TROUBLE IN EAST.

Sir Edward Moss Predicts It In the Near Future.

New York, June 21.—Among the passengers who sailed for Liverpool to-day on the Cunard liner Mauretania was Sir Edward Moss, the Chairman of the Moss and Stoll Empires, London, who is on his way home from a tour around the world with his wife and daughter. In an interview Sir Edward said his impression of the far east, gathered from Englishmen living out there, was that the Anglo-Japanese alliance was not the wisest policy for Britain to have adopted.

"I have admired certain parts of Japan," said Sir Edward, "but I cannot say that I admire the Japanese. Personally, I dislike them, and infinitely prefer the Chinese. Englishmen in banks, offices and clubs and naval and military officers that I have met on my tour were, without exception, all of the same opinion. They told me that in business transactions Chinese could be relied upon, while the more tricky Japanese are as uncertain as the wind.

"Business men in the far east all seemed to think that there would be trouble out there in the near future, and it is well for Great Britain to be prepared for emergencies."

WINNIPEG FIRE.

Great West Saddlery Co's. Establishment Burned.

Loss Three Hundred and Seventy-Five Thousand.

Winnipeg, June 21.—As telegraphed yesterday, one of the most costly fires in the history of Winnipeg raged in the wholesale house and manufactory of the Great West Saddlery Co. in the early hours of Thursday morning, destroying property valued at about $375,000, less than half of which was insured. The fire was of a very mysterious origin, and broke out in the top flat, where no fire of any kind had been used on the previous day. It was one of the most dangerous outbreaks with which the fire brigade have had to contend, and threatened for a time to wipe out an entire block. Only the magnificent water supply of the high-pressure plant prevented this disaster. The plant poured two hundred thousand gallons per hour into the doomed building at a pressure of two hundred pounds. One hundred and fifty men are thrown out of work by the fire.

BALED WITH HAT.

A Boy Alone on Lake Michigan in a Storm.

Detroit, June 21.—A special from Menominee, Mich., to-night says: Chilled, partly unconscious and lying prone on his back in three inches of water, Charles Snyder, aged 14, of Egg Harbor, was rescued off the Menominee shore early this morning after drifting about Green Bay in a frail rowboat since yesterday afternoon. He is terribly exhausted, but will recover.

How the lad, with one oar, managed to drift across the bay is causing much wonder. A heavy sea kept many boats of larger size in the harbors. To canoe to his parents, the but took his father's boat shortly after dinner yesterday and paddled into the bay. Quickly realizing his peril when the huge waves tossed the little craft wildly he screamed for assistance, but his cries were unheard. Then, composing himself, the lad, using his hat as a dipper, pulled incessantly until late at night, when he lapsed into a stupor. The boat bobbed about the bay until this morning at daybreak, when fishermen sighted it and came to the boy's assistance. When found he was exactly 28 miles from his home.

CARDINALS BEWITCHED.

Fregoli, Quick Change Artist, at the Vatican.

London, June 21. A Rome despatch says Fregoli, the famous quick-change artist, had an audience with the Pope to-day. His Holiness good-humoredly remarked that Fregoli had so bewitched the inmates of the Vatican, and the Cardinals themselves, by his astounding performance that for the last two days they seemed incapable of talking about anything else. While engaged in conversation, Pope Pius X. espied Fregoli's secretarie on the point of taking a snapshot as a souvenir of the interview. "No, no! you must not do that," exclaimed his Holiness in protest. "It's against the rules. The Pope, you know, is the servant of servants of God, but men sometimes make him the servant of interest and the devil."

STRIKE LEADERS BUSY.

Outcome of Trouble in Hawaii is Still Uncertain.

Honolulu, June 21.—The four editors of a Japanese newspaper and several others of the seventeen Japanese arrested last Saturday and yesterday on indictments growing out of the strike of sugar plantation laborers, were released on bail to-day and their preliminary hearings set to begin on June 26.

The situation remained virtually unchanged to-day. No attempt was made by the striking laborers to interfere with such of their countrymen as have returned to work. Many conferences were held between the delegates from bodies of strikers from various parts of the islands, but what plans the strike cadets agreed on were not made known.

A MARATIME UNION.

Resolutions Passed by the Moncton Board of Trade.

Moncton, N. B., June 21.—At a meeting of the Moncton Board of Trade to-night a resolution was unanimously passed favoring a union of the Maritime Provinces into one province. The chief arguments in favor of the scheme were the lessened cost of the machinery of government and the greater influence in the Federal Parliament. The board passed another resolution, unanimously favoring the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal by the Federal Government.

The Confessions of a Debutante.

"So I look perfectly hideous?" inquired Kitty, glancing up at me anxiously.

"Oh, I—I shouldn't say that," I replied deprecatingly, as I noted her stiff sailor hat, common sense boots and plain little tailored frock.

"Of course, you shouldn't say it," rejoined Kitty with a touch of disappointment in her voice, "but you think it, don't you?"

"Well," I agreed compromisingly, "you do look rather—rather different. There isn't any powder on your nose, nor any rustle to your skirts, nor a single kink in your pompadour; and you don't smell of violets, nor seem quite happy, but—there it is!" I exclaimed suddenly.

"There what is?" asked Kitty, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Your dimple," I explained.

"Oh, that," said Kitty, rubbing her offending cheek with a little frown. "I wish I could leave that off, too," she added with a sigh.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I demanded.

"It isn't what I've been doing," quoth Kitty promptly, "but what I'm going to do that is the matter. I'm going to call on my mother-in-law, Mrs. Curtis," she added, turning solemnly upon me.

"Your—what?"

"A woman who owns a son," explained Kitty.

"But her son isn't your——," I began, quickly.

"No, he isn't mine," responded Kitty, frankly, "and he never will be! But she's a 'mother-in-law' in the most harrowing sense of the word. Every mother of every son is a 'mother-in-law' to every girl who—who——"

"Who looks at him?" I suggested.

"Whom he looks at," corrected Kitty. "She's the mother-in-law 'before taking,' and, like medicine, 'before taking,' she's much worse than after you've swallowed the dose and gotten it down. Did you ever see a man so depraved and homely and unattractive and uninteresting that his mother didn't fancy that every woman he met wanted to marry him and didn't hate her for it instead of—of thanking her?" and Kitty severely pushed back an obstreperous curl that crept from under the sailor hat and hung down over one ear. "It's the mothers of men," she went on, walking rapidly, "who prevent all the happy marriages and make all the stupid, grouchy old bachelors and are at the bottom of all the silly runaway matches and of most of the matrimonial misery in this world!" and Kitty's heels clicked angrily as she hurried down the avenue.

"You," I remarked, lifting my eyebrows accusingly, "seem to have had an unusual amount of experience for——"

"No," interrupted Kitty, jingling her chatelaine impatiently, "only the usual amount—the amount that every girl has who hasn't a hump or a squint. And the more charming and popular and eligible a girl is the more agonizing her experience and the more desperately she is fought and frozen and snubbed by the embryo mothers-in-law. It's a battle to the knife for a really fascinating young woman to get a husband in these days!" and Kitty sighed mournfully.

"Oh, well," I remarked cheerfully, "we've got to be protected some way. It's the natural provision of Providence——"

"Providence didn't give a woman a son," retorted Kitty, "as it gave her a nose or a finger—to be attached to her through life. But she invariably thinks it did. And she looks upon every fairly attractive girl as a thief or a bird of prey, ready to pounce upon her 'treasure.' Every time I meet the mother of an unmarried man I feel as if I were on trial for my life, and it makes me so self-conscious and rebellious that it simply drives me to—to do things."

"Kitty Gleam!" I exclaimed, reproachfully. "To do what things?"

"Well," said Kitty, twisting her chatelaine and looking the other way, "to sit in the conservatory longer than I should and to say things I shouldn't and don't mean and—and, oh, you know how a wrongfully convicted criminal feels!"

"I can't say I do," I remarked, coldly.

"He feels," said Kitty, "as if he might just as well eat the cake he is accused of stealing."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Then that is why you say mother is around you are always so——"

"I'm not," cried Kitty, reddening.

"So——"

"Don't you dare say it, Mr. Curtis."

"So particularly fascinating," I finished. "Ah, well! There's something on the mother-in-law side after all."

"There's nothing on her side," retorted Kitty defiantly, "but pure, unadulterated selfishness. It isn't her love for her son that prompts her to keep him away from the girl he wants. It's her love for herself and the fear that some other woman will profit by her handiwork. She forgets that she herself profited by another woman's handiwork when she married her husband. She forgets all that she endured at the hands of that other woman before she got that husband. She forgets that her son is human and that his happiness is at stake, and——"

"Not at all!" I objected. "That's just what she remembers that he is human—too human—and that his happiness depends upon finding the right girl, and——"

"There isn't any right girl!" declared Kitty.

"What!"

"Not in the eyes of a man's mother. Cleopatra herself wouldn't be beautiful enough, nor the Queen of Sheba rich enough, nor Saint Cecilia good enough for the meanest, smallest, most miserable specimen of manhood a mother ever cherished. His name might be Smith and his income $10 a week, his chief feature a hump, his only talent a talent for amusing himself; but you couldn't convince his mother that any girl who, out of sheer pity dances with him or allows him to call, isn't a siren trying to lure him from his happy home. And the worst of it all is that it is the right girl she breaks him off from every time."

"Nonsense!" I declared. "Nobody on earth can break a man off from the girl he loves, unless——"

"No," rejoined Kitty, scathingly, "but a determined mother can make it so unpleasant for that girl that the girl will break it off herself if she has an ounce of pride. And, besides, no man's mother ever waited long enough for her son to fall in love before beginning to 'mother-in-law.' She takes time by the forelock and her son by the coattails the moment he is old enough to enter a ball room or to feel a glimmer of interest in the opposite sex. She can scent a love affair or a flirtation as quickly as a hunting dog does a rabbit. The sight of a pretty girl's photograph on her son's dressing table sends her into paroxysms of fright. Every time she kisses him, she sniffs at his coat lapels in mortal fear that she will detect the odor of violets or peau d'Espagne. She watches the clock and listens for his footsteps whenever he stays out after half-past ten. She drives him to subterfuges and lies by her eternal questionings, and warns him against 'designing' women until he shudders at the thought of matrimony. She remembers all the little tricks she practiced when she herself was young and explains them to him in their most revolting details, until he being to look upon femininity as he would upon cold poison. Somehow, the little gods only know how, the moment he stops calling promiscuously and cuts the list in his engagement book down to one address, she finds it out, and from that moment she regards her son as a doomed man, the victim of a malicious, designing, scheming woman."

"But," I protested, "if you aren't malicious——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Curtis!"

"And haven't any designs," I continued, "couldn't you convince her, or propitiate her, or——"

"Could you convince a lunacy commission that you weren't insane by signing an affidavit to that effect?" inquired Kitty bitterly. "Could you convince a judge that you weren't guilty of theft with the stolen goods at your heels? Could you propitiate a lioness whose cub had followed you out of the jungle? Whatever you do you convict yourself. Snub the man, and his mother will declare you are only trying to whet his passion by indifference, or that you are hurt because he isn't more attentive. Be pleasant to him, and she will vow you are pursuing him. Try to make her love you, and you will end by making her hate you and talk about you as 'that woman who attempted to ensnare my son by making me sofa pillows and sending me flowers.' Ignore her, and she will think you are afraid of her. Fight her openly, and she will tear your good name to tatters. Be charming, and she will dub you 'fast,' sweet, and she will call you 'insipid;' clever, and she will say you 'know too much' in a tone that will make cold shudders run up and down her son's spine. And then, when she has driven you to desperation or to throwing the man over she will put her arms tenderly round his neck and soothingly assure him that she always knew you were 'that kind' of woman and 'warned' him against you, anyhow."

"Whe-eew!" I exclaimed. "And I never realized——"

"Of course you didn't!" broke in Kitty. "No man ever realizes until too late until his mother has managed to separate him from every nice, wholesome, self-respecting girl who might have made him happy, or——"

"Perfectly wretched," I suggested.

"And until he has become a grouchy old bachelor," continued Kitty, spitefully, "or in a mad fit of revolt has run away with the cook or a chorus girl or some creature depraved enough to—to fight the embryo mother-in-law with her own weapons, and then—and then——"

"There's the devil to pay!" I said shudderingly.

"And everybody is beautifully miserable, and the mother-in-law rails at Providence in one breath and cries triumphantly in the next 'I told you so!'" finished Kitty, waving her chatelaine dramatically.

"Now I understand!" I exclaimed, turning on Kitty with a look of enlightenment.

"Understand what?" inquired Kitty, looking up at me in surprise through the refractory curl.

"Why my mother hates you so."

"Does she?" gurgled Kitty delightedly.

"She calls you 'That woman,'" I explained.

"How nice!" cried Kitty.

"And 'warns' me against you."

"Oh!"

"And when a man's mother hates you," I proceeded, "it's a sure sign——"

"Well?" Kitty smiled encouragingly.

"That the man——"

"Doesn't?" broke in Kitty quickly.

"Loves you." I said softly.

"I don't believe in signs," said Kitty, with a toss of her head. "And, besides, I have made up my mind——"

"Already?" I asked in astonishment.

"To marry——"

"What!"

"A nice lone orphan," said Kitty, as she turned suddenly into a side street and mounted a flight of brown stone steps.

"Kitty!" I cried. "This is my house. You aren't going in——"

"I am going," said Kitty, "to call on your mother."

"Then my mother is your——"

"I didn't say so!" cried Kitty, turning rosy to her ears.

"Kitty!" I whispered softly, "I could almost kiss——"

"How dare you, Mr. Curtis!"

"My mother," I finished, virtuously.

HELEN ROWLAND.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine doesn't smart; soothes eye pain. Is compounded by experienced physicians; contains no injurious or prohibited drugs. Try Murine for your eye troubles. You will like Murine. Try it in baby's eyes for scaly eyelids. Druggists sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, will send you interesting Eye Books free.

THE CAUTIOUS BOY EXPLAINS.

They say that I'm a coward,
And this is 'zactly why:—
'Cause I won't stand a-holdin'
A lighted firefly.

It isn't that I'm frightened
At them, you understand;
But s'posin' it should burn me—
Then I might lost my hand.

The Modesty of Mary.

Mistress—Why, Mary, this figure of Venus is covered with dust.

Maid—Yes'm.

Mistress—Didn't I tell you to brush it off?

Maid—Yes'm.

Mistress—And why didn't you?

Maid (blushing)—Because, mem, I thought it needed something on it.

Pleasant for Both.

Near Sighted Guest (at banquet)—I presume the next thing will be a long and tiresome speech from some talkative guy.

Man Sitting Next—O, I suppose so. I'm the talkative guy that has to make the speech.

CORNS. CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

LOCKJAW.

The Deadly Disease and How It Destroys Life.

Did you know that since the introduction of the toy pistol and giant cracker the number of lives sacrificed yearly in the celebration of the Fourth of July has averaged about four hundred, the greatest mortality beign from fireworks used on the Fourth in 1903, when the number tabulated by the Journal of the American Medical Association was four hundred and sixty-six, of which three hundred and sixty-three were from tetanus caused by toy pistols?

When lockjaw, or tetanus, is about to develop, the wound from which the infection has come and which has probably been healing gets irritable, red and tender, and pains shoot up the nerves toward the spine. The first evidence of the seizure is nearly always in the nerves which control the muscles in grinding food and the jaws become rigidly closed; hence the name given to the disease. The muscles of the throat become so sensitive that they resist the passing of food, making it painful and difficult to swallow. The muscles of the face take a fixed position, with lips retracted exposing the teeth; the brow is wrinkled and the eyes stare, giving the countenance a mixed expression of anguish and laughter, producing the "sardonic" expression peculiar to tetanus. The rigidity of the muscles next extends to the body and its extremities and the victim becomes helpless, stiffened. Often the muscles of the back are drawn so tense that the body is bent like a bow, resting on the head and heels. Less frequently it is bent forward or to one side. In the beginning of the attack the rigidity is not constant and does not affect all the groups of muscles equally, and may pass from one to another group with intervals of complete relaxation.

But the spasms become more frequent and severe and are presently excited by the slightest muscular effort. So exquisitely excitable are the nerves that a mere touch, a current of air, the reflection of light from any bright object, will bring on a sudden spasm in all the muscles ordinarily controlled by the will; the face is horribly distorted, the spine bent, and the hands violently clinched and drawn up. So severe is the contraction that muscles are sometimes torn in two. During the convulsion there is a severe pain through the stomach and back. Immediately following the maximum of the paroxysm, the breathing becomes easier and a little fluid may be taken through a tube.

Unfortunately the mind of the sufferer is clear and his sense acute during the attacks. Profuse sweats occur, and the voice is dry, guttural and, at times, unintelligible. Owing to the severe activity of the muscles, lockjaw causes the highest fever ever seen, and the body temperature sometimes rises for an hour or two after death. Finally the boy, your boy, sinks from exhaustion or a severe paroxysm arrests the breathing and death terminates the disease which has the worst terrors of meningitis, strychnine poisoning and hydrophobia, causing an agony hardly to be surpassed by the tortures of a martyrdom, and a distress to the helpless bystander which is unmeasurable in words.—From "The Deadly Toy Pistol," in July Technical World Magazine.

Where Do the Old Things Go?

People kept old things a generation ago because they still had time to keep them. They kept them because they had time to nurse the sentiments that come of the sense of association—which sense made them want to keep them. Modern lives have no attics, any more than modern houses. They haven't the space to spare. They don't keep old diaries on their own account, nor old letters, ribbons, trinkets, photographs, on their friends' account. Especiall not old photographs. Friends last longest to the really modern person when they are of the type whose various metamorphoses, as time goes on, are of the rapid and painless sort, and who, through all changes, keep abreast with the hour. Why, then, photographs, or any other memorial, of periods antecedent to the actual moment — periods when your friend was a different being, and so were you?

But where do all the old things go? They cannot all lightly float into the waste paper basket, along with the pretty dross of menus and cotillion favors semi-sentimentally preserved for half a season. All thrifty men must know that since the poor have been growing richer it is much more difficult to give away old things "advantageously" meaning old clothes especially. Some of us, I am sure, wear clothes indeed of which we feel that our servants would not approve for themselves. Is the key to the mystery to be found in that vast subterranean business (it must be vast, since we are told that millions are invested in it) which acts as an intermediary between what some want to cast off and others want to acquire? And who are the people who sell to the seller of old clothes? From what class, or classes does he recruit the upper elements of his trade? Has our haste to be free of all perishable accumulations perceptibly enlarged an industry which, after all is in the hands chiefly of a race whose refusel to mix the things of sentiment with material things is one of its great powers? Why not the commercial spirit about old things, since we decline to be unduly sentimental any more about our pase phases in general?

From "The Point of View," in the May Scribner.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a man who has nothing to boast of but his ancestors like a potato plant? The best thing belonging to him is underground.

Why didn't the dog want to get into the Ark? Because he has a bark of his own.

What was it that was only four weeks old when Adam was a boy and not five weeks old when he was a man? The moon.

What happened to the hired girl who put kerosene on the fire? She hasn't benzine since.

What gives more milk than a cow? A milk cart. Speaking of milk, have you heard of the strange case of the Boston baby being brought up on elephant's milk? It was the elephant's baby.

Why is President Roosevelt like "America"? Because he is the national him (hymn).

WIT AND HUMOR

Standing on His Rights

Police Justice—Have you any way of making a living?

Vagrant—I hev, y'r honor. I kin make brooms."

Police Justice—You can? Where did you learn that trade?

Vagrant—I decline t' answer, y'r honor.

Time.

"It's sort o' curious," said Uncle Jerry Peebles; "but when a man is workin' for another man he's always wantin' to go and see the ball game. When he's workin' on his own time he gets stingy with it and can't spare it."

Naturally.

"I am sorry, my son, if your studies worry you. Do the best you can, and let it go at that."

"But I'm at the foot of the class, mother—that's where the shoe pinches."

Fatal Oversight.

Achilles had discovered that he was vulnerable in his right heel.

"It's nothing," he said, "I'll pickle that before I go into action."

But he put it off too long, and Paris one day shot an arrow into it.

With Apologies

The centipede has a hundred legs,
The crippled vag but one;
But when the vag stumps out and begs
He has the other skun.

Among Girls.

"I wish I were a man."

"Why?"

"Oh, because."

"You might at least think up a man's reason."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wayside Communings.

Adam Zapple—"Wot's the hardest work ye ever done?"

Esau Phagus—"Digestin' a young wife's fust plum puddin'."

His Experience.

Curious Bystander—When you are once up in the air I presume you can keep going as long as your gas holds out.

Balloonist—No—no; not exactly. I can keep going as long as the gas holds in.

A Good Reason.

"I shall never marry that man as long as I live!"

"Why not?"

"I have just learned that he is going to marry some one else."

Unfavorable.

"I don't think that young lady you introduced me to likes me."

"What makes you think so?"

"She didn't say that I reminded her of somebody she knows."

Not Yet, But Sometime.

Man From the City—You intend to keep bees, I suppose.

Suburbanite—Some day, perhaps. At present we are devoting our entire energies to keeping a cook.

Discordant Note.

"Mr. Meekun, don't you think a woman should receive a man's pay when she does a man's work"

"Why—er—look at the other side of the question a moment, will you. Think how many men are doing women's work and not getting a cent for it!"

Disapproves.

"I always had a high opinion of Mr. Roosevelt," said Mrs. Lapsling, "until he went to Africa to kill animals. I don't like that one bit, even if he does call himself a fawning naturalist.

The Fan.

Daily he reads
These words with pain;
"No game to-day—
Wet grounds and rain."

Complete Trousseau.

Stella—Have you got your going away gown?

Bella—Yes, and a going home to mother gown.—New York Sun.

Putting It Up to Her.

Self-Possessed Young Woman—Geoffrey, you have been coming to see me for more than a year. Don't you think it's time to tell me what your intentions are?

Bashful Youth—Why, Miriam, I was in hopes you'd suspect what my intentions are by this time.

Those Foolish Questions.

"Our train hit a bear on the way down."

"Was the bear on the track?"

"No; the train had to go into the woods after him."— Louisville Courier-Journal.

It's a Toss-Up.

Hicks—My wife never says, "I told you so," when my plans go wrong.

Wicks—By Jove, she's a treasure. I wish——

Hicks—She merely remarks, "Didn't I say so?"—Boston Transcript.

Give Her Time.

Him—Could you learn to love me in time?

Her—Perhaps. Call to-morrow night, will you, Charlie?—Cleveland Leader.

Cynical.

"The law, you know, presumes that every man is innocent unless he has been proved to be guilty."

"Yes; I sometimes think the law hasn't any more sense than the average jury."

An Expert Opinion.

"Maria, is there a single good thing about these great wide hats the women are wearing"

"Yes, John, there is; when two women meet they can't kiss each other now."

Looking Up.

Stranger—Any improvements going on in your village?

Uncle Welby Gosh—Improvements? Ther' ain't nothin' else goin' on here but improvements, mister. We're layin' plans every minute fur a Greater Drearyhurst!

Suspicious Circumstance.

"Do you know they suspect that old man of leading a double life?"

"What gives rise to that?"

"Why, he's so mean and cross around home that they think he must be pleasant and agreeable somewhere."

Leads Them All.

Teacher—Who is the greatest inventor?

Shaggy Haired Pupil—Pat. Pending, I guess. I see his name on more inventions than I do on any other man's.

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dovedale, Sask.—"I was a sufferer from female weakness—monthly periods irregular and painful and a bad discharge, backache and wretched headache, and had felt weak ever since the birth of my twins. I tried doctors but got no relief. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after three weeks I was feeling much better, and now I am well again."—Mrs. BESSIE BILY, Dovedale, Sask., Canada.

Another Woman Cured.

Christiana, Tenn.—"I suffered from the worst form of female trouble so that at times I thought I could not live, and my nerves were in a dreadful condition. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold to suffering women."—Mrs. MARY WOOD, R.F.D 3.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form or female ills, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years this famous remedy has been the standard for all forms of female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, fibroid tumors, ulceration, irregularities, backache, and nervous prostration.

Are Best For Your Table

Because they are made of the choicest materials and guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

Libby's Veal Loaf makes a delightful dish for Luncheon and you will find,

Libby's Vienna Sausage
Corned Beef
Pork and Beans
Evaporated Milk

equally tempting for any meal.

Have a supply of *Libby's* in the house and you will always be prepared for an extra guest.

You can buy *Libby's* at all grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

HIS ITALIAN TOUR.

The Bridge Friend Speaks.

The trip across was rather slow;
I recollect the boat rolled so,
Really, we were scarcely able
To keep cards upon the table.

Naples? Like fools we showed our packs
And had to pay a custom tax.
The light was poor at the hotel—
One couldn't see the dummy well.

I don't remember Rome. Oh, yes,
That's where I took that Club finesse
When playing with Lord What's-his-name;
It saved two tricks and won the game.

Florence was marvellous. 'Twas there
I held that combination rare,
One hundred aces, in my hand;
It was my deal—I made a "Grand."

The railroads Say, don't talk to me
Of railroading in Italy!
It's quite impossible to play;
You run through tunnels all the way.

Venice is nice—but damp, you know,
The cards all stick together so.
At Genoa we took the ship
And ended our Italian trip.

Travel, of course, improves the mind,
But, just the same, I am inclined
To think you find as many dubs
Playing abroad as in our clubs.

Walter Trumbull in June Smart Set.

AFRAID OF THE LADIES.

(Galt Reporter.)

Important Political Item: William Lyon Mackenzie King, Minister of Labor, is a bachelor. Will some one please throw a protecting arm around the young man?

LARGER MILK YIELDS ARE POSSIBLE

Dominion Department of Agriculture Dairy Division Cow Testing Associations.

Why should cow testing be carried on? Mainly because individual cows in the same herd are likely to vary in production about as much as, sometimes much more than, individual cows in different breeds. Then too must be considered the strange variations in milk and fat from day to day, even with a cow handled as carefully as possible. Such variations are very apt to be overlooked unless the record is carefully kept. Another point: Two cows side by side, one gives 20 lbs. milk a day, or 10-lb. at a milking, the other gives 9 lbs. The difference in weight, or the difference in bulk in the pail, especially if there is a lot of froth on top, is not easily gauged by the ordinary milker. But multiply that by the 300 days of a milking period, and it is seen that one cow gives 600 lbs. more milk than the other. Yet the ordinary milker would have said, these two cows give "just about" the same. But is not the extra 600 lbs. worth having? Many members of the cow testing associations say that the hired man milks better, with more endeavor to milk clean, if the record hangs before him constantly, and an extra 500 lb. per cow has often been obtained since the introduction of the pencil and ruled sheet. Try it, not simply for the extra milk or fat, but for the immense personal satisfaction in knowing that each cow is being made to do better, to do her best.

C. F. W.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

The ship's bell is struck every half hour to announce the time.

The quarter deck must always be saluted on being approached.

Postal orders are sold at face value without poundage being charged.

The master at arms or chief of police is the only man in the ship not being an officer, allowed to wear a sword.

There is a government savings bank on board every ship, paying three percent., but officers may not use it.

Ropes are marked with a thin colored thread interwoven red if made at Portsmouth, blue at Devonport, yellow at Chatham.

From the minute a ship is commissioned to the day of paying off there is always an officer on watch day and night without intermission.

Grog is always mixed with three parts water before being served out to the men; warrant officers and petty officers alone receive it undiluted.

At any time of the day or night a man may be called upon for duty, if necessary. Leave to go on shore is regarded by the Admiralty as a privilege and not a right.

An officer's sword at a court-martial is laid on the table, point towards him, when he enters to hear the finding if he has been adjudged guilty. It is reversed if he is acquitted.

The microscope in the hands of experts employed by the United States Government has revealed the fact that a house fly sometimes carries thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body. The continuous use of Wilson's Fly Pads will prevent all danger of infection from that source by killing both the germs and the flies.

WHEN BLEUCHER WAS IN PARIS.

Old Soldier Wanted to Destroy Many Objects Dear to the French Heart.

The pleasant story, just brought to light, of Humboldt's successful intervention to save the Jardin des Plantes from the wrath of Blucher serves as a reminder, says the London Evening Standard, that that tough old soldier needed many humane advisers to keep him from destroying objects dear and important to the French.

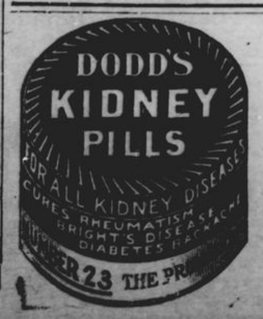
Wellington had often to intercede with him, and that not invariably with immediate success. He resolved to blow up the bridge of Jena. Wellington protested. "But the French destroyed the pillar at Rosbach and so on," grumbled Blucher, "and the English burned Washington." Wellington, seeing that words weer ineffective, placed English sentries on the bridge, believing that the Prussions would not make any attempt to destroy the structure while these men were in position. But they did.

They mined one of the pillars and put in a charge of gunpowder and fired it. The charge exploded in the wrong way, and damaged the Prussians, leaving the bridge and the Englishmen on top in safety. This having failed, Blucher sought permission to demolish the column in the Place Vendome. The King of Prussia arrived only just in time to prevent it.

Wellington managed better when dealing direct with the French. An almost unexampled instance of his chivalry was forthcoming in the movements preceding the battle of Orthez—the only battle in which he received an injury. The French had retreated over the bridge of the Gave du Pau, and were preparing to blow it sky high. The Duke realized that if this were done it would cause great injury to the people of Orthez, so he sent an officer to Soult with a message.

A battle would doubtless take place on the following day, he said, and he promised that if Soult would spare the bridge the British army would not cross by it. Soult had felt reluctant to consent to the destruction, for the bridge was on French territory, and he willingly took his rival's word and left it intact. Wellington kept his promise. He led his men, under a heavy fire, across the river by way of fords, and the bridge stands to this day.

No man likes to have put off till tomorrow the things other people will do for him to-day.



Newark Man's Collapse

Caused by Dizziness, Biliousness and Pains in the Back.

DROPPED IN THE STREET.

Warm weather and acute indigestion were the chief causes of a physical collapse that overcame Mr. J. V. Donaghue near the entrance of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot last Thursday. A policeman lifted him into a cab and he was hurried to his home. In an interview next day, Mr. Donaghue stated: "I was practicelly unconscious when I arrived home. I knew I was in bad shape, because for weeks I had been fighting against pains in my back as severe as if I had been shot at. Indigestion and biliousness were the cause of my collapse, and no doubt had been keeping up the headache and dizziness from which I suffered. Fortunately, my wife knew just what I needed. She gave me three of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut and put me to bed. In the morning I was as fresh as a daisy, my system was cleared of its load of poisonous waste and I felt like a new man. From now on, in order to keep my system properly regulated, I will use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. I know many who do so and they never have a day's illness."

Why not be healthy, hearty and well. You owe it to yourself, to your family, to your friends. You cannot work properly, you cannot be happy yourself, if your are tortured by indigestion, and all the nagging pains and unpleasantness which accompany it—if you are weakened by anaemia—if your blood is being poisoned and your system upset by constipation.

If you are suffering from any of these derangements of the system—either temporary or chronic—you should go at once to the nearest chemist and ask him for a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This perfect tonic-laxative will cure your digestion; purify and enrich your blood; banish constipation by safe and natural means; improve your appetite; quiet your nerves, and help you to sleep soundly. Dr. Hamilton's Pills will give you strength and vigor. They will help you to work better, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

CHINESE AS SOLDIERS.

Experience of an English Officer Who Drilled and Trained Them.

One of the greatest assets possessed by Chinese as soldiers is in their marching power; another is their ability to manage with the smallest amount of transport, owing to the hardy outdoor life and climate to which they are accustomed, and to the fact that they live almost entirely on rice, writes Mayor C. D. Bruce in the United Service Magazine. Two other points in their favor are that they have no caste prejudices, and have already learned the virtue of discipline before they enlist. Drunkenness is practicaly unknown among them, but they have the national failings of gambling and opium smoking.

My own experience leads me to class most native soldiers as grown-up children, and perhaps the most childlike is the Chinaman. All the traits which have to be studied in dealing with children are so many keys to open the door to understanding their nature. Most amenable to kindness, he is at times quite capable of taking advantage of it.

Firmness he not only appreciates but prefers; that is, once he realizes, as boys say, that it is no use to "try on." Above all, he admires and will do anything for those whom he realizes are trying invariably to be just to him. Whether gratitude is to be set down as a characteristic opinions may differ.

My own is that he has it, and would exhibit it more often did not the hidebound conventions by which Chinese unwritten law surrounds him make it sometimes nearly impossible. Whatever feelings may remain in the hearts of those whose fate it was to go through the unique experience of serving his Gracious Majesty as soldiers in the late Chinese Regiment of Infantry, I feel that I am on sure ground in saying that the memories of those who trained them will long retain the happiest recollections of the trials through which officers, noncommissioned officers and men passed together.

LACK OF BLOOD

Is What Causes Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation.

On the blood depends the welfare of the whole body. Where good blood exists disease is unknown, but where the blood is poor and watery disease quickly seizes hold of the body—it is then headaches, backaches, dizziness, heart palpitation and other serious ailments make themselves felt. Good blood can always be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make good, rich blood and thus restore lost strength and banish disease. Mr. Herbert Hanson, Brewers Mills, N. B., says: "I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. I was troubled with headaches, dizziness and loss of strength and had a hacking cough which I feared would lead to consumption. I tried a number of medicines without benefit, but was finally persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and used these Pills for several months with remarkable results. They helped me so much that I now strongly recommend them to all other sufferers."

The experience of Mr. Hanson is that of thousands of others who have found health and strength through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after other medicines had failed. It is through their power in making good blood that these Pills cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, nervous troubles and the distressing ills of girlhood and womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers in medicine or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Sure to Keep His Word.

A well-known clergyman on one occasion preached a sermon in a prison. During the service he noticed that one of the convicts present seemed very much impressed. Later in the day he sought him out and said:

"'My friend, I hope you will profit by my remarks just now and become a new man.'

"Indeed I will," was the cheerful reply. "In fact, I promise you that I will never commit another crime, but will in future lead an exemplary life."

"I am very glad to hear you say that," said the clergyman, heartily, "but are you certain you will be able to keep the promise?"

"Oh, yes!" said the convict, "I'm in for life."

When a man marries a widow he must expect her to be the captain. At any rate, he is only her second mate.

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