

The One Who Cooks

knows there is one sure way to reach a man's heart, and that is by always having a nicely spread table. To do this you must have choice groceries, canned goods and provisions.

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A BREAKFAST FOR 30 PEOPLE IN A TWO POUND PACKAGE

One cup Ralston Breakfast Food cooks enough for five persons--there are six full cups in every package. Sliced dates and Ralston Breakfast Food make a delicious desert. Our "Little Book of Ralston Recipes" tells of other dainty dishes. A coupon in every package secures a copy. For sale by

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Fat is the cushion that nature fills out and surrounds the little ones with, to protect their tender parts—the same with kittens and puppies—fat is not tender. Fat they must have; and fat they must be.

If your baby is anyway short of his rights, give him Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists. Toronto.

TIME TABLES.

(LOCAL TIME)

Arrival and Departure of Trains and Steamers.

TRAINS.

Express leaves for the west.....7 35 a m
Express arrives from the west.....9 20 p m
Accommodation leaves for the west.....4 10 p m
Accommodation leaves for Cape Traverse.....6 00 p m
Accommodation arrives from the west.....10 40 a m
Express leaves for the east.....8 00 a m
Express arrives from the east.....10 00 a m
Accommodation leaves for the east.....3 00 p m
Accommodation arrives from the east.....4 50 p m

STEAMERS.

THE HILLSBOROUGH

Leaves Prince Street ferry wharf for South port every half hour.

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Haszard & Moore
Sunnyside.

WITH THE BASUTOS.

Magnificent Africans Under British Governance.
(London News.)

When the Eighth Division was skirting the borders of Basutoland I thought it would not be a waste of time to cross the border, and if possible to interview one of the chiefs. My opportunity came at last. Our general decided to give his weary men a few days' rest, so getting into saddle at Willow Grange, I rode to Ficksburg and there crossed the River Caledon, whose yellow waters, like an orange ribbon, divide Basutoland from the Free State. At this point the river runs between steep banks, and when I crossed it, was about deep enough to kiss my horse's girls, though I could well believe that in the flood season it becomes a most formidable torrent. An artificial cutting has been made on both sides to facilitate the passage of traders, black and white, but even there the ford is so constituted that the Boers on the one side and the blacks on the other could successfully dispute the passage of an invading army with a mere handful of men.

Once over the river one soon felt the influence of Jonathan the "Black Prince." The niggers, naked except for the lion cloth, swaggered along with arms in their hands, and grinned with insolent familiarity into our faces. They may have an intense respect and an unbounded love for the British—I have read scores of times that they have—but I beg leave to doubt it. Physically speaking, they are a superb race of men, these sable subjects of our Queen. Their heads sit upon their necks with a bold, defiant poise, their throats are full, round and muscular, their chests magnificent, broad and deep, tapering swiftly toward the waist. Their arms and legs are beautifully fashioned for strong swift deeds. Strip an ordinary white man and put him among these warriors, and he would look like a human clothes rack. They walk with a thick, springy step, and gave me the impression that they could march at the double for a week without tiring. But they are at their best on horseback. To see them bare-backed dash down the side of a sheer cliff, plunge into the river, swim their horses over, and then climb the opposite bank when the face of the bank is like the face of a wall is a sight worth traveling far to see.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BASUTOS.

There are many things in this world that I know nothing at all about, but I do know a horseman when I see him for I was bred in a land where nine tenths of the boys can ride. But nowhere have I seen a whole male population ride as these Basuto warriors, ride, and the best use England can make of them is to turn them into mounted infantry. Give them six months drill, and they will be fit to face any troops in Europe. I never saw them do any fighting, but they carry the fighting brand on every lineament—the bold keen eye, the prominent cheekbone, the hard-set mouth, the massive jaw, the quivering

What Makes the Home?

Not the house, however fine it may be; not its furniture, pictures and appointments. The wife and mother makes the home, and to speak of going home means to go back into the shelter of the mother's love and care.

And when womanly ills sap the mother's strength, the home-life suffers. The food is not cooked as she cooks it. Everywhere the lack of wifely supervision and motherly thoughtfulness is apparent. What a change, then, when this wife and mother comes back to take her old place in the family. Thousands of women who, because of womanly ills, had been shut out of home life and home happiness, have been enabled to once more take their place in the family after being cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"I commenced taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' about the 10th of last December, one year ago," writes Mrs. Eliza Wright, of Mountainview, Howell Co., Missouri. "I have been very slow about writing to you, although I am thankful I am here to-day and have the privilege of saying I thank you a thousand times for your kind advice. I can truthfully say that it was through your kind advice and your medicine and the will of the Lord that I am living to-day; I am in better health than I have been for three years. I have taken one-half dozen bottles of each medicine. I am able to do my washing for four in family, and all my housework, cooking and milking. In fact, I feel like a new woman."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its almost countless consequences. They do not react on the system nor beget the pill habit.

nostril, the swing and spring of every movement all speak the fighting race.

And their women; what of them? From the back of the head to the back of the heel you could space a lance shaft, so straight are they in their carriage. Their dress is a bunch of feathers and the third of a silk pocket handkerchief, with a copper ring around the ankle and another around the wrist. They do most of all the daily toil, such as it is, though I know of no peasant population in any other part of the world who get a living as easily as these folk. The men allow the women to do most of the field labor, but when the grain is bagged the males place it in single bags across the back of a pony, and so take it to market. They walk beside the tiny little ponies and balance the grain slung crosswise on the animal's back, and when the grain has been sold or bartered they bound on to their ponies and career madly homeward, each one trying to outdo his neighbor in deeds of recklessness in the hope of winning favor in the eyes of the dusky maidens. They are mean in regard to money or gifts, and know the intrinsic value of things just as well as any peddler in all England. Judging the "nigger" merely as a human being, irrespective of sentiment, color, and so forth, I can only say that in my estimation he and his are far better off in every respect than the average white laborer and his family in England. There folks have plenty to eat, little to do, and are very jolly. They would be perfectly happy if they only had a sufficient number of rifles and a large enough supply of ammunition to enable them to drive every white man clean away from their borders.

A BASUTO BRIDE.

When I arrived at Jonathan's village that warrior was away with a band of his young men, so that I could not see him, though I saw his son at a wedding which was being held when I reached the scene. I was taken through rows of naked, grinning savages, of both sexes, to be introduced to the bride and bridegroom, whom I found to be a pair of mission converts. When I saw the pair the bride's shock nearly shook my boots off. The bride, a full-blooded negress, was dressed in a beautiful white satin dress, which fitted her as if it had been fired at her out of a gun. It would not in front by about three inches and the bodice was laced up by narrow bands of red silk, like a footballer's jersey. In her short woolly hair she had pinned a wreath of artificial orange blossoms, which looked like a diadem of snow on a midwinter wudheap. Down her broad back her hung a great gauzy lace veil big enough to make a fly net for a cow camel in summer. It was not fixed on to her dress, nor to her wreath, but was tied on to two little kinky curls at each side of her head by bright green ribbons, after the fashion of a prize filly of the draught order of a county fair. Her hands were encased in a pair of white kid gloves, man's size, and a pretty big man at that, for she had a gentle little fist that would have scared John L. Sullivan in his palmerst days.

When I was introduced to the newly-shackled matron she put one of those gloved hands into mine with a simpering air of coyness that made me feel cold all over, for that hand in the kid glove reminded me of the day I took the first lesson from Lauence Foley, Australia's champion boxer, and he had an eight-ounce on (thank heaven) on that occasion. In her right hand the bride carried a fan of splendid ostrich feather, with which she brushed the flies off the groom. It was vast enough to have brushed away a toy terrier, to say nothing of flies, but it looked a toy in that giant fist.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

The bridegroom hung on his bride's arm like a fly to a sugar stick. He was a tall young man, dressed in a black frock coat, light trousers braced up to show that he wore stocks, shoes, white gloves, and a high crowned hat. He carried his bride's white silk gingham in one hand and an enormous bunch of flowers in the other. He tried to look meek, but only succeeded in looking sly, hypocritical, and awfully uncomfortable. At times he would look at his new spouse, and then a most unsanitary expression would cross his foxy face; he would push out his great thick lips until they threw a shadow around him; open his dazzling white teeth and let his great blood-red tongue roll out until the chasm in his face looked like a crumbled doormat, folded his hands meekly over his breast, and comforted himself generally like an advertisement for a mission society.

THE SAME OLD SUIT.

From him I glanced to his "pa," who had given him away and seemed mighty glad to get clear of him. "Pa" was dressed in pure black from head

to heel—just the same old suit that he had worn when he had struck this planet, only more of it. He was guiltless of anything and everything in the shape of dress, except for a large ring of horn, which he wore on top of his head. He did not carry any parasols, or fans, or gewgaws of any kind in his great muscular fists. One hand grasped an iron-shod assegai, and the other lovingly fondled a battle-axe, and both weapons looked at home where they rested. He was not just the sort of father-in-law I should have hampered for if I had been out on a matrimonial venture, but I would rather have one limb of that old heathen than the whole body of his "civilized" son, for with all his faults he looked a man. A chum of mine who knew the way these people had, advised me to purchase a horn of snuff before being presented to the bride and bridegroom, and I had acted accordingly.

A NAUSEOUS BREW.

A little later one of the bridesmaids, whose toilet consisted of a dainty beaded necklace of beads and a copper ring around one ankle, invited me to drink a draught of native beer. The beer was in a large calabash, and I felt constrained to drink some of it. These natives know how to make love and they know how to make war, but, as my soul liveth, they don't know how to make beer. The stuff they gave me to drink was about as thick as boarding house cocoa; in color it was like unto milk that a very dirty maid of all work had been stirring round in a soiled soap dish with an unwashed forefinger. It had neither body nor soul in it, and was as insipid as a policeman at a prayer meeting. Some of the niggers got gloriously merry on it, and sang songs and danced weird, unlucky dances under its influence. But it did not appeal to me in that way; possibly I was not educated up to its nicities.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE.

A Few Reasons Which are Rapidly Making a New Catarrh Cure Famous.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, the new Catarrh cure has the following advantages over other catarrh remedies:

First: These tablets contain no cocaine, morphine or any other injurious drug, and are as safe and beneficial for children as for adults; this is an important point when it is recalled that many catarrh remedies do contain these very objectionable ingredients.

Next: being in tablet form, this remedy does not deteriorate with age, or an exposure to the air, as liquid preparations invariably do.

Next: The tablet form not only preserves the medicinal properties but it is so far more convenient to carry and to use at any time that it is only a question of time when the tablet will entirely supersede liquid medicine as it has already done in the medical department of the United States army.

Next: No secret is made of the composition of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; they contain the active principle of Eucalyptus bark, red gum, blood root and Hydrastin, all harmless antiseptics which, however, are death to catarrhal germs wherever found, because they eliminate them from the blood.

Next: You can not cure catarrh by local applications to the nose and throat, because these are simply local symptoms and such treatment can not possibly reach the real seat of catarrhal disease which is the blood; for this reason, inhalers, douches, sprays and powders never really cure catarrh, but simply give temporary relief which a dose of plain salt and water will do just as well.

Catarrh must be driven out of the system, out of the blood, by an internal remedy, because an internal remedy is the only kind which can be assimilated into the blood.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets do this better than the old form of treatment, because they contain every safe specific known to modern science in the antiseptic treatment of the disease.

Next: The use of inhalers and spraying apparatuses, besides being ineffective and disappointing is expensive, while a complete treatment of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada for 50 cents.

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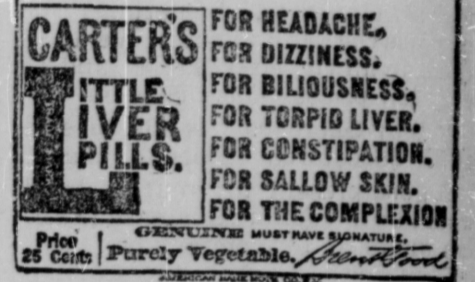
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