

"We Can Do No More"

So Said Three Doctors in Consultation.

Yet the Patient Has Been Restored to Health and Strength Through the Agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among the many many persons throughout Canada who owe good health—perhaps even life itself—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Alex. Fair, a well known and highly esteemed resident of West Williams township, Middlesex Co., Ont. For nearly two years Mrs. Fair was a great sufferer from troubles brought on by a severe attack of the grippe. A reporter who called was cordially received by both Mr. and Mrs. Fair and was given the following facts of the case: "In the spring of 1896 I was attacked by the grippe for which I was treated by our family doctor but instead of getting better I gradually grew worse, until my whole body became racked with pains. I consulted one of the best doctors in Ontario and for nearly eighteen months followed his treatment but without any material benefit. I had a terrible cough which caused intense pains in my head and lungs; I became very weak; could not sleep, and for over a year I could only talk in a whisper and sometimes my voice left me entirely. I came to regard my condition as hopeless, but my husband urged further treatment and on his advice our family doctor, with two others, held a consultation the result of which was that they pronounced my case incurable. Neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but after having already spent over \$500 in doctor's bills, I did not have much faith left in any medicine, but as a last resort I finally decided to give them a trial. I had not taken many boxes of the pills before I noticed an improvement in my condition and this encouraged me to continue their use. After taking the pills for several months I was completely restored to health. The cough disappeared, I no longer suffered from the terrible pains I once endured; my voice became strong again; my appetite improved, and I was able to obtain restful sleep once more. While taking the pills I gained 37 pounds in weight. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I feel that I cannot say enough in their favor for I know that they have certainly saved my life.

In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act directly on the blood thus reaching the root of the trouble and driving every vestige of disease out of the system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOTHERN'S LITTLE JOKE.

How the Comedian Won a Name as a Ventriloquist.

One of the peculiarities of Sothern's elaborate jokes was the way in which he worked up to them. He pretended to have accidentally discovered that he possessed the gift of the horn, ventriloquism, and arranged an experiment on the occasion of a supper party given in his honor at a pleasant house in a London suburb. There was a foolish kind of hanger-on of Sothern's, who loved to boast of his intimacy with the famous comedian. He had often said: "I wish you would let me help you in one of your practical jokes, Mr. Sothern." Sothern hummed at the desire. Mr. Edgar Pemberton tells the story in his "Memoirs of Sothern."

The comedy must, for my purpose, be related to a paragraph or two. How Sothern the professional ventriloquist is of talking up the chimney to an imaginary man on the roof. Sothern had arranged for his slavish confederate to mount the roof by a ladder and play the part of the voice on the roof, which he did to perfection, and Sothern's success as a ventriloquist was voted nothing short of marvellous. Supper being over, a party adjourned to another room, at which point Sothern said "Good-night" to his friend above, at which cue it had been arranged that the confederate should be concealed. Sothern had, however, plotted against his man, who, when he wished to descend, found that the ladder was gone.

By hook or by crook the deceived confederate found his way to the chimney of the smoking room, where the supper party were setting down for a long evening. Presently a voice was heard calling down the chimney: "Sothern, Sothern! For heaven's sake come up and help me, I can't get down and it's raining like mad!" Sothern was taken aback for a moment, but only to be in ecstasies the next at the exclamations of his friends, who considered the voice only another example of Sothern's skill. "You said you could do no more, your voice was tired, and here it is stronger than ever!"

Sothern, accepting the compliments of his friends, managed in a short conversation with the voice on the roof, to let his unhappy confederate understand that as soon as possible he would go out and help him down. After a time, just when Sothern was about to slip out and release his friend, the host went to the chimney, and all the more to emphasize Sothern's success, as he thought, called out: "Are you still there?" "This was the last straw upon the rain-drenched back of the sufferer. "Oh, go to blazes!" came the angry reply, and with it a piece of mortar that rattled in the grate. "You're a beast!"—The People.

Writing for Money. It is said that a young officer at the front recently wrote to his father: "Dear Father,—Kindly send me \$100 at once; lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means." The answer was: "My Dear Son,—As this is the fourth leg you have lost according to your letters, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and hobble along on any others you may have left."

IN MODERN DAIRYING

It is Necessary to Use Scientific Methods.

When we contemplate the low average that falls to the lot of the majority of those engaged in the dairy work in the production of butter, it is only wonder that there is discouragement in the ranks of the owners of dairy cows.

Statistics put the annual output of all the cows, good, bad and indifferent, close to 130 pounds of butter each. At an average of 16 cents a pound, that income for butter alone would be a little short of \$21 per cow. This is far below the low average of \$25 a cow for her keeping. This means that here is a wide range of values, comparing the best with the poorest dairies in the same locality.

One man has lifted himself out of financial distress, and placed his herd far beyond the danger line, and makes money out of dairy work. Another with the same opportunity stays on the other side of the danger line by neglecting to appropriate the means for the betterment of his herd and finances. One produces 350 lbs. of butter for each cow with an average price of 25 cents a pound for the year, which means a gross receipt of nearly \$90 for butter alone, without a reckoning for the value on the skim milk, buttermilk and the cream. I know where he lives, and have reason to know what he does it, and will doubtless do better in the future. I know the other man, who makes less than one hundred pounds of butter a year per cow and sells his butter to a grocery store. He averages him 15 cents a pound for the year. The figures in the first case may seem large to the average dairyman, and those of the latter exceedingly low, yet they are to be found almost everywhere in these dairies.

What can be done to induce those who have persistently failed to make a success of dairy work upon their farms? It is not out of place to say that brain power counts far more than any other single element in building up a profitable herd of cows. Without considerable thought and observation it is doubtful whether some of the obstacles that confront the thoughtless and careless dairymen can be overcome. There is an avenue of escape for all from the bondage that is holding so many. There are two ways of owning a herd of cows that may be made to pay. The quickest is by purchase outright; the shortest way to success will require excellent judgment in selection of dams and care in providing sires, to mate with them. The ignorant man has no business with registered dairy animals. Unless he has judgment in the correct mating of those animals, his success is jeopardized and in the end the whole fabric will be overthrown. A man does not succeed sometimes simply because the combination fails to work right. He does not comprehend the principles that must come into play if a herd is to be made better each year. The shortest way is not a boundless faith in himself and hope for the future cannot expect to see himself the possessor of a grand herd of cows. That must come through his own resources and management of breeding. The man who has a fairly good herd of cows—high grades of one of the popular dairy breeds—can rapidly improve their offspring by the introduction of sires whose dams or several generations past have been producers. The better the record the better and swifter will be the progress toward success in improvement for better dairy cows. The offspring from only high grade cattle, of course, will not bring the price that pure bred cows will sell for; but the advance in price for registered animals will always be commensurate with the producing value of such cows.

In making selections for improvement, the same requirements belong to all dairy breeds, regardless of whether or not they belong to the registered class or high grades. It is a mistake to mix breeds, even though they should take on the same dairy outline. If your good, reliable cow is high-grade Ayrshire, do not jeopardize her future offspring by breeding her to the Holsteiner, but use a pure bred sire of the breed in which her best blood predominates. But make sure that the sire has dams to back him up with better record than the cow in question herself had shown. I have found that the greatest success is achieved by those who practice keeping within the bounds of a preselected breed, and above all else, keeping in view the special purpose cow, and the presentation of her best dairy qualities even at the expense of all others.

She must go one way or the other, either to beef or toward the production of butter. If the tendency is for more butter, then the beef characteristic must be neglected and every distinct principle of the dairy type cultivated in both breeding and in its feed. Our cow is for the dairy; she is large, double wedged, not beefy, large of hip and deep in flank. She has a large udder and four well placed teats; large barrel, with plenty of food room, and great digestive powers. With bright, sparkling eyes, well apart, and a handsome, slightly dishevelled face, she fits the bill for a desirable, profitable cow, upon which her owner can bank for years of desirable work.

The sire to mate with this cow should be handsome, with large heart girth, making room for lungs and heart action. It is from this source that progeny must get its constitutional vigor, unless these are dominant in a sire, a lack of stamina will show up in his offspring.—George E. Scott, in New York Tribune.

Things That a Hen Should Have. In order for a hen of a certain weight to produce an egg of a certain size or weight she must have just enough wholesome food. Her system must not be overtaxed by too much or started by too little. In fact, everything must be conducive to the comfort of the hen if a continuous yield of eggs is expected. The quarters must be dry, warm and clean; the hen must not be allowed to remain in idleness, for the hen is sure to lead to bad habits. Besides, it is contrary to nature for a hen to have anything to do, and nothing tends to produce good health and to keep a hen in laying condition like exercise. It brightens her up, makes her thrifty and vigorous, and in se-

vere cold weather lively exercise helps to keep her warm. The egg contains a variety of substance, and so the food of the hen must be varied accordingly—grain of different kinds, bones and meat, vegetables, lime, and one other article which is overlooked, and that is le-grit. If you wish hens to do their best in producing eggs all winter, see that the flocks are not too large or too many crowded in the house. Fifty good hens well cared for will give better satisfaction and greater returns than 100 half kept. As a general thing, it is not the large flock that is making the clear profit for the poultry raiser, but the small lots that are well kept.—V. M. Crouch.

Jefferson Out West.

"One of the many laughable incidents of a more or less recent tour in the west," said Joe Jefferson to a writer in Success, "took place at Grays End, Mo. You probably don't know the place, and couldn't find it on the map. All the same, the people thereabout are very good friends of mine, and, what is more, invariably make an eminently respectable showing at the box office of the opera house at the end of the town. As is the custom in that section of the State, the building is raised on a platform some three and four feet high. In the case of the Grays End, the stage was raised to prevent its contents from being harmed during the annual spring overflow of the adjacent river. Well, on the occasion of which I speak, we returned early in the day. A friend had depicted the ranks of my superiors, and I found that I needed at least a dozen more men in the Catskill scene of 'Tip Van Winkle.' But I didn't get any for the local talent to help me. They either wanted to see the show from the front or were shy of making a professional debut. Finally, I appealed to the sheriff of the county, a very excellent person who, as I may believe, slept with a small arsenal tucked around him. 'You shall have all the boys you want,' said he, 'or—'

"I don't know what the 'or' implied, but I do know that an hour or so later, he appeared with several strapping young fellows, on whom he kept a strenuous eye. He offered to himself become one of Hendrick Hudson's ghostly crew, which suggestion I gladly accepted. 'The curtain finally rose, and my volunteer aids acquitted themselves nobly. It had been some time since that I had headed the Sheriff off to doff his guns, but he finally consented to do so, with the proviso that they were to be kept handy at the wings. All went swimmingly until his return home after his long sleep. In the midst of one of the most pathetic situations in this scene there came from beneath the theatre the strident squeals of razor-back hogs, fighting for a choice morsel. The audience tittered. I continued, but then was heard a volleying chorus of grunts, squeals and screams that told of a general engagement further interior. My friend, the Sheriff who was standing at the wings, hissed in a stage whisper: 'All right, Mr. Jefferson, I'll make the pesky critters quit.'

"His remark was greeted and disapproved by a few seconds later there came a muffled bang! bang! bang! followed by the agonized howls of the wounded pigs. I stopped. I just had time to utter a gasp, when the door of the theatre swung open and in came the Sheriff re-appeared, and then the play ran its course without further incident. At 7 o'clock, the pork chops for breakfast next day, but I'll never forget that night."

Still an Unknown Land. Large areas of the South American continent have never yet been registered as high grades. It will surprise many to learn that there are larger tracts unexplored in that region than in darkest Africa, yet such is the fact.

For a number of the cities along the coasts of South America, known to every pupil in the Public school, were settled in the Columbian era. Civilization is in fact much older here than in North America, and for nearly 300 years there has been no much organized attempt to explore the interior. The first expedition sent out by a South American Government was in 1875. My old country are without exact maps of their own territory. Most of the maps in use have been made by explorers from Europe or the United States.

The greater part of the immense tract of land in the middle of the continent from Venezuela to Chili has not yet reached the roughest pioneer state of settlement. A considerable part of Colombia is still wholly unknown. The several Atlantic states, even as far north as Uruguay, have many blank sections on their maps. The Guianas except for a strip along the coast, are practically unknown. The condition of affairs in Brazil is scarcely better. The Brazilian Government has no department corresponding to our geographical coast and geodetic surveys. The only exploring done has been carried on by the States. There are large tracts in the northern part of Brazil which have never been crossed as far as is known, by any white man.

Crazy People's Cutlery. Cutlery for lunatics was recently advertised for by the British Admiralty Office, and it brought to light one unusual circumstance. It was made regularly in Sheffield for the past twenty years or more, is but little known. The knives have perfectly dull, round blades, with a small cutting edge about an inch long. The idea in the manufacture of this unique cutlery, of course, was to device knives and forks that could not be used as instruments of attacks upon attendants nor for self-mutilation.

Misunderstood Him. "I understand that you have a great deal of fret work in your home," said Mr. Sextiz, to Mr. Henpeque. "I'd rather you would not drag my wife into the conversation, sir—the dignified reply.—Baltimore American.

"But if your express company is rinky, who patronizes it?" "Oh, actresses send their diamonds in our care."

PITIFUL CASE OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Child at the Age of Two a Crippled Victim of Disease.

Edna Rathburn of Hampstead, N.B., Fell and Broke Two Ribs—Injured the Kidneys and Diabetes Developed—Dodd's Kidney Pills in Curing Kidneys Straightened Injured Spine.

Hampstead, N. B., June 22.—(Special)—Little Edna Rathburn, of this place, has had a sad experience for a child so young. She is now nearly eleven years old. Eight of her few short years have been passed under the saddest cloud possible in her life. At the age of two the child met with an accident which left her with two ribs broken, split off at the backbone. Though they were set and healed, her little body did not straighten. For eight years she could hardly walk, being almost doubled up. The accident affected her Kidneys and Diabetes set in. Diabetes is a particularly dangerous form of Kidney trouble, in the case particularly severe by nature of the injuries to the spine.

The family doctor was, of course, consulted. He diagnosed her case correctly, but could cure it. She was sent to the Public Hospital at St. John in the hopes that the greater skill and facilities there would avail. This in trade she could do nothing for her. The authorities advised the mother to take the child home to nurse her and give her good care while she lived, which would not be very long.

The suffering of the little one was heart-rending to the mother and friends. She cried with pain night and day. The mother grew desperate and determined she would find a cure for her child if it took every cent she possessed. She saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and immediately purchased some. From the first they were benefited. The little girl commenced to get better. Every day saw an improvement. Dodd's Kidney Pills were doing the work. Six boxes in all were used, and a case more Diabetes was conquered.

Not only that, but with the return of health the spine commenced to straighten. The little girl is now almost physically perfect. Says the grateful mother in her own words: "There is nothing to be compared to Dodd's Kidney Pills. We thank God we ever heard of them. Edna is now full of color, runs and plays about as smart as a whip, where once she was a puny little thing as pale as a ghost."

The Longest Line. He was a jolly sailor lad and had come to spend a few days in his native city of York.

"Yes," he remarked proudly, as his stevedore company was being referred to in complimentary terms, "ours is the longest line in the world, stretching as it does from America to China."

There was a moment's silence, and then the hostess—a hard working Scot—chimed in: "Weel, I dinna ken if ye've cause ta bounce sae much, for does not my class (Glasgow) line no stretch frae Pole ta pole?"

And Jack good humoredly took a back seat.—London Answers.

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 o'clock, 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 the world. Yet to get to the first port is Rochester, Kingston, Thousand Islands, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The Hamilton-Montreal Line has the finest service of the world. The Manor Hotel at Murray Bay and the Tudor Hotel at Tadoussac 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, Chief, Western Passenger Agent, Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, No. 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

Strawberry Ice Cups. Strawberry ice cups are among the novelties suited to the season. Fill any small round glasses that have rather wide tops with strawberry syrup. Pack them in ice and salt, and cover with woolen cloths or blanket. Let them stand until the syrup has frozen all around the cups to the depth of a quarter of an inch, not more. Then turn the unfrozen syrup, repack the glasses and let them stand until the ice is firm. Just before using, turn the ice cups out, fill them with nut ice cream and serve quickly.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. "I understand that you have a great deal of fret work in your home," said Mr. Sextiz, to Mr. Henpeque. "I'd rather you would not drag my wife into the conversation, sir—the dignified reply.—Baltimore American.

"But if your express company is rinky, who patronizes it?" "Oh, actresses send their diamonds in our care."

Queer Election Crises. According to a Welsh paper the following was the "cry" of an enthusiastic canvasser in a recent School Board election in the principal city of Wales: "Vote for the man who draws your teeth.—Mungrove. 3. Vote for the man who will make your coffin.—Skym. 4. Vote for the man who will bury you.—The Rector. Three of the four were successful, but the Welsh journal adds the board will have to be buried without a coffin.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend. "Dear Sir,—My dear, here are a couple of new songs I want you to teach Bridget to sing. Mrs. Housekeep—What nonsense! Mr. Housekeep—Not at all. If she sings at her work let's stop those dog's kennel of hers. Now, these are lively and if she keeps time to them she'll get through her work quickly.—Philadelphia Press.

Homely Philosophy.

By Simon Frost.

The feller that was born with a smile on his lips has got the best of the feller that was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. "The best way to keep out o' trouble is to watch how other folks git into it."

There's some folks that are so lazy that they wouldn't breathe if they didn't hev to. They're generally proud o' their gray hairs, but with wimmin it's different.

The years go past by movin' a minit at a time. If everybody was honest the locksmiths would hev to go out o' business.

There's some folks like the springs o' a wagon—they don't make the world go on faster, but they make it a sight more comfortable to live in.

A feller never thinks gambler's a sin when he's a-winnin'. It don't make no difference how tight ye tie a hokss of the rope aint strong. Good resolutions that was made in a hurry generally 're busted jest as quick.

If ye stumble over a stone stop an' throw it out o' the way, so's nobody else'll fall over it. Some folks spend their whole lives learnin' how to live, an' then die before they've learnt.

A dollar is a feller's pocket's better than ten ye 'em in his mind. There's some folks that knows more about the stars than they do uv their own country. Ye can't always tell which way a tree's a-goin' to fall till it falls. A dull saw won't do much cuttin', but it makes more noise than a sharp un.

Ye can't tell how big a meal a feller's eat by the way he picks his teeth. There's one consolation a poor man's got—when he dies nobody'll fight over his money. 'Nothin' gient was ever done that there wasn't somebody a'fightin' again it.

Ye kin stretch a rubber jest so far, an' then it'll bust. Some people's faith's like a leakin' bucket. Good luck's somethin' the'll never come to a feller that waits fer it; he's got to go an' meet it. The pillars uv a church is generally on the outside.

\$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 Hall's Catarrh Cure. It 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.

An Exact Answer. "Was this man Dennis an entire stranger to you?" asked the cross-examining counsel of a witness in an important case. "Sorr?" said the witness, whose stupid face was crossed with wrinkles of anxiety, for he had been warned to be cautious and exact in his answers.

The lawyer repeated his question. "Well, no, sorr," said the witness with a sudden gleam of enlightenment; "he couldn't be that, for he had the wan arm, sorr, but he was a partial stranger, sorr; O'd niver seen him before."

Stratford, 4th Aug. 1893. Messrs. C. C. Richardson & Co., Gentlemen.—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several cases around here almost as remarkable, cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction.

General Merchant. Not a Case of Mistaken Identity. "I am not expecting any package," said the lady of the house. "This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery wagon, looking at his book again. "Name's Higgle, ain't it?" "Yes."

"No. 74?" "That's our number." "Then it's for you." "I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity." "No, mum. It's a case of beer."

Ask for Minard's and take no other. Queer Election Crises. According to a Welsh paper the following was the "cry" of an enthusiastic canvasser in a recent School Board election in the principal city of Wales: "Vote for the man who draws your teeth.—Mungrove. 3. Vote for the man who will make your coffin.—Skym. 4. Vote for the man who will bury you.—The Rector. Three of the four were successful, but the Welsh journal adds the board will have to be buried without a coffin.

If you

are lean—unless you are lean by nature—you need more fat. You may eat enough; you are losing the benefit of it. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will help you digest your food, and bring you the plumpness of health. Especially true of babies.

HOW TO BECOME WEALTHY. Advice a Young Man Received From an Elderly Physician.

In a New Hampshire city there dwells an octogenarian physician who, in addition to his wide medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office. "I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble, and have had much experience. I am young, and I want to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man and in a deliberate tone said: "Yes, I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. You must be First, industrious and economical. Save as much as possible and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions, by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus, and as mean as h—l.—Buffalo Commercial.

Signature of E. W. Brown. The signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. The remedy that cures a cold in one day.

A Considerate Son. Plutocrat—You will ruin me by your wanton extravagance. Son—But, father, I want to save you the disgrace of dying rich.—San Francisco Examiner.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. Little drops of water, In dreary, endless rain, Make one feel like smiling; J. Pluvius might and main.

BROWN'S DROPS. 1750 The Old Scotch Remedy 1901. Lame backs are nearly always caused by strains of the muscles of the back. Brown's Drops, surely cure you. Sample bottle and descriptive circular sent for 1 cent in post paid envelope. All sizes sent post paid on receipt of price. Price 25c. Do and 50c. W. M. BROWN, Proprietor, Sutton, Que.

PAN-AMERICAN VISITORS can make advance arrangements at the new 8-story fire proof Hotel Columbia. Accommodates 800. Send for booklet. Rates—\$1.00 and upwards.

The Continental Life Insurance Company. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Authorized Capital - \$1,500,000. The policies of this company embrace every good feature of Life Insurance contracts, and guarantee the highest benefits in regard to loans, cash surrenders, and extended insurance. Good agents wanted in this district. Hon. Jno. Dryden, Geo. B. Woods, President, General Manager.

Boys and Girls Wanted. To earn a handsome steam-iron and set silver watch, guaranteed timekeeper, for selling fifty boxes of Monarch Silver Polish, send every housekeeper will buy. Cleans gold silver, plated ware, German silver, brass, copper, tin, etc. Send us your address, we will send you the polish, you sell it, return us the money, we will then send you the watch absolutely free by return mail. Address: Monarch Supply Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—MIDGET BICYCLE. Parcel Carriers; fits any bar, no straps, buckles or joints; will not rattle or lose off; can be carried in vest pocket; carries 10 lbs.; 500 per cent profit; sample by mail, ten cents. Acme Manufacturing Co., Box 33, London, Ont.

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN TO COPY LETTERS. For 25 weekly, sending evenings; work mailed on application. Toledo Novelty Supply Co., Toledo, Ohio.

DAN AMERICAN—I HAVE FOUR HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS for Pan-American visitors in my private residence located in Central Park district, 5 minutes from main entrance to exposition; breakfast if desired. Rates \$1.00 per day with bath. Address: F. H. Brogan, 36 Huntington avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE—ABOUT 60 ACRES 5 MILE from Lockport, large orchard, citrus trees, small fruit, brick house, outbuildings, fence and land, all in good condition, spring water. Apply to W. S. Walton, Scarborough Junction, Ont.

FOR RUPTURE—THE WM. PAYNE IMPROVED TRUSS has no equal, differs from all others; can be worn constantly; perfect comfort; reliable representative wanted; send for pamphlet. The Wm. Payne Co., London, Ont.

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

Seizement for the Teeth and Mouth 25.