tans in the Rembrandt rib, with tiny rosebuds in pink, with the foliage in green. These little flowers extend to the boot top only, the tops being plain.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

This for Freckles.

An excellent preparation for preventing and removing freckles and tan, and which will whiten and refine the skin, is prepared thus:

Pure honey	4 ounces
Glycerine	1 ounce
Rectified spirits	1 ounce
Pure citric acid	3 drachms
Essence of Ambergris	6 drops

Mix the first two by gentle heat. Dissolve the acid in the spirits and add the essence. When the first mixture is cold, put the two together and agitate till mingled. This is also excellent to render the hands soft and white.—Stella Stuart, in May Ledger Monthly.

Tears, Bottled Tears.

A physician who has recently returned from Persia says that the natives still believe that human tears are a remedy for certain chronic diseases. At every funeral the bottling of mourners' tears is one of the chief features of the ceremony. Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop his face and eyes, and after the burial these sponges are presented to the priest, who squeezes the tears into bottles, which he keeps.—Family Doctor.

ISSUE NO 21 1901.

Body-builder.

Food. In health, you want nothing but food; and your baby wants nothing but food. But, when not quite well, you want to get back to where food is enough.

The most delicate food, that is known to man, is SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil.

When usual food is a burden, it feeds you enough to restore your stomach; baby the same.

The body-builder is food; the body-restorer is

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

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

THE QUEEN LAUGHED,

But She Didn't Take in Landseer's Yarn.

The late Queen enjoyed a good story, and Landseer, the artist, often amused Her Majesty. The great painter once told the following to Her Majesty and the Prince Consort:

Urged by the doubts of a companion to put a favorite dog to a severe test, Landseer bet him a £5 note (which he thereupon buried under a sod in Windsor Park in presence of the dog) that when they had walked to Virginia Water he would simply tell the dog to fetch it, and the dog would do so. Having nearly arrived at Virginia Water, Landseer told his dog to "fetch it." The animal bounded away on his mission, and in a short time returned, but apparently without accomplishing the feat for which Landseer had backed it. The doubting friend was delighted until Landseer opened the dog's mouth, and out dropped five sovereigns. The dog had not only found the note, but had run into Windsor and changed it at the bank.

The Queen laughed heartily, the Prince was silent.

When Landseer was going to bed the Prince's equerry arrived with a message, "His Royal Highness's compliments, and he hopes Mr. Landseer does not think that the Queen believes that story about the dog and the £5 note."

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

An Interesting Wedding.

A curious marriage was recently celebrated at Grocholetz, in Poland, where a peasant at the age of 88 led to the altar a maiden of 18 summers. Among the 290 guests invited to the wedding were eleven sons of the bridegroom by former marriages, the eldest being 69 years old and the youngest 41. There were also sixty-three grandchildren, thirty-nine great-grandchildren, twenty-one children of the fourth generation and four of the fifth.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

A Trifle Tardy, but Discerning.

"What is tact, pa?"

"Tact, son, is ability to know you've done the wrong thing without waiting for somebody to tell you you've done it."—Chicago Record.

Tact comes as much from goodness of heart as from fineness of taste.—Endymion.

DROPSY
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.

ARE YOU IDLE BUT WILLING TO do pleasant and profitable work? Write at once to G. Marshall & Co., Tea Importers, London, Ont. Outfit furnished.

A BOON TO OVERWORKED WOMEN Nothing so completely saves labor and clothes on wash day as X Ray Washing Compound. Perfectly harmless. Unequalled for lace curtains and fine garments, as absolutely no rubbing is required. We furnish the recipe for making at trifling cost at home, also the recipe for making a carpet cleaner that cleans carpet without lifting, restoring the original color and appearance. Also the recipe for making a wall paper cleaner that cleans wall paper perfectly. We send full directions how to make and use by mail on receipt of 10c each, or the three for 25c.
Monarch Supply Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

ARE YOU IDLE, OR BUSY, AND WANT to better yourself? Write, in your own hand, to Marshall & 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.

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 409, 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 Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO