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A CORNER IN FEATHERS

AMUSING TALE OF THE RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The Volunteers Who Robbed a Merchant of His Ostrich Plumes After the Boer War Proved Too Clever for the Searchers, But Their Plot Was Finally Discovered—Then the Innocent Privates Profited.

Towards the close of the Boer War a company of volunteers were camped at Green Point, Cape Town, awaiting to embark on their homeward voyage. It was during this temporary stay in Cape Town that the following amusing incident took place. Every day a number of Jews went round the camp offering a collection of ostrich feathers for sale, which the soldiers readily bought to take home as presents. One morning the darsdevil of the company (a sergeant who had narrowly missed being reduced to the ranks on many occasions) went round the camp and gave the following order: "The general commands that all goods offered for sale by hawkers in this camp shall be confiscated." The command was taken seriously, as the N.C.O. was on duty at the time he gave it.

Presently a hawk came into camp carrying a Gladstone bag full of ostrich feathers. He entered one tent smiling, and saying "With your permission" knelt down and opened the bag. As he was displaying his feathers and talking freely with the men two crept quietly behind him with a blanket, and before he was aware of anything he was trussed up like a struggling mass of humanity in the blanket. The bag and contents were immediately pounced upon and carried to another tent by the culprit to be divided there. On opening the bag a great surprise was in store for them, for instead of their captive being an unlawful hawker, as they supposed, the contents proved him to be the representative of one of the leading firms in Cape Town.

Here the men were in a fix, they could not go back now, for the man had got loose from his bonds and was searching around for his bag. Had he reported his loss to the officer at once a search would undoubtedly have been made and his bag found; but he went to his firm, who reported the case by letter. During the night a consultation was held by the men, and it was decided to carry the thing out to the full extreme, as it would go hard with the persons who tried to explain matters. Various suggestions were given, and it was decided to throw the bag into the sea and distribute the contents. But how was the feathers to be hidden, for a search was sure to be made the following morning, and the company was due to sail in the afternoon. A bright idea struck one of them and each took a feather and thrust it down the barrel of his rifle and replaced the sight protector.

Early next morning a search was made whilst the men were on parade, but without avail. Nothing further was heard of the matter until the morning when the articles were ready for marching to the quay. The march had just begun when an officer came riding up and thundered the words "Halt! Each man take one kit, open contents on the floor, and stand by for inspection."

It was amusing to see the expressions on the faces of the officer as he poked about the articles with his cane. He no doubt thought that if the report of the man was true he would surely find the feathers packed in some kit bag at the last moment. Nothing of an incriminating nature was found, and the men were allowed to proceed to the ship.

On arrival at the vessel another surprise was in store for the men, for every rifle was immediately handed over to the arms room. A few days later, as the army-sergeant was cleaning the rifles, he came across a feather snugly concealed in one of the rifles. He placed it back again, thinking it was a new way which the soldier had thought of to bring his feathers home safely. But the next rifle was the same, and the next, which aroused his suspicions, and he sent for the officer of the company. All the rifles were examined and about fifty feathers found.

The officer was in a dilemma, for he dare not send them back, still he did not wish to let the men have their ill-gotten gains, so he placed a feather in each of the rifles which had not contained anything. On arriving at the barracks the men proceeded to take the feathers out, but great was their consternation to find that the rifle of every man who was in the plot was empty, whilst those who had had nothing to do with the affair had a beautiful feather each. No doubt many pretty girls are wearing these feathers now in their hats, little thinking of the many eventful episodes which those feathers had passed through.

From Errand-Boy to Peer.

Lord Furness, who has told the British Employers' Federation that unless they agree to arbitration in their dispute with the Shipbuilding Trades Unions and thus bring to an end the lock-out which is causing so much suffering in the North, he will dissociate himself from them, is one of the largest shipowners in the world. He started life as an errand-boy, but made such good use of his opportunities that before he was 29 he was a partner in a large firm trading in foreign produce. To-day he controls some 140 vessels, and the firm in which he is directly interested employ 40,000 persons, with an annual pay-roll of over two millions.

Charity.

"Thank heaven, I never have had to depend on charity for anything."
"Are you sure of that? It seems to me the people who put up with your manners must have to project a good deal of charity in your direction."

Society pets and poodles are often of equal value.
Low cunning is sometimes mistaken for intelligence.
Don't entertain a china appetite on a tin plate salary.

A FAMOUS SWORDSMAN.

Lady Captain Alfred Hutton Was One of England's Finest.

In Captain Alfred Hutton, whose death is announced, England loses one of the finest swordsmen it has ever had.

Born in 1840 at Beverley, Yorkshire, Captain Hutton acquired his taste for swordsmanship at his school at Blackheath, where the great Angelo was fencing master. He devoted all his spare time to the art, and was soon one of the most proficient pupils at Angelo's salle d'armes in St. James' street. He was intended for the church, but the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny turned his thoughts to the army, and he joined the 79th Highlanders.

The youngest officer was probably the most skillful swordsman in the army, though his comrades did not realize the fact. He brought with him a bundle of swords of different kinds, and one of the sergeants, anxious to teach the newcomer a lesson, challenged him to a bout. The sergeant, who had a reputation as a man-at-arms, chose the bayonet against the young ensign's sword, but was easily worsted, and the victor was the same when the weapons were changed.

After this feat the young officer was invited to form a fencing class for the officers and non-commissioned officers, and the swordsmanship of the regiment was greatly improved. He continued this work in the other regiments in which he afterwards served—the 7th Hussars, and the King's Dragoon Guards—and throughout his career he was a strong advocate of better swordsmanship in the army. He was one of the first, too, to raise bayonet-fighting to the dignity of a science.

No man of his time knew more of swordsmanship, and his books on the subject, "Cold Steel," "Fixed Bayonets," and "The Swordsman" are classics, full of technical knowledge, and at the same time as delightful as are the books of the late Captain Sir Richard Burton on similar subjects.

In appearance Captain Hutton was a sixteenth century cavalier. His long, straight nose, short curled moustache, and slight peaked beard gave him a mediæval, knightly appearance. He was seventy years old.

An interesting experiment, which consists in placing five fluids on the top of one another in the order of their density without allowing them to mix. It is best to show this experiment after dinner when coffee is being served. You will then have all the liquids necessary at your command. A tall, thin glass is the first requisite. At the bottom of this glass pour in a little cold sweet coffee. Then make a cone of paper, whose point is turned at a right angle, and cut off the point so as to make an opening no larger than a quarter of a dollar. Pour gently in a little cold water, which will escape by the limb of your funnel, impinging on the side of the glass and take its due place on the surface of the coffee. Cease pouring when the height of the water equals that of the coffee.

Through a second cone you pour a layer of strongly colored wine, port if possible, through a third a layer of salad oil, and through a fourth alcohol that is on the table for boiling your coffee. If carefully done, each layer will swim upon the under fluid, and the whole will present a glass of brown, white, red, yellow and white layers of liquid.

Connaught in Africa.

Here is a pleasing little picture, furnished by a correspondent who accompanied the royal party. The tour of the Duke of Connaught through South Africa, has assumed the character of a triumphal progress. At every tiny station in the vast expanse of the brown Karoo there was a gathering of farmers, many of whom had driven twenty and thirty miles in wagons drawn by twelve or fourteen mules or oxen. British and Dutch were equally eager to see the duke and duchess, and the duke sent them away proud and pleased, and brimming over with loyalist enthusiasm with their affairs, shaking hands all round, and finally waving farewell from the window as the train moved on. Natives, in a great state of excitement, chanted wild songs of welcome.

"Koffo of Bond Street."

Mr. George Graves, who is appearing with such success on the variety stage in London in "Koffo of Bond Street," is an enthusiastic sportsman, and recently had a day's shooting in Norfolk. Missing his train back he endeavored to catch it at Cambridge by motor-car, but failed, owing to the bursting of a tyre. Peter the apostle at the theatre he was compelled to charter a special train from the University town. Mr. Graves's remark, as he alighted from his expensive conveyance at Liverpool street and handed his man a brace of partridges, was very characteristic of him. "Get these birds stuffed, they come too high to eat."

Digging for Fish.

The natives of certain parts of India are in the habit every year in the summer of digging the dry river banks for fish, which they dig out by hundreds, just as they would potatoes. The mud lumps are broken open and the fish, which are eight inches or ten inches long, will always be found alive and often-frisky, as if just removed from its supposedly native element—the water.

Anxious to Comply.

Professor (to student)—You should have written on the subject, sir, so that the most ignorant of your audience could understand all that you have to say on the subject.
Student—What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?

French Cabbage Soup.

One quart water, one pint sliced cabbage, one pint sliced cauliflower, butter the size of an egg, a little salt and pepper. Cook for one hour slowly, then put all through colander and add another lump of butter. Cook ten minutes longer and serve.

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ANointING A NEW KING.

Many Historic Customs Dropped Since George IV.'s Coronation.

The crowning of the King of England has usually been accompanied by what was regarded as the still more solemn rite of anointing with oil, which dates from the days of the ancient Hebrews. And in England, before the Norman conquest, the term used was "hallowing," or consecration, rather than that of coronation.

But from old records it seems that the ceremony as then performed at Winchester was in all essentials the same as that which now takes place in Westminster abbey. Few people seem to be aware that the coronation ceremony was the only religious rite of the Anglican Church which escaped the pruning policy of the reformers; hence its impressive ritual and gorgeous pageantries.

The last coronation at which every old world ceremony was duly performed was that of King George IV. At his coronation a coronation banquet took place, there was a procession of peer, the herb strewer scattered flowers, and the challenge of the champion of England was included in the ceremony. But at the coronations of William IV., Queen Victoria and King Edward these old customs were for various reasons dropped.

However, much remains that is of deep interest and stately splendor. The dean and chapter of Westminster claim the right to instruct the sovereign in the duties of this solemn service, and on coronation day the regalia are delivered into their custody. According to old records, \$500 is paid for the anointing oil supplied by the royal apothecary. The coronation chairs are of interest. That of the King is the chair of Edward the Confessor, used by every British sovereign since the time of Edward II. It is of oak and is recovered with fresh crimson velvet on each occasion. Beneath it is placed the stone of destiny, an ancient relic which came originally from Ireland.

What Artists See.

Mr. C. Lewis Hind draws a striking picture of the artist's vision in the English Review, especially of those whom he calls "The Grandees," such as Seurat, Signac, Van Gogh, and Gauguin.

"How can I hope to illustrate the intensity of their achievement in a few pages? We who sit at home in ease constructing arm-chair theories can hardly realize their white-hot, fever-tossed mania for expression. It is well. Goya looked into gulfs. Van Gogh strained into the furnace and was scorched and shrivelled. But the flame of their lives enable us to understand why the New Movement in Art has prospered and spread, seeing how fervid were the pioneer fires."

In the background, the lonely and majestic Cezanne, a kind of Moscovitz of the battle, Van Gogh and Gauguin, with their elemental craving for expression, their passion for creation, for seeing, for living, and—

I have ended there.
But a great wind blew all the stars to flare.
"The great wind! Those stars blown to flare! Who knows what sums of the future these men with their great wind of creation and vision may not fan into being."

Do Not Need to Fight.

They are not all fired with the new Imperial war spirit in Australia. Replying recently to a deputation of Quakers who desired to secure exemption for their sons from the provisions of the Defence Act in regard to compulsory service, the Victorian Prime Minister said there were only two courses open to the Government. One was to leave Australia at the mercy of an enemy; the other to defend it. The voluntary system had failed, and the Government was forced to see the people were properly trained to protect their homes. The proposed training would be of physical benefit to the boys. It would render them fit to serve their country in case of necessity. The training need not mean that the young men would be compelled to fight in spite of religious scruples, but they would not be exempt from non-combatant service.

Stole Bank Book.

Kingston, Jan. 6.—A 15-year-old boy walked into the Merchants' Bank and, producing a bank book, asked the clerk to make out a check for \$60 in his favor. He signed the check and the money was about to be given him, when one of the clerks, who was watching and who knew the owner of the bank book, intervened. The lad was then questioned, but took to his heels. He was arrested by Constable Arnel, who found that he had stolen the bank book from a Queen's student named Pierce, who boards with the lad's mother. He signed Pierce's name. He will be arraigned in the juvenile court on a charge of forgery.

Can Cure Cancer.

Sir A. P. Gould, senior surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital, lecturing before the Royal College of Surgeons on "Cancer," said that when the biologist knew, with a knowledge akin to that of the astronomer, the laws that govern cell growth, he would have power to prevent, to control, and to cure cancer.

Extravagant to Buy All.

"Would you buy a Legislature?" inquired the patriotic young man, indignantly.
"If you mean a whole Legislature," answered Senator Sorghum, "I will say promptly and emphatically that I would not. It would be a needless extravagance. A little more than half the Legislature is plenty for all practical purposes."

Comparatively Modern.

Friction matches are a comparatively modern invention, having been made by John Walker in England in 1827. These were rather crude affairs, however, and he improved them somewhat in 1829 by using phosphorus.

Most all prodigals manage to get a return trip ticket.
A stumble is quite likely to follow too quick a pace.
In a way, the tempted and tempter are both to blame.

A MAORI WEDDING.

Big Feast Marks Nuptials Among New Zealand Natives.

After the ceremony had been performed, went out again into the sunshine to see cooks and attendants bearing smoking dishes to the dining shed, built for the occasion, to accommodate the guests. When the feast is spread on the long sixty-foot table a horn is blown and a soft-voiced "kotiro" (girl) stands at the door chanting a song of invitation. The verse loses much of its poetry in translation, but here it is: Oh, all you kindly guests, The feast is spread and awaits you, Come now to the feast, before the food grows cold, Hither, or come hither.

The dinner is "gargantuan," more than aldermanic, and the table bends under the weight of good things: pigs and sheep, roasted whole, great barons of beef, turkeys, geese, and other fowl, mutton-birds, "kakas," and wood-pigeons, preserved in their own fat; plum puddings, tarts and sweets. Everyone is blessed with good appetite, and the victuals quickly disappear. Graceful girl attendants wait at table, pressing daintily after daintily upon one's notice. The dominant note through it all is profusion, and wh' we eat, the cooks are still busy at the "kupa" preparing for further contingents of diners. Maori hospitality has passed into a proverb, but one must see it at a "hui" to fully appreciate what it means.

I said the dining-place was a shed. This is misleading. We sat in an oblong enclosure surrounded by walls of wattle ti-trees, about three feet high. Over us a roof of palm-leaves supported on high poles the space between the top of the low wall and the eaves being open to the air. Thus, while dining, one's vision ranges up and out to where the children play on the beach; out across the white sand, over the blue water, dotted here and there with a white sail, and in the distance of whiter, wheeling gulls; away to where the rugged headland of Mania thrusts sunlit pinnacles high into the azure sky. All the time birds sing in the trees near by, soft sea-breezes come gently beneath the eaves, and over all pours a flood of golden sunlight.

—D. O. Fagan, in the Wide World Magazine.

Behind the Conservative Gains.

At the Conservative Central Office, Westminster, sits the man, Mr. James Percival Hughes, who organizes and directs the Tory forces. Mr. Hughes became chief agent of the Tory party in 1907, and the arduousness of the work may be gathered from the fact that he once confessed that he barely found time for a daily walk. Mr. Hughes has had a varied career. In the first place, he was private secretary to the late Colonel Fred Burnaby, gallant soldier and pioneer aviator, and after the latter's death was left trustee of his estates in Ireland on behalf of the colonel's only son, who has distinguished himself as the inventor of the Atlanta mono-rail high-speed system. Then Mr. Hughes was called to the Bar, but his high reputation as an organizer and his fondness for political work led him to his present responsible position.

The Liberals' Chief Agent.

Cordial congratulations from members of both parties reached Sir Robert Hudson, chief agent of the Liberal party, when he was knighted in 1906, for he has earned the respect and goodwill of political opponents as well as political friends. The knighthood came to him as a complete surprise, being carefully planned by his late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and it was an honor richly deserved, for, thanks to Sir Robert, the Liberal party was never better equipped for fighting than it is to-day. To the man in the street Sir Robert is little known, but he has long worked behind the scenes. He has been connected with the fortunes of the Liberals for almost thirty years, and has been chief agent for the Liberals since 1893. He is, as a man in his position must be, conspicuous for business ability and decision of character.

An Alien Gang.

London, Jan. 6.—According to the latest report, the burglar killed in the Houndsditch affray and the two men killed in the Stepney battle were members of a gang of at least 20 aliens of the same type and character, some of them being women.

Owing to the bewildering number of aliases they have adopted the police are finding an almost insuperable difficulty in tracing them. "Peter the Painter" is still at large, it having been established that the second victim of the Stepney siege was a Russian terrorist, who fled to England eleven months ago under the name of Jacob Fogel. He was 22 years of age, and a native of Kovno, Lithuania.

Kidnappers Deported.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Jan. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morbito were deported to the States yesterday by the Canadian immigration authorities. Morbito was arrested in Welland last week on a charge of kidnapping 17-year-old Piens Cunzo of Sloan, N.Y. The pair were taken back to the States, but the charge against Morbito was withdrawn. The couple were married; then they returned here, only to be arrested and deported on a charge of illegally entering the country.

He Wondered.

"Why are you so prone this evening, under my roof, to the old codger's favorite vice?"
"Well, I'll tell you, Pheny," replied the veteran. "While I was downtown this afternoon I had the pleasure of witnessing an evangelist being bored to death by a life insurance agent, and I've been wondering ever since what the good man was saying to himself all the time it was going on."

Some Blanks Too.

Marriage is a lottery in which although frequently the prize.

Very often a brother's keeper wants his pay for his work.
Flattery is very many times the direct agent of gain.
Moral blindness makes many of us mistake vices for virtues.

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12 Tumors Removed Without An Operation

Silver Lake, Ont., Sept. 20, 1908.
Dear Mrs. Currah—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have some of the old symptoms, I am very grateful for my present health, and think
for women of the world know its use in my case caused 12 tumors or growths to be removed. Some were as large as a hen's egg, and others smaller, down to the size of a walnut. You may see my case in your advertisement, for it is the solid truth, and you cannot describe all the good it has done for me. Mrs. Louise E. Hoitridge.

The letter gives an indication of the positive benefits that always follow the use of Orange Lily. It is an appetizing, health-giving, and in direct contact with the suffering organs. It produces results from the start in all cases of women's disorders, including painful periods, falling womb, irregularities, leucorrhœas, etc.

I will send a sample box containing 16 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it. It will send you the literature, enclose 5 stamps and address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAN, Windsor, Ont.

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Last season we ran our first great competition and gave away a magnificent Piano and \$100.00 in Cash. This competition was so successful that we have decided to run another grand one this season. The prize money is \$100.00 in Cash and a magnificent Piano. The contest is open to all. It does not cost you a cent to enter this contest. For full particulars, send for our free puzzle book and answer key. The puzzle book is a 24-page booklet, and the answer key is a 24-page booklet. The puzzle book is a 24-page booklet, and the answer key is a 24-page booklet. The puzzle book is a 24-page booklet, and the answer key is a 24-page booklet.

2nd PRIZE—\$25.00 in Cash 5 PRIZES—\$10.00 each in Cash
3rd PRIZE—\$10.00 in Cash 25 PRIZES—\$5.00 each in Cash
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