DEATH TO LET GO.

Until a consumptive be actually in the sheaf of the Grim Reaper it is foolish to give up the struggle and let go. In thousands of cases Shiloh's Consumption Cure has wrested afflicted people out of Death's grasp and restored them to health and hope.

Never ceasing vigilence is the price paid by consumptives for health. Diet, Clothing, Exercise etc., must all be closely watched and if there is sufficient lung structure left on which to start a small foundation Shiloh will do the building. If proper care be exercised generally and Shiloh's Consumption Cure be taken faithfully as directed the building will be *sure*, there will be no failure. This grand restorer is guaranteed *not* to fail. The whole purchase money is returned if it does not fulfil our promises. Aurora, Ontario, Feb. 20, 1899. S. C. WELLS CO., Toronto.—"I have taken your Shiloh's Consumption Cure and can thoroughly recommend it for Consumption. I have taken one bottle and am able to get out of bed. I would advise all suffering from that disease, or any lung trouble, to try it and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. Horbury Turen."

Sold in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c and $1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain 1s 9d, 2s 9d and 4s 6d.

Fine English Clothing.

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Messrs. Wacks Bros., Leicester, England, are prepared to mail free of charge to any address in Canada Pattern Self Measurement Forms of their $7.50 Tweed and Worsted Suits, and guarantee a high-class fit. We pay carriage on goods to the value of $7.50. The British preferential tariff reduces the custom charges to a mere trifle. For full particulars write Messrs. Wacks Bros.

Suit to Measure $7.50.

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Leicester, England.

House Cleaning Time.

Special machinery for doing over old mattresses and making as good as new. Our upholsterers are at your service to make over your couches or parlor suites, etc. A large stock of coverings in all the shades and textures. We will sell these in any length to suit, if you wish to do your own work.

Moss-Fibre hair, etc in any quantity. Our own polish, renews old furniture like new, thoroughly tested, sold in large or small quantities.

Special line of bed suites just in at $10, $12 and $15. About 60 bed springs damaged by smoke at half price. Bring size of bed with you. Carpet department open April 2nd.

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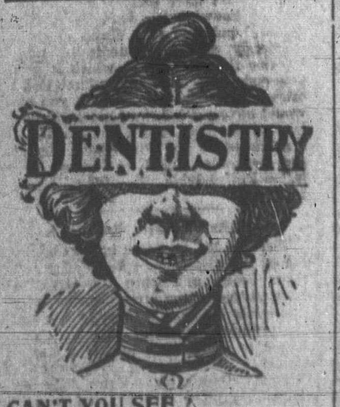

CAN'T YOU SEE ?

Dentistry is such an important question that it is surprising you do not realize your needs in this line. We not only extract hopeless teeth, but make perfect the savable ones. Our attention and our advice will insure you satisfaction. If you are short a front tooth our Crown at $3 will about fit your case.

DR. WAUGH.

Three doors west of old Opera House. Modern Dentistry at Modern Prices.

Neat, Strong, Cheap, — Are some of the Features of **OTTO'S BINDING.** Try Him with some of your Work. Cor. Bagot & Brock Street.

OVER THE TEA CUPS.

The American educationist, Earl Barnes, has tried a novel way of finding out the ideals of children. At his suggestion about 600 boarding school pupils in England, between eleven and thirteen years, were asked:

"Which would you rather be when you grow up, a man or a woman and why?"

"Of the men or women you have known or read of which would you rather be and why?"

The children were given these questions to be answered in "composition," without being aware that any special importance would be attached to their replies. About 100 girls out of the 300 wished to be men, while only two boys out of 302 wanted to be women. This fact should have much significance to a philosopher. Here are a few stray sentences culled from the girls' answers:

"I wish to be a woman because they have more sense than men."

"Men are clumsy, besides men drink."

"Women just do things while men are talking."

"A woman can always get her own way if she cries and has histerics."

"I want to be a lady because most often the lady is invited out to tea, or to a ball, while the man 'as to be at work."

"Women do not dig coal, and drain the streets, like men, and make the parlor carpet a disgrace with their dirty boots."

"If a woman does not marry, she can go into a shop and wear a silk dress all day with bead trimmings. It costs seven guineas—cost price."

"I would choose to be a woman because nature made me one, and we must be content."

But among the hundred who resented being women were found these expressions:

"I would rather be a man because I could be a soldier and help my country. A man has many chances of being great and women havn't."

"A man can work and keep his wife, but a woman cannot work for a man. Her wages would not be enough. I would like to be Shakespeare."

"I would rather be a man because a man is more useful and respectable, especially when a woman takes to drink—then she makes home miserable."

"The only woman whose lot is enviable is the queen. She is waited on, everything being brought to her. She never has dishes to wash, and she ought to be happy."

"Men can go where they like without permission, but women always have to ask permission from their employer or husband."

"A woman cannot be a soldier, or a sailor, or a policeman, a tram conductor, or a magistrate, or anything interesting."

"Brothers always get the best schooling and things, and then cheat their sisters out of their money when relations die."

A few of the boys' answers:

"You get married and takes all your husband's wage and spends it how you like, and have a charwoman if there is any work to do, and scolds your husband if he comes home late."

A sympathetic lad—"Women cannot get out of doors. They do only little jobs at home which are messy and are never finished. A man's life is best; he can see the country as engine driver, soldiers, and sailors, all for nothing."

Another—"A man can always keep his situation for he has trade unions. A woman can be turned out of her place at a minute's notice, and a man could not because there wouldn't be anyone to take his place; in fact there are too many women in the world."

"A woman cannot play games, and she usually likes silly things."

* * * *

At a charming dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, Ottawa, on Wednesday evening in honor of Senator and Mrs. Kirchoffer, the guests were Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir James and Lady Grant, Hon. William Mulock, Mrs. William Macdougall, Madame Jules Tessier, Senator and Mrs. Kirchoffer, Mr. Justice Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Egan, Mr. and Mrs. Gormully, Col. Prior. The table decorations were La France roses and violets.

* * * *

Miss Ellen Terry, who was obliged by illness to disappoint so many admirers in Montreal, has rejoined Sir Henry Irving's company at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. Her illness was pleurisy, from which she seems to have quite recovered, and is now looking the picture of health. Her appearance on the stage immediately after the curtain rose was the signal for most enthusiastic applause.

* * * *

"The Marchioness," in the Ottawa Free Press, says:

There is a young girl in Washington at present who comes from Montana, but who claims to be a French Canadian and whose name is Ada La Chapelle. She is a handsome girl of the brunette French Canadian type, but more than that she possesses a glorious voice. She is being taught how to use her voice by the ablest teachers Senator William A. Clark could find in the capital city. Miss La Chapelle is the daughter of a widow of moderate means, who, hearing of the generosity of Montana's millionaire senator, a sort of western Lord Strathcona, went to him and explained her inability to have her daughter's voice cultivated. The senator at once rose to the occasion. Next autumn the future prima dona will go to Paris and study under the best masters that the unlimited means of the great copper king of Butte can find. When she goes on the operatic stage, as she has every intention of doing, Miss La Chapelle will follow the example of another American singer and take the name of the state where her childhood was spent, "Montana." Of course there are gossips in Washington who talk of an early marriage between the senator and his interesting protege, but by both the story is emphatically denied.

* * * *

An engagement that is calling forth many congratulations in Toronto is that of Miss Bessie Hees, St. George street, to Mr. Alan Sullivan, of Rat Portage, son of the late bishop Sullivan.

The Toronto World says: That clever girl, Miss Beatrix Hamilton, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, is winning laurels for herself in the land of the Stars and Stripes, where she is making for one of her extreme youth, a highly successful dramatic tour through New York and the eastern states. Gifted with exceptional histrionic talent, this young Canadian has sought the stage rather than the platform, on which to make a name for herself, and everything points to her success. Of one of her roles, that of Jessie in "Twelfth night," the Saratoga Springs paper says: "The 'Jessie' of Miss Beatrix Hamilton was doubtless one of the most natural and refined of any character in the cast."

Miss Hamilton will be remembered in Kingston as she has visted the Misses Sears, at Heathfield.

The engagement is announced of Miss Macdonell, daughter of Mr. Alexander Macdonell, late of Lindsay, and Dr. Powell of Chicago. The marriage has been arranged for April 17th, and the young couple will stop over in Toronto on their honeymoon.

Mrs. Herbert Robertson, Colborne street, leaves for Napanee to-morrow to skend three weeks with her father and sister, Mr. and Miss Grange.

The latest Montreal engagement is that of Miss Maggie Ramsay, daughter of W. M. Ramsay, Peel street, to Gordon Osler, eldest son of E. B. Osler, "Craiglea," Toronto. Since her debut a couple of years ago, Miss Ramsay has been one of the most popular young women in Montreal society, and always much in demand at fashionable gatherings.

It's when you want to sell your wheel—or trade it for a new one—that you realize that Dunlop tires are "dollars better" than any other kind.

You can get five dollars more for a Dunlop-tired mount—yet it does not cost any more when you have it. That is the test of goodness.

This is the Proof.

"The only tools."

The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited, Toronto. Montreal. Winnipeg. St. John.

HERE'S SOUND SENSE.

The Morality of Billiards and Bowling Considered.

St. Paul Globe.

The decision of the officers of the St. Paul branch of the young men's christian association to place billiard tables and a bowling alley in the rooms of the association is a step in the right direction. That the plan is approved by a large majority of the pastors of city churches is one of the most encouraging symptoms of an intelligent awakening in church matters that has been noted for many years.

There is nothing inherently wrong in either of the games. Billiards is a game of pure skill and aids in developing the nerve power and mentality of a man to a greater extent than any other game. It is equally as moral a game as crokinole and such like harmless games which are enjoyed and played in the most strait-laced of church circles, and it is infinitely more attractive and elevating to a person of intelligence. It is to be regretted that this excellent game is usually found as an adjunct to the saloon and so rarely seen in the rooms of a church society, where the wild hilarity of the "fish-pond" and the grab-bag have driven the more intelligent youth forth to seek more rational amusement.

As for the game of bowls, as a physical developer it has, among indoor games, no equal. Like billiards it has too long been associated with the saloon and it is high time it was given an opportunity to display its manifold attractions in respectable society.

One of the city pastors had not been able to reconcile himself to the innovation proposed. His mind views billiards and bowling as things which, by constant association with beer and beer drinkers, have become contaminated. The very mention of the games brings to his mind's eye the saloon and the beer garden. But it might be well for him to consider that billiards and bowling have simply been used by the owners of saloons as a device, to attract customers, and to amuse and interest them. In the same way, saloon-keepers have introduced music into their places, and because music is heard and enjoyed in saloons is no reason for denouncing it and barring it from respectable society.

Pastors complain of the lack of interest taken in church work by young men and women, and some of them recognize that it is because youth finds church work intensely dull. They want and require some amusement until they reach that sober age when even a dull sermon is listened to with respectful attention and a pretence of interest. Youth has no respect for dullness and cannot even pretend to be interested in dull goodness, for it recognizes no such thing as good dullness. Healthful games which afford the young people some scope for intellectual or physical effort have their proper place in the broad field of church work, and the sooner this fact is generally recognized the better it will be for the churches.

A Benevolent Man.

The late baron Adolphe Rothschild is spoken of as the most benevolent of men. "Listen, give and be blind," was his precept, which he carried out to the letter allowing no deserving person to be turned from his door empty-handed. Three hundred dollars were distributed each day at his home on the Rue de Monceau. Vast sums of money went in larger charities. Each New Year's day he gave $30,000 to the authorities in Paris for distribution among the poor. Many churches, free schools, hospitals and asylums, without distinction of race, religion or politics, owe their existence to his generosity. The white-haired kindly old baron was so well known of late years in his daily ride through the Bois de Bologne, and his reputation for giving was so well established among professional beggars, that they sometimes crowded round his carriage until the police were obliged to interfere.

The first national show of the American Rose society opened in the Eden musee winter garden, New York, to-day, and will continue until the 30th.

SELECTED POETRY.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

Peter Grant, in Chicago British American.

When the deathshot pours and the heroes bleed,
As the war cloud hovers o'er them,
Their young hands strike in the hour of need
For the mother land that bore them,
And second to none in the kingly band
That faces her bearded foes
Are the stalwart lads from the northern land
Where the dear old maple grows.

Britannia weeps as her sons depart
To sleep in a foreign grave;
And she thanks her God for the loyal heart
That beats o'er the ocean wave.
When the bold and crafty foemen flee
From the fierce Canadian blows,
She bows to the man of destiny
Who rules where the maple grows.

The man who holds, with his native grace,
The reins of a mighty land;
And richly blest is the freeborn race
That trusts to his guiding hand:
To steer its course by the stars above
In the mists of a future day;
And he yields to none in his stedfast love
For the home land far away.

His aims are as pure as his heart is great,
And his world-wide fame inspires
The patriot youth to emulate
The deeds of their worthy sires.
With the love of man and the fear of God
Enshrined in the nation's breast,
The soul of progress finds abode
In this broad land of the west.

Which goes ahead with a giant's stride;
And fire in it's youthful veins;
Men look to the land that is fair and wide,
Where a truehorn statesman reigns.
From the fruitful shores of the tideless sea
Far back to the trackless snows,
There's hope for the sons of industry
In the land where the maple grows.

JOHN BULL TO UNCLE SAM.

Fred. A. Bradley, in Ottawa Journal.

"The United States government offered the British government its services as intermediary with the view of bringing about peace in South Africa. The British government politely declined the offer."—Daily paper.

I am sorry I can't please you;
Uncle Sam!
I'm not doing it to tease you;
Uncle Sam!
But I didn't start this scrappin'
And I told Paul what would happen,
But he thought to catch me nappin',
Uncle Sam!

You're a little mite too jealous;
Uncle Sam!
You used to blow your bellows;
Uncle Sam!
But you've had your share of "winning,"
Now it's John Bull's little innings—
Oom Paul Kruger's ranks are thinning;
Uncle Sam!

You're a pretty war-like nation;
Uncle Sam!
A kind of blood relation;
Uncle Sam!
Now I'm in the business too,
And I think I know a few
'Bout this game as well as you;
Uncle Sam!

When the Spaniards cracked the Maine;
Uncle Sam!
And got mixed up with Spain;
Uncle Sam!
I sat quiet in my seat
While you smashed the Spanish fleet,
But I kept you on your feet;
Uncle Sam!

I don't wish to be ungrateful;
Uncle Sam!
I know this war is hateful;
Uncle Sam!
But I mean to see it through,
And the best thing you can do
Is to keep out of the stew;
Uncle Sam!

NAME O' KITCH.

Sunday Chronicle.

There's a chap from the Soudan,
Name o'Kitch!
'Im what won at Omdurman—
General Kitch!
'E's a perfect war machine,
An' wherever 'e has been,
There's more empire for the queen—
'Cause o'Kitch!

'E don't leave a thing to chance—
Do yer, Kitch?
'E's a take-it-all-in-glance—
Watchful Kitch.
When the sirdar takes the floor
'E don't stop to think and pore,
For 'e's done all that before—
Ain't yer, Kitch?

'E pulls every little string—
Careful Kitch
There's no red tape Pall Mall ring
About Kitch.
'E knows every man and gun,
An' 'e isn't out for fun,
But to get 'is business done—
Thorough Kitch!

'E knows all there is to know—
Khartoum Kitch!
When 'e's fixed the road to go—
Follow Kitch!
'E runs punctual like the mail,
Never blunders off the rail,
An' you don't expect to fail
Under Kitch.

'E's a soldier to the core—
General Kitch!
An' je's goin' to fight the Boer—
Soudan Kitch!
'E don't push 'isself at all,
But 'e caused the Mahdi's fall,
An' 'e'll 'elp us 'ammer Paul,
Won't yer, Kitch?

THE GIRL I WANT.

Exchange.

The girl I want has light blue eyes,
As calm and clear as summer skies,
As sparkling as the dew;
A pair of rosy cheeks has she,
A mouth as sweet as sweet can be,
And captivating, too.

The girl I want has ebon hair,
A sylphlike form, a face as fair,
A heart as pure as snow;
The sweetest laugh you ever heard—
It thrills like call of woodland bird
Where tropic breezes blow.

The girl I want can sigh or sing
At any time, do any thing,
Her station may require.
But wash and iron she don't know how,
She cannot cook or milk a cow,
She never made a fire.

She cannot make a dress or shirt,
And if she could she would not dirt,
Nor my sad heart haunt,
But she can sigh and sigh and say,
"I love you darling," every day,
So she's the girl I want.

Now Here's A Pretty Thing.

The Khan, in the Toronto Star.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tank,
Tunk, tunk, tinkle, tunk,
Tank, tank, tinkle, tunk,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tunk!

A Consultation Held.

Drs. McDade, Rush and Sims, three of the most eminent American doctors, in a series of articles outlined a tonic treatment calculated to cure a vast number of diseases. Their suggestions were embodied in a formula which is dispensed by a Brantford druggist and called Merrill's System Tonic. It is a reliable and pleasant remedy for stomach, bowel and kidney disease. Sold at 50c. per bottle at J. B. McLeod's drug store, Kingston.

For to have bright furniture use furniture restorer. James Reid.

MONSOON IS BEST. Don't take our word for it, get a package from your Grocer and see for yourself.

There are others, but remember "MONSOON IS BEST." 25, 30, 40, 50 and cents per pound.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

WELLINGTON WARBLINGS.

Death of Mrs. George Carter—Left For Dakota.

Wellington, March 21.—The Sunday-school convention in the Methodist church on Thursday was well attended. Miss Ethel Hermon, Hillie, was the guest of her aunts, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Wilson, last week. Miss Murphy, Cherry Valley, is the guest of the Misses Cronk this week. Rascoe Burlingham left for his school at Port Hope last week. F. R. Burlingham left on Monday in the interest of the Dearing manufacturing company. The death of Mrs. George Carter (nee Miss Hardy), Hillie, has caused profound sorrow throughout the community. Her illness was a long and painful one. Mr. Carter's many friends and relatives have the sympathy of all. Mrs. Carter was a most amiable woman, and much esteemed.

Charles Hubbs and two sons, of Hubb's Creek, took their departure for the northwest territories on Monday last. A large number of people gathered at the station to bid farewell to the man who was highly respected in the community in which he had always lived. His wife and daughter will follow him later. Many good wishes were extended to Mr. Hubbs and family. James Tice, who for many years has resided at Rose Hall has changed his location to Hubbs' Creek. He takes the farm of Charles Hubbs.

A number of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Benson's friends from Bloomfield congregated at their home to do honor and surprise the aged couple by their presence with well-filled baskets. It was a surprise, as the old people had not the slightest intimation of their coming. Among those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Shaw, daughter and two sons; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham, his mother and two daughters; John H. Bowerman and wife and Wm. Benson, of Picton. A very enjoyable time was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Neal Power left for their faraway home in North Dakota, on March 14th. Mrs. Power (nee Miss Ella Riordan) having grown from childhood to womanhood here, was highly respected in this community, and her many friends wish her happiness in her new life.

LITTLE WILLIE AND SISTER GRACE.

S. E. Kiser.

They cut pa's trousers down for me; I don't get nothin' new;
I have to wear his old coats out, his old suspenders, too!
His hats and shoes don't fit me, but I s'pose they will some day,
And then they'll come to me instead of bein' thrown away!

My sister Grace is twenty-two
And she can sing and play,
And what she wears is always new—
Not stuff that's thrown away!
She puts on style, I tell you what!
She dresses out of sight;

She's proud and haughty and she's got a beau most every night.
I never get new things to wear; I'm just a boy, you see.
And any old thing's good enough to doctor up for me!
Most everything that I've got on one day belonged to pa—
When sister's through with her fine things she hands 'em up to ma!

A THOUGHT IN THE MARCH WIND.

Montreal Witness.

The March winds oft are drear and wild,
They scurry onward, like the years,
In which the change of man from child
Is wrought, 'mid strife and unshed tears.
Until, at last, when days are mild,
Upspringing from the earth, appears,
Bloom upon bloom, in masses piled,
Like victories o'er sin and fears.

EDITH M. WRENSHALL.
"Rose Lea," Kingston, Ontario.

Bliss.

Washington Star.

When spring is smiling o'er the tree,
And all the world is gay;
When perfume lingers on the breeze
And sorrows fade away;
When fleecy clouds across the sky,
Like fleets their sails unroll,
We'll sit in ecstasy and sigh,
"We needn't buy more coal."

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E. & D. four point bearings have no tendency to wedge the balls in the bearings.

The load is downward. In the ordinary bearings it is obliquely downward. The balls are jammed together. The wheel runs hard. The bearings wear.

E & D. four point bearings are so good that they are guaranteed for three years. They hold their oil.

E. & D. Men's, - $60.00 | E. & D. Specials, - $70.00
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The E. & D. is a locally guaranteed National wheel. You get guarantee repairs done at home. You save time, trouble and annoyance. Though E. & D.'s never break, the guarantee is a good thing.

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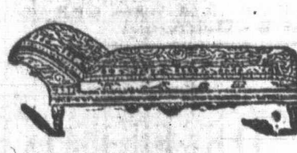

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We Will Sell at a Reduced Ra

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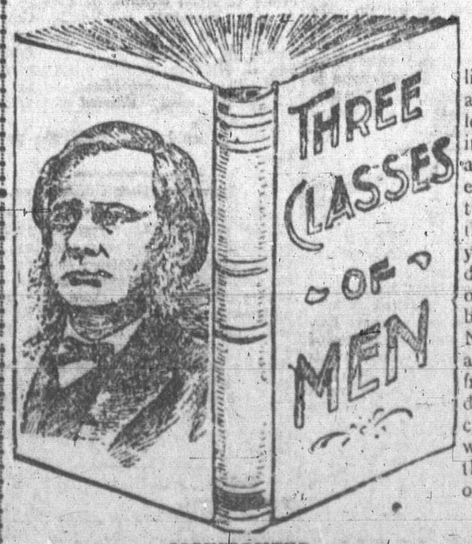
(SIR) HENRY IRVI

"Three Classes Of Men."



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I send by mail in plain sealed envelope little book, "Three Classes of Men," or you may ca at my office for same It contains the truths I hav learned from 30 years' experience as a specialis in the treatment of all weaknesses of men, youn and old, which result from youthful errors or late excesses. It tells of my famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, the world's remedy for such. You p the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt comfortably aroun your waist at night It cures while you sleep. N drugs to wreck the stomach, but simply nature own restorer. 7,000 testimonials in 1899 Wor by women as well for Rheumatism, Lame Back Nervousness, etc Write to-day for above book and let me go over your case and advise with yo free of charge, or I shall be pleased to have yo drop in at my office for consultation. I make n charge for such, and am always ready to show m wonderful Electric Belt. Do not be deceived b those who have belts which they claim are the sam or as good as the Sanden. Write or call to day.

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