

IT'S TOO RISKY

To undergo an operation for itching Piles when Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is a surer, cheaper, easier way to cure.

Cruel, barbarous methods belong to the dark ages of the past. There was a time when a surgical operation was considered the only possible cure for piles. Not so now. Occasionally there is still found a physician who adheres to this dangerous and expensive method, but to every one who still believes in using the knife, ninety and nine recommend the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. C. M. Harlan, writing in The American Journal of Health, said: "We know that 'Dr. Chase's Ointment' meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, that it will be held in high esteem wherever it is used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader."

By force of merit alone Dr. Chase's Ointment has won its way into this wide, wide world, until it has made the name of Dr. Chase familiar in almost every home, and won for the venerable discoverer the title of "America's Greatest Physician."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never been known to fail as a cure for piles. It matters not whether blind, itching, bleeding or protruding, Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute and perfect cure.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is the discovery of the author of Dr. Chase's Kidney Book, whose portrait and signature is on every box of the genuine. Sec. a box. All dealers, W. Kimball, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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DR. AYERS

THE TAKING OF LUNGTUNGEN

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

So we loosed a bloom in valley. An we made the beggars out. An when our pouch was emptied out We used the bloom in butt. Ho! My! Don't you come a-nigh When Tommy is a-playin wid the baynit an the butt. —Barrack Room Ballad.

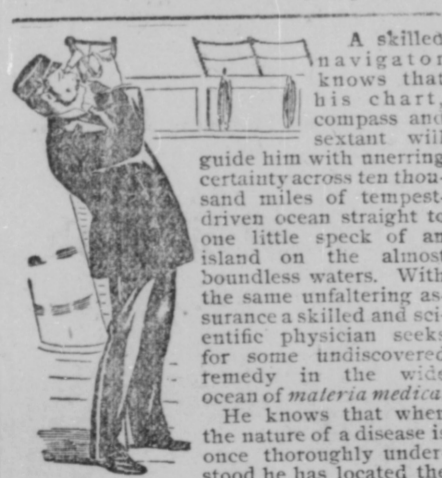
My friend Private Mulvaney told me this, sitting on the parapet of the road to Dagsbai, when we were hunting butterflies together. He had theories about the army and colored clay pipes perfectly. He said that the young soldier is the best to work with, "on account av the surpassin innocence av the child."

"Now, listen!" said Mulvaney, throwing himself full length on the wall in the sun. "I'm a born scutt av the barrack room! The army's mate an dhrink to me, bekaze I'm wan av the few that can't quit ut. I've put in sive-teen years, an the pipeclay in the marrow av me. If I cud have kept out av wan big dhrink a month, I wud have been a hon'ry lift'nint by this time—a nuisance to my betthers, a laughin shtock to my equals an a curse to meself. Bein fwat I am, I'm Privit Mulvaney, wid no good conduc' pay an a devourin thirst. Always barrin me little fri'nd Bobs Bahadur, I know as much about the army as most men."

I said something here. "Wolesey he shot! Betune you an me an that butterfly net, he's a ramblin, incoherent sort av a devil, wid wan oi on the quane an the coort an the other on his blessed self—everlastinly playin Saisar an Alexandrier rowled into a lump. Now, Bobs is a sissible little man. Wid Bobs an a few 3-year-olds, I'd swape any army av the earth into a jhairum an throw ut away afterwad. Faith, I'm not jokin! 'Tis the boys—the raw boys—that don't know fwat a bullet manes, an wudn't care if they did—that do the work. They're crammed wid bull mate till they fairly ramps wid good livin, an thin, if they don't fight, they blow each other's hids off. 'Tis the trut' I'm tellin you. They should be kept on dalbhat an kiji in the hot weather, but there'd be a mut'ny if 'twas done."

"Did you iver hear how Privit Mulvaney tuk the town av Lungtungpen? I thought not. 'Twas the lift'nint got the credit, but ut was me planned the scheme. A little before I was invaded from Burma me an four an twenty young was under a Lift'nint Brazenose was ruin our dijeshins thryin to catch dacoits. An such double ended devils I niver knew! 'Tis only a dah an a Snider that makes a dacoit. Widout them he's a p'aceful cultivator an a felony for to shoot. We hunted an we hunted an tuk fever an elephants now an again, but no dacoits. Evenshuallly we puk-awowed wan man. 'Trate him tinderly, sez the lift'nint. So I tuk him away into the jungle, wid the Burmese interpret'r an my cl'anin rod. Sez I to the man, 'My p'aceful squireen,' sez I, 'you shquot on your hunkers an demonstrate to my fri'nd here where your fri'nds are whin they're at home?' Wid that I introduced him to the cl'anin rod, an he comminst to jabber, the interpret'r interruptin in betunes an me helpin the intelligince departmint wid my cl'anin rod whin the man misreminded."

"Prisintly I learned that across the river, about nine miles away, was a town just dhrippin wid dahs an bobs an arrows an dacoits an elephants an jin-



A skilled navigator knows that his chart, compass and sextant will guide him with unerring certainty across ten thousand miles of tempest-driven ocean straight to one little speck of an island on the almost boundless waters. With the same unflinching assurance a skilled and scientific physician seeks for some undiscovered remedy in the wide ocean of materia medica.

He knows that when the nature of a disease is once thoroughly understood he has located the latitude and longitude of the remedy; and its ultimate discovery is only a matter of time. It was in this way that Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., was guided to his world-famous "Golden Medical Discovery" for the cure of consumption.

He realized that consumption is a constitutional malady, deep-seated in the blood. He sought and found this marvelous constitutional remedy which renovates and enriches the vital current with nutritious life-giving elements; healing wasted tissues, restoring digestive and assimilative power, and building up healthy flesh and genuine enduring vigor.

In all those debilitating diseases which are caused by imperfect nutrition; this extraordinary "Discovery" is the most perfect alterative remedy and strength-builder known to medical science. It is not a mere temporary stimulant like various malt "extracts." Its good effects are permanent.

Where costiveness is among the prevailing symptoms, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used in conjunction with the "Discovery."

gies "Good, sez I 'Tins office will now close."

"That night I went to the lift'nint an communicates my information I never thought much av Lift'nint Brazenose till that night. He was shtiff wid books an the-ouries an all manner av thrimmin's no manner av use. 'Town, did you say?' sez he. 'Accordin to the the-ouries av war, we shud wait for re-enforcements.' 'Faith,' thinks I, 'we'd better dig our graves, thin, for the nearest throops was up to their shtocks in the marshes out Mimbu way. 'But,' says the lift'nint, 'since 'tis a spehshil case I'll make an exception. We'll visit this Lungtungpen tonight."

"The boys was fairly woild wid delight whin I tould 'em, an, by this an that, they went through the jungle like buck rabbits. About midnight we come to the shtrame which I had clane forgot to minshin to my officer. I was on ahead, wid four boys, an I thought that the lift'nint might want to the-ourize 'Shtrip, boys!' sez I. 'Shtrip to the buff an shwim in where glory waits! 'But I can't shwim!' sez two av 'them. 'To think I should live to hear that from a boy wid a board school edukashin!' sez I. 'Take a lump av timber, an me an Conolly here will ferry you over, you young ladies!'"

"We got an ould tree trunk an pushed off wid the kits an the rifles on ut. The night was chokin dhark, an just as we was fairly embarked I heard the lift'nint behind av me callin out. 'There's a bit av a nullah here, sorr,' sez I, 'but I can feel the bottom already. So I cud, for I was not a yard from the bank."

"'Bit av a nullah! Bit av an eshtary!' sez the lift'nint. 'Go on, you mad Irishman! Shtrip, boys!' I heard him laugh, an the boys began shtrippin an rollin a log into the water to put their kits on. So me an Conolly shtruck out through the warm wather wid our log, an the rest come on behind."

"That shtrame was miles woid! Orth'ris, on the rear rank log, whispers we had got into the Thames below Sheerness by mistake. 'Kapeon shwimmin, you little blaygnard,' sez I, 'an don't go pokin your dirty jokes at the Iravadi.' 'Silence, men!' sings out the lift'nint. So we shwum on into the black dhark, wid our chests on the logs, trustin in the saints an the luck av the British army."

"Evenshuallly we hit ground—a bit av sand—an a man. I put my heel on the back av him. He skreeched an ran."

"'Now we've done ut!' sez Lift'nint Brazenose. 'Where the devil is Lungtungpen?' There was about a minute an a half to wait. The boys laid a hould av their rifles, an some thried to put their belts on. We was marchin wid fixed baynits, av course. Thin we knew where Lungtungpen was, for we had hit the river wall av ut in the dhark, an the whole town blazed wid thin messin jingles an Sniders like a cat's back on a frosty night. They was firin all ways at wunst, but over our hids into the shtrame."

"'Have you got your rifles?' sez Brazenose. 'Got 'em!' sez Orth'ris. 'I've got that thief Mulvaney's for all my back pay, an she'll kick my heart sick wid that blunderin long shtock av hers. 'Go on!' yells Brazenose, whippin his sword out. 'Go on an take the town! An the Lord have mercy on our souls!'"

"Thin the boys gave wan divastat in howl an pranced into the dhark feelin for the town, an blindin an stiffin like cavalry ridin masters when the grass pricked their bare legs. I hain mered wid the butt at some bamboo things that felt wake, an the rest come an hammered contagions, while the jingles was jinglin, an feroshus yells from inside was shtplitin our ears. We was too close under the wall for them to hurt us."

"Evenshuallly, the thing, whatever ut was, bruk, an the six and twenty av us tumbled, wan afther the other, naked as we was, into the town av Lungtungpen. There was a melly av a simpshus kind for awhile, but whether they tuk us, all white an wet, for a new breed av devil or a new kind av dacoit I don't know. They ran as though we was both an we went into thin baynit an butt, shriekin wid laughin. There was torches in the streets, an I saw little Orth'ris rubbin his showlther ivry time he loosed my long shtock Martini, an Brazenose walkin into the gang wid his sword, like Diarmid av the Golden Collar, barrin he hadn't a stitch av clothin on him. We diskivered elephants wid dacoits under their bellies, an, what wid wan thing an another, we was busy till mornin takin possession av the town av Lungtungpen."

"Thin we halted an formed up, the wimmen howlin in the houses an Lift'nint Brazenose blushin pink in the light av the mornin sun. 'Twas the most odasint p'rade I iver tuk a hand in. Foive and twenty privits an an officer av the line in review order, an not as much as wud dust a life betune 'em all in the way av clothin! Eight av us had their belts an ponches on, but the rest had gone in wid a handfal av cartridges an the skin God gave him. They was as naked as Vanus."

"'Number off from the right,' sez the lift'nint. 'Odd numbers fall out to dress; even numbers patrol the town till relieved by the dressin party.' Let me tell you, patrolthin a town wid nothin on is an expyrience. I patrolled for tin minutes, an begad before 'twas over I blushed. The women laughed so. I niver blushed before or since, but I blushed all over my carkiss thin. Orth'ris didn't patrol. He sez



Ladies Tell Each Other

of the comfort and security afforded to them by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Headaches and Backaches that come expectedly or unexpectedly are charmed away, and the rich, red blood made by

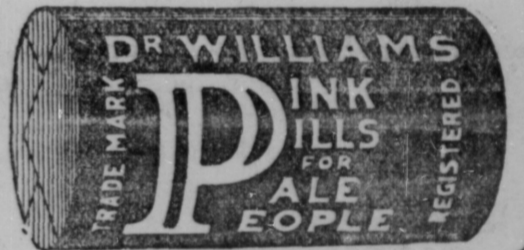
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

shows itself in the rosy cheeks and clear, bright eyes of those who use them. These pills are not a purgative; they give strength instead of taking it away. They act directly on the blood and nerves; invigorate the body; regulate the functions, and restore health and strength to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Mothers anxious for the healthy development of their growing girls should insist upon their taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

IN A DECLINE.

Mrs. W. Goodwin, 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 to be 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 for a couple of months, when my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution, but these never cured anyone. Refuse any package that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Put up in packages that look like the engraving on the right, the wrapper printed in red ink. Sold by all dealers, but if in doubt send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.



only. 'Pot'smith barracks an the 'ard av a Sunday.' Thin he lay down an rowled anyway wid laughin.

"When we was all dressed, we counted the dead—sivinty-foive dacoits besides wounded. We tuk five elephants, a hunder an sivinty Sniders, two hunder dahs an a lot av other burglarious thruck. Not a man av us was hurt, except maybe the lift'nint, an be from the shock to his dacinety."

"The headman av Lungtungpen, who surrendered himself, asked the interpret'r, 'If the English fight like that wid their clo'es off, what in the wuruld do they do wid their clo'es on?' Orth'ris began rowlin his eyes an crackin his fingers an dancin a step dance for to impress the headman. He ran to his house, an we spent the rest av the day carryin the lift'nint on our showlthers round the town an playin wid the Burmese babies—fat little, brown little devils, as pretty as pictures."

"Whin I was invaded for the dysent'ry to India, I sez to the lift'nint, 'Sorr,' sez I, 'you've the makin's in you av a great man; but, if you'll let an ould sodger spake, you're too fond av the-ourizin. He shuk hands wid me an sez, 'Hit high, hit low, there's no pl'asin you, Mulvaney. You've seen me waltzin through Lungtungpen like a

red Ijjin widout the warpaint, an you say I'm too fond av the-ourizin! 'Sorr,' sez I, for I loved the boy, 'I wud waltz wid you in that condishin through hell, an so wud the rest av the men. Thin I wint down shtrame in the flat an left him my blessin. May the saints carry ut where ut shud go, for he was a fine upstandin young officer."

"To reshume! Fwath I've said just shows the use av 3-year-olds. Wud 50 seasoned sodgers have taken Lungtungpen in the dark that way? No! They'd know the risk av fever an chill, let alone the shootin. Two hunder might have done ut. But the 3-year-olds know little an care less, an where there's no fear there's no danger. Catch them young, feed them high, an, by the honor av that great little man Bobs, behind a good officer 'tisn't only dacoits they'd smash wid their clo'es off—'tis continental ar-r-r-mies! They tuk Lungtungpen naked, an they'd take St. Petersburg in their dhrawers! Begad, they wud that!'"

"Here's your pipe, sorr! Shmoke her tinderly wid honey dew afther lettin the reek av the canteen plug die away. Eat 'tis no good, thanks to you all the same, fillin my pouch wid your chopped bhoosa. Canteen bacey's like the army. Ut spoils a man's taste for moider things."

So saying, Mulvaney took up his butterfly net and returned to barracks.

Economizing Space.

Father—Don't you know that smoking will stop your growth?

Johnny—Sure! That's why I do it. There won't be room for me in the flat if I grow any more.—New York Journal

Dr. Chase Cures Catarrh after Operations Fail.

Toronto, March 16th, 1897. My boy used fourteen years, has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the Central Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. FORL, Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

H. M. S. Cre-cent went into commission on Friday last as the flagship of the North America and West India stations.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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Spring

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Let us have them and we will put them in good running order. Personal attention given to watchwork.

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