

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

How a Bilious Man Gave Up His Two Cups of Breakfast Coffee.

An east end man was advised some time ago not to drink coffee. His doctor told him it helped to make his liver torpid and his liver was doing its best to render life miserable for himself and all the rest of the family.

But, no, he couldn't give up his two cups at breakfast time. He couldn't make the sacrifice. Nothing could take the place of the delicious Java and Mocha mixed that he had learned to love.

One day his wife suggested in a mild way that he might be just as well satisfied with one of the brands of imitation coffee. He almost frothed at the mouth.

"That infernal stuff!" he cried. "Not much. The very first gulp would settle me. I'd like to see anybody try to fool me with a counterfeit of that sort."

He didn't notice that his wife quietly smiled. But, strange to say, from that time on he grew better. His bilious tendency was greatly lessened. He felt like a new man.

One day he met the doctor. "Hello, doc!" he cried. "I'm getting better in spite of you."

"Given up coffee, have you?" queried the smiling doctor. "Given up coffee? Not much. Coffee's all right."

A few weeks later he met the man from whom he orders his groceries. "Hello!" quoth the grocer. "How well you are looking!"

"Yes," said the convalescent, "I'm feeling a great deal better."

"By the way," said the grocer, "you seem to like that substitute I've been sending you."

"What substitute?" "Why, that substitute for coffee."

And he named one of the numerous imitations of the fragrant berry.

"Never had a cup of it in the house," said the bilious man emphatically.

"That's funny," said the grocer. "I haven't sold your folks a pound of genuine coffee in the last three months."

The bilious man didn't say anything further, but his thoughts were busy. The next morning he looked at his cup a little suspiciously, but he drank it without a tremor. Perhaps he fancied he detected the difference; perhaps not. Anyway, his wife still fondly imagines he doesn't know of the deception.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EARLY ARITHMETICS.

Struggles of the Pilgrim Children With One of the "R's."

Next to penmanship the colonial school and schoolmaster took firm stand on "ciphering." "The Bible and fingers is what I want my boys to know," said the old farmer. I have examined with care a Wingate's Arithmetic which was used five or a century in the Winslow family in Massachusetts. The first edition was printed in 1620. It is certainly bewildering to a modern reader.

"Pythagoras—His Table" is, of course, our multiplication table. Then comes "The Rule of Three," "The Double Golden Rule," "The Rule of Fellowship," "The Rule of False," etc., ending with "a collection of pleasant and polite questions to exercise all the parts of vulgar arithmetic."

Wingate's Arithmetic and Hodder's Arithmetic were succeeded by Pike's Arithmetic. This had 363 rules to be committed to memory, and not an explanation was given of one of them. It is the most barren schoolbook I have ever read. These printed arithmetics were not in common use. Nearly all teachers had manuscript "sum books," from which the scholars copied page after page of "sums," too often without any explanation of the process, though there were also many and long rules, which helped the penmanship if they did not the mathematics.—Chautauquan.

Daudet and Animals.

Daudet had a lurking kindness for sinners. He pitied them, for he could not see how in the long run they could succeed in anything. But the self-righteous were more offensive to him. I think he was right in saying that men and women who pass for having never sinned are unpleasant companions, and, from the day of judgment standard, perhaps the worst sinners of all. The sensibility shown in "Jack" and other works did not extend to animals. Daudet, though a cigalier, was deaf to the chirp of grasshopper and cricket. Birds have no place in his rural sketches. He could not understand the touching beauty of the "last friend" at the poor man's funeral. Animals were simply brutes to Daudet. At best they were warnings to human beings not to live merely to eat, sleep and leave posterity behind them. They sometimes were vices incarnate. Such were the fox, the serpent, the scorpion. What a selfish, heartless thing the ant was! It had a head if you will, but it was the sort of head that organizes labor in sooty factory towns. The dog was the beastliest beast of any. Daudet fled from every drawing room where he saw a lapdog.—Paris Letter in London Truth.

A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY SAYS.

"My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

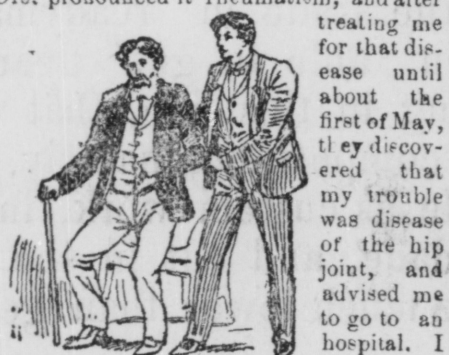
WHY NOT BE STRONG Men, Women and Children Can Obtain Renewed Health and Strength by Using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Merit of These Pills is proved by the Fact That They Have Cured Hundreds of Cases after Doctors and other Medicines Had Failed.

A Cripple for Life. So Doctors Said Concerning Richard B. Collins—He Spent Months in the Toronto Hospital Without Any Benefit. From the Echo, Warton, Ont.

The Echo presents to its readers the following plain statement of fact, with the simple comment that a medicine that can perform so remarkable a cure is invaluable and it is no wonder that the aggregate of its sales throughout the country is enormous.

I, Richard B. Collins, hereby make the following statement, which can be confirmed by any number of witnesses in this section of the country. I first began to complain about five years ago. I had been then working in a fish shanty, and was wet almost the whole time, summer and winter. I was then confined to the house for three months. This was my first attack, and on getting better I commenced work again, and continued at it until the next January when I took a much worse attack. The Drs. pronounced it rheumatism, and after treating me for that disease until about the first of May, they discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised me to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks and then returned home. I however, did not recover, and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital, where I remained three months, getting worse all the time. I was told I could not be cared, and when I left was only able to walk by the aid of crutches. I then came home and was not there long before I was taken to my bed. I continued in this state until January following, when I was advised by several friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took their advice, and before I had finished the fifth box I began to improve, and by the time I had completed a dozen boxes I was able to walk without crutches, and have never used them since. I was able to do light work in a short time, and in January last (1897) I commenced working in the woods, and have no trouble from the hip unless over-exerted. During the last three years I have spent \$300.00 in doctors' bills and medicines, trying everything recommended, but without any good results until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which I owe my restored condition, as the doctors gave up all hopes of ever seeing me out of bed alive and well. I may say that before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills during my last attack, I put in many a night so bad that I never expected to be alive in the morning.



Weak and Wasting Away.

Miss Josephine Boucher, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Que. says: "For two years I was ill and apparently fading away. I lost in weight and my complexion was of a pale waxy color. My nights were a long insomnia, haunted by horrible dreams when I did get asleep. My mother consulted a doctor who said my trouble was chlorosis—that is the blood was lacking in its essential elements,—and he advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. His advice was followed and six weeks later I was fully restored to health."

The Book of Job.

A story told of Carlyle in an English review forcibly recalls the days when in England religious services were long enough to test the zeal of the worshippers.

According to the story Carlyle had been asked to take the reading at family prayers during a short visit paid to his friend, the provost of Kirkcaldy. The Bible chanced to open at the first chapter of the book of Job, and Carlyle immediately became absorbed in his subject and read on and on to the end of the last chapter, when, closing the volume, he remarked: "That is a marvelous, lifelike drama, only to be appreciated when read right through."

It is fair to infer that it was appreciated for once. Any one who has taken a long, solitary afternoon and attempted to give the book of Job an opportunity to be appreciated by reading it honestly through at one sitting can realize the consternation of the provost. Such a one will not be likely to wonder, with Carlyle, why he was not asked again to assist at family prayers in that household.

New stock of "Perrins" Easter gloves, all sizes all kinds.—Jas Paton & Co. 75 St.

The Agony of Sciatica.

Mr. Ronald McCormack, of St. George's P. E. I., an influential, well-to-do farmer, says:—"About fifteen months ago I took a heavy cold and as a result sciatica settled in my hip and leg, and for three months I could do nothing. I suffered intense pain and could get no rest, and at times I was fairly doubled up with agony. After trying some other remedies without getting any benefit I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I bought four boxes, and before they were all gone I found that they were doing me much good. I then got six boxes more and before they were all used the pains which had caused me such intense agony for months were all gone, and I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. I take much pleasure in endorsing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

In a Decline.

Mrs. W. Godwin, Argyle Sound, N. S., says:—"After the birth of my first child I was in poor health and unable to recover my strength. I had a severe pain in my left side and lung, which almost made it impossible for me to breathe. I had a bad cough day and night, and was troubled with night sweats, and on awakening found myself very weak. My complexion was sallow, and my appetite entirely gone. All my friends believed me in a decline. Our family physician attended me for a long time but I got no better. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting on this advice I bought a supply, and continued their use until my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

After Effects of Lagrippe.

Miss Langford, an estimable young lady living near Cavilla, Ont., is another of those who have been brought from death's door to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter of the Orangeville Banner, Miss Langford told the following story: "I had lagrippe in the spring of 1894. I did not seem to get over the effects of the attack, and as the summer progressed became weak and listless. Any kind of work became a burden to me. After pumping a pail of water from the well, I would have to stand and hold my hands over my heart for a moment or so, it would flutter so violently. I could not go upstairs without difficulty, and towards the last would have to rest on the steps, and when I got to the top lie down until I could recover my breath. I became a mere skeleton, my cheeks were like wax and my lips colorless. I lost all my appetite and my meals often went untasted. Medicine seemed to have no effect upon me. I was getting weaker all the time, and at last began to give up hopes of my recovery. My parents were of course in great distress, and I knew by the looks and actions of friends who called to see me that they thought I was doomed to an early death. Shortly after this an aunt of mine, Mrs. William Henderson, of Toronto came to visit at our place. My condition troubled her very much and she insisted on my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please her I consented, but with little hope of any good result. The effect, however, was wonderful and a pleasing surprise to me. I soon began to feel more cheerful and seemed to feel stronger. Then my appetite began to improve and the color returned to my cheeks and lips. From that hour I steadily gained strength, and was soon enjoying my former excellent health, and I am sincere in expressing my belief that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do I owe my recovery."



"OLD COMPARISON."

An Eccentric Westerner Who Has Gained the Sobriquet.

The people around the little mountain town, says the Yakima (Wash.) Herald, called him "Old Comparison," and I knew in a general way why the sobriquet had been given him, but I did not, during my month's stay, have an opportunity to test it, though I had a speaking acquaintance with him. One day I was passing his house and he was sitting on the steps of the little vine clad porch in front.

"Good morning," I said. "It's a lovely day."

"Finer'n silk," he responded.

"How are you this morning?"

"Frishter'n a cat."

"How's your wife?"

"Pearter'n a pullet."

"The weather is very hot and dry for this season, don't you think?"

"Hotter'n a run horse and drier'n a clean shirt."

"I suppose you went to the wedding last night in the meeting house? A pretty bride, I thought."

"Purtier'n a speckled dog."

"The young man is very rich, I hear."

"Richer'n fertilizer a foot thick."

"By the way, are you willing to sell me those saw logs Brown couldn't take off your hands?"

"Williner'n a girl to get spliced."

"When can I see them?"

"Quicker'n a lamb can shake his tail."

And the old man grabbed his hat, ran stick and leg the way to thriver, offering no remark, but answering all questions as usual.

Two Not Always Company.

People who are shut off from continual contact with their kind are apt to grow sullen. Army officers who have lived for long periods at one company post on the frontier and the wives of these army officers may know something about the difficulties of small groups of human beings living together and loving one another.

Keepers of lighthouses do not always get along together, and if there are two lighthouse keepers and two lighthouse keepers' wives the result is generally a monkey and a parrot time.

Light housekeeping in lighthouses by lighthouse keepers' wives often leads to heavy work with rolling pins.

Even husbands and wives have been known to quarrel on the honeymoon tour, not because they did not love one another, but because, being in foreign countries, they were cut off from their kind and were forced to rely entirely on one another's society. It is one of the weaknesses of human nature. Man is isolated, they nearly always quarrel.—Exchange.

A Depressing Season.

Winter is the most trying season of the year, so far as health is concerned. Confinement in doors, and overheated and impure air makes even ordinary strong people feel dull, languid, "out of sorts" and generally run down.

What you need is a tonic to aid nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of most service.

DR WILLIAMS PINK PILLS

is the greatest of all tonic medicines. Through their use ailing, tired and depressed men, women and children, are made bright active and strong.

But You must Get the Genuine.

Do not let any dealer persuade you to take something which he says is "just the as," or "just as good as" Dr. Williams Pink Pills. All imitations are worthless - many of them dangerous to health. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People," printed with Red Ink on white paper. Inside the wrapper will be found Dr. Williams directions for use.

If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams Pink Pills they will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How to Wheedle a Librarian.

I note that an Oxford scholar of my acquaintance, if he wished a valuable book to be taken from the Bodleian library into the Radcliffe reading room that he might continue reading it after the library was closed, used to begin by asking leave for some unique manuscript, and when that was refused a book somewhat less valuable, coming gradually down a scale and being refused with less emphasis, until he reached the book which alone he wanted, when he would say, "At least you can have no objection to my taking this."—Cornhill Magazine.

After the Battle.

"So Jones was not re-elected." "No, he was fired out." "I wonder if he still believes office is a public trust." "I doubt it. He regards it more in the light of a public trust."—New York World.

New maple sugar just received this morning from Crapaud.—Beer & Giff.

Wants, Lost, Found &c

BOY WANTED.—L. P. Tanton, 74 11.

TO LET—A cottage on lower Prince St. possession 1st of April. D. Chappell. 53.

TO LET.—One half of the three story dwelling house, containing eight large rooms, on Prince St. Possession given on 2nd May next. W. W. Wellner. 42.

TO LET.—The house and premises known as the "Old London House," situate on Water St., next to Government Warehouse No. 1. Apply to Peake Bros & Co. Jan 28-17.

WANTED.—A house containing about seven or eight rooms in a desirable locality. Apply to this office.

FOR SALE.—One tenement of a house on Upper Queen Street, containing 6 rooms. It has a good cellar. Apply to Wm. Praeger. 69-21.

TO LET.—That pleasantly situated and comfortable cottage on Water St., at present occupied by Mrs. Bruce Stewart. Possession given about middle May. Apply to Peake Bros & Co. Ch'town. 63 11.

LOST.—\$15.00 reward will be paid by Edward Bayfield to any person returning a double gold eye glass, with long gold chain attached. 65 eod.

ROOMS TO LET.—With or without board. Enquire at Mrs. Wilson's Chestnut St. 73-81.

TO LET.—That comfortable and pleasantly situated house on upper Queen St., being the southern half of the residence of the late Chief Justice Palmer, now in occupation of Commander Cheyne. Hot and cold water in bath, rent moderate, possession given 1st May next. Apply to H. JAMES PALMER, Ch'town. 6.

WANTED.—A cook, no washing. Apply to Mrs John A. Longworth. 76-21.

WANTED.—A competent girl for general house work. Apply to Mrs Arthur Newbery. 75.

McDONALD & INMAN

Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

OFFICE—Cameron Block, Victoria Row.

MONEY TO LOAN

J. A. McDONALD. G. S. INMAN.

THE TROUBLESOME DUST.

Why the Scientist Appreciates It More Than the Housewife.

The hane of the ideal housekeeper's life is dust, and yet this seemingly insignificant, exasperating dust has been a study of scientists for a century. "When a beam of sunlight enters a darkened room, it can be seen along its whole course," says one writer. "The light is reflected to every side and made to reach the eye by the dust in the air of the room. We do not see the sunbeam, but the dust which is illuminated by it. As unimportant as this curious stuff seems, it plays a conspicuous part in nature. It is what makes the sky appear blue, and when we look at our eyes we see the dust illuminated by the sun. Light goes through all the gases—the dust catches it, reflects it in every direction, and so causes the whole atmosphere to appear clear, in the same way that it makes the sunbeam visible in the dark room."

"Without this strange, wonderful dust there would be no blue sky. It would be as dark or darker than on moonless nights. The glowing disk of the sun would stand immediately against the black background, thus producing blinding light where the sun's rays fall and deep black shadows where they do not. It is to dust that we owe the moderately tempered daylight adapted to our eyes, and it is dust that contributes to the beauty of the scenery. The finest dust gives the blue tone to the sky, while the coarser kind produces an almost black appearance."

"The clouds consist of dust and vapor. If there be only a little dust, all the vapor is precipitated upon it, and so loads the clouds with water that they sink in heavy drops to the ground. Without dust the vapor would penetrate houses, making everything mold with damp. We should feel upon going out that our clothes were becoming saturated and umbrellas would be a useless protection. It is hard, indeed, to conceive how different everything would be if there were no dust. This trivial common stuff has its considerable part in the processes of nature, and there is much of the wonderful and mysterious concealed in its filmy particles."—Detroit Free Press.

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TO LET.

The new double tenement house on Brighton Road, containing 10 large rooms heated with hot water, large bath room fitted with hot and cold water, electric light, etc. Possession given 1st of May. Apply to

J. J. McRINKIN.

49-17