## Gained Twenty-two Pounds.

**Gave Up Drugs and Was Cured of a Disease That Had Been Pronounced Incurable.**

It is with a deep sense of gratitude I send you for publication a brief account of my truly wonderful experience with Powley's Liquified Ozone. For the past ten years I have been an intense sufferer from stomach trouble. I have had all sorts of treatments until I was thoroughly discouraged. I was subject to spells of faintness, which would attack me very suddenly, often at work, and these seemed more than I could bear. I felt that I was dying of starvation and that my end was not far off. It was, therefore, with very little confidence that I was persuaded to try Ozone. This was in June. Headaches, pain in the stomach, reaching around to the back, and in my kidneys, together with internal weakness, racked and overpowered my system, while at times a sense of suffocation threatened the immediate termination of my miserable existence. A neighbor knowingly observed that my wife would soon get the $2000 policy on my life.

Since starting the new no-drug treatment I have gained twenty-two pounds, am working every day, can eat nearly everything and feel well and hearty.

But the good work of Ozone did not end here. My wife, who had been operated on for internal troubles, has been greatly built up by it, while my little girl, now thirteen, we both feel has been spared to us, by God's blessing, through its use. For three years she has had one of those dry, hollow coughs that ordinary medicine will not touch. We took her away from school a year ago, knowing that she would not live long. We commenced giving her Ozone about two months ago, and the cough has entirely disappeared, and she has gained twelve pounds in that time. We will send her to school again next week.

I believe Ozone is the greatest of modern preparations, for mine was a hopeless case, and I am confident it is only a matter of time when the people of Ottawa will sing its praises universally. I find there is much to be learned about the use of the marvellous discovery, it being applicable in so many ways. I do not believe drugs could have helped me at all.

I cannot too highly praise it and will cheerfully answer any inquiry concerning my experience with it. Signed, E. J. Doyle, 58 Percy street, Ottawa, Ont.

Do not "drug yourself to death—natural methods are best. There never was so much sickness in the world until humanity began to depend upon stimulants and narcotics to keep well. You can adopt the natural method if you take Powley's Liquified Ozone. You'll never regret it—only 50 cents and $1 a bottle at all druggists.

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GOOD FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH or without board, 102 Queen street.

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HOUSE IN VAUGHN TERRACE, WITH kitchen and bath room in extension. Apply at No. 6, or at the Whig Office.

THE HANDSOME STORE LATELY occupied by the H. D. Bibby Co., and formerly the Whig office. Apply to EDW. J. B. PENSE.

NEW BRICK HOUSE, WELLINGTON ST next to City Park. All modern improvements. Apply to G. S. Gildersleve, Go West and Wellington Streets.

115 STUART ST., 9 ROOMS, MODERN, HOT water heating, also other dwellings stores and offices. J. S. R. McCuaig Cor. King and Brock Streets.

NO 22 SIMCOE STREET, STONE HOUSE occupied last six years by J. A. Drummond. Modern conveniences. For particulars apply next door to MRS. CAMERON.

THE SHOP WITH PLATE GLASS FRONT on Sydenham street, near Princess street, hitherto occupied by Robinson's bicycle works. Inquire of GILDERSLEEVE & KIRKPATRICK, Clarence street.

ON THE 1st OF MAY, THAT VERY DESIRable house, 117 Bagot street, corner of Gore, near the Park. Large airy rooms all modern conveniences, large Daisy hot water furnace. Apply to Felix Shaw, 114 Bagot Street.

THE BRICK SHOP AND DWELLING ON Wellington St., next Crothers' bakery Possession May 1st. Also the store shop and dwelling adjoining Miss Greene. Possession immediately. Apply to Mrs Wm. Allen, 297 Division St.

READY IN 10 DAYS, BRICK RESIDENCE, 201 Brock Street, 11 rooms, all modern, lawn and garden; also ready May 1st, brick residence, 244 Brock street, 9 rooms, modern conveniences. Apply to The H. D. Bibby Co., Princess Street.

THE HOUSE, PLEASANTLY SITUATED corner Brock and Clergy Sts., containing ten rooms, bath room, furnace, electric light, etc., also the house next door containing 8 rooms, and with all modern improvements. Apply to Dr. Fowler, Brock St.

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POWER & SON, ARCHITECTS, MERCHants' Bank Building, corner Brock and Wellington streets. 'Phone 216.

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MONEY TO LOAN IN LARGE OR SMALL sums, at low rates of interest on city and farm property. Loan granted on city and county debentures. Apply to S. C. McGILL, manager of Frontenac Loan and Investment Society. Office opposite the Post Office.

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RELIEVES PAIN AND IS A SAFE, RELIABLE MONTHLY REGULATOR
Superior to Apiol, Pennyroyal and Tansy.
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# SERMON ON ST. PATRICK.

## ORANGEMEN ATTEND ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

**Rev. Prof. McComb the Preacher—Protestant and Roman Catholic Claim St. Patrick for Their Systems.**

The service at St. Andrew's church last evening had the special feature of a lecture to Orangemen, on the life and work of St. Patrick. Rev. Dr. McComb, church historian of Queen's, was the preacher. He traced, particularly, the life and career of Ireland's patron saint. The congregation was greatly impressed by the charm of the speaker's cultivated Irish accent, and perfect rhetoric, and his commanding presence, which last was enhanced by his doctor's hood of scarlet surrounding his black pulpit robes.

The church was well filled, despite the very stormy night. The Orangemen had responded very enthusiastically to the invitation of Rev. Mr. Mackie, pastor of the church, and occupied the central pews, which were generously placed at their service. It was a remarkable feature of the service to see on the eve of St. Patrick's day such a gathering, and such good feeling and harmony, which the British ensign draped on the choir railing and the orange flowers and clusters of shamrocks on the pulpit and table fitly symbolized.

Dr. McComb fully believes St. Patrick to have been a real personage in spite of what historical sceptics may say. Having sketched the condition of Ireland before the time of St. Patrick, he briefly followed him from his birth in Scotland or Caledonia up to his preaching to kings of Ireland at Tara, then the stronghold of Druidism; his ultimate residence in Armagh, whence he directed the work of the Irish church. This work was mainly a conflict with Druidism. St. Patrick baptised thousands; he ordained hundreds of bishops, who were simply primi inter pores, and established a church, which was a noble one when the rest of Europe was in darkness and whose missionaries went abroad to dispel that darkness.

In conclusion the preacher said: Protestant and Roman Catholic claim him for their systems, but here again history warns both parties aside. St. Patrick knew nothing of purgatory, of transubstantiation, of the cultus of the blessed Virgin, of papal supremacy, but he was equally ignorant of the supremacy of the bible, the universal priesthood of all christian men, or the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith. He was neither a Roman Catholic nor a Protestant, but something better than either, a good christian, or as an Irish hymn has it, "he was the servant of Mary's Son."

What of Ireland to-day? We Protestants cherish the reformation of the sixteenth century. Must we not also confess with shame that it brought evils in its train, waste of spiritual energy, uncharitableness, derision of God's heritage and the worst of all ills—religious warfare? If Protestantism has done great things for the world, Catholicism too, has created a type of christian character which we would not willingly let die. Neither Protestant nor Catholic has a monopoly of truth, or of grace. God will not ask us at the last day whether we were Catholics, or Anglicans, or Presbyterians. His judgment will go much deeper and will search the hidden springs of character, and demand of us whether we were good and kind, and forgiving, whether we loved righteousness, and walked in humility and penitence all our days. If St. Patrick were with us to-day, and mingled in our sectional strife and bitter bigotries, doubtless he would take up and apply to us the words of one greater than himself: "Neither Catholicism availeth anything, nor Protestantism availeth anything, but a new creature in Christ Jesus."

The choir ably led the two hymns sung in the service, besides rendering an anthem. The organ voluntaries consisted of some popular Irish airs, such as "The Minstrel Boy," "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," "Oft In The Stilly Night," and "St. Patrick's Day In The Morning."

### Naval Gallopers.

New York Herald.

During the next fiscal year the British admiralty hopes to lay down twenty-seven vessels, of which four will be armored ships and the rest will be smaller auxiliary craft, mainly belonging to the torpedo groups. It is interesting to note that four additional submarines are proposed and that a construction called "scouts" is included for the first time in the official programme.

The details of the new type have not been published, but its functions are undoubtedly indicated by its name. Experience has shown that the present destroyers have not sufficient sea-keeping power for lengthened service with fleets or at great distances from fixed bases; nor is despatch work in consonance with the true theory of their employment as a war auxiliary. Hence the necessity of a larger, simpler and more seaworthy type to perform the work of fleet messengers—of naval gallopers—and to act as efficient videttes in boisterous, open waters.

No hard and fast designs have been decided upon, as the admiralty expects that private shipbuilders may be induced to give the navy the benefits of their creative ingenuity by submitting plans that will fulfil certain definite conditions. This new type will be welcomed with enthusiasm by torpedo craft partisans, as it should enable this special and much abused type to be tested in the particular work for which it exists and should withdraw it from that "handy billy" class to which is turned over the job lot duty, the disagreeable but inevitable odds and ends of a fleet.


### Given Away

With every pair of shoes one scholar's companion, complete with pencils, pens, rulers, etc., at Abernethy's.


A hive of 5,000 bees produces about fifty pounds of honey yearly, and multiplies ten-fold in five years. The world's production is estimated at 185,000,000 pounds, produced by 7,425,000 hives.

There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men to make a plowshare weighing twenty-four pounds.

## WICKEDNESS OF ANIMALS.

**Not Dogs Alone Delight to Bark And Fight.**

Leisure Hour.

Facts show beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime among men. Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf; and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog.

Well-nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travellers have frequently fed their famished Esquimaux team on the carcases of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger, and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite.

Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking.

The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circumstances.

The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little stimulus.

Young crocodiles are occasionally gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers.

Warrior ants devour in a fury the ants they have killed in battle.

A certain famous case in the reptile house at the zoological gardens was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, parricide, matricide, and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world. There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or the chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant) for another (the assaulted), and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the death of both sides.

Horses, dogs and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy.

The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run amuck through his native high streets, seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay peninsula, unless the subject of this brief, terrible madness can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience, which may be goaded into a fury.

The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good behavior, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to fly before his rage, or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces.

Every one knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge when his dignity has been badly insulted or his good nature abused.

More curious it is to note that, among animals as among men, some of the worst offences that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealously burns fiercely in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love" the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind. Association for deliberate purposes of wrong-doing is not rare among animals, both of the higher and the lesser order of intelligence.

Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes.

## WHAT COST NOTHING.

**Edward Of York Remembered Grandmother's Advice.**

An appeal just issued in London by the Salvation army in connection with self-denial week contains a charming little story of prince Edward of York.

"Quite recently little prince Edward was suffering from some childish complaint, and was very impatient and cross.

"'I'm surprised to find you so impatient,' protested the nurse, and then she told the little fellow about another of her patients, who, though in great pain, was invariably patient.

"'Oh, I should like to give her something,' exclaimed the prince, now feeling quite ashamed of his peevishness, 'but my grandma has told me never to give away anything which costs nothing. But there are two things I do love so much—one is a bust of lord Roberts, and the other is a jumping frog.'

"For a few minutes the little prince seemed to be thinking hard. Then he said, softly but decisively: 'I love my bust of lord Roberts, but I love my jumping frog better, so I shall give it to the lady who suffers so much.' And he did."

### There's A Lad I'm Thinking Of.

Grenville Mellen Bullard.

Tell me which way the winds are blowing—
Whether from east or the west—
And does the weather vane nervously turn
Or steadily stand at rest.
Are the winds a-blowing the white-capped sea,
And the weather vane restlessly turning? tell me.
For a lad I'm thinking of far on the sea,
May be furling his sails and thinking of me.

Tell me which way the tide is flowing—
Whether from sea or the land—
And whether it washes bright shells ashore,
And buries them in the sand,
Is the tide flowing in from an angry sea,
And washing ashore bright shells, tell me;
For a lad I'm thinking of, far on the sea,
May be furling his sails and thinking of me.

Tell me which way the clouds are going—
Whether to sea or to land—
And whether they blacken the ocean's breast
And shadow the golden sand.
Do the clouds lie low on the darkened sea,
And the shadows envelop the sands? tell me.
For a lad that I'm thinking of far on the sea,
May be furling his sails and thinking of me.

Tell me which ways the gulls are flying—
Whether if low or if high—
And whether they circle the open sea,
Or under the lee shore fly
Are the gulls flying out on the crest of the sea,
Or under the lee shore resting? tell me.
For a lad I'm thinking of, far on the sea,
May be furling his sails and thinking of me.

If the winds are blowing onward to-day,
And the tide is flowing into the bay;
If the clouds are flying from ocean to land,
And gull's seeking a lee-shore strand
The lad that I'm thinking of far on the sea,
Is furling his sails and thinking of me.

# INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

## PARAGRAPHS PICKED UP BY OUR BUSY REPORTERS.

**The Spice of Every Day Life—What the People Are Talking About—Nothing Escapes Attention.**

Gen. Methuen is now at Johannesberg.

The ice is beginning to look water logged.

At Colchester, Ont., lake Erie is free of ice.

During 1901 some 39,870 persons emigrated from Ireland.

Lord Kitchener has gone to have a talk with lord Methuen.

The steamers Virginian and Almeda signalled off Halifax, N.S.

Owing to Rev. Fr. Quinlivan's death there was no St. Patrick's parade in Montreal.

P. J. O'Connell, South Bend, Ind., suicided at Niagara, by going over the falls.

The Vancouver, B.C., special police have captured John Treum, an Indian murderer.

Mgr. Breynat, bishop of Adramite, Mackenzie, N.W.T., will be consecrated on April 7th.

Mrs. Clark Allan, Gananoque, is spending a week as the guest of Mrs. Soles, Rideau street.

The executive of the Manitoba I.O.G.T., has recommended members to vote for the referendum.

The Irishmen of Sydenham street Methodist church are real jolly; they celebrate two events to-night.

Ladies will again promenade the streets bare-headed this summer. Already the rage has begun in New York.

Prof. Koch, of Berlin, discovered the cause of consumption in 1882. It is caused by a parasite, a minute, colorless living particle.

At Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on Sunday night, Alexander Barratta shot and probably fatally wounded Dimino Luco. Barratta escaped.

The dust didn't fly this St. Patrick's day, but it was next door to it.

St. Patrick will be remembered to-night in song and speech.

J. G. Gaudaur, the ex-champion oarsman, has declined an offer from the Vancouver rowing club to train its crew this coming summer.

The sailor locked up in the police cells for assault was examined this afternoon by two physicians. He will likely be sent to Rockwood hospital.

The wreck of the Dominion coal company's steamer, Tiber, has been found off White Point ledges, five miles west of Canso. The crew is missing.

Frank Gauthier, a French-Canadian, twenty-one years of age, wanted in New York for the murder of Maud Gentile, surrendered himself in Montreal.

G. A. Sherrin, Toronto, "on a bum" was arrested for fraud as he was about to start for South Africa, without a valise. He will spend thirty days in jail.

A big Canadian contingent, representative of all arms of the service, will attend the king's coronation. Canada's Bisley team will be given place in royal procession.

The officers of the 14th regiment met Saturday evening and arranged for the recruiting of the companies at once. The application of Hugh P. Taylor, for a commission, was accepted.

D. P. Aylesworth, township clerk of North Dorchester, for over forty years, was found dead in his bedroom at Dorchester Station. He was ninety-one years old last month.

Thomas F. Dick, a book-keeper, of Hamilton, who had for a number of years been in the employ of Morgan Bros., wholesale saddlery hardware, committed suicide on Sunday in Simcoe, Ont.

J. T. Eaves, University avenue, has returned from Peterboro with a fashionable and stylish team of black horses for his neat cab. The animals are among the handsomest that inhabit the cab stand.

Warden Spoor, of the county council, says that to-day he travelled through space at a rate quite exceeding all previous experience. He came across to the city from Wolfe Island on the ice yacht Tashino in three minutes.

Principal Grant is again at the home of Lieut.-Col. Davidson, George street, Toronto, after a minor operation in St. Michael's hospital for the removal of calculi which had recently formed. The principal writes to Dr. Garrett that he hopes to return to the city in a few days.

The Plunket Green concert, April 10th, bids fair to become a reality. The subscribers' list with Mr. Greenwood, is being well received. Mr. Green will be assisted by a coterie of famous artists, Mrs. Dorothy Harvey, New York, soprano, and Rudolph Von Scarpa, solo pianist.

### Grandfather's Cider.

Phil. H. Armstrong, in Atlanta Constitution.

You can talk about the fluffy, puffy bread as white as snow,
The apple tarts and golden marmalade,
The pumpkin pies of monstrous size all shinin' in a row,
An' various other things that "mother makes."
But, as in vivid retrospection I live once again the past,
There is one thing from me naught can ever take—
It's the pleasant recollection (in its spell it binds me fast)
Of the apple cider grandad used to make.

I remember—I remember long ago, when life was sweet,
An' we'd gather round the fireplace at night,
As we'd pile the logs on higher keepin' up a roarin' fire,
An' we all would scrooch up close—my, 'twas a sight!
Then we'd roast a cup o' chestnuts, while the old folks told us tales,
An' we'd round off with a monstrous chunk o' cake,
Then we'd all look sort o' solemn like we orten but we did,
Drink the apple cider grandad used to make.

### Jim Livingston Makes Discovery.

Grimsby Independent.

Where are you going, my pretty maid? I'm going to learn type-writing, kind sir, she said.

Who's to do cooking and baking at home, while over the keys those pretty fingers do roam. Oh, mother is strong yet, and can do very well, and father is idle and can help her a spell.

The daughters and sisters are actually crowding the fathers and brothers out of their jobs. In hundreds of homes the men are idle for want of work while the girls, and especially the pretty ones, all have jobs in offices or behind the counters.

## SOME ENGLISH DUKES.

**Mottos on Family Arms—Stories About Them.**

Chamber's Journal.

His grace of Norfolk, the premier duke, is a general favorite. Though his dukedom dates from the 28th of June, 1483, he gives himself no airs, puts on no side. When the Sussex archaeological society visited Arundel castle, a little gentleman in a cutaway coat was seen making himself very affable on the occasion. He even held out his hand to a clergyman. "Ah!" said the parson in those hard tones we know so well, as he adjusted his pince-nez. "I'm afraid I have not the pleasure—have I?" "Oh," quoth the little gentleman, "I'm the duke." There you have him, and we feel it to be only proper that the motto of the duz ducum should be "Sola virtus invicta" (virtue alone is invincible).

On the other hand the youngest of our dukes—for the earl of Fife appears to have received his dukedom as a wedding present on the 27th of July, 1889, two days after he married the princess Louise of Wales—has three mottoes. Over one crest the legend runs "Deo juvante" (God helping); over the second "Deus juvat" (God helps); and under the shield "Virtute et opera" (With virtue and energy). These are all mottoes that a Scotsman might select. On the other hand, his grace is said to own nearly a quarter of a million of acres and may be excused, therefore, if at times he feels the burden almost heavier than he can bear.

There is a grotesque appositeness in the motto of the duke of Devonshire (created May 12th, 1694). It is also remarkable as being the only ducal motto that condescends to play upon words. His grace's family name is Cavendish, and his motto is "Cavendo tutus" (Safe by being cautious). Throughout his public career his grace has religiously lived up to his motto.

I cannot say as much for the duke of Buccleuch, because I do not know; but his motto would suit almost any family. The first duke was created on the 20th of April, 1663, and when he assumed "Amo" (I love) for his motto, he must have enjoyed many a hearty laugh as he called to mind the exploits of the Scots, who were certainly dauntless in border warfare, although never particularly faithful nor specially laggard in love.

Standing next to Norfolk in age, but not antiquity, for in this respect none of the dukedoms are remarkable, the duke of Somerset (created February 16th, 1547) has the eminently laudable motto of "Foy pour devoir" (Faith for duty).

Another of the three Victorian dukedoms, that of Westminster, was created on the 27th of February, 1874. This was the duke who acquired the beautiful portrait of Mr. Gladstone by Sir J. E. Millais. When the home rule bill was introduced it was said—I hope untruly, for it was such an ungracelike thing to do—that he turned the picture with its face to the wall. Afterward he sold it for three thousand pounds to Sir William Agnew. Then Sir Charles Tennant secured it, and, with admirable judgment and generosity, presented it to the nation. However this may be, the first duke showed unusual pawkiness in the choice of a motto. Qua duke, he was, as we have seen, quite an infant. Therefore he boldly proclaimed, "Virtus, non stemma" (Virtue, not pedigree), although as a Grosvenor he needed not to be ashamed of his blood, for no doubt his remote ancestor came over with the conqueror.

Charles II., being a merry monarch, was not easily abashed, and raised two of his bastard sons to ducal rank in 1675. One took the title of duke of Richmond (created August 9th), with the mottoes, "En la rose je fleuris" (I flourish in the rose) and "Bydand" (Biding); the other became duke of Grafton (September 11th), with the motto, "Et decus et pretium recti" (Both the ornament and reward of worth), which, all things considered, "takes the cake," for frank, unblushing impudence.

The duke of Wellington, whose creation dated from May 11th, 1814, selected the singularly tame, prosaic, and uninspiring sentiment, "Virtutis fortuna comes" (Fortune is the companion of valor) for his motto. Still it cannot be gainsaid that Strathfieldsaye and Apsley house were very substantial comrades.

During the last half of the seventeenth century no fewer than eight dukes were created, and the same rate of ennoblement was kept up for the following fifty years. As there are now only twenty-seven dukes all told, it will be seen that a single spell of a hundred years accounts for sixteen of them, leaving eleven for the whole of English history within the ducal period, barring those that became extinct. With this profuseness queen Victoria's abstinence was in fine contrast.

### Sargent To Succeed Powederly.

Washington, March 17.—The position of commissioner-general of immigration has been tendered to Frank P. Sargent, chief of the brotherhood of locomotive firemen, to succeed T. V. Powderly. It is understood that the reason for the president in desiring to relieve Mr. Powderly is because he has not worked in harmony with the higher officials of the treasury department, which has resulted in more or less friction.

### Heard In Scotland.

Glasgow, March 17.—In the course of an address to a large gathering of Irishmen here, John Dillon, M.P., said that lord Rosebery has joined the chorus of ruffianism against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the liberal leader. He added that lord Rosebery was in the same boat with the government. He called for a ringing cheer for Gen. Delarey, and his audience responded with prolonged cheering.

### Connaught Princess Is 16.

London, March 17.—Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, celebrated her sixteenth birthday to-day, having been born on St. Patrick's day, 1886. Her royal highness received a legion of birthday gifts.


### Ready Lunch Beef.

Simply prepared and easily digested. Different and better than any other canned beef. Made only by William Clark, Montreal.

# A Weak Stomach

## Is a Source of Danger—A Vigorous Digestion is a Great Safeguard.

Do not think for a moment that the inconvenience and distress is all there is to dyspepsia.

The disagreeable symptoms of dyspepsia are of the least account. Because the health reports do not list dyspepsia as causing death people seem to think it is more disagreeable than dangerous, but the reverse is true. Some other disease, as consumption or typhoid fever, is credited with the fatal illness, but dyspepsia made these diseases possible.

Imperfect digestion was responsible for a state of chronic starvation, the half fed tissues possessed little power of resistance and were an easy prey to the germs of consumption.

Imperfect digestion permitted germs in swallowed food and water to get through the stomach, where they should have been killed and digested by the powerful gastric juice, and enter the bowels in the secretions of which they thrive and multiply, and typhoid (enteric or bowel) fever is the result.

Imperfect digestion allowed food to rot and decompose, the putrid mass was absorbed into the blood and by it carried to every part of the body. In some cases this deleterious material in the blood developed fevers that proved fatal. In other cases it settled in some tissue and, if near the surface, resulted in boils or the so frequently fatal carbuncle; or if in deeper tissues formed an abscess with its attendant distresses, dangers, often fatalities. In still other cases this poison from putrid, fermenting, but partially digested food, overtaxed those organs called upon to eliminate it and injured the lungs, the liver, or developed Bright's disease in the kidneys.

Yet, mind you, none of all these deaths were credited to dyspepsia; no one was warned against indigestion; all were left to suppose it to be only a disagreeable condition devoid of danger.

We have given you a slight hint of the actual dangers of indigestion but we have not exaggerated, we have really been too conservative and told but a part of the story tale. We need not remind you here of the distresses of dyspepsia, of these dyspeptics are painfully aware.

Mrs. E. M. Faith, of Byrd's Creek, Wis. says: I have taken all the Tablets I got of you and they have done their work well in my case, for I feel like a different person altogether. I don't doubt if I had not got them I should have been at rest by this time.

Phil Brooks, Detroit, Mich., says: "Your dyspepsia cure has worked wonders in my case. I suffered for years from dyspepsia but am now entirely cured and enjoy life as I never have before. I gladly recommend them."

H. E. Willard, Onslow, Ia., says: Mr. White, of Canton, was telling me of your Dyspepsia Tablets curing him of Dyspepsia from which he had suffered for eight years. As I am a sufferer myself, I wish you to send me a package by return mail.

Mrs. Lydia Bartram, of Assyria, Mich., writes: I have suffered from stomach trouble for ten years and five different doctors gave me only temporary relief. A Mr. E. R. Pane advised me to try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and four boxes did me more permanent benefit than all the doctors' medicines that I have ever taken.

If you would avoid the distresses and the vastly more important dangers of indigestion, the simplest, surest, cheapest and most convenient way to do so, is to step at any drug store and purchase a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets for fifty cents and use them as directed. They are mild and harmless, yet active and efficient, a trial of them will result in you becoming their ardent advocate and friend. Send to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., for their free book on diseases of the stomach, a postal card will bring it.

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