

Reduced in Flesh Sleepless Nights

Kidney Disease and Gravel Caused Keenest Suffering—Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.



Mr. W. Smith.

That disease of the kidneys cause the greatest suffering is well known, and when stone or gravel is formed in the bladder the torture is almost beyond human endurance. The disease should never be allowed to reach this dangerous stage. Pains in the small of the back, pain or smarting when passing water, frequent urination, loss of flesh and weight tell of the need of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to regulate and invigorate the kidneys and restore these organs to health.

Mr. W. Smith, Fort Dalhousie, Ont., writes:—"For some years I was afflicted with kidney disease and gravel in its most severe form, having often a stoppage of water, accompanied by the most dreadful agony. As the disease wore on I became reduced in flesh and passed sleepless nights. No doctor was able to do much for me, and I used many medicines without obtaining more than temporary relief. My attention was directed to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and by using this treatment the disease was eradicated from my system in less than six months. I have gained in weight, sleep well, and feel better than I have for twenty years."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Fresh Lobsters, Mackerels, Smelts, Shell Oysters.

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Dr. de Van's Female Pills. A reliable French regulator. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at a box, or three for \$1. Mailed to any address. The Wholesale Depot, 260, St. Catharines, Ont. For sale at Mahood's drug store.

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RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles so I was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to sit up nights to sleep and my friends thought I could not live long. As my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen boarders with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take \$1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. Susan Templeton, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham record is proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate life of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



A DESERT ENIGMA

Mystery of a Vanished Party of Australian Explorers.

LEFT NOT A TRACE BEHIND.

The Leichhardt Expedition Disappeared as Though It Had Been Swallowed Up by the Earth, Which May Indeed Have Been Its Fearful Fate.

There have been recorded many strange tragedies of exploration in lone and distant lands, but no one event of the kind has ever so stirred men's minds as did the total disappearance of the well found and splendidly equipped expedition which Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, the Franklin of Australia, led into the central deserts of Australia in 1848.

Leichhardt's design was to march right across the continent from the east coast to the west, and as he had already led a successful expedition nearly 3,000 miles through a previously unknown part of Australia, it was generally thought that he would be able to accomplish the task.

Still, there were some who doubted and prophesied disaster, and more than one wealthy friend of the doctor's refused to subscribe toward the expedition on the ground that they were not going to help him to commit suicide.

The members of the expedition numbered six whites and two blacks, an unusually large number for an exploring expedition of this nature, and besides being amply provided with flour, biscuit, tea, sugar and so on, they drove along with them fifty bullocks and 270 goats. They also had spare horses and mules in abundance.

At that time the most westerly station in southern Queensland was occupied by a squatter named McPherson, who dwelt on Cogoon creek. From there Leichhardt wrote a brief letter as he was about to start into the unknown land beyond.

That was the last ever heard of him or of any of his companions, and this notwithstanding the fact that expedition after expedition was afterward sent out in search of them.

As completely as though they had been swallowed up by the earth, they vanished. This is the most puzzling part of the mystery—their completeness. Had they been killed by the natives, as was at first wrongly reported, some relics of the explorers would long since have been recovered from them. In some shape the iron work of the implements and arms they had with them would have survived.

And what of the stock? Some of the goats, at all events, must have been left alive, one would have imagined, for these are notoriously hardy animals, able to pick up a living almost anywhere. Yet none of these, nor any of the horses, mules or bullocks were ever traced.

The probability is that the ill fated expedition struck one of those waterless patches of country common in parts of Australia, into which the blacks never venture. It is not difficult in this case to prophesy what would have been their fate. Their reserve barrels once emptied of their precious contents, the little water carried by the men in their canteens would not last more than a day or so. In the shadeless bush, in that torrid heat, death comes swiftly under such circumstances. About forty-eight hours is the limit of human endurance. Usually half that time suffices. The explorers, we may be sure, would struggle on to the last, however, husbanding their water to the uttermost drop. The animals would be the first to go, and the desperate expedient of drinking their blood would be resorted to.

Hotter and hotter grows the air as the doomed men stagger further and further into the rainless desert. Some lose their reason; all lose hope. Then comes the end. They separate and struggle away in ones and twos, and fall and die.

Day after day the terrible and pitiless sun looks down upon them lying there and sees them dry and shrivel into mummies. And still no rain falls. But one day, it may be years afterward, there arises a sandstorm of exceptional violence. The wind blows with all the strength and fury of an arctic blizzard, but driving before it sand, not snow. When it ceases the desert is there as before; the same, yet different. Mountains of sand exist where before were valleys. The mummies have vanished from human ken forever.—Pearson's Weekly.

ROAR OF THE ARCTIC.

Bullen Thunder of the Gales and the "Voices of the Ice."

Most of us cherish the idea that in the far reaches of the Arctic circle there prevails an everlasting deathlike stillness. But those who have spent much time in the far north assure us that that region is far from being silent, although so little life is manifest for the greater part of the year. On polar seas the ice, though thick and solid as granite, is hardly ever still. There are tides in the arctic, and these lift and lower the huge icefields, causing them to give out all manner of noises. Even as late as November the pack will wake up without warning and pile itself in huge heaps with indescribable crashings, growlings and whirring. Peary speaks of the "rumbly roar" of the "rumbling chaos of ice blocks." His Eskimos were terribly frightened and set up weird howling. "The dogs whined and barked, and altogether the noise was terrific. Every arctic explorer has given similar accounts.

The movements of the ice—the gradual crowding and pressing, bending and pushing, the breaking of the masses of snow lying at the "ice foot"—have given rise to the expression of explorers, "The voices of the ice." It may be that one will hear a low singing, splashing or grumbling, alternating with various other sounds, cracking and snapping. These sound irregularly from a great distance, like a confusion of human voices, the racket of a railway train or the skurrying of a sledging party. Then, again, the noises are such as to cause the explorer to fancy he hears the steps and voices of various species of animals. "Spring is the busiest time in the polar sea. McClure of the Investigator compared the breaking up of the ice at that season to heavy thunder or the sound of great guns. Another writer likened the sound of the breaking ice due to that produced by a volcanic eruption.

Moreover, the air in the arctic regions is seldom absolutely still. Gales are frequent. The winter winds, according to Peary, blow with almost unimaginable fury. On one occasion in the cabin of the Roosevelt the sound resembled that of some gigantic power plant, everything vibrating to the pulsation of the machinery. The whole atmosphere was filled with the deep, sullen roar of the wind, and so thick was the cloud of snow picked up and swept forward on the wings of the gale that powerful lamps were invisible ten feet away.

On high ground, such as that of Inner Greenland, the wind is never still. Nansen tells of the constant hiss of the breeze laden with tiny bits of ice, which flowed along knee high like a shining white river, glittering in the pale arctic sunlight.

Nor is there lack of sounds caused by animal life. In the arctic you often hear the baying of wolves and the barking of seal, while in the summer the harsh cry of sea birds echoes along the faces of the cliffs.—Harper's Weekly.

HERE IS GOOD ADVICE TO TAKE

It will help those who have Kidney and Bladder Trouble. There are other "old enemies" similar to the one mentioned in this testimonial. Kidney and Bladder Troubles are always enemies to good health. As soon as you start to take GIN PILLS these ailments begin to disappear. It is the same in cases of Lumbago, Sciatica and like complaints. This letter illustrates the benefit of GIN PILLS. Winnipeg, Jan. 6th.

"I have been a sufferer from Lumbago for some years past and during Christmas week had a very acute attack which confined me to my house. About the latter part of April, I met your Mr. Hill and mentioned my complaint to him. He advised me to take GIN PILLS. I have been taking them at intervals during the early part of the present winter, and up to date have had no return of my old trouble—in fact, I feel better than I have for years and think that my old enemy has vanished for good and all."—H. A. JUKES.

A Riddle to Write. I asked my little simple girl—"Where holes in doughnuts go?" Pa read his paper, then he said, "Oh, you're too young to know!" I asked my ma about the wind. "Why can't you see it blow?" Ma thought a moment, then she said, "Oh, you're too young to know!" Now, why on earth do you suppose they were so simple as so? Ma asked, "Where is that jam?" "Oh, you're too young to know!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving \$2 and Fully Guaranteed.

Sixteen ounces of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can save a man at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it inside of 24 hours. It acts, too, for croup, whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hoarseness and other throat troubles. Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a 16-ounce bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant. The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula. The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The Plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A quantity of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"A Child Can Run It." They said that a child could run it. And I was a little child; It looked like a simple fraction, So neatly and so suddenly mild! I could not help but be so proud, I named it the Honeybees, And I wish that I had the say young lad. That said that boat to me! The motor was perfectly simple— You may get it with a jigger here And twisted a simple thingumabob And tickled its left hind ear, You told it a funny story, And now I am old and gray, They said that a child could run it— Oh, ultimate comic smart! They knew I would look like Methusalem when I spoke.

Overlooked Mar. Two black faced minstrels were giving an entertainment on the sands of a certain seaside holiday resort recently. While one of them was telling funny stories about the humors of boarding house handmaids the other went among the crowd making a collection. He at length went up to a stern looking woman, who promptly snatched the tambourine from his hand and poured the contents into her lap. As she returned the empty tambourine to the astonished minstrel she exclaimed: "Tell your friend who knows so much about handmaids that I'm the one he forgot to pay the last time he was here!"—Weekly Telegraph.

Brooks. I don't consider I am broke— Until we're refused a touch. I go to her to make a touch. —Detroit Free Press.

And even then there is a chance. Although, of course, the crime is rank, That there may be in time of need Some coppers in the baby's bank. —Boston Globe.

And if the baby's bank is not in funds and leaves you in distress You might climb out at night and hunt The pocket in your helpmate's dress. —Houston Post.

And, best of all, there is the chance That you can make the needed touch From some lush sport whom once you stalked. There is a chance—but not much. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Already Provided For. "My three schoolgirl cousins are coming tomorrow to stay for a few days," observed Mrs. Harlow at the breakfast table. "My goodness, Marie," replied her husband, "you'll have to order a lot more meat and things." "No, I won't. I've ordered a dozen bottles of pickles and almost half a ton of candy."—Fun Magazine.

The Artist and the Girl. Into his studio she floats To see his masterpiece, And as she views them one by one Her interest increases. Then suddenly she comes across A frame turned to the wall. She seeks with curiosity, The meaning of it all.

RURAL EGYPT.

One of its Quietest Spectacles is a Native Wedding. However modernized Cairo is or will become, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, rural Egypt remains the same today as it has been for countless generations. One of the quietest sights out in the country is a native wedding. I was fortunate in seeing two of them, one from a train and the other while walking near the village of Heliopolis, which is the site of the ancient city of On, mentioned in the Bible.

The bride and bridegroom were completely screened from the public gaze by a canopied arrangement on the back of a camel. It looked like an immense ottoman adorned with a cover illuminated by gorgeous patterns. This was followed by the bridal party, all women, seated on a long train of camels, each camel supporting two women.

The great, clumsy creatures (the camels, not the women) were almost enveloped in immense rugs, on the top of which apparently a feather bed had been deposited, and on this the women squatted, giving vent every few moments to a prolonged shrill trill, which I gathered was intended for a festive song. Altogether the incongruity of the spectacle was exceedingly comical.

INGENUOUS PRISONERS. They Won a Pardon For Their Daring Attempt to Escape. Among the prisoners in the French convict settlement of New Caledonia were two marine engineers who long ago received a pardon—strange as it may seem—for making a daring and ingenious attempt to escape. Living together in the same hut these men were engaged for years in digging a secret tunnel from their hut to the beach. At the end of the tunnel they hollowed out a chamber in which, with pieces of driftwood and little bits of steel and iron smuggled into the hut, they fashioned a boat, the metal being at first used to make tools and afterward to form bolts and rivets.

Then with infinite pains they built an engine to propel the boat, and after laboring mightily for seven years they completed their task. Everything was ready except the provisioning of the vessel, when they were betrayed by a fellow convict to whom they had confided their plan. But so impressed was the French commandant by their marvelous energy, skill and patience that he managed after a year to obtain a pardon for them.—Pearson's Weekly.

Tanning Rabbit Skins. To tan rabbit skins with the fur on lay the skin on a smooth board, the fur side underneath, and fasten it down with tacks. Wash it over first with a solution of salt and water, then dissolve two and a half ounces of alum in one pint of warm water and with a sponge dipped in the solution moisten the surface all over. Repeat this operation every four or five hours for three days. When the skin is quite dry take out the tacks and, rolling it loosely the long way, the hair inside, draw it quickly through a large smooth ring until it is quite soft, then roll it the contrary way of the skin and repeat the operation. Skins thus prepared are useful for many domestic purposes.—London Mail.

In a Perfume Factory. Musk is perhaps the most valuable and delightful of all perfumes, yet the refiner, as he opens the musk pods, must wear thick cloths over mouth and nostrils, so repulsive is the odor that the pods emit. Indeed this odor labored for any length of time causes nosebleed.

Civet, karnagoolic and ambergris have in small quantities a delicious perfume, but in large quantities they smell so abominably as to give the worker nausea. The hawthorn blossom is delicately sweet, and perfumers prize it highly, yet a roomful of hawthorn blossoms smells like a charnel house. This, too, is true of the tuberoses.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Explaining What a Snob Really Is. "Uncle Roy, what is a snob?" "A snob, Eddie, is a person who inherits a great deal of money, goes abroad and buys himself a veneer of culture, returns home and poses as a connoisseur of something, and goes around calling his poor relations 'parvenus.' Why do you ask such a question, Eddie?" "Because I heard Donald's big brother talking about this stuff, and he said you were a snob."

Unfeeling. "My husband is a brute," said the wretched woman. "Have you been scolding him?" "Of course I have." "Ah, I supposed he talked back and used harsh language." "Worse than that! He yawned!"

Misled. Mrs. Gadsby—"I'll get even with Mrs. Gabbie. Mrs. Giddy—What has she done to you? Mrs. Gadsby—She told me that Mrs. Guffy wasn't at home, so I hurried over to make a call on her, and she was at home, after all.—Exchange.

Smash Up. Jack—What sent poor Algy to an insane asylum? Tom—A train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it.—Boston Transcript.

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Effectually cuts short all attacks of STAMMS. Checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—FEVER, CRUP and AGUE. The only palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM.

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