Professional Men.

It's the constant strain and worry under which the professional man labors, the irregularity of habits and loss of rest that makes him peculiarly susceptible to kidney troubles. First it's backache, then urinary difficulties, then—unless it's attended to—Bright's Disease and—death.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen and invigorate the kidneys—never fail to give quick relief and cure the most obstinate cases.

Rev. M. P. Campbell, pastor of the Baptist Church, Essex, Ont., says: "From my personal use of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Sharon's drug store, I can say they are a most excellent remedy for kidney troubles, and I recommend them to sufferers from such complaints."

Ravages of Consumption

White Plague on the Increase.

A Cure Now Within the Reach of Every Sufferer.

DR. SLOCUM the famous scientist whose lectures and demonstrations in New York and London this season have astounded medical circles, has at last perfected his new system of treatment for the absolute cure of tuberculosis and all pulmonary diseases. This triumph of cut victory over the deadly bacilli is far reaching in its effects, for there is no longer room for doubt that the gifted specialist has given to the world a boon that will save millions of precious lives. Dr Slocum's system of treatment is both scientific and progressive, going as it does to the very source of the disease and performing the cure step by step.

First Step. Killing the life destroying germs which invest the body.

Second Step.—Toning the entire system and strengthening the nerves—filling the veins with tingling new life.

Third Step.—Building healthy flesh and fortifying against future attacks.

The Slocum system cures grip and its painful after effects, dangerous coughs, bronchitis and every known form of pulmonary disease.

It makes weak lungs sound, strengthens them against any ordeal, and gives endurance to those who have inherited hollow chests, with their long train of attending dangers. To enable despairing sufferers everywhere to obtain speedy help before too late, Dr. Slocum offers

FULL FREE TREATMENT

To every reader of this paper.

Simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., 179 King St. West, Toronto, Ont., giving post office and express office address and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent. Sufferers should take instant advantage of this generous proposition, and when writing for them always mention this paper. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories. Let no previous discouragements prevent your taking advantage of this splendid free offer before it is too late.

IT IS TO PROMOTE HEALTH TO DRINK THE

MAGI CALEDONIA WATERS.

ALSO TO ENJOY THE MOST DELICATE OF BEVERAGES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHOOL OF ART.

Classes will Re-open on Wednesday, Oct. 3rd.

Rooms 230½ Princess Street (entrance with Dr. Sparks, Dentist).

CHAS. E. WRENSHALL, Principal.

EVENING CLASSES AT THE BUSINESS COLLEGE,

HEAD OF QUEEN ST.,

Will Open Monday Evening, Oct. 8th, at 7.15.

All commercial subjects Taught individually.

St. Andrew's College

"Chestnut Park," Toronto.

A Residential and Day School for Boys.

BOYS PREPARED FOR THE UNIversities and Royal Military College. PREPARATORY FORM for junior boys, also SEPARATE RESIDENCE. Ideal situation, beautiful grounds, full equipment, five masters and the Principal in residence.

Re-opens for Autumn Term on September 10th, 1900. Write for particulars to

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., Principal.

A School For Girls.

Students prepared for Queen's University. Special classes in English, History, French and German.

Carefully arranged Primary Department. Drawing and physical training a regular part of the school work in all grades.

Arrangements can be made for private lessons in any subject at any time.

For further information apply to

MISS M. GOBER, M. A., 207 William St.

Office hours—9.30 to 10.30 a.m.

Boys' College, Kingston

Opens Sept. 10th.

A Residential and Day School for Boys. Boys prepared for the Universities, School of Mines, R.M.C. Subjects taught: Mathematics, Science, Classics, Modern Languages and English. A boy may take any one or all of these subjects as his parents desire. Classes for JUNIOR BOYS will be opened. Those who intend to take advantage of these classes should give notice as soon as possible. The object of the School is to educate in the highest sense of the word. Each boy receives careful and personal attention. Boys in residence will live with the Principal and receive every attention and home comfort. References: Principal Grant, Prof. Carr-Harris, J. R. Walkem and G. R. Nash, Kingston. For terms and all information apply to REV. T. J. GLOVER, B.A., Principal, 234 Barrie street.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

Both Parties Have Sounded Their Slogans.

POLITICAL BATTLE BEGUN.

TRUSTS SAID "LET THE HOWLERS HOWL."

Imperialism Got a Black Eye—Coal Troubles the People—Bishop Potter After the New York Police—He Says They Are as Bad as Bad Can Be.

(Whig correspondence; letter No. 1,221).

New York, Oct. 13.—Both parties have sounded their slogans and the clans are gathering. It is more like the good old times than anything I have seen in the way of elections for twenty years. As his secretary of agriculture said to president Harrison, "It's a Jim Dandy old time." Once more the spellbinder comes to the front, and it's a delight to hear him whoop her up, to save the country and pass our national heritage without a stain to our children and our children's children. Hooroo! rha!! rha!!! Go in, spellbinder, I am wid ye. No more still hunts for me, where the finance committee pockets all the cash and the eloquent spellbinder, who really saved the country, was regaled at way stations on ham sandwiches, minus the ham, and water, an article excellent and refreshing in a bathtub, but worthless and unsatisfactory in a tumbler. When the campaign was ended the spellbinder was allowed to find his way home on his uppers, with heaps of experience, but no cash.

This was the fate of the spellbinder in the days of the still hunt, but in the day of his glory the fatness of the land was his. Committees met him at the station on his arrival; the handsomest carriage and the finest team in town conveyed him to the best suite of rooms in the crack hotel. Nothing was too good for him. He had an insoluble mortgage on the earth. These were the golden days of the spellbinder.

Old Sam Tilden was no spellbinder. He could not orally state the petty larceny of a colored barber's two dollar and a half Waterbury in a police court, and though in the course of his long life he had drawn charters for great corporations, on which hundreds of millions of dollars depended, and had drawn hundreds of wills for multimillionaires, when it came to his own will disposing of three or four millions of dollars—after considering the matter carefully for over a year, he produced a document that on the first assault toppled to ruin like a house of cards, and his sister's child, whose heart he broke and whom he drove from his rooftree ruined, penniless and broken-hearted, became at last the principal legatee, and it was owing to the generosity of his nephew's widow that any portion of his will was carried out as he intended.

The democrats opened the ball at the academy of music in Brooklyn. For a great meeting, though the house was crammed, it was hardly an unqualified success. Controller Bird S. Coler was announced to preside. If he had come it would have been a greater family picnic, for he had been one of Richard Croker's fiercest opponents at the Saratoga convention and senator Hill's candidate for governor, against Richard Croker's candidate, Stanchfield. Mr. Coler did not come, though he sent a valid excuse. It was rumored several weeks before the Saratoga convention that if ex-senator Hill attempted to nominate controller Coler he would be publicly disgraced and driven from the party. The convention swarmed with his enemies, and he knew it. He faced them without a tremor, prepared to take any punishment democracy might see fit to inflict, but they should not and dared not force him out of the grand old party to which he had given such imperial service. He stood there bold and defiant, inviting attack, and then for the first time was revealed to his friends and foes alike what David Bennett Hill meant when he electrified the nation years before with the words, "I am a democrat."

It was in that golden time that the bright star of his destiny, shining gloriously above his head, led his footsteps to the White house at the capital of the nation. In that bright hour, the zenith of his fate, how could he realize that his nadir was so near at hand when the alluring hopes of a life should lie at his feet like the autumn's withered leaves when his gold should turn to dross, and Atlanta's golden apples that lured him to his ruin should turn on his lips like the dead sea's fruit to ashes?

Once more the cannon's thunder announces that the battle is on. Fifty bands challenge the skies with music, banners wave and red and blue fires at night keep the clouds in a blaze of glory. The democratic campaign in New York was fairly opened by the democrats in the borough of Brooklyn with ex-governor, ex-senator Hill to the fore. David Bennett Hill was no stranger to the audience he faced in Brooklyn on the opening night of the campaign. It was there in other and happier days that his name was a mascot to conjure with. As he came forward to speak he was almost overwhelmed by the thunders of applause that made the walls of the old academy tremble. The applause died out, but the ex-governor stood like a statute of bronze till the silence grew almost painful. Suddenly, as if moved by a flash of inspired light, the oracle spoke and said, "I am a democrat." Hundreds had said the same thing before, but never did it fall from mortal lips with such inspirational power. It became the shibboleth of millions of democrats—for the rest of the campaign.

There was something it lacked—the old time vim, the friendly fire that warmed the hearts of his audience, as they sprang to their feet to give him a loving and a loyal greeting.

Around him on the stage were scores of men whose political fortunes he had made, and whom he had advanced to official station far beyond their desert. There was one to whom he gave a seat in the United States senate as a personal present for services rendered. All eyes were fixed upon the man. Every man in the convention knew of Hill's attention to his friend, and of the splendid services that emphasized his recognition. For an instant a cloud of agony untold swept across the ex-senator's face. It was only for an instant. The next and his face was cold and hard as stone. His enemies who had conspired for his ruin—they had failed most miserably.

Following the great republican love-feast the republicans flung their banner to the breeze, accepted the challenge of the democratic cohorts and jumped into the ring, peeled for the fight ready to try conclusions with our friends, the enemy, either with brains or two-ounce boxing gloves, as the audience should elect—either was acceptable, both were kept on tap, ready for use at a moment's notice.

Chauncey Depew, our Chauncey, led the republican hosts and before their desperate charge sixteen to one was knocked out, imperialism got a black eye, and trusts secure in fat pocketbooks and heavy dividends, with a smile that was childlike and bland, said "Let the howlers howl—ice is going up to fifty cents a pound and coal $40 a ton." Do I think of the sufferings of the poor miner who is not able to make more than $10 or $12 a week and who is so poor that he can afford to spurn under his feet an offer of ten per cent. on his wages and a reduction on the price of powder equal to his wage advance? Do I think of the poor miner? Yes, indeed, I have a very lively remembrance of the poor miner and am willing to extend to him the most generous amplitude of human charity. Just then I look up from my desk and on the other side of the room four children were shivering with cold, their lips were blue their teeth were chattering and I was mad, I shouted, "Bridget! Bridget! here you, Bridget. Don't you see those children are freezing to death? Take them down in the kitchen and let them warm themselves near the fire." "We don't be havin' any fire sir." "No fire!" I exclaimed in a fury. "Why not?" "We don't be havin' any coal, sur." "No coal! Here is $9; run down to Mr. Anthracite's. This $9 will pay for the last two tons. Then order two tons more and tell Mr. Antracite that I will pay him as soon as possible."

In a half hour Bridget was back with the bill. The two tons of coal I ordered just before the strike cost me $1.50 a ton, or $9 for two tons. The two tons ordered last week cost $12.50. In the Greater New York we have upward of 3,000,000 people and if I take in a few of the towns, villages and hamlets, the rear fences of which run right up to our back yard, I shall safely add another million, making 4,000,000 in all. The most extravagant claim of the number of wage workers now on strike is 200,000, so that thirteen of us poor slaves are hustling for our lives to pay the fiddler that these poor slaves at Hazleton, Cumberland and all along the line to the point where Washington territory shakes hand, with British Columbia, do all the dancing. But nearly $50,000,000 have been realized on the coal mined before the strike and that used till the strike is ended. Who got that $50,000,000? The robber baron and the bloated bondholders. Who put that golden pile into the pockets of the robber baron and the bloated bondholders? The poor, oppressed striker. Since I find myself taxed to pay for his fun my affection is materially modified some philosopher wise beyond his day and generation has left this legacy to his posterity: "That government is best which secures the greatest good to the greatest number." That was a hard granite fact, fixed as the polar star. Incontrovertible as Kepler's laws, one man in the coal mines of Pennsylvania tells four millions of people in New York what they shall pay for their coal.

Coal is not the only thing that troubles us this week. Bishop Potter is going to take a fall with the police. He says they are as bad as bad can be. If that is so, take my word for it, they are a pretty bad lot. There is only one man in Manhattan who can rid us of the whole batch, root and branch, and his name is Richard Croker. There is a combination of christian ministers and Jewish rabbis pledged to the work. If the christian ministers and Jewish rabbis ever get after him he might just as well throw up the sponge, for I doubt if saltpeter would save him.

—BROADBRIM.

Is Cholera Coming?

The possible advent of cholera on this side of the Atlantic makes it of the utmost importance that proper precaution shall be taken to meet a foe so uncompromising and powerful. The liver and its condition at once becomes a matter of serious consideration, for upon its normal action depends most largely that degree of health and vigor that can surely withstand the assaults of disease. No remedy can equal Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. They at once strike at the source of disease, remove obstructions in the liver, give tone and digestive power to the stomach, reinvigorating the whole system. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Scan The Voters' List.

Every man whose name does not appear in the municipal voters list for 1899 should go in person to the registration court and register, because if their names are not then registered they will lose their votes. The voters list can be seen at the liberal headquarters on Princess street.

No One Disputes

That Abernethy has the largest stock, the lowest prices in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Trunks and Valises in the city. A. Abernethy, 125 Princess street.

No man ever dared pursue a really modest woman after her first rebuff.

Ananias probably made most of his reputation while he was courting.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL to

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

BAKER'S COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., DORCHESTER, MASS.

TRADE-MARK ESTABLISHED 1780.

Branch House, 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal.

PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN, OF HALIFAX.

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough Set in and Her Doctor Said Her Case Was Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N.S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadien Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said: "A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends, who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose earthly race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged, nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness, added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever again. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers in Boston who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman, who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and you can say that I shall never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were placed in my way at a time when I had not the hope that I could live."

Scollop Season In Full Blast.

Stamford, Conn., Oct., 13.—The number of scollops, so far secured, since the opening of the season, this month, has been enormous. Up to now the scollops have been rather too small for use. The number of men gathering them this year is so great that many of the scollops have been destroyed by being trampled. The entire yield this season will probably be unprecedented.

The Backache Stage

May be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the backache stage of the most insidious of diseases. South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.—30.

A Thousand Pigeons Flew.

Hagerstown, Md., Oct. 13.—A thousand pigeons were liberated today by the Hagerstown fair association in the contests arranged by the pigeon fanciers of Washington city. Prizes were awarded in the shape of purses, gold medals and diplomas.

The Trade Winds

Blow strong since Nerviline is in the market. Nerviline is the great nerve-pain cure. Its penetrating and pain subduing power is such that relief is almost instantaneous. Try it and be convinced.

Yellow Fever In Havana.

Havana, Oct. 13.—The yellow fever situation is not improved. Havana cannot be considered secure for non-immunes until about February.

Cheese.

Limburgher, Roquefort, Gruyere, Camembert, Edam, Oka, Glenburnie Gold Medal, McLaren's, at Gilbert's grocery.

Smith's White Liniment is the most penetrating liniment known, and a positive cure for sprains, swellings, inflammation, neuralgia, rheumatism and lumbago. In bottles 25c., at Wade's drug store.

Truth and matrimony are only bowing acquaintances.

If the child is restless at night, has coated tongue, sallow complexion, a dose of Miller's Worm Powders is what is required; pleasant, harmless. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.

W. G. Craig & Co. offer Scranton coal all sizes at $6.50 per ton, and Bernice coal at $6, delivered to any part of the city.

War makes a few heroes, but married life makes all the rest.

"North King" leaves Swift's wharf, Sunday, 5 p.m., for Charlotte and Bay of Quinte ports. J. P. Hanley, agent.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

The best $1 pair kid gloves in the city at Forrest's, King street.

Miller's Grip Powders Cure. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

Always the Same; Delicious and Healthful.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Girls of to-day give ear!
Never since time began,
Has come to the race of man
A year, a day, an hour,
So full of promise and power
As the time that now is here.

Never in all the lands
Was there a power so great
To lift up body and mind,
To move the wheels of state,
To waken the deaf and blind,
As the power that is in your hands.

Here at the gates of gold,
You stand in the pride of youth,
Strong in courage and truth—
Stirred by a force kept back
Through centuries long and black—
Armed with a power threefold.

Maid and mother and wife,
See your own work is done.
Be worthy a noble son.
Help men in the upward way,
Truly a girl to-day,
Is the strongest power in life.

DESERTED.

The homestead, sole upon the hill,
Looked down on fields below;
Old-fashioned posies wreathed its sill,
Cinnamon, rose and daffodil,
With Marigolds a-row.
When sunset on its windows fell,
A gleaming scarlet flame,
With jingle, jangle of the bell
Homeward the cattle came.

Then golden head and nuthrown head
Ran down the meadow lane,
To meet their father as he fed,
The cows from pasture where they fed,
Back to the barn again.
The lads knew these kind creatures well,
And called them all by name,
Whoe'er merle, jangle went the bell,
And home the cattle came.

Deserted on the lonely hill
The house seems dumb and blind;
The sunset flames upon it still,
The garden plot none cares to till
Blooms for the sun and wind,
The little lads are men, and dwell
Far from their boyhood's home,
Where jingle, jangle with the bell
No more the cattle come.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

George Horton.

I said to my true love, true love,
I said to my true love,
"We cannot dwell in splendid halls,
My cottage hath but dingy walls
With humble roof above."

And my true love she smiled and said:
"Love is enough, love is enough,
Joy dwells where e'er true hearts are wed,
Love is enough, love is enough."

I said to my sweetheart, sweetheart,
I said to my sweetheart,
"I have no fame to bring thee, sweet,
No laurels to lay before thy feet—
Mine is life's humble part."

But my sweetheart, she said to me,
"Love is enough, love is enough,
The world is only thee and me,
Love is enough, love is enough."

I said to my dear one, dear one,
I said to my dear one:
"I am not great in any way,
No maids or men my beck obey,
No slaves to serve me run."

And my dear one did closer cling
(Love is enough, love is enough),
And said: "But thou shalt be my king,
Love is enough, love is enough."

A SOLDIER'S TREASURE.

Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

With a rose in the rim of his fawn-colored hat,
And a jingle of sabre and spur,
A soldier rode by in the dawn and the dew
Ere the village was scarcely astir.
The patter and clatter of sharp little hoofs
Brought her into the window above,
Her eyes were as blue as the sky overhead,
Unclouded by sorrow or love.

In the gold of the sunrise they halted below,
Her mare and brave rider, a space,
And her kerchief dropped out as she leaned from the sill,
A fragment of linen and lace.

He caught it in air on the point of his sword,
And buttoned it under his blouse,
And cantered away, but drew rein on the hill,
And turned to look back at the house.

When she dreamed of a soldier returning no more from war,
To halt at her window again,
The mare and her rider lay dead in the dust,
Where bullets were falling like rain.
And a comrade who passed in a moment of truce,
Stooped over and covered his face
With a kerchief he found in the breast of his blouse,
A fragment of linen and lace.

THE SMALL BOY SPEAKS OUT.

Pearson's Weekly.

I'm just her small brother. They say I don't count
And tell me my manners are bad,
And yet of enjoyment I get an amount
Sufficient for every lad.
A few of those laughs—well, to have 'em again
I'd travel for many a mile.
I have chuckled inside till it gave me a pain,
When sister was putting on style.

She tells that young man that a jug is a "vyause,"
Says "eyether" and neyther," you know."
She never plays popular music because
It really distresses her so.
She warbles plain ditties when she is alone,
And her voice is as sharp as a file;
But she gives it a soft, plaintive, clarionette tone,
When sister is putting on style.

She says she loves golf, but I've heard her remark,
She couldn't see where it came in.
The way she has kept that young man in the dark
Is comical, but it's a sin.
She talks about authors, but all that she reads,
Is a fashion book once in a while.
Yours truly can have all the fun that he needs
When sister is putting on style.

We've often played cricket, my sister and I,
She's a jolly good fellow at heart;
But he thinks she's got wings and is going to fly,
Because she's so terribly smart.
And then, when he tries to feel big and talk back,
Like she does, a statue would smile.
I have laughed in my sleeves till the buttons would crack,
When sister was putting on style.

Well people do not worry. Take Miller's Compound Iron Pills and be well. Fifty doses for a quarter. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.

THE PEOPLE'S PROOF

Want anything stronger to convince of the merit of any article in daily use than the unsolicited testimony of the people who've used it? The

Souvenir Range

has all Canada to its back in testifying to its merits in everything that goes to make it the most perfect stove in the world of stoves to-day—and the army of "Souvenir" owners recruits by the thousands every year. Would that be the case if it had not been proven "the best by test"—for appearance—for durability—for convenience—for up-to-dateness in appointments—improvements—economy in fuel and general good service as a heater, cooker and baker? If you're thinking of a new range question yourself a bit—then put the "Souvenir" to the test. Sold everywhere. One will last a lifetime.

J. S. HORSEY, Local Agent, Kingston.

The Gurney-Tilden Co., Limited, Hamilton

Wholesale Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

No Imitation

No SUBSTITUTION, and no other Coffee, sold in tins, whether Canadian or foreign

IS EQUAL TO MADAME HUOT'S COFFEE.

In lb. tins, 40c.; 2 lbs. 75c.

CAFE DE MADAME HUOT.

Its aroma delights the connoisseur.

Ask your Grocer for it. Wholesale, E. D. Marceau, 296 St. Paul St., Montreal

SOLE AGENT IN KINGSTON, J. S. HENDERSON.

A Practical Painter.

finds himself handicapped and his best efforts frustrated when the paint is not up to the mark; despite all he can do it WILL look lumpy, streaky and patchy; it will NOT spread properly nor extensively, consequently it is DEAR as well as unsatisfactory. Really good honest, pure paints,

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

for instance, are as pleasant to use as they are beneficial. They have an enormous covering capacity and WEAR long. They retain their brightness of color and finish almost indefinitely. Owing to the purity and general excellence of material and mixing they retard natural decay and prevent injury from rust and the elements. They are the BEST MIXED PAINTS. Ask your dealer for them.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Montreal. Estab'd 1842. Paint Makers.

FREE HELP FOR MEN The only remedy known to science which will positively cure lost manhood is "RESTORINE," the marvellous German Remedy discovered by Dr. Jules Kohr. It is controlled in this country by The Dr. Kohr Medicine Company, a concern which has the highest standing in the medical world. This treatment has cured thousands of men, young and old, when the best known remedies have failed. If you are suffering from diseases of the generative organs, such as lost manhood, exhausting drains, nervous debility, the results of abuse, this remedy **can and will cure you to stay cured.** The headache, pimples, varicocele, pains in the back, and failing memory, disappear completely in the worst cases in from one to two weeks' treatment. We make the honest offer of a cure or return your money. Thousands of testimonials. Correspondence treated **strictly confidential.** FIVE days' treatment sent free with a book of rules for health, diet and advice. Our greatest successes have been those who have failed with other treatments. This remedy is regularly used in the French and German armies, and the soldiers in those countries are models of strength and vitality. Write for sample sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

Address: DR. KOHR MEDICINE CO., P.O. BOX B 2341, MONTREAL

SAFFORD RADIATORS

FOR HEATING BY HOT WATER OR STEAM ADDS 25 PER CENT. TO THE RENTAL OR SELLING VALUE OF A HOUSE OFFICE OR STORE.

THE DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY, LIMITED

The Largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag. TORONTO