

DOMINION BREWERY CO LIMITED, TORONTO.



MANY DON'T KNOW HEART AFFECTED.

More People than Aware of It Have Heart Disease.

"If examinations were made of every one, people would be surprised at the number of persons walking about suffering from heart disease."

This startling statement was made by a doctor at a recent inquest. "I should not like to say that heart disease is as common as a cold, but I am sure that the number of persons going about with weak hearts must be very large."

"Hundreds of people go about their daily work on the verge of death, and yet do not know it. It is only when the shock comes that kills them that the unsuspected weakness of the heart is made apparent."

"But undoubtedly heart weakness, not disease, is more prevalent nowadays. I should think that the stress of living the wear and rush of modern business life, have a lot to do with heart trouble."

There is no doubt but that this is correct, and we would strongly advise any one suffering in any way from heart trouble to try a course of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Price 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FLUTTERING OF THE HEART. Mrs. G. M. White, Williamstown, N. B., writes: "I was troubled with weak spots, and fluttering of the heart. I was so bad I could scarcely lie down to bed. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they helped me so much I got another box and I have made a fine cure. I cannot speak too highly of them. I think they are worth their weight in gold."

Advertisement for 'Sixty Years of Spoon-Making' by 1847 ROGERS BROS. featuring an image of a spoon and text describing their products and quality.

Advertisement for MONUMENTS by The Kingston Granite and Marble Works, featuring text about inscription work and contact information.

A Clear Complexion. If there appears on your face any cancer, pimples, boils, blotches or other skin disease you know at once your blood is impure. Perfectly pure blood means an absolutely clear complexion. You can have such blood by using Wade's Iron Tonic Pills (Laxative). This remedy cleanses and enriches the blood.

Helps The Marrying. Hamilton Times. The British old age pension law is said to have stimulated in the poverty-stricken aged the desire to prolong life. It is stated that one clergyman has advertised widely that he will marry, without fee, old couples who wish to combine their pensions and live together. But perhaps the greatest stimulus which it has furnished is evidenced in the cry for more by those who have already tasted unearned swamps.

Cured her Father's Drunkenness by a Simple Remedy. Saves her father from a drunkard's grave. Free sample of Samaria Taster's Prescription checks his drinking and leads to a complete cure.

Advertisement for 'Cured her Father's Drunkenness by a Simple Remedy' featuring an image of a woman and text describing the benefits of the medicine.

TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

A Racy Letter to Be Published Weekly by the Whig.

From Dresden to Vienna is a ten hours' journey. The first part of the trip takes one through the picturesque valley of the Elbe, the steep banks of which present curious rock formations resembling the ruined battlements and towers of the medieval castles along the Rhine. As we approach the border territory between Germany and Austria the region becomes historic ground. Here during the centuries of strife between these two countries were fought some of the bloodiest of European battles.

After leaving the Elbe and passing the perfume of Austrian customs we emerge into the gently undulating country of Emperor Franz Joseph. The change in the appearance of both the people and the land becomes at once apparent. In place of the blonde and ruddy German, we note the smaller and darker complexioned Austrian. This type becomes more pronounced as we step out on the streets of Vienna. Here the infusion of Latin blood is not only observable in the physiognomy, habits and customs of the people, but the city itself bears unmistakable evidences of the influence of southern races. The architecture has lost some of the German heaviness, the landscape gardening savors of the Italian and less attention is given to the cleanliness of the streets and byways. Vienna, too, lacks the abundance of street signs and in many ways the public conveniences so generally found in German cities are not here so conscientiously considered.

The Viennese pay more attention to dress, dwell longer over their coffee and chocolate in the cafe, smoke more cigarettes and, upon the whole, take life rather less seriously than the average Teutonic.

The appearance of women in the fashionable cafes is strikingly different from that of the uninitiated traveler, as being just a little bizzarre. The restaurants are deservedly famous. It matters little which one of the thousand or more of these eating establishments one patronizes the service will always be found more satisfactory. The politeness of the attendants is proverbial. After dining in a restaurant one is apt to imagine himself a baron or a prince, the obsequiousness of the whole staff of attendants is most marked. During the entire meal, from the soup to the black coffee for which Vienna is famous, these attendants anticipate your slightest wish and promptly provide you every want. The waiter stands with your hat, the waiter helps you with your coat, while the "other" bows you politely out of the door. As you move away each in turn salaams several times and wishes you all the blessings of peace, prosperity and health and if your tip has been particularly generous they bestow upon you several additional benedictions of a specially exclusive and distinctive character. Not to enjoy the luxury of dining at a Vienna restaurant would be to miss an experience seldom, if ever, met with elsewhere.

Ill-Fated Royalty. But as an ever present background to Vienna's eating, drinking and being merry is the inexorable element of tragedy that has visited the Austrian family with fateful frequency. The mysterious death of Rudolph, the emperor's idolized son, startled the whole world. Then came the assassination of the beautiful Empress Elizabeth, whose romantic marriage, subsequent unhappiness and tragic death have never failed to interest all classes of society. To-day in the Volksgarten I saw a most impressive monument to this ill-fated empress. The name of the sculptor is unknown, but the marble is a masterpiece. It represents Elizabeth seated, and at simple costume. Her posture is graceful and easy. The expression of her downcast eyes is inexpressibly sad. Patient and loyal resignation is depicted in every line of her beautiful face. This remarkable statue, surrounded as it is by a trellis work of growing shrubbery, and vines, brings forcibly to the fore the romance, melancholy and tragedy which filled the life of this beautiful and well-beloved empress.

A few days ago I saw the emperor. It was on the occasion of his return to the station where he had spent the last four months. He drove from the station in an open carriage to his palace at Schonbrunn. He looks all of his three score and ten years and one can easily read in his careworn expression the many years of tragic events which have visited the royal family with relentless frequency. It was our good fortune to be in Vienna during the ceremonies of All Saints' and All Souls' Day, the festival of the dead in all Catholic countries. On this occasion the city is early astir. The spirit of autumn broods over the land and the hazy atmosphere breathes forth an odor of incense. In the parks the trees are dropping their leaves of gold. The arch of the pale blue sky shades at the horizon to a purplish tint. There is a late-winter note in the chirp of the birds, yet throughout the whole of the wealthy city of Vienna the sentiment of the anniversary prevails.

For more than a week the preparations for this day and for All Souls' on the morrow, have been going on, alike in the wealthiest and the poorest quarters of the city. The splendid flowershops on the Ring—that girls of palaces which almost encircle the inner town—have exhibited most elaborate and wonderful trophies of the florist's skill. Palms, roses, lilies, orchids, rare ferns, delicate and gorgeous hot-house flowers of all kinds and colors have been lavishly used to weave together many and varied devices. The less ambitious shops have employed cheaper flowers and are literally covered with long, odd-shaped, oval wreaths, that at the upper end decked with a great bouquet standing up high at the lower. These wreaths are also to be seen elsewhere in the

landed gray granite, impressive in its massive simplicity, whereon is inscribed simply the date, "March 13th, 1848." Beneath this and its surrounding square of turf lie those who fell in Vienna on that terrible day of revolution, when the tender city was one unrelenting sea of "those who fell in March." The Viennese call it, feeling no further word of elucidation is needed.

But already the gloaming is upon us and the lights begin to twinkle on all sides. The crudely colored imitations are everywhere conspicuous and there is a great glitter of tiny tapers, carefully concealed in flower pots. At many a grave kneel humble mourners and here more than elsewhere in the cemetery among the lowly mounds the tender side of the anniversary is most apparent. As we reach the cemetery gate on our way back to Vienna we turn and take a last look at this novel and impressive sight. A silence has fallen over the scene, the kindly veil of twilight blends the garish colors of the funeral decorations with the softer glow of the burning candles and under the sable mantle of night the "City of the Dead" assumes an aspect of eternal rest and abiding peace.

Off To Constantinople. But the day for our departure from the Austrian capital is at hand and the Staatsbahnhof we await the arrival of the Oriental express, on which we have engaged transportation to Constantinople. This train leaves three weekly for the sublime porte, the schedule time from Vienna being placed at forty hours. The American dollar corresponds exactly to the number of hours the train is in transit. At 7 p.m. we leave the station and, as the twinkling lights of Vienna gradually grow less and finally fade from view altogether, we experience just a shade of concern for the present unrest in the Balkan states, through which our journey lies, to culminate in an outbreak at any moment, a condition that, to say the least, would be extremely inconvenient to the foreign traveller in these countries. However, this feeling is only transient and we begin to settle ourselves for the journey.

The Oriental express is strictly a train de luxe, its appointments and conveniences being of the most satisfactory character. The coaches are built on the state room plan, beautifully finished in mahogany and provided with a side corridor extending the whole length of the train. Besides the dining-car there is a buffet and smoker, where both sexes may smoke their coffee and wine at all hours. Light lunch is also here served.

Before retiring our passports are collected, for during the night we pass into Servia and at this particular time the officials of the Balkan states insist upon knowing the nationality and identity of every passenger on all incoming trains. Every traveller must, therefore, be provided with a passport and must see that it is duly vised by the proper officials before starting from one state to another. In Turkey not only must he have this done before going into the country, but it must also be vised before he can leave.

This entails a certain amount of trouble and expense but on no account must it be omitted. The ride to Constantinople is most interesting; we pass through Budapest, Belgrade, Nisch, Sofia and other cities associated not only with the present unrest but in the past these places have been the scene of many a dark plot and bloody encounter. The remembrance of which is not calculated to soothe one to pleasant dreams, especially with the knowledge that ere the morning breaks he will be in the midst of the enemy's country. But nothing usually happens. Our journey progresses, the presence of soldiers in considerable numbers guarding the railroad is the only war-like element observable in

LIVER ILLS

Bowels are Constipated, Kidneys are Unhealthy, Constant Headaches

Nothing makes you feel worse than slow liver. Seems as if every organ in the body had gone wrong. What the liver needs is the stimulation afforded by Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they go right to work on a lazy liver—restore it in a few hours. Taken at night, you're well next morning; that's how Dr. Hamilton's act.

Had Bad Taste And Headaches. This writes Mrs. D. F. Fowler, from Yarmouth: "I used to feel drowsy and heavy, my color was sallow, and there was usually a bad taste in my mouth. I had vague pains all through my limbs and an annoying headache as well."

"After one dose of Dr. Hamilton's Pills there was a sudden change. I felt better, my appetite increased, and that exhaustion and depression gradually left me. Life seemed brighter and happier after I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills, so I strongly recommend such good medicine."

No Appetite—Bad Color—General Debility. "I was run down," writes Albert E. Dixon, of Fairhaven, P.O. "My color was dull and appetite was poor, and I constantly suffered from rheumatism. I found it hard to sleep and felt worn out and tired all the time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills made an instant change. I grew strong, my blood was restored, rheumatism vanished. Today I am vigorous, cheery and healthy in every respect."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The secret of the wonderful success of Dr. Hamilton's Pills is due to their ability to improve the tone of the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, thereby assuring an ample supply of rich, nourishing blood, which circulates its strengthening influence to every part of the system that requires assistance. Take Dr. Hamilton's Pills when you're well, when you're sick, whenever you think a purifying tonic will do you good. Sold everywhere in yellow boxes, 25c. each or five for \$1. Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's

AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine to ease the pain

Five Boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Her

ENTERPRISE, Ont., Oct. 1, 1908. For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor". I would get so bad at times that I could hardly endure the pain. I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. My abdomen had to be given me or I could never have borne the pain. Many physicians treated me, but my cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. It was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-tives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was



only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life." And this seemed literally true because I certainly was at death's door. But now I can work almost as well as ever I could, and go camping and berry-picking with the girls. I will be glad if you will publish this testimonial, if it will further the interests of "Fruit-a-tives". They should be in every household. Yours very truly, Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

Through the whole country around Enterprise, Ont., people are talking about this wonderful cure. By their marvellous action on the kidneys, "Fruit-a-tives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when the doctors said she could not be operated on and was doomed to die. "Fruit-a-tives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when all else failed. Try them for your trouble. 25c. and 50c. a box, at dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"STOVES."

We carry in stock one of the largest assortments of Cooking Stoves, Ranges and Heaters in the city, and invite you to examine before purchasing. See the

"Art Garland" and "Art Treasure" Heaters.

The "HAPPY HOME" Range has a large ventilated oven, handsome design, economical in fuel and a perfect baker.

ELLIOTT BROS., 77 PRINCESS ST.

Nervous, Diseased Men

DRS. K. & K. ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS

Advertisement for Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy featuring two images of men, one labeled 'A NERVOUS WRECK' and the other 'ROBUST MANHOOD', with text describing their services.

We Guarantee to Cure all Curable Cases of Stricture, Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Blood Poisons, Vital Weaknesses, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, and all Diseases Peculiar to Men and Women.

Don't waste your time and money on cheap, dangerous, experimental treatments. Don't trust to your own unaided efforts by being experimented on with remedies which they claim to have just discovered. But come to us in confidence. We will treat you conscientiously, honestly and skillfully, and restore you to health in the shortest possible time with the least medicine, discomfort and expense practicable. Each case is treated as the symptoms indicate. Our New Method is original and has stood the test for twenty years.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

AUTHORS & COX

Advertisement for Authors & Cox featuring an image of a typewriter and text describing their services in providing relief for those suffering from shortened limbs.

INDIGESTION AND NERVOUS TROUBLES

Can be positively cured by the use of Hygiene Kola Celery and Pepsin endorsed by Physicians as the World's best tonic. Write for free sample. HYGIENE KOLA LIMITED, 84 Church St., Toronto. Sold by all Druggists and Stores.

FINE FURNITURE.

Very Expensive Law. Hamilton Times. The Standard Oil suit is likely to make a record for costliness. It is estimated that it has already absorbed nearly \$10,000,000. What a snare for