ART REPAIRS ON THE HUMAN FACE.

Black Eyes and Bruises Remedied.

The Man With the Black Eye pushed the button in front of the door next to the pawnshop, passed through the door which so mysteriously flew open before him, and went upstairs into a bare little front room.

It was not an artist's studio, judged from appearances. In fact, it resembled a room in a cheap boarding house more than anything else. It gave but little promise. A few British flags ostentatiously adorned the walls, and between the two windows was set a bureau such as forms part of the output of the average East Side instalment furnishing house. Above this hung a large palette set with a number of colors.

A moment later there bustled into the room a short, stocky, gray-haired man, who looked as though he were fully experienced in the woes and griefs of humanity, but not therefore moved to any degree of sympathy. He noted the black eye in a moment, and, without waiting for any explanation, drew the victim of the cable car accident over to the light and carefully looked the bruise over.

"What can you do for it?" asked the visitor.

Only a Matter of Paint.

"I can paint it so the man who hit you wouldn't notice it if he was looking for it,' said the artist, "or I can cure it for you if you can spare the time. It will take me ten minutes to paint it, and it will take about four hours to cure it. Take your choice.'"

"It's a case of hurry with me," said the man with the bad eye, "so I'll take the paint.'"

"A matter of perfect indifference to me,' said the painter of black eyes as he took the palette down from the wall. He squeezed out a drop of white paint from a tube, and then, selecting a pigment already mixed that seemed to be about the right shade, he carefully added a small portion of color.

"There's a scraped place I'll have to fix up,' he said as he scanned the surface he had to decorate. "I'll get that smoothed out now."

"Whatever you do," said the visitor, "be clean about it; I don't want any infection in that scratch."

"Will you leave this to me," said the old eye painter, irritably, and with just a trace of offended pride. "This isn't the first case of this sort I've handled, and yet every man that comes in here seems to think he's the first man that ever had a black eye. There'll be nothing the matter with this job when I get through with it."

The Preliminaries.

Then he brought out a small bottle of flexible collodion, and with a small brush carefully coated the scraped surface.

"That covers the raw surface, and prevents anything from reaching the exposed blood vessels," he said. "The stuff is antiseptic, too, and is a good thing in itself. All you have to do is to leave that there without disturbing it, and you'll never have any trouble."

By this time the collodion had hardened, forming a smooth artificial skin. It looked raw and angry, however, and the flesh just below the eye was of deep purple, rapidly changing to a deep black.

"The skin under the eye isn't bruised or broken," said the painter, as one who knows. "The only hurt is that on the cheek. The eye has blackened because of the congestion of the neighboring blood vessels. There's no danger in painting right over the skin where there is no break."

Then, with a small brush, he began laying the paint over the bruise with long, sweeping strokes from the corner of the eye outward and downward. From time to time he stepped back and carefully looked at the other eye.

"That one isn't turning also, is it?" asked the victim.

"Not at all," answered the artist. "That eye wouldn't black unless the blow had landed on the bridge of the nose. The congestion doesn't cross the nose. I'm just comparing the colors. It's the color of the upper part of the cheek that I have to go by in order to make a good job."

The Final Touch.

For a few seconds he worked in silence, occasionally wiping the paint downward in broad smudges with his thumb. Then, when he finished the work to his satisfaction, he dipped a bit of antiseptic cotton in a box of powder and carefully dabbed it over the paint.

"Now, take a look at it and see if it suits you," he said.

Then the man in the chair fronted the mirror and scanned his features closely and carefully. He was fully satisfied. He had entered the place with an eye that could be seen to be black three blocks away. Now only a close inspection could show that anything at all was the matter with his face. There was a slight graze the powder had not overcome, but only a close scrutiny could reveal it. To all appearances there was nothing whatever the matter with him.

"You are rather different from most of those that come in here," said the operator. "The thing that makes me so tired that I want to go down to the dock and jump off is the constant effort every man makes to impress me with the fact that the other fellow is unfit to be seen. They all want to tell just how it happened, and I'm having a sign made to put here reading something after this fashion:

"'Remember the Eleventh Commandment—Don't Tell Your Troubles.'

"It wouldn't do much good, though. You can't keep them from talking, especially if they've been drinking."

This little decorator of broken faces has all sorts of clients. There are many weeks when he ranges above a hundred dollars in fees for painting black eyes and curing them. One painting will last two or three days if the man under the paint doesn't wash his face too thoroughly. Generally, though, the painting is done every second day for about six days, and at the end of that time the eye is well enough to leave alone unless it is a particularly bad case. The curing is done with a preparation that can be applied by the owner of the bad eye if he has the patience.

Can Cure Black Eyes.

"A black eye can be cured at the time if one has the knowledge," said the smooth-shaven, little old Englishman. "All that is needed is plenty of hot water and perseverance. The hot water will relieve the congestion and prevent the black blood from gathering in the small veins in the vicinity of the eyes. Generally, however, a man is too drunk to think of this or to attend to it. It is certainly a sad thing the way the young men of this town consume alcoholic liquors.

"There is only one thing about this business, though, that is saddening," he added reflectively, "and that is the habit every man has of referring to a bruised eye as a 'bum lamp.' I have heard that foolish and inane expression so often that I could soak the man who invented it in boiling oil. It is one of my few crosses."

Just then a young woman who had alighted from an automobile in front of the place hurried in, accompanied by her maid, and began to tell through two thicknesses of veiling the story of how she had been struck by a cable car. The old chap listened boredly and, remarking rather harshly, "I'll have that sign up to-morrow," ushered out the man who had had the black eye.—New York Telegraph.

BACK TO HEALTH

Through the Kindness and Persistence of a Friend.

An Every-Day Story That Will Bring Health and Happiness to Young Girls Who Act Upon the Advice Given.

(From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.)

In every part of Canada are to be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that the good health they enjoy is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the town of Orangeville there are many such people, among them being Miss Lizzie Collins, an estimable young lady who resides with her mother in the east ward. Miss Collins' cure through the use of this medicine was recently brought to the attention of the Sun, and a reporter was sent to get the facts from the young lady. Miss Collins cheerfully accorded the interview, and her statement is given practically in her own words: "Two years ago," said she, "I became so weak that I was forced to take to bed. The illness came on gradually; I found myself much run down, suffered from headaches, and was as pale as it was possible for a living person to be. I used several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I consulted a doctor, and he said that I had scarcely any blood, and that my condition was one of danger. Medicine did not seem to do me any good, and I found myself growing weaker. I reached the stage where my heart kept palpitating violently all the time. The headaches became continuous, and my condition one which words can scarcely describe. I really despaired of getting better, and loathed the sight of medicine. I had been confined to bed for about two months when one day a friend called and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told her I had lost faith in all medicines, but she was apparently determined I should try the pills, for she brought me about half a box she had been using herself. I could not then do less than try the pills, and when they were used, while I cannot say that I felt much better, I had more confidence in the pills and got half a dozen boxes. Before these were gone there was no doubt that they were rapidly restoring me to my old-time health, as I was soon able to sit up and then be around, and out. I used in all, eight or nine boxes, and before these were gone I felt as though I had never had an ache or pain in my life. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me and I think I would be very ungrateful if I did not add my testimony for the benefit it may be to some other young girl."

Miss Collins' story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headache, and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness, will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicien Co., Brockville, Ont.

What His Mother Meant.

"'I see now what my old mother meant," said Mr. Newlywed, as he took up a particularly soggy piece of bread.

"What your mother meant?" echoed his wife.

"Yes, what my mother meant. When I used to find fault with the meat or the biscuits, she would shake her head prophetically and say: 'Never mind, my boy. You may see the day when you will be glad to get this.'"—Indianapolis Sun.

STORY OF ONE JOHN COLLINS.

Here is a story which is true—literally true—and the principals figuring in the tale are, or were, prominent Vancouverites. One is a well-known wholesale merchant, the other an equally well-known bank clerk, recently transferred to an interior branch. The merchant and the bank clerk were friends, and often when they would stay out a little later than usual the bank clerk, who lived near English Bay, would rest his weary head in the merchant's room, which was in a down-town hotel. One night recently there was something special on and the friends were out together seeing about it. The merchant got tired just when things were coming fast, and wandered off to his room about midnight, leaving the clerk the life of a convivial party whom they had bumped into on their rounds. Our friend struck his room all right, threw his clothes over a chair, and climbed into bed.

Along about 3 o'clock there came a rapping at his chamber door.

"Charlie—Charlie," came a voice, "let me in!"

Charlie listened a while—then recognizing his friend's voice, slowly got out of bed and opened the door.

It was his friend all right, and with "a peach."

"Just want to lie down on your lounge, old chap, till morning. Must have sleep, you know—take the floor if you want me to."

"Oh, get into bed," said the merchant; and helping his friend undress, the two were soon snoozing away together.

About 8 o'clock in the morning the bank clerk, who had been dreaming for an hour that he had been seven days in the middle of the Sahara without a drop of water, awoke with an awful thirst. His mouth was cracked and he was just going to climb out of bed and hit the pitcher, when he realized where he was.

There was a bar downstairs, and his heart stopped for a moment when he realized how nearly he had come to spoiling that beautiful thirst with water, when there were untold gin-fizzes and things down stairs.

"Say Charlie," he said, as he dug his elbow into his friend's ribs, "wake up. Shouldn't you like a nice long fizz?"

"The electric bell's broken," said his friend sleepily.

"That's nothing. Go get it myself. What'll you have—Collins?"

And the clerk got up.

He grabbed the first clothes he found and dressed. His friend heard him mutter something about "losing flesh every day—clothes much too big," but paid no attention.

He got dressed in a sort of a way after a while and blew in on the bartender with a rush.

"Shake me up a long gin-fizz, old chap," he said, and put his hand in his trousers' pocket.

The jingle of silver was heard, and he looked astonshed at a lot of money which he drew out.

"Change that order. Got more money than I thought," he said. "I must have made a raise last night. Open a bottle of cold, cold Mumm and pour it in a long glass."

He got it and it sizzed as it went down.

"Now give me two more; Charlie's upstairs—got a thirst too."

The two more were given and away he went.

"Here you are, old chap—drink for the gods—wine, sparkling wine," he sang out as he approached the bed.

Charlie sat up; rubbed his eyes, looked at the wine and took a long pull.

He wondered where the bank clerk had got his money. He was broke the night before when he left him.

He drank the rest, his friend cheerfully joining him, saying that he had had one downstairs but would keep company.

"Funny thing," he observed. "Broke last night. Must have borrowed somewhere. Got money—wealth—trousers absolutely filled with riches," and he showed a handful of money.

"Well I'll be ——," said the merchant slowly, a look of horror spreading over his face. "No wonder you've got money to buy wine. You've got on my pants!"—Vancouver Province.

How They Take Losses.

Human nature has been illustrated in countless ways in New York recently. A man in a broker's office who had been studying the tape for a half hour suddenly straightened up and said without emotion: "I've dropped $30 000 and am ruined." Then he nonchalantly lighted a cigar and walked out. Another man cried out: "My God, I've lost $4 000. Think of it," he shrieked hysterically, "$4,000. What shall I do; what shall I do?" Then he burst into tears and staggered out, declaring that he would go and get drunk and forget the "robbers." In a place where the customers are women, one of the anxious ones suddenly burst into tears and exclaimed, "I'm ruined." Another one at her side said: "Yes, but you've a husband to support you. But I have lost all and have no one to look to." The first had to be carried from the broker's office, while the second walked jauntily away. It's just a question of nerve. The person who in the face of defeat or loss can grit his teeth and stand up to the rack is the one the world likes to see. A whimperer never gets any sympathy.

A Jealous Wife's Revenge.

A Paris jury has once again reaffirmed the jurisprudence which establishes that a jealous wife can shoot down her rival with impunity. Madame Marie Spitz, a woman of 43, fired two revolver shots at Madame le Pallec, a widow of 31, who had estranged her husband's affections. Then, thinking the shots fatal, she gave herself up to the police. According to the story told in court by Madame le Pallec, the wife displayed no jealousy so long as her rival gave her money.

The victim said to the jury: "I ask you to set this woman free. If she wishes to kill me let her do so."

They would doubtless have acquitted her without this request.

A MINISTER OF RICHMOND HILL.

Rev. F. Elliott Frankly and Strongly Endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Great Kidney Remedy Inspires Gratitude Wherever It Goes—No Medicine so Highly Endorsed—What a Minister of the Gospel has to say about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Richmond Hill, June 1.—(Special.)—A sensation was caused in this township when it was reported that Rev. F. Elliott had published a strong letter in the papers endorsing a patent medicine. This happened some little time ago, but the matter has not been forgotten. The medicine in question was the famous Dodd's Kidney Pills and Rev. Mr. Elliott is still in the receipt of frequent enquiries about his experience with them.

To a recent questioner who asked him about Dodd's Kidney Pills Mr. Elliott was quite outspoken.

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills to be an excellent remedy," said he. "I see no reason whatever why I should not recommend them; they have helped me, and I believe they will help others. If they were not a strictly honest, meritorious, reliable cure for everything they are claimed to be, nothing would be more objectionable or further from my thoughts than for me to endorse them to anyone, much less lend my name to a printed statement. But as the facts stand I hold by my former course, and shall always be happy to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills by any means in my power."

The letter referred to in which Mr. Eilliott endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills was published in this paper some time ago. It reads as follows:

"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Last spring in particular when suffering from Lame Back, the pain and weakness was so great I could hardly turn or get out of bed. Knowing it all came from disordered kidneys, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and my pain and lameness soon disappeared. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a good reliable medicine for the diseases for which they are recommended.

"When I hear people complain of Lame Back or Rheumatism, I always say, 'Why don't you take Dodd's Kidney Pills?' I wish to add that this testimonial is entirely unsolicited and only 'good will to men' would induce me to allow my name to be published in this connection.—Rev. F. Elliott."

Dance of the Gitana.

The gypsy's dance is full of humor, fuller of humor than of passion; passion indeed it mimics on the purely animal side, and with a sort of coldness even in frenzy. It is capable of infinite variation; it is a drama, but a drama improvised on a given theme; and it might go on indefinitely, for it is conditional only by the pantomime, which we know to have wide limits. A motion more or less, and it becomes obscene or innocent; it is always on a doubtful verge, and thus gains its extraordinary fascination. I held my breath as I watched the gypsy in the Seville dancing hall; I felt myself swaying unconsciously to the rhythm of her body, of her beckoning hands, of the glittering smile that came and went in her eyes. I seemed to be drawn into a shining whirlpool, in which I turned, turned, hearing the buzz of the water settling over my head. The guitar buzzed, buzzed, in a prancing rhythm, the gypsy coiled about the floor, in her trailing dress, never so much as showing her ankles, with a rapidity concentrated upon itself; her hands beckoned, reached out, clutched, clutched delicately, livid to her finger tips, her body straightened, bent, the knees bent and straightened, the heels beat on the floor, carrying her backwards and round; the toes pointed, paused, pointed, and the body dropped or rose into immobility, a smiling, significant pause of the whole body. Then the motion began again, more vivid, more restrained, as if teased by some unseen limits, as if turning upon itself in the vain desire of escape, as if caught in its own toils. —Arthur Symons in the Spectator.

Special Train to San Francisco

For Canadian delegates and all others going to Epworth League Convention, via Chicago and Northwestern Railway, to leave Chicago, Tuesday, July 9th, 11.59 p. m. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Through Pullman palace and tourist sleeping cars. Order berths early, as party will be limited in number. Fare only $50 round trip, with choice of routes returning. Send stamp for illustrated itinerary and map of San Francisco, to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

How Nice.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am going to turn over a new leaf."

"In what connection?"

"I'm going to stop being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday."

"Yes. It is very silly of you."

"Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday, just to show I'm not afraid."—New York World.

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.

Great Advantage.

Mrs. MacCall—How do you like the location of your new house?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Splendid. There's a police station just across the street, you know.

Mrs. MacCall—Ah! You believe that will keep burglars away, eh?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—No, but it will keep our servant girl from going away.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

A BIRD PROFESSOR.

A Canary That Teaches Its Fellows To Sing.

"How much is that gray-headed bird in the large cage there?"

The question was asked of a Sixth avenue dealer in canaries, and his immediate answer was a shrug of the shoulders.

"He is not for sale," were the words that followed the shrug. "He is a professor, a teacher of music. He was graduated in Germany, then became a professor, and grew gray in the service; yet he teaches, and is too valuable to part with for any price that a customer would be willing to pay."

A look of interested inquiry caused the old man to proceed.

"Perhaps you do not understand, but that bird has put the finishing touches on many a young singer's education. In Germany, whence 450,000 canaries are exported annually, they train these birds differently than we do here. Canaries, like some other biped singers, may do very well simply with the voice that nature has given them, but to do really excellent work they must be taught. First they are "choppers"; they will spoil a good bar by sending it with a disagreeable "chop! chop! chop!" He has false notes, or rests.

"But training soon makes him ashamed of himself. He is placed in a large cage with a professor, with a wise bird, who is a good singer, with a teacher of music, who dins into his ears for two correct notes into his ears for two or three weeks. If he is an apt pupil he soon omits his awkward rests, corrects his false notes and ceases to be a 'chopper.' Then he is graduated from the academy, and the professor takes a new pupil.

"The bird you ask about is such a teacher. If you should offer me $150 for him I would consider the offer."—N. Y. Herald.

$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.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists. 75c.

It Was Pathetic, But a Lie.

A day or two ago this pathetic story went the rounds of the press and stirred the better emotions of the heart to an unwonted degree:

"In Indianapolis two negroes were engaged in cleaning the inside of a large steam boiler. While they were at work steam was unintentionally turned into the boiler through an imperfect stopcock. Their only escape was up a ladder through a narrow manhole at the top of the boiler. Both sprang for the ladder, but the one who reached it first, stepped aside, saying: 'You go first, Jim, you are married.' He ran up the ladder, pushed through the manhole as quickly as possible, then turned and helped his comrade out. The first man was badly but not dangerously scalded, while the man who had stepped aside to give his friend the better chance—because he was a married man—was terribly burned and died within two hours. While he waited for death he made no complaint, only said with heroic simplicity: "It was Jim's right to go first. He is married.'"

It is painful and humiliating to have to take this all back. The correspondent who wrote the touching tale admits that he concocted it. The fact is the men both rushed for the manhole and got jammed in so that exit was impossible. As each refused to give way both perished.

The enterprising correspondent thought he would move the world by relating things as they should have been and not as they were.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

Cape Island.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.

JOSEPH A. SNOW.

Norway, Me.

Better Brought Up.

Before Willie K——'s cousin arrived at his house on a short visit his mother told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at table. When she came Willie observed her with admiring interest. One day his mother said: "Do you see how nicely Bertha conducts herself?" Willie—Yes, ma. "Don't you think her manners are rather better than yours?" "Yes, ma, and I guess I know why." "Why is it, my dear?" "Probably Bertha has been better brought up than I have."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

A Leading Question.

Hobb—I put one hundred dollars in the bank for my baby the other day for his majority.

Nobb—That's good. How long are you going to keep it there?—Harper's Bazar.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Reason for Rejoicing.

Willie—You seem to have a good opinion of the faith cure.

Wallace—Well, why shouldn't I? It cured me of the patent medicine habit.—Smart Set.

Miss Tawkey—Really, now, Mr. Rondo, do you find that poetry pays? Mr. Rondo—That question never bothered me. I have found, however, that the editors don't, as a rule,

Doctors

and people agree that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is the best thing to take for "don't feel well and don't know why," especially babies—they like it—men and women don't mind it, but babies actually enjoy it.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, TORONTO. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

PRINCESS MAY

Has Taught York to Make a Speech.

[From the Whitehall Review.]

So far the Duke and Duchess of York's tour has proved a brilliant success, their Royal Highnesses having been received at all stages of their journey with the utmost enthusiasm, brought to a brilliant climax at Melbourne, where their welcome surpassed anything ever yet accorded any public personages. It is eminently satisfactory to Great Britain to find the future King and his consort received in this manner, for it bespeaks much, and proves, above all, the magnificent loyalty of Australia, of which, however, there was never a doubt. The Duke of York has proved himself in every way fitted to grace the arduous duties he has had to perform, his speeches being tactful and to the point. He appears to have conquered completely that nervousness which, unfortunately, most people are aware, was at one time so conspicuous in his temperament. A few years ago it was painful to hear his Royal Highness utter half a dozen sentences in public. That he owes much of the happier state of things to the Duchess of Cornwall and York is true. She has been most successful in inspiring him with confidence in himself, and she certainly has transformed his manners. As for the Duchess of York herself, she is born to rule, and is never so happy as when acting the part of a great lady. She made a great success in Dublin, and now she is evidently going to conquer the colonies, a much easier task, by the way, than her Irish conquest. As I stated shortly after the death of the Queen, I have the best reason for thinking that little Prince Edward of York will in time be created Prince of Wales. This means that there will be no change in the titles of the Duke of Cornwall and York. That the Duke and Duchess' second son will receive a title to commemorate his parents' visit to Australia is a certainty, and when the Duke and Duchess return from their mission the matter will be definitely arranged.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Ability and necessity dwell near each other.—Pythagoras.

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.

AUCTION SALE

Of Dairy Farm, Cheese Factory and Creamery, Milch Cows, Stock, Implements and Effects.

There will be offered for sale by auction on the premises, Bothwell, Ontario, on Tuesday, the 18th June, 1901, at two o'clock, pm., by S. F. Thomas, auctioneer:

That choice dairy farm, known as the Bothwell Dairy property, comprising about 640 acres, with large first class cheese factory and creamery plant complete, boiler and engine and other machinery, three houses, large basement barn, three large silos, extensive cow and horse stables, granary and other buildings; all in good condition.

This property adjoins the Town of Bothwell, about midway between London and Detroit, has excellent railway facilities and is suitable for pasture or cultivation, having plenty of good water.

Also at the same time and place 90 good milch cows, a number of good horses, a large quantity of farming implements and other effects.

The farm, cheese factory, creamery and fixed machinery will be offered in one parcel and if not sold en bloc will be offered in parcels.

Terms of sale for farm, cheese factory and fixed machinery ten per cent. on day of sale, sufficient therewith to make one fourth within thirty days, balance secured by mortgage on the property payable by instalments with interest at 5 per cent.

For stock and implements, all amounts under $20.00 cash, over that, 6 months' credit on approved joint notes.

This is a great opportunity of acquiring a first class dairy farm on easy terms.

For further particulars apply to John S. Pearce, Esqr., London, Ontario, the auctioneer or to

FRASER & MOORE,
Vendor's Solicitors,
London, Ont.

Dated 17th May, 1901.

BROWN'S DROPS.

A one dollar bottle guaranteed to cure worst case of lame back, caused by strain or kidney troubles. If not kept by your druggist order from WM. BROWN, Proprietor.
Prices 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sutton P. O

COAL—THOUSAND ACRES FOR SALE—thirty dollars acre, near Conneaut Harbor. John C. Graham, Butler, Pa.

A LOCAL AND COUNTRY AGENT CAN earn twenty dollars weekly; no money needed and work of supplying delicious teas pleasant. Address, Marsnall & Co., London, Ont.

A BOON TO OVERWORKED WOMEN Nothing so completely saves labor and clothes on wash day as X Rays Washing Compound. Perfectly harmless. Unequalled for lace curtains and fine garments, as absolutely no rubbing is required. We furnish the recipe for making it 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.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two railways, 120 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