that the inspection y and efficiently.
Burrell explained the the Government would rastic reform and veri itional expense. Enough would have to be apend to all inspection he fruit districts due season. This, he oe making the govern-for an inspection that easure the duty of the

eration.

tion from Nova Scotia, ith, asked that the Bont be requested to make and pears coming in all that levied on Garage pears going into the

# TTE EVIL

## nment to Enact tory Law.

- Asking for a ng the importation. sale of eigarettes. rly a hundred ladies. Women's Christian waited on the Prime ister of Finance, and ustice this afterness ere: Mrs. Gordan president; Mrs. Mc. W. H. Anderson, Otters. Hamilton; and Montreal. Rev. J. H. C. S. Deeprose, of ent and spoke.

was asked for onenormous consumpn Canada was a seriphysical and moral young men of the stated that the con-

ot yet had time to rtation, manufacture tes. He pointed out ong as tobacco was y it would not be ho wished to smoke them for themselves. he had been much statements of the "I don't know who wrong," he proceedeem to me that the over their children it was years ago. I to have seen any of mother smoking cigof 12 or 14 years. It en necessary to have on in that instance. will realize that wa able to give considernment to this ques owever, endeavor to which has been ention such remedy having regard to

# MEDICINE THE BABY

ot remember the od when the castor cht into use\_the looked forward to ht she put up when Surely all mothers e their little ones dread. Modern astor oil and given remedy -a remedy it; though thorough y harmless and one won't dresd. v's Own Tabletsd by thousands of the medicine oil and "soothing" me and has taken alth to baby and The Tablets ers or by mail at The Dr. Williams

# LINE

### ce Between d Canada.

o Allan line bas service between The first steampril 19. The ser-The steamship. embark paesen-

d necessary owof bookings for dand districts-1t horter sea vov-

# LABOR.

a speech sound-Labor party, Mr. House of Comamendment to throne, and ex-King had not measures promborites.

that he greatly ilure to support minimum wage res designed to-

division of the

NG TREE

: While Chas. Eramosa town-in the bush, a trying to dis-fall upon him, and, where he help corived.

# wex Sybil's Doom was !

inimed, rather agency as that resume, den't you go a leetle too fast? Whe's blood by half a dozen, at least, of the fair fishers of men, to leave you so bit-terly cynical and sarcastic as this. Suppose they are painted and pearl-powder-ed? What does it signify, when it is so artistically done that we don't detect it? If Mrs. Ingram, in the secret privacy of her chamber, be toothless and crawny, with a complexion like a tallow candle, then, by Jove! let Mrs. Ingram paint to her heart's content. An ugly woman is a sight to haunt one's dreams. If an ugly woman has the art to make herself beautiful forever, then let her crinoline and cosmetique to the end of the chapter. A man don't want his mother or sister or wife to kiss him with lips on which the rogue still glisrge! let 'em do it. We like it on brightens them up and keeps

them perpetually young. Don't let us make a howling about it on the greater charley delivered all this in his slowest, softest, gentlest tones.

The tenant of the Retreat laughed good naturedly. "Realiy, seventeen years old waxes eloquent on the subject. No matter, how the result is obtained, so that the result is pretty, eh? The seigneur of Monkswood seems much of your opinion; he's gone beyond redemption. Do

you suppose he has proposed yet?" "Can't say. Not at all likely. He's fool enough, in my opinion, for anything, and knave enough for more. But it's no go, when he does. She's made up her mind to be Lady Chudleigh, and Lady Chudleigh she'll be, in spite of fate and Sir Rupert."

Well, she flirts with Trevanion very loudly, at least."

"My dear fellow, that pretty little Lady Caprice flirts with every one. She goes in for Sir Rupert when she gets him alone and unprotected, I'll take my oath, and makes pretty certain, roundabout feminine love to him mercilessly. it's the nature of the little animal to flirt. I've seen her, when there was no better quarry to spring, take hold of an older, uglier, sadder, wiser man than Sir Rupert, and soften his brains for him in ten minutes. But it's my opinion, Mr. Angus Macgregor, you know more about her than I do. I can not get over that picture. Mrs. Ingram may not be the rose, but she is very like that splendid flower. I mean your 'rose of thorns.' I don't want to be impertinent, but I'll be hanged if I believe you when you say the resemblance is only

"Don't get excited, Charley. Resemblances are common enough. They say I look like Trevanion, you know." "So you do, and yet you don't. You

are bearded, and there is nothing to be seen of you but a straight nose, two black eyes and a tremendous frontal development. Our cousin Cyril is the forfunate possessor of a straight nose nd two dark eyes, also; but there the resemblance ends. His head tapers up like a sugar loaf, and his forehead slopes back and contracts at the temples in a way that does not speak flatteringly of the brain behind it. And apropos of that, did you ever notice the insane way he glares, and the galvanic twitches of his face sometimes? He may not be absolutely mad, but, in the elegantly allegorical language of the day, 'his head's not level."

"Charley," Macgregor said, with some hesitation, "it is a tolerably well known fact that your sister used to cherish his memory, to esteem him very high-ly. Is it impertinent to ask if she does an atill 9"

"No," said Charley, decidedly. "Distance tent enchantment to the view. Sybil has been getting disenchanted aince the first moment she set eyes upon him. That little episcode of the bull finished him in her estimation. A woman is ready to forgive seventy times seven almost any crime a man can commit; but she won't forgive, if she is any way plucky herself, an act of cowardice. Trevenion showed the white feather horribly that day, and not all the memories of battles fought and won, in India and Russia, can counterbalance the flight from the bull. He offered some kind of limping apology—recent illness, nerves, etc., and my Lady Sybil listened with that cold, proud face no one can put on to more perfection, and responded by a high and chilling bow. There is a sort of armed peace between them, and she unmistakably despises him for his infatuation about the widew. No, Sybil's hero is Sybil's hero no longer. I rather think you have usurp-

ed his place." The face of Angus Macgregor flushed deep red in the darkness, but his steady voice was as cool as ever.

"Not all unlikely. We brethren of the pen and ink bottle generally are heroes in the eyes of young ladydom. They read our books; our dreamy, misty, rather trashy poems; our sensational novels, full of subterranean passages, sliding panels, mysterious murders, and dashing, slashing, reckless, dauntless, magnificent heroes, with flashing eyes, and raven whiskers, ad glittering cimeters, and they picture us grandiose tight blasts, and raving, a la Byron, or the perfidy of woman and the baseness of man. They're disappointed sometimes, when we suddenly appear before

them with sandy hair and mild blue eyes, a tendency to perpetual blushes and as insipid as a mug of milk and water. Miss Trevanion is a hero-worshiper of the most-approved kind, and when one topples from his pedestal, she elevates another. Here we are at the Retreat. Thank you, old fellow, for dropping me, and good-night."

"Tou dine with us to-morrow, do you note Charley asked. "You promised

my mother, I believe. You beat her at what last time, and she is panting for revenge. Until then, au revoir. Don't dream of the widow; it's dangerous." Charley whirled away in the darkness, and the author entered his domicile. Vow pleasant the lighted windows look-ed against the rainy blackness of the August night, and very pleasant was the did-fashioned parlor, lighted up with half dones wax tapers.

of, rather schast as that resume, it you go a leetle too fast? Who's for you, and when was it? You have been jilted in cold by half a dozen, at least, of the fishers of men, to leave you so bit-cynical and sarcastic as this. Supthey are painted and pearl-powder-What does it signify, when it is so the leave that for widow!" muttered Macgrugor, between his teeth; "widow!" muttered for you, and leave! Trevanion. By faith! but they both play their little game well. And she'll hunt the barunet down, until she's are alone. She's a clever little devil, and I could almost admire her pluck, in fighting fate to the leave and

than a cat. She stood as much 'punish-ment' from Dawson, before she did for him, as any member of the P. R. in England; she has faced starvation,

hanging, sickness; she has been knocked about like a football, through every corner of the continent, and she turns up here in the end, handsomer, young er, more elegant, more insolent in her fadeless beauty than ever! But clever as you are, and handsome as you are, my little fascinating Rose, I think you have met your match this time. For fifteen years you have been conqueress.

but the wheel spins around, and you on the top go down and I rise up. It's my turn now, and I'll show you the same mercy you showed me the mercy you showed that poor devil, Dawson. I'll spare you no more than I would a raging tigress broken loose from her jungle. I wonder where Lady Lemox picked her up. I'll ascertain to-morrow. But first\_"

He took up the portfolio as he spoke drew out the water-color sketch, with a pen-knife that lay near, cut it up into morsels. He laughed grimly as he flung them out into the rain.

"I am afraid you won't see the pic ture of that 'wicked dead person' when next we meet, my dear Mrs. Ingram And we'll take our masks off at that meeting, and I'll show you that dyed treeses, rouge, pearl-powder, and splendid toilet, can not change Dawson out of my knowledge."

Mr. Macgregor presented himself the next day at Trevanion, as the long lances of sunset were glimmering redly through the brown boles of the oaks and elms and the atmosphere seemed a rain of impaipable gold dust. He was looking unutterably patrician in his evening dress—tall, strong as some muscular Apollo, going rapidly over the ground with his swinging, soldierly stride, and his Livonian at his heefs. For Mr. Macgregor had been a soldier in early youth he told Miss Trevanion so one day-had held a commission in erack cavalry corps, and had served in

You never knew my cousin there?" Sybil had said, thoughtfully. "It is singular, too; Colonel Trevanion must have been serving in India about the same

The queerest smile came, and faded, on Colonel Trevanion's tenant's face. "I beg your pardon-I did see your cousin. He w me, too; but that un-fortunate fever," Macgregor laughed, and inexpressible twinkle in his eyes; "don't let us forget that! He left his memory behind him in South America, as came near leaving my liver behind me in Calcutta"

"You don't believe in that fever, Mr. Macgregor," Sybil said, quickly; "and yet—it is very strange—there must be something, you know. Cyril doesn't seem to recognize his oldest friend—he seems to recall no circumstance of the past"an involuntary glance at her ring-"the old familiar landmarks even appear strange and unknown. It is so very, very oddt Loss of memory must be the rea

The hermit of the Retreat laugheda laugh that puzzled and provoked the heiress and that knowing light in his dark eyes seemed to deepen.

You find your cousin very much changed, then? Many say that, andnot for the better. Fifteen years is a long time to be an alien and a wanderer, a homeless parish, with a bitter sorrow and disgrace in the past, and very little in the future to look forward to. Disgraced by a vile woman, an old and honored name, tainted, disowned and disinherited, shut out from the world in which all that is best and brightest live faith lost in man and woman, nothing left to wish for but six feet of Indian soil, and some friendly bullet—ah! Miss Trevanion, fifteen years of that sort of existence is likely to change any

Sybil looked at him in surprise. He had begun lightly enough, but he had grown strangely earnest ere he ceased. The handsome, bronzed face, too, was a shade paler than its wont.

"You speak of Coonel Trevanion very earnestly," she said, "and yet—I beg your pardon—but I fancied there was a bitter hate between you two."

Once more the author slightly laughed. "My dear Miss Trevanion, how very subtle your instincts are, or else-how stupidly our faces must show our feelings. We hate each other, we could blow each other's brains out with all the pleasure in life; but we don't make scenes in these latter days. We meet and we bow, and the conventional smiles and small-talk are in full play; and if lived in the pleasant Italian-Borgian times, we would invest twenty scudi in a medicated rose or dagger for the man we accost so politely. Why, the yen-detta is the style no langer, even in

"Mr. Macgregor, what has my cousin ever done to you. Why do you hate him

"Hate him! I don't hate him, Miss Trevanion—he rather amuses me than otherwise. I find him a most interesting study, and think him the cleverest person I know of. It is the other way-

"Good evening, Mr. Macgregor—mam-ma has been fidgeting unpleasantly all day for fear you might not come. She likes to utilize her evenings. Cyril, down sir! Sybil, hold your noisy tongue! don't you know Herr Faustus before thus?"

For Miss Trevanion's poodle and mas tiff were making aggressive demonstra-tions toward the long, lean wolf-hound, who showed his formidable teeth in one long, bass growl.
"Cyril and Sybil are evidently on the

best of terms with each other, at least," Macgregor said, with a giance at their mistress that deepened the carnation; "and they look upon Doctor Faustus and his master as unwarrantable intruders. Apropos, I met the original Cyril, with Czar, in full gallop, making for his divinity, the most witching of widows. Did he ever read Pickwick, I wonder, and the immortal warning of the great Wel-

Miss Trevanion laughed, but rather constrainedly. Cyril Trevanion had been her hero once, her cousin always; he bore the grand old name, the same blood ran in his veins, and now the merest mention of him made her wince.

"Gwendoline was here to-day-poor, dear Gwen! Mrs. Ingram will be her death, and she told me you were at Chudleigh Chase last night. You met Mrs. Ingram, and you like her of course?

"I don't perceive the 'of course.' Yes, met Mrs. Ingram (she chose rather an | She was not in the least tired or sleepy;

"Then her name is not Ingram, and she is an adventuress!" Sybil cried. "I thought so! I thought so! I never believed in her from the first."

"Yes, Miss Trevanion, she is an adventuress, one who should never sleep under the same roof or eat at the same table with you. A bad, bold woman, a dangerous woman, an unscrupulous woman and a deadly foe. Your mother brought her here where did her ladyladyship find her?"

"In Scotland, at Strathbane castle, she was companion to the duchese; and when | She knew no m her grace died she came to mamma. It was at Baden or Homburg—some one of the German Bads—that the duchess met her first."

"A most likely place. Now, Miss Trevanion, if you will not think me impertinently inquisitive. I should like to hear al lthe story of General Trevanion's mysterious disappearance. I heard your mother once hint that, in some way, you blamed Mrs. Ingram. Up to the present I have heard but a very garbled account of that disappearance. I was absent from Speckhaven at the time it occurred. If Mrs. Ingram had any motive in making away with the general, Mrs. Ingram would no more hesitate over the deed and later processes: than would Lucrezia Borgia. Will you Household Editor of The Record: tell me the story of that night?"

"Most willingly. But, Mr. Macgregor, really you are enough to make one's blood run cold. Surely Mrs. Ingram can not be the fiendess you paint her. and stored until enough had accumulatimpenetrable of mysteries. How could she, one weak woman, make away with General Trevanion? If the earth had opened and swallowed him, he could not have vanished more completely."

"I should like to examine the room in which he lay—the 'Adam and Eve was it then ready for the table or to be pack-Mrs. Ingram was alone with your patient all that night?"

"By no means. Mrs. Telfer was in the chamber with her; Cleante in the dressing-room adjoining. But they both slept so soundly that—heaven forgive me!—! I have sometimes fancted they may have been drugged. I had gone to my apartment, and, weary with watching, had fallen soundly asleep. Precisely at mid-night I woke, by hearing or fancying I heard, a bell tolling." "Ah!" Macgregor said, "the ghostly

bell of the Trevanions. And then " "I was silly and superstitious, I suppose—nervous, certainly. I got up. threw on my dressing gown, and hastened to the sick-room. Cleante and Mrs. Telfer were asleep, as I said, and Mrs. Ingram was bending over the bed, where my uncle lay in a deep stupor, searching, as I imagined, under the pillow for the

"The will? What will?" "A will he had made a day or two before—a will that left all his fortune, as it should have been left, to his only sor, He kept it under his pillow, and I at first imagined she was trying to find it. But that, of course, was abourd. What earthly use was the wil lto her? Before I could speak, to my horror the sick man sat up in bed, and grasped her by the wrist, crying out to take her away, she was trying to murder him. He fell back, with the words on his lips, in dull stupor once more, and Mrs. Ingram turned round and saw me. "Yes. Well?"

He was vividly interested, von could

"Mrs. Ingram looked startled for an instant, and very, very pale; but she was herself again directly. She explained that OTHERS CARES DESTRUCTOR TO BEALTH

ANAEMIA, BAD BLOOD, HEAD ACHES, AND LABORTUDE VERY COMMON.

Mrs. Wilkinson's Latter Gives vice That Every Mether Con Well Fellew.



esides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years L was pale, anaemic and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indignation, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and duliness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement, although slow, was

"I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger, and I enjoyed my meels thoroughly.
I felt happise and more contented
and the sickly paller of my face was replaced by a bright, resy color, which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly pallor to rebust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills-beware of the substitutor that offers you any-

aristocratic cognomen this time), and I she would watch until morning. 1 let recognized a woman I knew fifteen years her overrule me. I went back, and again slept, and slept soundly. It was late when I awoke and went back to the sick-room. The valet and housekeeper still slumbered, and this time Mrs. Ingram also. And the bed was emptythe will and the dying man gone! My seream awoke Cleante and Telfer at

once, but not Mrs. Ingram. "When she did awake, after a cound shaking, she was utterly bewildered could tell nothing. She had dropped asleep, unconsciously—her patient was

Macgregor listened in silence, his brows drawn, a look of dark intensity in his face.

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER.

## (To be Continued.)

A correspondent of the Bradford Re-cord household department having asked how to make butter, the inquiry was referred to the firm of Austin Leonard Son, of Troy, Bradford county, Pa., buttermakers, who have been awarded premiums at the Pennsylvania and New Tork State fairs. They sent the following instructive answers as to early

In our early butter making we set our milk in shallow tin pans of six quarts' capacity, and let it stand until it clabbered. Then the cream was skimmed off And then there was no motive—there ed for a churning. It was churned in could be none. And, besides— Oh! Mr. a dash church, gathered into a lump, Macgregor, it is the darkest and most taken up with a ladle, salted to taste and worked over with the ladle until the buttermilk was very nearly worked salt to dissolve an dthe color to develop. It was then reworked until all

ed into firkins for the market. Subsequently we adopted the Cooley submerked system for the more complete raising of the cream without sour-

Then came the use of the separator. superseding the Cooley system. Separ-ated cream should be cooled to about 45 degrees and kept at a temperature above 60 degrees for 24 hours. It will then, by development of lactic acid, be sufficiently ripened to churn. We used a revolving churn, scalding it before the cream is poured into it. At this stage the cream should be thick and run smoothly from the storage pails. The temperature should be 62 degrees, The churn should revolve about 40 times a minute for from 15 to 20 minutes. when the butter will form in granules. The churn is then rinsed with water at 60 degrees and the buttermilk drawn off. The butter should then be washed with water (60 degrees) until the water remains clear. Then take out the but-ter, weigh it; add three-quarters of an ounce of salt to the pound. Work it until the salt is evenly distributed and the brine is worked out. It is then ready for the table or the market.

# Shiloh's Cure STOPS COUCHS PRICE, 25 CENTS

#### TAKE A CHANCE. (Rochester Union and Advertiser.)

(Rochester Union and Advertiser.)

A Philadelphia druggist eight years ago gave a dollar to a stranger who asked him for a quarter because he was broke after "a night of it." Now, he has been notified that he is sole heir to the stranger's estate of more than \$25,000. This ought to make it safe to strike Philadelphians for the price of a drink.

WITH THE WITH So you think the au her-So yets thint: the authors we pleased with your similer. But the Containing. But the Containing. But the Containing the Containing the Containing the Containing the Containing the Containing Containing the Containing Containing the Containing Containing to the Containing the Containing

"The piano we sold yee," said the mer-chant, "was it astinfactory?" "Pos-factly!" replied Mr. Gamer. "Wa've tested it said it's all right. My daugh-ter and three musis feashers tried out all kinds of Wagner on it and it stood up in a way that shows regular tunes wen't be any strain at all." Washing "You have a dress suit?" they in-

quired of the young literary gantus of the foothills. "I did have," he replied with charming frankness. "I won it when we raffled off Cambling Jack's outfit the night after Grimly Pute bored him. Mebby I've got it now if the darned moths baven't beat me to it." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What are the proper calling cards?"
"Three or upward are considered very good."—Louisville Courier Journal. "What did the banker's daughter say when you asked her to marry you?" "She said I would have to go to par before she took any stock in my proposi-tion."—Baltimore American.

"Would you call Bliggins a clever man" "Certainly," replied Mine Cay-enne. "He is not intelligent, but he is wonderfully clever at concealing the fact from strangers."—Washington Star. Church—Here's an advertisement of a railroad's night trains. It says "You go to sleep in Philadelphia and wake up in New York. Gotham—Well, I don't generally take stock in railroad advertisements, but I guess that one's true, all right.-Yonkers Statesman.

### NAMING THE BOY.

Old Jum, gardener and general factotum, was accompanied one day by a bright-looking lad 8 or 10 years old. "Is this your boy?" I asked.

"Yassuh, he mine, de las one I got, suh. "Junior, you wuffless nigger, mek you manners ter de white folks!" "Junior," I commented. "So he is

named after you."
"Nawsuh," the old man replied, rather the substitutor that offers you anything except Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont. Magazine.

# SORES FROM ELBOWS TO FINGERS

Zam-Buk Worked a Miracle of Healing

#### Reverend Gentleman Fully Corroborates.

Miss Kate L. Dolliver, of Caledonia, Queen's Co., N. S., says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk. Ulcers and sores broke out on my arm, and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The sores all safe in bed the last she remembered. spread until from fingers to elbow was

"I had five different doctors, and faithfully carried out their instruc-tions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, tried salve after salve, and lotion after lotion; but it was of no

"My father then took me thirty miles "My father then took me thirty miles to see a well-known doctor. He photographed the arm and hand. This photograph was sent to a New York hospital to the specialist; but they sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in despair.

Western Union?—Harry Bereaford and Company.

Mr. Finnegan—Sure, that's a foine dog yo have there, Mr. Cohen. With the ought to be. He's with five hundred dollars.

Mr. Finnegan—An' sure, how the divited he ever save up that much money?—Flanagan and Edwards. "One day a friend asked me if I had tried Zam-Buk, I said I had not, but I got a box right away. That first box did me more good than all the medi-cine I had tried up to that time, so I continued the treatment. Every box healed the sores more and more until, to make a long story short, Zam-Buk healed all the sores completely. Everybody in this place knows of my case. and that it is Zam-Buk alone which

cured me." Minister correborates.—The Rev. W B. M. Parker, of Caledonia, Miss Dolliver's minister, writes: "This is out; then left for a few hours for the certify that the testimonial of Miss Dolliver is correct as far as my knowedge goes. I have known her for a streaks disappeared and the remaining year and a half and her cure effected Rest not! Life is aweeping by; by Zam-Buk is remarkable."

Wherever there is ulceration, blood poison, sores, cold-cracks, abscesses cuts, burns, bruises, or any skin injury or disease, there Zam-Buk should be applied. It is also a sure cure for piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse cheap and harmful imitations and sub-

### BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED

(Niagara Falls Journal.)

"I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened," a quaint philosopher once observed very truthfully. Old or young, ask yourself frankly, how many of our troubles ever happened. How many bridges have you been alarmed about which you never had to cross at all? This is worth thinking about. Of course there are troubles which do happen but 'the majority of the worries of life are needless. And even when everything is dark without with if there be a light and a force within many of the shadpest shafts of misfortune are blunted and fall to penetrate the armor of the soul. Of course dull fatalism is no better than doubt and despair, but often is the lees, of sparkling hope. But a serene cheerfulness often disarms disaster and robs the cruelest torment of its sting. (Niagara Falls Journal.)

Paris Women in Strange Headgear. It is at such places as the Grand Guignol that one sees quaint clothes. I went one night this week and saw some of the funniest headgear I have beheld anywhere.

One girl had a bonnet rather like the sort of thing a knight of old would have worn in a tournament. It was made of gold metal in a chain pattern and it completely covered her head right down old brocade trimmed with fur round the trimmed with a wreath of scarlet flowers; another wore a high, pointed hat of

Cared Quickly by "New!

Me skreeger poor of the year and of Recognition against the property of the force of the force of the force of the first poor of the first resident of Whence, R. R.

"I want to said my unsolished tests
many to the afficiety of your wonderful
lininess, 'Nervilles.' I countier it the
heat remedy for a cold, now throat
whencing tightmens in the cheet, etc., and
one state that for years our home has
never been without Nervilles. I had a
dreadful attack of cold, that setting of
my cheet, that fourteen different read
dies couldn't break up. I rubbed of
Nervilles three times a day, used Nerviline as a gaugie, and was completely reline as a gargie, and was completely restored. I have induced dosess of my friends to use Nerviline, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pair and sickness.

"You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to

(Signed) All sorts of schee, pains and sufferings internal and external—yield to Nervi-line. Accept no substitute. Large family size bottles, 50c; trial size, 25c, at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Buf. falo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

### THIS WEEK'S JOKES HOT FROM BROADWAY.

Bings-Can you tell me why a woman s the nearest imitation of an accord-

Stirg-You've stuck me this time old man. Why? Birgs-Because you have to knock the

wind out of both of them before you can shut them up.—Gilmore and La Tour. Mr. Kelly-Mary, what was that you were talking so much about at the party

were talking so much about at the party last night?

Mrs. Kelly—Sure, I was only after tellin' them that I was a well preserved woman for me age.

Mr. Kelly—Well preserved, is it? Well, you ought to be. You're pickled all the time.—The Four Mortons.

Mrs. Nagg—Henry, why don't you get up and look for a job? You know you never get much without struggling for it. Mr. Nagg (sarcastically)—I know it, didn't I get you without a struggle? —

didn't I get you without a atruggle?

Don Carney.

Young Miss (to young man who is joilying her)—You'd better look out for yourself, or I'll take you at your word, and then, if you don't make good, I'll sue you for breach of promise.

Young Man (very wittily)—You'd better not, or you'll be trampled on in the rush.—Mason and Keeler Company.

Mrs. Rooney (compiaining to parish priest)—Father, that man o? mine is either drinking again, or he's working in a circus.

fircus.
Parish Priest-Why do you say that? Mrs. Rooney?
Mrs. Rooney?
Mrs. Rooney—Why? Well, he cum home last night, and he was ravin' and screamin', and was askin' me to please shoot the animals at the foot of the bed.—Gua

Mother (to her son) — George, you shouldn't get so sore and angry because that poor girl of yours kept you waiting George—I sheuldn't get sore. Why not?
Wasn't I waiting in a taxigab?
Little Boy (to his father)—Here's a funny dreamstick, pa.
Father—What is it? Nothing silly, I home?

Father—what is his hope?
Little Boy—Oh, no; this is a dandy.
If a Postal-Telegraph operator got married in 'Frisco, would that make it a Western Union?—Harry Bereaford and

## HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

"Ohne Hast, ohne Rast," Without hastel Without rest! Bind the motto to thy breast: Pear it with thee as a spell; Storm and sunshine guard it well! Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Rear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed Mar for aye the spirit's speed; Ponder well, and know the right; Onward, then, with all thy might. Haste not! Years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done.

Go and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind to conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait; Meekly bear the storms of fate! Duty be thy polar guide— Do the right, whate'er betide. Haste not! Rest not! Conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last.

—Translated from Goethe.

# SPLENDID WORK IN PARRY SOUND

Quick Cure of W. S. Kettyle by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Ten Menths, But Was Cured by a Single Box—Splendid Reputation of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Golden Valley, Parry Sound District. Ont., Feb. 19.—(Special)—W. S. Kettyle, well-known in this district, has added his testimony to the great mass now coming forward to prove that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure kidney disease, no matter where it is found, or in what form it is found.

"I suffered from backache, gravel and headache for ten months." Mr. Kettyle states, "My sleep was broken and unre-freshing and the least exertion would make me perspire freely. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was completely cured. That was a year age and I have had no return of my trouble

Dodd's Kidney Pills have done a great Beyond this Miss Trevanion could get she was settling the pillows, and that he had been resting quietly all along. I wished to remain—ah, would to heaven the ant of the Retreat was almost a daily visitor now at the park, where Lady me. She insisted upon my going back.

In he hates me."

No," said Nuritch, "I ain't no dude. "Clothes don't make the man, you to the nape of her neck.

Another had a Mother Hubbard cap bordered with deep fringe, which hung all round the face after the fashion of a lamp shade.—Queen.

The ten be found who have been cured by to the nape of her neck.

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