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THE INVINCIBLE WIDOW:

She Plays the Mischief With the Impressionable Man. Is Rebecca One of Them?

"I often think," said Rebecca thoughtfully, "that a widow is the noblest work of heaven."

"Grass or hay, Rebecca?" I inquired, with rather more interest than I am accustomed to feel in the chatter of the woman philosopher.

"Oh, well, that depends. There is much to be said in favor of the grass widow, and I know many who are far on the asphalt road which leads to the happy city of Perfection. But I was thinking when I spoke of the ready-made article, and not the custom kind fashioned to order, so to speak, in our courts. It is the woman who, at a proper and interesting period of existence, has been accorded the high honors of widowhood and has passed by the foolish state of mourning, who calls for my approval as a truly finished product of the workshop of the Creator. Interesting? I should say she was! And delightful? You will bear me out when I say she is, eh, my dear? Methinks I can hear rapturous applause from all mankind. Oh, well do I know what men think of them, the dear, delightful widows.

"I have often wondered why it was that all women could not

Be Born Widows.

How much nicer and more interesting the world would seem. We should not then be surfeited with the raw material which now encumbers the earth. And yet we know that they cannot help themselves. Are they not all doing their best to correct the blemish of their birth, and advance at least to that stage of existence which makes them eligible for widowhood—I mean, marriage? But even when married a woman is not sure of reaching the high goal. It is the old story told again. Many are called, but few are chosen. But perhaps it is just as well. Diamonds would not be appreciated if every chunk of coal in the cellar were a Kohinoor. So it is with widows. The scarcity of the first water kind adds to their preciousness. Their rarity and their contrast to less fortunate sisters make the world appreciate them at their true value. So, perhaps, nature is kinder than I have given her credit for."

"May I ask, Rebecca, wherein you find widows so much superior to the married kind, or even to those who have never married?"

"Is it possible that you need to question? Poor boy. And you call yourself a student of human nature. You pretend to be wise—you, a man of the world."

An Humble Acknowledgment.

"I am very ignorant," I said, humbly. "Am I not a man?"

"True. Forgive me if I spoke hastily. You certainly are of the sex which needs our pity and instruction, and as much of our affections as we choose to give. But this subject of the widows versus all other forms of womanhood seems to me so patent that it needs no illumination."

"Is there anything more stupid, I ask you fair and square, than a young thing of the feminine persuasion who has not arrived at the years of discretion, and whose mind is either a great big interrogation point, or else is a mass of conceit for which the owner has no possible excuse? It is all very well to rave about 'sweet sixteen' and all the long list of like phrases which sound so pretty and mean so little.

Sweet Fiddlesticks, Say I!

Better sweet six-and-twenty or six-and-thirty in half mourning, with a look of resignation to give character to the smile, and with all the graces which nothing but experience and schooling can give to a woman.

"What does 'sweet sixteen' know about life, about men, about herself? What is she but a lot of vacuous chatter and silly laughter? A bright eye, a bit of pretty color in the cheeks, a figure not yet formed to the perfection of womanhood—bah!—a lot of idle, foolish, sentimental fancies which have got to be knocked out of her by the heavy trip-hammers of life. When you were 'sweet eighteen' and not much more to brag about than she, you used to think she was something very delightful and superhuman—a sort of a half-baked angel. What do you think now, that you are a grown man yourself? Do you remember the little, freckled, moon-faced baker's daughter in Tarrytown, whose papa's cream cakes you used to buy because she stood behind the counter and sold them to you with a smile as empty as the cakes were of cream? Thought you loved her, didn't you? Suppose you had married her? You shudder.

"Well, I happen to know that girl is a blooming widow. She is the prettiest woman between Ossining and Manhattan. And if you were to meet her to-day you would not recognize her as your early flame, but would fall at her feet in silent adoration. Ah, yes, worth your while, indeed. But just because some suffering man—you may thank your lucky stars it was not you—who is now resting beneath the daisies, went into the crucible with her and helped to make her so.

"Think of the dreadfulness of your fate had you taken to wife that unripe bit of womanly possibilities.

I See You Cringe.

The picture comes back to you of what she was and what you were. It was a case of 'calf love' merely. But I don't mind telling you, my boy, for I am not at all jealous—there are many more like you—that it would be well worth your while to run up to Rockefellertown and make—mind, I do not say renew—acquaintance with the charming widow. If you do, forget the past, blot it out. If she were to recognize in you the boarding school boy who used to buy papa's creamcakes, I can see your finish. Oh, your cousin Rebecca knows a thing or two, my love. She is the original wise woman of the East—Bath Beach.

Why Ask Foolish Questions?

"You ask wherein the widow is superior to all others. Well, suppose we consider her as a companion. Do not you find that she is worthy of the company of strong men? She knows their minds, their tastes. She knows how to talk to them and how to listen. She can laugh with them if a good story be told. It is just possible that she can tell a good one herself, though women differ in this respect just as much as you men do. In short, she meets you on the level, so to speak. She has learned how to be genuinely entertaining. She does not talk everlastingly about herself, as the poor, silly fool whom the papers call "the belle" continually does, and who attracts men only if she have money or beauty, two things which the widow of talent can do without and win hands down, if she cares to enter into a contest with the maiden person.

"Go into any mixed assemblage of men and women. Who has the men of moment hovering around her? The widow every time. Go to the big seashore or mountain hotel, where there is a hue and cry concerning the dearth of men. Do you find it coming from the widows? I think not. They have all the men they want. It is the wives and the maidens fair who are suffering from the drought.

"Why, often I hear women crying out against the widows and accusing them of being monopolists. They say mean and spiteful things about the poor, defenseless creatures. But the widows try to bear up, being comforted by the thought that they hold the trump cards—the men.

Another Point of Vantage!

"Another thing which makes the widow superior is the fact that she has learned the truth about the men and has learned the proper way to manage them. You are very nice creatures up to a certain point," said Rebecca, placing her warm hand on mine, "but you have to be properly managed and driven with a firm hand. In the first place, you must not be adored too much. It spoils you. The widow never adores. She tempers her love to the shorn man. She knows when to be cold and when to be hot. She never sickens him with sentiment. She is just right, and he finds her so. And she is so wise that she always has more than one string to her bow. It is the great secret of success. A man thinks far more of the woman who laughs at his jealous fits and refuses to be his slave than at one who sickens him with adoration.

"But suppose we consider the widow in the light of a lover. Ah, you bend a listening ear. You are interested. Now, let me ask you as a man who has had some varied experience—nay, do not smile in that self-conscious way—it is common to all your sex—have you not found the 'relic,' as some jolly joker called her, far and away the best article of affection turned out by the alchemy of life?

"Who knows so well the needs of the creature man? Who knows as the widow how to creep in to the innermost cockles of the heart? Does he wish passion episodes, she has them ready to command and of the most approved brand. Hath he a hankering for tenderness and soft little cooing ways? The widow is a coo-coo beyond all compare. Has his self-esteem been rubbed the wrong way by some maladroit person whom he has met? How gently she strokes him the right way and brings it all back and sets him purring with conceit like a huge tom cat? Does he wish sympathy?

She Has it on Tap.

But, better than all else, and well the widow knows it, she has a tireless flow of gayety to keep him in good spirits; she keeps him laughing; she keeps him not only on good terms with himself but with all the world beside. And this is the golden secret of the successful lovemaker, a secret which the spinster knows nothing about and consequently never practices.

"A widow never wants for lovers. She has a selection to choose from. There is always a procession following her, while her nice little sister who ought to be a magnet walks, alas! often alone. That is the criterion after all. It is not what I say about it. That goes for naught, or would do so if the facts did not bear me out. A widow for a lover, say I. And so say the men, God bless 'em.

"And so I say a widow for marriage? Yes, every time—if you can get one! I say it boldly, and I do not fear contradiction from any one worthy to speak. Nothing more ridiculous was ever written than old man Weller's advice to Samuel, 'Beware of the vidders.'

"The man who gets a buxom, bouncing, aye! or an airy, fairy widow to marry him, is going to get a wife who

Will Make Him Happy.

She has been broken to double harness. She knows what is before her, and if she is willing to try it again, it is because she has learned the rare art of making marriage successful. And a successful marriage is a pretty good thing to tie to.

"But, surely, it is not necessary for me to go into particulars about this. I merely point to the fact that a woman's second marriage—I refer, of course, to women of good sense and keen discernment—is almost invariably a happy one. And if, perchance, through natural courses, she enjoys a third and fourth, they run as smoothly as an electric automobile on a perfect road.

"If you must marry, my boy, marry a widow—a widow every time!"

"My dearest Rebecca," said I, "there is wisdom in what you say. It appeals to me, every word with a force which is quite compelling. And now, may I—"

"We must be going," said the jolly horseman's daughter, gathering her wraps about her alabaster shoulders. "This sea fog makes the air quite chill. I think it about time to retire."

An Early Call.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Dear, dear, I dropped my diamond ring off my finger this morning, and can't find it anywhere."

Von Blumer—It's all right. I came across it in one of my trousers pockets.

WHAT IRISH ELECTIONS COST

Some Odd Items Included in the Returns From the Old Sod.

The law of Great Britain requires every candidate for a public office to make a return of his expenditures during the campaigns. Some of these returns present amusing features. As far back as 1886 it is related that Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all persons who should vote for him. In due course he received the following bill, which he had framed and preserved in Somerville house, County Meath. A copy of it was found among the papers of the deceased Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, vicar general of the diocese of Meath. It ran thus:

To eating sixteen freeholders above stairs, for Sir Marks at 3s. 6d. a head, is to me	£ 2	12	0
For eating sixteen more below stairs and two Priests after supper to me	2	15	9
To six beds in one room and four in another, at two guineas every bed and not more than four in any bed at a time,—cheap enough, God knows,— is to me	22	15	0
To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s, every one of them, and for a man, which was lost on head of watching them all night, is to me	5	5	0
For breakfast on tay in the morning, for every one of them and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess, is to me	4	12	0
To raw whiskey and punch, without talking of pipes and tobacco, as well as porter, and as well for breakfasting a lot upstairs and for glasses and delf for the first day and night, I am not sure, but for three days and a half of the election, as little as I can call it and not to be very exact, It is in all of thereabouts, and not to be too particular, it is to me at least	79	15	9
For shaving and cropping the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13d. for every head of them, by my brother, who has a vote, is to me	2	13	1
For medicine and nurses for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs—I don't talk of the piper, or for keeping him sober, as long as he was sober is to me	40	10	0

The total is £100 10s. 7d., you may say £111; so your honor Sir Mark send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I prays for your success always in Trim and no more at present. Signed in place of Jemmy Can's wife,

his
Bryan x Garraty.
mark.

WHY BABIES CRY.

Some Useful Hints to Mothers on the Care of Little Ones.

Babies cry because they are sick or in pain, and in almost every case the sickness or pain is caused by some disorder of the stomach or bowels. Fermentation and decomposition of the food produce a host of infantile troubles, such as griping, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fever, indigestion, etc. Proper digestion of the food is necessary to the maintenance of life, and evacuation of used up products and refuse of digestion is necessary to health. The lesson to mothers is, therefore, that the stomach and bowels should be carefully watched, and if baby cries, or is fretful or cross, some simple vegetable remedy should be given. Mothers should never resort to the so-called "soothing" preparations to quiet baby, as they invariably contain stupifying opiates. Baby's Own Tablets will be found an ideal medicine. They gently move the bowels, aid digestion, and promote sound, healthy sleep, thus bringing happiness to both mother and child. They are guaranteed to contain no poisonous "soothing" stuff, and may be given with absolute safety (dissolved in water if necessary) to children of all ages from earliest infancy, with an assurance that they will promptly cure all their minor ailments.

For the benefit of other mothers, Mrs. Alex. Lafave, Copper Cliff, Ont., says: "I would advise all mothers to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house at all times. When I began giving them to my baby he was badly constipated, and always cross. He is now four months old, has not been troubled with constipation since I gave him the Tablets, and he is now always happy and good natured. Mothers with cross children will easily appreciate such a change. I enclose 50 cents for two more boxes of the Tablets, and will never be without them in the house while I have children."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

It Would Help a Little.

"Here's another letter from that new tenant," said the secretary.

"What's he want now?" inquired the proprietor of the Highuppe apartment house.

"Says he's got to have more room in his flat. Says it'll help him some if you'll let him scrape the paper off the walls."—Catholic Standard and Times.

He Wouldn't Mind.

Thus a writer in an American paper views the life of King Edward VII.:

When I think of Albert Edward,
With his throne,
To comment upon his worries
I am prone;
And I cite the restless bed,
An uneasy royal head;
But I'd like to lose some slumber,
On a throne.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

News of the Good Work in the Old Gulf of St. Lawrence Colony.

Dodd's Almanac the Means of Helping Mr. Thomas Barton Down There—Read that Dodd's Kidney Pills Would Cure Heart Trouble—Tried Them and Proved it True.

Cape La Hune, Nfld., Aug. 26.—The most popular remedy down here this last few years is undoubtedly Dodd's Kidney Pills. It is only one of the host advertised which universally shows that it may be relied upon.

Medicines for Heart Trouble have been advertised before in Newfoundland, but nobody placed any reliance in them. The trouble was they did not act at the root of the matter—the Kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are entirely different to any other treatment for Heart Trouble; they act on the Kidneys first, and for that very reason are so successful.

Mr. Thomas Barter, of Cape La Hune, had trouble with his heart for years, and could find nothing to help him. But his own words will better tell the story.

"For over six years," writes Mr. Barter, "I suffered intensely with palpitation of the heart and had to give up work. I could not do anything at all until I saw in Dodd's Almanac that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. I then sent for six boxes. I used five of them and am completely cured, I can do my work again now as well as ever I could. I am not much of a writer, but if you think this letter would help any other person by being printed in any of your publications you are at liberty to print it, for I am thoroughly grateful for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

A QUEER DONATION PARTY.

Minister Presented With a Chicken-house and Fowls.

One of the oldest presents ever made to a minister was given to Rev. J. S. Ellsworth, of the Clifton (N. J.) Reformed Church, recently, says the Newark News. It consisted of a chicken house, as well as the chickens to put in it. The oddest feature of all was that the good clergyman was unaware of his friends' intentions until the chicken house was found in his back yard.

The presentation was made by the members of the Young Men's Society, who carried the chicken house to the minister's home and placed it safe on the ground. Then each one secured a chicken and decorated it with ribbons. When a ring at the door bell announced visitors, Mr. Ellsworth was greatly surprised to find that several dozen good healthy chickens, gay in their varied decorations, awaited him.

The Sweetness of Corn.

Happy is the man in these times, exclaims a writer in the Boston Transcript, who can see from his dining room window the very patch in which grew the ear of corn that is at that instant tickling his palate! For no vegetable known to modern cooks takes on travel stain and goes stale so quickly as does sweet corn. It looks as well at the end of four hours from picking time as it did at the first instant, but even in that short time the sweetness that is inherent has vanished, no one can say where. Cooks who know this and aim to make the loss good by adding sugar to the water in which they boil the corn have their labor for their pains They don't fool anyone besides themselves. The sweetness of corn to be of the right sort must come, like true happiness, all from within and from nowhere else.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Quaker Chips.

It's a wise child that doesn't ask questions.

The cream of a book is not obtained by skimming.

In cooking as in singing, a great deal depends on the range.

A fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it.

Be sure you are right and then—be certain that you're sure.

You can take a lazy man to task but you can't make him work.

What's done can't be undone, especially if it's a hard boiled egg.

A man's house may be his castle, but that doesn't make him a nobleman.

"This air is very familiar," remarked the musician, as the wind took off his hat.

The toper objects to having body in the wine, and the prohibitionist objects to having wine in the body.

"The difference between a street and a woman," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "is that cross streets are quiet."

"No, Maude, dear, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that when a man has been sitting perfectly still you've seen his sidewalk."—Philadelphia Record.

A Tale With a Moral.

There was once a fisherman. And of course he went a-fishing, for no one expects a fisherman to go out shooting rabbits. And he caught two little fish, and they were so small that he threw them back again. And he went home without any, and did not stop at the fishmonger's to buy large ones. And his wife said to him: "Where are the large fish?" and he said: "There are none." And she said: "And where is the lie about the twelve-pound trout?" And he said: "I have not one." Then his wife said: "I do not believe you have been fishing at all, but have been to the races and lost a lot of money and are afraid to tell me. I think it is cruel, and I shall go home to mother." And she wept for a long time, and was only persuaded by a diamond ring that he was telling the truth.

Moral—A fishy lie is cheaper than the unexpected truth.—London King.

At the age of 16 a girl imagines the average man is all soul, but at the age of 30 she knows he is mostly stomach.

A COUNTRY COURTSHIP

He came in the early twilight. When he knocked, she opened the door and pretended to be surprised at seeing him.

"Be it you, Jim?"

Jim admitted being "it," by a curt "yes," and followed her into the parlor. He sat down on a chair without leaning back, placed his hat in his lap and clasped his hands over his knees. She sat on the far side of the room, with her hands lying idly one in the other. After a lapse of fourteen minutes he opened the conversation:

"Fokes well?"

"All 'cept pap. He's down with roomytiz."

Another long and ominous silence, perhaps 20 minutes.

"Goin t' begin harvestin' t'morrer," he said.

"Dew tell. Must hev airly crops," from her.

Then the clock had the floor for another 17 minutes.

"Hoss is sick," she said.

"Waal, I'll be durn. Which un?" exclaimed Jim.

"Bay mare."

"Ep'zooticks?"

"Ep'zooticks."

After this outburst nothing was said for thirty minutes.

"Goin' t' th' singin' skule Saturday night?" queried Jim.

"Nobuddy axt me," she said.

"I axes you," said Jim bravely.

"I'll go," she said.

Twenty-five minutes elapsed.

"Ole Boss hed a kaff," said Jim, brightening.

"Law me," she said.

Twenty minutes passed. Then Jim unlocked his hands, put on his hat and stood up.

"Goin'?" she asked.

"Goin'," he said, and walked out on the porch. She followed him to the door, and they both stood thus in silence for ten minutes.

"Must be after 9," he said.

"Must be," she said.

"Good night, Mandy," he said, and shut the door as he walked out of the yard.

And yet this is the twentieth century.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions aand financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price—75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Forgot the Card Tray.

A young matron of New York tells the following joke of her bridal attempts at housekeeping. She had employed a greenhorn as a servant, and spent many weary hours teaching her the way things should be done to be in the correct style. Her latest lesson related to the correct way to receive a visitor and the maid was instructed in the mysteries of cards, card-trays and the accepted formula to be gone through when opening the door for a caller. One afternoon the door bell rang, and Mrs. Gregory heard the maid tearing up the stairs two steps at a time.

"Shure, m'm, there's one of them machines outside, with two men a-sittin' on the top of it, and a lady on the inside, an',"—looking at the card in her hand, and with a dash down the stairs again—"I've forgotten me pan!"—Ledger Monthly.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BYARD McMULLIN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.
Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. H. BAILEY.
Parksdale, Ont.

It Made Her Blue.

The bride was showing her wedding presents with great delight; but when her visitor paused before a fine etching of "The Angelus" her face fell.

"How beautiful!" was the exclamation.

"Yes," the bride responded; "but it is so sad! If it hadn't been given to Henry by his favorite uncle I should propose having it taken out and something else put in the frame. The frame is lovely! But it makes me blue every time I look at the picture. There that poor young couple have just buried their little baby—their first-born, likely!—oh, I can't bear to see it!"

And the bride wiped away a tear.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Automatic Restaurants in Stockholm

A correspondent, says the Pall Mall Gazette writes to Ruscan's Agency: "In Stockholm we have five Automaten, or automatic restaurants. It is a very good thing for Englishmen; you need only drop your penny in the slot, and without speaking the language you get a sandwich, almost of any kind you like, or beer, milk, coffee, tea, etc."

Cultivated land is said to produce 1,000 times as much food as an equal area of hunting land.

SOZODONT for the Teeth and Breath 25c
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

How To Gain Flesh

Persons have been known to gain a *pound a day* by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somehow the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE Toronto, Canada.

A DOMINIE'S WANS.

A Very Unique Way of Using the Advertising Columns.

The popularity of the "want" ad. is growing. For years newspapers have been portraying the advantages offered by these short, terse, advertisements, until now, throughout the world, people search the "want ad." columns as they do the news columns. They realize they are just as essential in the make-up of a newspaper as is the latest item of news. Each city has its peculiar offers presented to the reading public through the means of the "wants," and a Niagara Falls minister is among the very latest to avail himself of this opportunity to do good. Alert to the value of advertising, here is the way he uses the advertising columns:

WANTED.

"Wanted—A sad heart, a tempted life, a sinful soul to save with God's word and my heart's sympathy. Sabbath morning and evening. First Congregational Church. Arthur C. Dill."

PERSONAL.

"Wanted — A heart to cheer, a tempted life to strengthen for the test; a soul to save; Sabbath morning and evening; God's word of love. First Congregational Church. Arthur C. Dill."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Asks Too Much.

"You said," asserted the irate customer, "that this tonic would make hair grow."

"I did," admitted the clerk.

The customer removed his hat and showed a head as smooth as a billiard ball.

"I've been using that tonic for three months," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," answered the clerk, promptly. "You have no hair to grow; if you had, the tonic would work all right. What more could you expect?"—Chicago Post.

There ain't no credit in winnin' a game when ye've got all the trumps, 'less you dealt the cards yourself.

There are times when loquacity tells nothing and silence tells much.

The Continental Life Insuranee 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.

Buffalo Hotels

Canadian houses for Canadians at Canadian prices and managed by a Canadian.

The Hotel Buckingham,
The Marlborough and The Lillian.

All up to date buildings. Roof garden on the Buckingham. Rooms—$1.00 per day.

Apply F. B. ROBINS, Hotel Buckingham Buffalo, N. Y.

PARTIES WANTED to do KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand knitters also wanted. Send stamp for particulars to

STANDARD HOSE CO., Toronto, Ont.

Your Complexion is one of your joys if good; if not good, you are perplexed, and your general health is wrong. Send 50c by express or P. O. order for two matchless prescriptions to perfect your health, hence your perfect complexion. Do not ask us for worthless face blotches or washes. Address

YALE MEDICAL, Yale, Mich.

FOR SALE—200 ACRES, RUSSELL COUNTY, 12 miles from Ottawa, township of Cumberland, ¼ mile from Eastman's Springs, 100 acres high land, 100 of good peat land, or splendid hay land, being drained, with government ditches, 100 will be sold separate or all together. Apply W.T. Powell, Chemsford, Ont.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, as 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 509, Winona, Ontario.

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

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO