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Since She Used MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills

Miss Bertha Charrette, Regina, Sask., writes: "I have had a lot of trouble lately, with what I thought was heart trouble, and after any unusual exertion I always felt sick."

My doctor advised a complete rest and change, but this I was unable to take.

I became interested in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so started taking them. I have now taken three boxes and am so much improved I can go about my daily work without feeling any after ill effects, and have not had any weak or dizzy spells for some time. Your medicine has done me more good than anything I have ever taken, and I will gladly recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to any woman who is weak and run down."

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Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastric ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepper or artificial stimulants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralize or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little hot water and Bisurated Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Bisurated Magnesia, to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. It soaks up the harmful excess acid much as a sponge or blotting paper might and your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Bisurated Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable druggist in either powder or tablet form. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative and is not at all expensive.

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THE PHYSIOGNOSCOPIC SOCIETY.

Lively Nights in Kingston in the Year 1852.

The fog end of the long winter of 1852, extraordinarily dull even for those secluded times, was suddenly enlivened by the announcement that on March 23rd the Physiognoscopy Society would hold a torchlight procession to visit several newly married old and worthy inhabitants of Kingston.

Save perhaps for a small committee, the Physios were not an actual organized society. But from time to time orders would be issued and large numbers of men and youths would arrange a parade to charivari persons who were considered to have deserved such notoriety. In 1849 their torchlight masquerade on the second night of the great Provincial Exhibition had excelled anything of the kind seen here before. Only one other procession had been held since, a midnight affair to "bury" a gentleman who had given some temporary offence to the society. On that occasion the entire countryside flowed into Kingston and crowded the streets along which the procession passed. So the general delight which greeted the announcement that another such night of pleasure was in store can be imagined.

But hardly were the handbills announcing the event in circulation when Mayor Counter posted a proclamation prohibiting the parade. There was a city by-law which rendered it illegal to have processions of parties in masquerading costume with disguised faces, etc. Disappointment and indignation filled the city, and the mayor was assailed from all sides.

At a St. Patrick's Day dinner at which he was guest of honor it was discovered that a quorum of the Council of the Physios was present, and then and there his worship was unanimously elected a fellow of the proscribed society, the Chloron-aphelousulphuricos Degree was administered and he was presented with his diploma. Still he did not relent.

On the 20th, three days before the date set for the procession, the Whig took up the cudgels, showing the harmlessness of the fun, the respectability of the society and the popular desire for this procession. "We take it for granted," says the Whig submissively, "that the Physios will see the propriety of obeying the mandate of the mayor, and abandon all idea of marching on Tuesday next, as all loyally constituted bodies of the people should do. But on the contrary, should a spirit of perverseness actuate the Physios, inciting them to resist the Law, what is the mayor to do? With a chief constable and four subs how is he to enforce his orders against a whole city?"

Next night there was a council meeting at which a petition from the Physios was presented, promising if they were allowed to walk to maintain the strictest decorum. The mayor defended his action, stating that he was bound by oath to uphold the laws of the city and

that he could not have acted otherwise than he had. But the council gallantly came to his rescue. The petition was copied in the minutes of the meeting, as a tacit admission that the parade was held with their knowledge and that nothing illegal was contemplated. Councilor Smythe pointed out that the mayor had done his part and that he would simply fine them. When Mr. Crawford announced that the society had made no preparatory plans and nothing would stop them from walking, there were "harsh remarks" from the aldermen and applause from the gallery. So it was understood, though not actually stated, that the society might proceed as long as the members behaved themselves. But the energetic mayor swore in more than fifty specials and prepared for trouble.

The members assembled in the yard of Phillips and Milo, and at 9 o'clock came the order to march down Princess Street. First "came a troop of heavy dragoons, armed with ponderous broad swords, regular whiskered pandours, and certainly no mean imitation of the 'real' warriors. Under their escort came the bride and bridegroom, decked in all the attractions of dress suitable to such an interesting occasion. Then a fullrigged merchantman bearing on his quarterdeck no less than the king of the sea himself, with his trident, crown and other emblems. Then came the band car, drawn by five horses with outriders in full regalia. After that came a number of appropriate symbols, amongst which a cradle marked "British bottoms" attracted much attention. The brethren of the order, all arrayed in most appropriate and entertaining costumes followed their favorite symbol, the cradle. One of the oldest saints of the order, St. Duchaux, in his carriage protected the rear of the brethren. A carriage from ancient Nineveh—a most ancient and classical looking object—and a troop of Nubian minstrels followed by a troop of dragoons brought up the rear of the procession. The minstrels seemed to be a great attraction; the negro songs which they executed in burlesque drew a crowd around them. We forgot to mention that light was thrown upon the merry scene by hundreds of torches, and ever and anon a rocket or a blue light was let off by the patron saint of the order, St. Duchaux. They passed before the door of five prominent gentlemen lately married and two others who merited special attention and then returned in good order to headquarters.

A week later, when the excitement had died down, came a very warm and somewhat incoherent letter from the Rector of St. James, roundly condemning the affair. "For the sake of amusement, putting the charivari in the best possible light, a crowd was collected of boys, and I fear children of a larger growth, who should have had the wisdom of man; decorum was violated; the sanctity of domestic life was

held open to the glare of eyes who should have shunned, to look, not knowing how soon bereavement would visit them; death was treated with a levity destructive of its intended influence; annoyance and vexation were heaped upon some who should have had the sympathy of the society. May we not fear that one effect will be the severance of those ties which bind man to man again, the asperities of life? Again, what is the effect on our youth? What is it but the first lesson in licentiousness, throwing the reins on the necks of those who evidently need the curb for their own and society's good." Nothing abashed, the graceless Whig held the reverend gentleman up to ridicule. "Of what crimes are the Physios accused? What decorum was violated? Whose sanctified domestic was laid open? How was death treated with levity? The Physiognoscopy Society walked in procession past the door of an aged widower who recently took to his bosom a fifth wife, and they paid a like compliment to another gentleman who married his wife's sister ere the former was well cold in her grave. And this was all." It was a good retort, but by it the editor brewed himself a peck of troubles with churchmen generally. That, however, is another story.

The rector's reply appeared in the News, on which the Whig comments, "Although not a good letter, it is so different in style, matter and diction from the one published by him a few days ago, that we strongly suspect for the honor of the cloth, some literary friend has had it under his revision."

This second letter, however, must have proved too much for the Physios, for we read the next day, "Thursday night was a gala night for Kingston, and the Physiognoscopy Society was out in full force and fig. A certain gentleman offended the society, and the procession was in his honor."

"The mayor went into the body of the masqueraders, prior to the march, and ordered the parties to disperse and go home; and it is said got very roughly treated by the Physios and their horses. 'Satan,' who was on horseback with a large pair of horns and a long tail, came near his worship, who seemed much annoyed at his appearance; and probably actuated by the well-understood antipathy of the devil and the bakers, laid hold of Satan's tail and attempted to drag him on his horse, and for several minutes it was literally 'pull devil, pull baker.' But as usual the baker had the worst of it, for he hurt his hands by the sharp wires in Satan's tail, and was obliged to let go his hold. In other respects his worship does not seem to have acted harshly or ill-naturedly. He attempted to stop the procession and failed. He never condescended next day to after-claps."

"First came a numerous body of horsemen in queer costumes and very fantastically armed. There followed a platform drawn by four horses, bearing Bezebub and several of his imps, occupied all the time in letting off a variety of fireworks. There came a mimic ship, manned by old Neptune and his Tritons, drawn by six horses. At the yard arm of this vessel was hung the effigy of the gentleman honored. The Physio band followed in a car, with a variety of other carriages in the rear;—one, the Physio Saloon, another the Physio Minstrels, and a third the Portsmouth Notables, all decorated with flaming torches and driven by postillions in sundry disguises. The whole followed by a regiment of Physios on foot. After perambulating the city, and passing before the door of the honored individual, they proceeded to the commons near the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and forming a circle, the effigy was taken down from the yard arm where it was hanging and deposited under a temporary gallows, and burned with due solemnity."

The papers in surrounding cities commented at great length upon these performances, and many were the lectures administered to Kingston. Most amusing of all is the lament of the "Streetsville Review" which was ordinarily the second wittiest paper of the time in Upper Canada. The Whig says: "The Streetsville Review complains of the people of Kingston for laughing at the drolleries of the Physiognoscopy Society, and scolds the British Whig for its approbation. The following paragraph (which had appeared in the Whig report) is particularly offensive:—

"Many of the masqueraders were admirably attired; a devil on horseback excellent; and the widow, all in black, was capitally executed. Her moans and groans were indelicately pathetic and kept the whole city in one roar of laughter! "Instead of laughing at the devil and the widow, as everyone who saw them did, the Streetsville Review becomes sentimental; and thus breaks out:— "Widow! Oh, there is a profound and most touching tragedy bound up in that sad, tearful little word. It adumbrates the commencement of the dull, grey, hopeless, unless twilight of existence! Sons of Moloch! exquisite was your tact in selecting such a theme for the purposes of burlesque! We are somewhat familiar with Kingston, and can testify that its denizens are not absolute monsters—baptized vampires—who with the chemistry of hell, could extract pleasure from pain, or be thrown into 'one roar of laughter' by a ribald parody of the sorrows of a wife whose ears were yet ringing with the ghastly sound of earth falling upon her husband's coffin-lid."

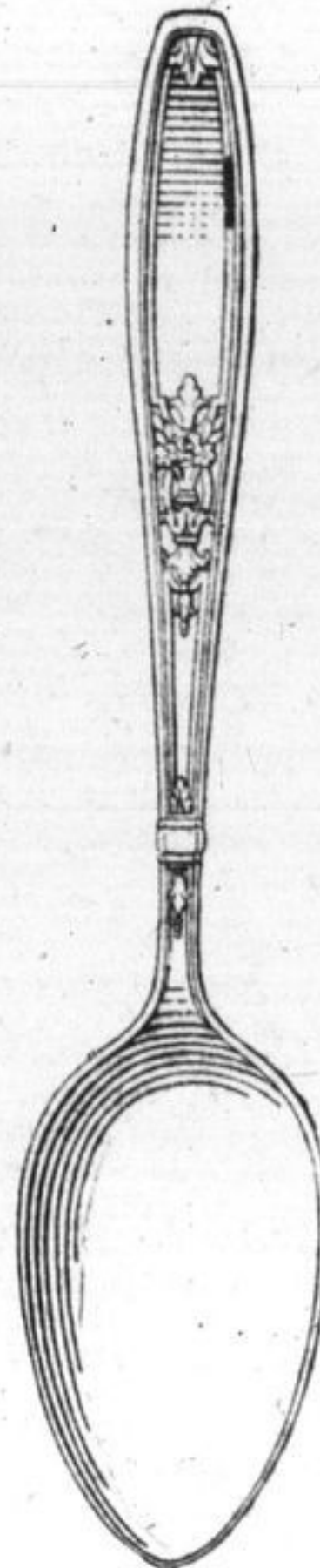
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MAHOOD BROS.

The Late Alexander Ritchie. May 30th the death occurred of Alexander Ritchie at his late residence, 79 St. Clair avenue east, Toronto, after an illness of about six months, due to heart trouble. He is survived by his widow and two daughters, Mrs. M. Downey and Mrs. I. Gibson, Los Angeles, Cal., and one grandson, Glenn A. Downey, also one brother, George Ritchie, barrister, Toronto, and one sister, Mrs. Silver. The late Mr. Ritchie was born at Inverary seventy-four years ago and

lived there until a short time before going to Toronto in 1907. He took an active interest in public affairs, having been clerk of the township of Streetsville for thirty-one years, also secretary of several organizations. He was a veteran of the Fenian Raid of 1866 and the Red River Rebellion of 1870. He was a man of sterling qualities, enjoying the esteem and confidence of all who knew him and was a true Christian in every sense of the word. He was recording secretary of the Methodist

church at Inverary and secretary-treasurer of the Sunday school. For the past fourteen years Mr. Ritchie had been connected with the Mines Coal Company, Toronto. The interment took place at Mount Pleasant cemetery on Saturday afternoon.

Some men manage to keep from being imposed upon by being disagreeable. If a man has a sense of humor he knows when not to get funny.

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When It's Lame and Achy

If a dull, throbbing backache is taking all the joy out of life, if you suffer from Lumbago or Rheumatism, the following treatment is almost certain to relieve you at once—Rub the back and sides with NERVILINE. Its pain-relieving essences will quickly sink into the cords and muscles, the stiffness and tension will ease off—lame-ness and pain will quickly depart.

For stiff joints, lame back, lumbago, rheumatism and muscular pain, NERVILINE is a true friend. Get a 25-cent bottle to-day.