HEART TROUBLE

Brought on by Exposure and Worry.

Capt. Geo. Crandell, of Lindsay, Tells How He Secured Release From this Most Dangerous Malady

(From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.)

In the town of Lindsay and surrounding country no man is better known or more highly respected than Capt. George Crandell. Forty-seven years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the Scugog. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he was a member of the Lindsay Town Council. He is now 73 years of age, and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse, until I had to summon medical aid. I suffered much pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells, which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy, but this also failed to help me. I had always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noticed an improvement in my condition, and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life before, and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to that greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keystone to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines, because from first dose to last they make new, life-giving blood, and restore weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sufferers. Do not take any substitute—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fruit Salad for Hot Weather.

A fruit salad, crisp and cold from its resting place on the ice, will refresh a tired palate as nothing else will on a hot day, and it may be served at luncheon or be used as the salad course at dinner. For a banana turn back a strip of the peel and carefully scoop out the pulp with a small spoon, if you can get the short thick variety of banana in either red or yellow—preferably the former—you will find it best for the purpose; but failing in these—and they are difficult to procure—you must make the ordinary yellow plantain banana serve the purpose. To fill the space left by the removal of the pulp—for the banana peels are to be the salad dishes—prepare a mixture of thinly sliced bananas, some shredded orange and stoned cherries, and a few kernels of English walnuts blanched and broken into small pieces; all these ingredients must be mixed in a bowl with a generous supply of mayonnaise or boiled dressing, after which the cases are filled with salad, laid on crisp lettuce leaves and set on the ice until serving time. This salad should be prepared only a short time before serving—just long enough to permit it to become chilled.—Sallie Joy White in the July Woman's Home Companion.

A Sure Test.

"Martha, you are a Christian Science believer?"

"Of course, Jonas."

"Well, Martha, don't clean house—just sit out in the yard, while I'm down town, and give all the rooms absent treatment."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Which She Was.

"Longsute and his wife were partners at whist the other night. She trumped his ace with the two spot and he got pretty hot."

"Huh! it's rather unusual for him to lose his temper. Did he say anything?"

"Merely told her she was playing the deuce."—Philadelphia Press.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Ostracised.

Ascum—It seems strange that you and Popleigh should be such good friends, and yet neither his wife nor any of his relatives ever have a good word for you.

Teller—No. They simply hate me. You see Popleigh insisted on naming his first born after me.—Philadelphia Press.

There's an End.

Wife (angrily)—I want you to understand once for all that I shall speak my mind whenever I think it necessary.

Husband—Oh, that will be all right if you will only stop when you reach the end of it.—Chicago News.

The Herd Boy And the Wonderful Plant

One fine morning in spring Mr. Brown, the farmer of Burnhead, sallied forth and hailed his herdboy, Willie Paxton, a smart and promising youth, and said:

"Here, Willie, man, I want ye to rin owre to Mr. Tawse, the schulemaister, an' get a len' o' a book frae him. Here's the name o't written on this bit o' paper, so that ye'll not forget it. Rin as quick as ye can, noo, an' dinna waste yer time."

"A' richt, sir," said Willie, and taking the piece of paper he scampered off in the direction of the schoolhouse. Before reaching his destination he stopped and studied the paper, so that he might have the message at his finger-ends.

"Weel, Willie, my laddie, what can I do for you?" inquired the schoolmaster, pleasantly.

"If ye please, sir, Maister Broon sent me over for the len' o' a book ye ha'e."

"A book, Willie—very well."

"Ay; it's a book they ca'—eh—(searching in his pockets and producing the piece of paper)—it's a book they ca' 'The History o' Adam's Grandfaither.'"

"'The History of Adam's Grandfather,' Willie? That's curious. Why, don't you know that Adam was the first man that ever lived, and never had a grandfather?"

"Aweel, sir, I dinna ken aboot that, but here it's for ye in black an' white."

The schoolmaster gazed round the room as if seeking for some solution of the mystery, and not altogether in vain, for his eye fell upon a calendar hanging on the wall, and he read, "Wednesday, 1st April." Then the whole thing was explained. Turning to the messenger, with a perfectly grave face, he said:

"Oh, yes, I mind o' the book now, but—well—the fact is—you must go up to the manse and ask it from the Reverend Mr. Longtext."

Willie made his best bow and hurried off to the manse. The Rev. Mr. Longtext was busy writing his next Sunday's sermon, and had given the strictest orders that he was not to be disturbed on any account.

"Ay, but I maun see him," said Willie, in answer to the maid servant's expostulations. "Maister Broon tell't me no' to waste ony time."

"Aweel, my laddie, ye maun jist gang in. It'll no' be my faut gin the meenister snaps the heid affen ye."

So Willie boldly knocked at the study door, but got no answer. Thinking this meant that he was to go in he opened the door and stepped inside. The minister was reading in a loud voice from a piece of paper—

"There can be no doubt that the recent discoveries of science have revolutionized the conclusions of theology—

"If ye please, sir"—

"Evolution proves beyond all dispute that man has ascended from the lowest conditions rather than that he has descended from a state of perfection, and"—

"If ye please, sir."

(Seeing Willie for the first time)—"Well, boy, what do you want?"

"Please, sir, the schulemaister sent me for a book ye ha'e the len' o' belangin' to him."

"Yes. What's the name of it?"

"It's a book ca'ed—ca'ed 'The History of Adam's Grandfaither.'"

The minister had been a boy himself at one time, and some recollection of a 1st of April joke, in which the same mythical book had figured, came across his mind, and he, too, resolved to "send the gowk another mile."

"My young friend," he said, "just go up to Colonel Currie, at the Bungalow, and ask him for that book."

Colonel Currie was a retired Indian officer, with a fierce temper, who it was said carried a couple of revolvers about with him wherever he went. In his master's service, however, Willie knew no fear, and he cheerfully trotted up the hill to the Bungalow.

The Colonel was walking about in his grounds and saw him coming.

"Hulloa, you clodhopper," he shouted. "What do you want?"

"P-please, my lord, beggin' yer lordship's pardon, the meenister sent me for a book o' his ye've got a len' o'. It's a book ca'ed 'The History o' Adam's Grandfaither.'"

The Colonel sternly eyed the luckless messenger for a little, then suddenly seized him by the collar with one hand and grasped a riding whip which he carried with the other.

"You—you—scoundrel! You will play a trick on me," he cried, wrathfully.

With one dexterous wriggle Willie freed himself from the Colonel's grasp and ran for his life.

Meeting some of his companions on the road he told them his adventures, when immediately their shouts of "Hunt the gowk," "Hunt the gowk," rang out upon the air, and Willie went back to Burnhead, resolved not to be so easily hoaxed next time.

A year passed away, and once more the first of April came round. During the summer a scientific society had been started in the village and many learned discussions had been held in which the minister, the school master, Colonel Currie and Farmer Brown had taken a leading part. Early on this first of April morning our friend Willie, a year older, and more than a year wiser, came to his master with a grave and important air.

"If ye please, sir," he said, "I ken ye've a rare knowledge o' plants o' every kind."

"Aweel, I dinna ken, I dinna ken," said the farmer, modestly; "but hoo dee ye ask?"

"Oh, weel, I daursay it's no' worth speekin' aboot; but there's a queer plant growin' by the dykeside there—a sort o' thing I never saw before."

"Ay, is that so? Wull it be something new, dee ye think? I'll write an account o't for the next meetin' o' the society. Come an' let me see it, like a man."

The plant to which Willie directed his master's attention was certainly a very curious one. It was about two inches above the ground; its color was dark brown and it had no leaves.

"This is a discovery indeed," cried the farmer in much excitement. "Rin, Willie, rin an' bring the minister, and the schulemaister, an' Colonel Currie. Rin as quick as ye can."

Willie joyfully sped upon his errand, and soon he and the minister and the schule master and the Indian veteran were hurrying to the spot where the wonderful discovery had been made. The schoolmaster carried under one arm a microscope and under the other an immense volume of botanical science.

The strange plant was examined with great care by these learned gentlemen, who at length pronounced it to be both rare and wonderful.

"This," said the schoolmaster, turning over the leaves of his book, "this is Scrophularia magnificans."

"Rubbish!" cried the Colonel, "I tell you it's Ophioglossun lusitanicum. Any fool could see that at a glance."

"Tut tut," said the minister, "it's nothing else than Obtusiflorus conglomeratus. It spreads it roots far around, and must be lifted with great care. Bring me a spade, Willie."

When this implement had been brought the minister carefully removed his coat and began digging a trench round the new discovery. The unwonted sight of their minister so engaged brought a crowd of his parishioners to the spot, and, seeing so large a gathering of his flock, the reverend gentleman thought to improve the occasion by remarking:

"My friends we are engaged in the pursuit of knowledge. Wisdom, saith the wise man, is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding. We are studying the wonderful works of Nature, my friends."

While this address was being delivered Willie went to the outside of the circle of onlookers and whispered—

"I say, d'ye ken what it is they're howkin'? Whisht. I'll tell ye. It's a moose—it's a deid moose. I buried it in the ground wi' its tail stickin' up."

"This, my friends," went on the minister as he continued to ply the spade, "is one of the most wonderful plants known to the science of botany. Now I will dig it up and give you a short lecture on its various parts."

Needless to say that lecture was never delivered, for at the next turn of the spade the mouse came to the surface. Mr. Brown has not yet heard the last of his great discovery, nor is he likely to do so for some time. As for the minister he has given up science, and now preaches nothing but the most orthodox discourses.—People's Journal.

SUN-DO-MOVE SERMON.

The Famous Sermon of the Late Rev. John Jasper.

One Sunday, about fifteen or twenty years ago, after a long series of his typical sermons, John Jasper arose in his pulpit, looked significantly about him, and took his text from the book of Exodus, chapter xv., verse 3: "The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is His name."

Beginning with Genesis and going through to Revelations, he collected together all the verses that seemed to teach that the sun moved and that the earth was not a ball. He felt absolutely certain that the Bible was true, and he could not see why anybody could disagree with its plain teachings. "Bredren," he said, "ef de Bible say de sun rise an' set dat it do rise an' set! An' how ken it rise an' set ef hit don' move?

"In de tenth chapter o' de book o' Joshwy, an' de twelf, thirteenth an' fo'teenth verses, dar is proof strong ernuff fer us all. De Lawd said, 'Sun, stand thou still on Gideon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon, and the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies. And there was no day like that before it or after it.'" The old preacher stopped there and paused a long time. Finally, he said:

"Bredren, ef de sun stood still once when 'twas a-movin' an' den stahted to movin' ergin, hit is a-movin' now!

"Dey say de earth is roun'. Dat ain' so, bredren; it can' be so, for de book o' Revelations, chapter vii., verse 1, read, 'And I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth.' An' now, bredren an' sisters, we is livin' on a fo'-corndered earth; an' ef de earth is got fo' corners, how in de name o Gawd ken it be roun'?

"Ef de worl' is roun' an' turn over ev'y night, how we hol' on? Is we got claws on our feet like pecker-woods?

"Dey say 'tis so many billions an' sguillions o' miles fum hyar to de sun. How dey know? Is anybody been dar? How dey know it take a cannon-ball a mont' to go dar? Ken a cannon-ball carry a cookin' stove an' victuals ter s'port a man on de way dar? Gawd, folks, is dat any argymint?"—Leslie's Monthly.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Peers Who Married Actresses.

Marquis of Headfort, who married Miss Rosie Boote, of the Gaiety, has many precedents, for the following peers have married actresses:

Duke of Bolton married, 1751, Lavinia Fenton, died 1760.

Duke of Cambridge married Miss Farebrother, died 1890.

Marquis of Allesbury married, 1884, Dolly Tester, still alive.

Earl of Clancarty married, 1884, Belle Bilton, of "the hall's."

Earl of Craven married, 1807, Louise Brunton, died 1860.

Earl of Derby married, 1797, Eliza Farren, died 1860.

Earl of Essex married, 1838, Kitty Stephens, died 1882.

Earl of Harrington married, 1831, Marie Foote, died 1867.

Earl of Orkney married, 1892, Constance Gilchrist, of the Gaiety.

Earl of Peterboro married, 1724, Anastasia Robinson, died 1755.

Baron Gardner married, 1818, Julia Fortescue.

Baron Thurlow married, 1813, Mary Bolton, died 1830.—London Sphere.

What Worry Will Do.

Tess—Poor Polly Stout! Her rich aunt has left her a handsome sealskin coat and she finds it's several sizes too small for her.

Jess—Oh, it'll fit her next winter. She'll worry herself thin over it by that time.—Philadelphia Press.

The great art of learning is to understand but little at a time.—Locke.

OWES HIS EYESIGHT TO A MIRACLE

Indebtedness to Dodd's Kidney Pills Acknowledged by Thomas St. Pierre.

Health Entirely Re-established by Dodd's Kidney Pills—Another Triumph for that Wonderful Remedy—His Eyesight Has Been Strengthened.

St. Epi, Que., June 24.—(Special)—One year ago a miracle was announced in Chicago. R. A. Wade, the great criminal lawyer, regained his sight after having for years been totally blind. His case was published throughout the length and breadth of America, and it attracted more attention to Dodd's Kidney Pills than any medicine ever got before. For it was Dodd's Kidney Pills that restored his sight.

A similar case has turned up in the village of St. Epi, Que. Though this sufferer was not stone blind, his eyes, nevertheless, were utterly useless to him by lamplight. And they have been completely restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills, which is another point of similarity.

There is no attempt made to assert Dodd's Kidney Pills are a cure for blindness. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest kidney medicine ever known. That is the claim made for Dodd's Kidney Pills, and there is evidence enough to prove that claim. But in cases where Kidney Disease has left poisons in the blood, and the said poisons attacking the weakest spot, injure the eye, Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as infallible as where the poison attacks the joint of the arm or the small of the back. That the eyesight of Thomas St. Pierre was restored is but another argument that Dodd's Kidney Pills make the blood absolutely pure.

Here is Mr. St. Pierre's letter: "I am happy to-day to see my health entirely re-established by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I owe that wonderful remedy a thousand thanks. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills I had consulted many physicians and taken medicines of various kinds, but each made me worse. I had a constant pain in the back and limbs. At night I couldn't rest and I could not see by lamplight. Having taken only two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I am perfectly cured. My eyesight is clear. I advise all those whose health is not good, from whatever cause, to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Nine times out of ten they will be exactly what is wanted. Two dollars spent for Dodd's Kidney Pills will do more than millions spent otherwise, for who holds anything in the world more dear than health, or would spare any means to save it?"

Queer Adventure of a Reporter.

An enterprising reporter for a New York paper posed recently as a lunatic in order to gain admittance to Bellevue Hospital for the purpose of obtaining facts for a sensational "exposure."

He started by rushing into the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, howling like a dervish. He was promptly arrested and clubbed by a policeman. Then he was taken to Bellevue, where the alert medical man lost no time in discovering the sham. This is what he did to the alleged lunatic.

Gave him a powerful emetic.
Put him on a milk diet.
Administered ice-cold showerbaths.
Gave him injections of morphine.
Would not let him sleep.
Gave him stomach-pump treatment.
Vaccinated him.
Gave him an electric bath.
Pulled out two teeth.

Told him he had a cancer on his brain and that his head there would have to be cut open.

Thereupon the lunatic gave a yell of terror and confessed.

He was taken to a police station, and was severely lectured by the Magistrate. Then he returned to the editor and was promptly dismissed for incompetence.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
MRS. REUBEN BAKER.
Riverdale,
I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.
I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY,
Oil City, Ont.

A Queer Marriage Certificate.

The papers are publishing events that occurred 50 years ago. The following is taken from an almanac of 1857, called "The New England Almanac," compiled by Anson Allen, and published and sold by Judd, Loomis & Co., of Hartford, Conn.

A country justice, after joining a couple in the holy bonds of matrimony, concludes in the following whimsical manner:

"O Lord God Thou first constituted matrimony in Cana of Galilee, made it a holy order; let us Thy servants constitute it on earth; and as the parties have agreed, I pronounce them man and wife, etc. Amen."

After which he gave them the following certificate:

"It was in dark and rainy weather
I join'd this man and maid together.
None but that God who rules the thunder
Can put this Rogue and Scold asunder."

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

No Scruples in That Case.

Lawyer—It is reported that you have frequently expressed yourself as opposed to capital punishment.

Deacon Highsoul (drawn for jury duty)—I won't have no scruples in that man's case. He cheated me on a hoss trade once.—New York Weekly.

Hard Lines For Young Widows.

(By One of Them.)

From time immemorial the good looking young widow has been a favorite character with novelist and playwright. She has been depicted as possessing some special sort of fascination for men, and it has often been declared that unmarried females have no chance against her peculiar power. Then again she is held up as one to be envied on account of the freedom she enjoys as compared with wives and maids, and always she is accused of being shy. All this is denied by a certain widow who is young, pretty and rich into the bargain.

"Don't ever believe that sort of nonsense," said she to a girl friend who had been envying her. "Freedom? Why, a nice widow has less freedom than any other woman. She can't avoid criticism; she can't even get ordinary justice. Every move she makes is misconstrued. Sometimes I am almost tempted to marry again in self-defense. When my husband died nobody took my mourning seriously, and when I lightened it I was immediately set down as a giddy widow. I was indifferent to men, but that was only my sly way. When a married man was nice to me his wife became catty on the spot, and if young fellows paid me any attention their mothers ruffled their feathers like anxious hens. I was so designing, you know. And all the while I felt that not one of them was fit to tie my late husband's shoe. I wanted women friends, but any advance I made in that direction was declared to be simply another sly trick. It was so clever of me to pretend that I did not care for men. My husband's relatives came and advised me, cautioned me, criticised me. They had heard so and so, and they feared I had not been prudent. Finally I made up my mind to pay not a bit of attention to comment. Since then I have lived my life as I please, considering nothing but my own inclination and conscience, and now I get along fairly well. Of course, I am utterly misunderstood—wilfully by most of the women. But I am no worse off now than I was when trying vainly to please people. I only wish I could write what I think on this subject. It should be presented to the public—reams of it."

NIAGARA TO THE SEA.

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

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

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Automobiles in Church.

A twentieth century edifice indeed will be the First Church of Christ, Scientist, now being erected under the direction of Mrs. Eddy's chief disciple, Mrs. Augusta E Stetson, a few blocks above the Hotel Majestic, in Central Park West. It is to be a palace of granite, to cost in the neighborhood of $600 000, and is to have massive columns in front supporting a huge dome and inscriptions telling that it is Mrs. Eddy's own church.

The architect comes down to twentieth century progress and comfort will be a room in the basement, where automobiles may be stored during services. Mrs. Stetson numbers among her disciples many persons of wealth, and for their benefit this innovation has been determined upon.

No objection will be made to the use of automobiles on Sunday, and should worshippers attend services and then take long rides in the country their action will not be made the subject of any pastoral remonstrance.—N. Y. Herald.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

Could Not Forgive.

There was a pathetic case of vitriol throwing in a Paris court recently. A girl had blinded her lover with acid because he deserted her. He was led into the courtroom, and being questioned by the Judge, said: "All happiness for me is forever gone. All is night." The girl suddenly cried out: "Forgive me and I will devote my life to you." He replied, "Bring back my sight and then I will forgive you." To her repeated appeals he replied: "No, I cannot depend upon you." The girl was sentenced to five years. The sentence is significant as coming immediately after M. Sauvajol's speech.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Ready.

"Rocks is taking time from his stone business to learn the bike. He's just bought a new one."

"I see—a kind of laying in a spring and fall stock."—Philadelphia Times.

Mother and child, run down—there are hundreds—lucky if you are not one. And what do you think they want?

They want rest and a change, and can't get either. Pity to speak of it!

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is almost rest in itself!

Send for free sample and try it. Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Mrs. Symes' Beauty Hints.

Will you kindly tell me what will remove moth patches on the back of the hand, which I have had for some time, and they seem to grow worse and worse? By so doing, at your earliest convenience, you will greatly oblige Ida C.

The same process which is being now much applied for the removal of freckles will take the brown patches off the back of your hand, if you follow up the treatment persistently.

The treatment persists in the application of two solutions, which are called No. 1 and No. 1.

SOLUTION NO. 1.

Iodide of potash, 120 grains.
Iodine, 6 grains.
Glycerine, 3 drams.
Rose water, 4 ounces.

Dissolve the iodide of potash in a small quantity of the rose water, add one dram of the glycerine. Moisten the iodine in a glass mortar with this mixture, rub it down, gradually adding more liquid, until a complete solution is obtained. Then stir in the remainder of the ingredients thoroughly and bottle the mixture.

SOLUTION NO. 2.

Hyposulphite of soda, 240 grains.
Rose water, 1 pint.

Dissolve and filter. Put into a bottle and cork. Take a camel's-hair pencil or a bit of fine sponge and apply a little of solution No. 1 to the brown spot until a uniform brownish yellow color has been produced. Let the solution dry and remain on the hand for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then moisten a bit of absorbent cotton with Solution No. 2, and lay it over the affected spot, removing and taking a fresh bit, dipping it in the liquid and applying it again, and repeating this part of the process until the iodine stain has disappeared. The treatment should be repeated three times a day. The dark spots disappear in the course of from three to four days in a fortnight. Individually cases differ very much.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo } ss.
Lucas County,
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
{SEAL}
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

All the Same to Her.

"Don't you think that if I had lived in the days of old I would have made a good knight?" asked the young man who had been talking ancient history from 8 to 11 p. m.

"I don't care so much what you would have made then," wearily observed the young lady, "but you might see what kind of a good night you can make right now."—Baltimore American.

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, President. Geo. B. Woods, General Manager.

BROWN'S DROPS.
1750 The Old Scotch Remedy 1901
Lame backs are nearly always caused by strains or kidney trouble. Brown's Drops will surely cure you. Sample bottle and descriptive circular sent for 1 cents to pay packing and postage. All sizes sent post paid on receipt of price.
Prices 25c. 50c and $1.00.
WM. 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.

FOR SALE—35 H. P. ENGINE; 40 H. P. boiler; 12 inch Jollette chopper; self-acting shingle machine; fruit evaporator, complete on fit; 14 h. p. portable engine. Address F. Bettschen, Palmerston, Ont.

PAN 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 J. H. Brogan, 36 Huntington avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

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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

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