RENGTH IN THE SPRING is Aid in Making New,

1-Giving Blood the system needs tonthe spring to be healthy
but must have new blood,
rees must have new blood,
rees must have new sap.
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but will feel weak and
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or the sharp stabbing
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stite. Any of these
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orded there is no tonic.
Williams' Pink Pills.
ctually make new, rich,
our greatest need in
new blood drives out
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the skin and makes tired men and women bright, active and J. C. Moses, Bronton, J. C. Moses, Bronton, Last spring my daugh-pletely run down, she e, had no appetite, and nervous, and we were ther. We decided to 'illiams' Pink Pills and becan taking them began taking decided improver weight and vigor, her have been built anew.

medicine dealers or by nts a box or six boxes om The Dr. Williams' Brockville, Ont.

s were the most par-etes in the care of the the bout they would the bout they would with oil, with a view neir limbs more elastic But as this oiling and But as this oiling and on which resulted from ould have made the oth and slippery, and ible to grasp, they a themselves all over rible to grasp, they themselves all over They also had an idea

sand and dust preee perspiration, and,
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It was such vigorous wrestlers de the splendid ions in art

nal Movement. O'Brien's Plan ls contain the follow sociation is authoriz-ta private conference alists of all shades of

all states of all snades of ld on Thursday night, or the presidency of en, M.P., to consider e National movement, nously resolved to ovement, to be called and League. Its main or unite on a common. to unite on a common sh-born men in a spidest toleration of dirion between brothernor of scrupulous re-

ghts and feelings of fellow-countrymen, to concentrating the Irish public opinion to obtain self-govern-rish people in Irish rther purpose will be indlier spirit of pao-operation ry rank and creed in ts for National wellommon action may be le. These projects are primarily the comition of landlordism the earliest practicition of landiordism the earliest practicactive promotion and movement for the redustries, the cultivacutage, traditions and acl, and the social elevation of our inductural and laboring the control of the control of

tself, Mother Graves' ator does not require of any other medicine tive. It does not ork.

no self-denial, no acter are required to grumbling business,—

thy life shall come rather fear that it a beginning.—Cardi-

Play With Death.

"Sandhogs" Lead Thrilling Lives in Their Necessary Work.

Nervy Exploits of Men Underground.

About a year ago the captain of a tugboat scampering down the East River along the Long Island shore saw a strange sight and had a thrilling five minutes' experience, writes william Allen Johnston in the New

York Herald.

He was studing in front of the pilot-house and was hailing a passing barge when suddenly his mate clutched his arm and bawled in his

"Hey, Bill! Fer the love of Heaven

ook at that:

The muddy water beneath them und all about them turned suddenly white and began to seethe and hiss as though some gigantic crater had suddenly opened its fiery portals hown under the river bed.

down under the river bed.

The strange disturbances ran out into the river at right angles with the current and in a long, wide irregular strip. Higher and higher the water bubbled and boiled, till fixally it seemed to burst its bonds and leaped man high into the air in crisp, curling combers.

The scared little tugboat was tossed over on its side, and the captain.

ed over on its side, and the captain, grabbing a stanchion, rang the engine bell and backed hurriedly off. gine bell and backed nurriedly on.
Other craft halted abruptly upon the
edge of the mysterious cauldron, and
turning heels, ran away with warning cries. The entire river fleet in
that busy vicinity stood aghast at

the sight.
Hastily, two big barges slipped from their moorings over on the Long Island shore, made fast to as many impatient tugs with a rapid casting of hawsers, and steamed bravely right into the vortex of

Here they halted, and in a twinkling men and wheelbarrows were swarming over the top of each barge and steam shovels at either end were dipping and groazing under

heavy loads. A gray flood of pasty muck was spilled over the sides of the barges—several thousand tons of it—and as the mass entered the water the combers sank and died away, the seething softened and stopped, the white ing sortened and stopped, again, surface slowly grew muddy again, and presently the river life resumed with its customary tooting, hurrying

POWE OF COMPRESSED AIR. In the meantime a great air compressor plant on the Long Island shere was blowing air into a mud tunnel under the river at the rate of 96,000 cubic feet a minute—such a volume and so fast that if the air had been sent into a foot square pipe instead the first blast of it in one hour's time would have been tunnel under the river at the rate of 96,000 cubic feet a minute—such a volume and so fast that if the air had been sent into a foot square pipe instead the first blast of it in one hour's time would have been more than a thousand miles away from its starting point. The plant was so shaken with its burden that the engineers' teeth chattered in their heads for the air was escaping. their heads, for the air was escaping. It should have been held in the tunnel, where its grim, necessary purpose was to hold the water out. But the then roof of the tunnel—only ten feet or so thick—was faulty—and punctured and the tremendous pressura forced the air through the roof that are compressed enough to keep ads, for the air was escaping.

he then roof of the feet or so thick—was faure, feet or so thick—was faure, feet or so thick—was faure, punctured and the tremendous pressure forced the air through the roof and on up through seventy feet of water, where it sprayed the surface like a terrific typhoon sweeping down from the sky.

I was inclined to hold my breath as I heard the story of my informant a contracting official, coolly concluded with, "So we laid a clay could with, "So we laid a clay could be to ver the spot (dumped out and that held the air." I have to ver the spot (dumped out and that held the air.

I was inclined to hold my breath as I heard the story of my informant a contracting official, coolly concluded with, "So we laid a clay to the tother one was suspicious of it, however, and took several drinks of whiskey, recorking the bottle and putting it away in his pocket.

"And now, sir, think for yourself when the compressed to the think of the present the surface of the air." And now, sir, think for yourself the there are the thick and the treatment of the present the surface of the air.

"And now, sir, think for yourself the treatment of the present the surface of the air." And now, sir, think for yourself the treatment of the present of the present of the treatment of the present of a contracting official, coolly concluded with. "So we laid a clay
blanket over the spot (dumped out
of the barges) and that held the air.
In fact, each Pennsylvania tunnel under the East River was protected by
one of these clay blankets, a half
mile long and twelve to fifteen feet
thick. Later we dredged the clay up
in compliance with orders from the
air.

in compliance with orders from the air.

War Department, which sees that the "Going up in the shaft elevator on war bepartment, which sees that the channels are kept clear.
This river instance was dramatic enough, but, like most big shows, the greater, more thrilling interest lay behind the scenes. In the first place, it was a wonderful undertaking—perhaps the chief wonder of this century to heave that great transle the nose—pretty sharp, sir, pretty century—to blow that great tunnel through the mud bottom under a mighty river. In the second place, it is still more wonderful to contemplate that, while this cyclonic disturbance went on above—tipping a tugboat over, scaring the wits out of a river fleet—down below, whence the disturbance cannot give the disturbance cannot give the contemplate that with the disturbance cannot give the contemplate that with the system. Aw my, how he did sizele!

Pennsylvania tunnels in all, laid under two great rivers and the city of New York, extending from Bergen Hill, N. J., to the Long Island shore and an army of two thousand sandhogs laid them

Famous in the roll of honor of sandhogs true and tried are Paddy Fitzgerald, Jimmy Sullivan, Davy McCable, George Scott, Paddy Ryan, Jimmy Brady, Louis Cassari, an Jimmy Brady, Louis Cassari, an Austrian who has won renown for his ability to stay longest in compressed air, and last but by no means least, Dan Murphy, who was killed in the bottom of the Manhatan shaft.

"That was a sad loss—Murphy's," said a man higher up. "And his death was a strange ore. He was bending over when a wooden plug sodden with water fell from the hands of a careless workman eighty for a box and the said of th feet above and struck him just back of the 'ear."

Enter Jimmy Sullivan, sandhog for twenty years, with a record extend-ing from the beginning of the old Hudson tunnels in 1890, through the Blackwall tunnel of London, the caissons of the great Forth Bridge, in Scotland, right up to the present time.

time.

They say that you never see a lean
They say that you never see a lean
They say that you never see a lean or an old sandhog. Jimmy Sullivan, then belies, both assertions. He is a pallid little man, with thin hair and a most non-committal way. There may be times when he talks at learnth but it covers recognition. may be times when he talks at length, but it seems scarcely possi-ble. As he stood before me in the offices of the tunnel contractors, hat in hand and in mud bespattered clothes, blinking respectfully and seemingly as bewildered above ground

seemingly as bewildered above ground as is a mule brought out once a year from the mines. I thought of other daring men—the diver, bridge-worker, the dynamite handler—who stare at you stolidly and uncomprehendingly when you suggest that their lives are filled with thrilling

TOLD BY "JIMMY" SULLIVAN. "It's too strenuous down there to think, sir," said Jimmy, appealingly. "And so, sir, you can't remember much when you come out." He shifted his feet uneasily and looked longingly at the door.

Finally he grinned with a wry smile and looked askance at the "boss." "I could tell of a comical incident," said he a "coursel line in the country and he are the "boss." "Good he askance at the "boss." "Good he askance at the "boss." "I could tell of a comical incident," said he a "coursel line in the country and he are the country and he country and he are the country and he country

smile and looked askance at the "boss." "I could tell of a comical incident," said he. A "comical incident" was all he could recal out of twenty years' work in compressed air within a mud box beneath rolling

"It was when the Blackwall tun-"It was when the Biackwall tun-nell was finished—you mind it, sir? (this to the "boss")—and two mem-bers of the London County Council came down to inspect the work. "They were retired ropemakers— begging your pardon, sir—very fat, and pompous; and to celebrate" the

was quite still when he poured

"Going up in the shaft elevator on the Lordon City side there was suddenly a loud 'pop!' And one of them calls out, 'I'm shot!' You see, sir, the compressed air corked up in the whiskey bottle shot the cork out, and it happened to hit him in the nose—pretty sharp, sir, pretty sharp.

of a river fleet—down below, whence the disturbance came, a company of human beings were cheerfully, fear-lessly, ceaselessly swiriging their sweating bodies in a pressure of three atmospheres and shovelling out the irisides of that tunnel—our friends the sandhogs!

There are five miles of the new 'sizzle! 'I't was no small matter with him, sir. We summoned an ambulance and stomach pump. And just as he was growing unconscious he calls out, 'I'm a balloon.'" 'I'm a balloon.'" 'That will do, Jimmy,'' said the 'boss.'' 'You can go now. Tell Paddy Ryan to step up.''

It Cleanses Surprise Soap Laces washed with it are preserved as beirlooms. It makes child's play of washday.

Once More the **Proof is Given**

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure the Deadly Bright's Disease.

Martin O'Grady Suffered From Bright's Disease for a Year, but the old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured Him.

Emmett, Renfrew Co., Ont., March 29.—(Special)—That the one sure cure for Brights's disease, the most deadly of all kidney diseases, is Dodd's Kidney Pills, is again proved in the case of Martin O'Grady, of this place. And for the benefit of this place. And for the benefit of other sufferers, Mr. O'Grady has given the following statement for publications.

lication:

"For over a year I suffered from Bright's Disease. I was attended by a doctor, but he did me no good. My appetite was fitful, my sleep broken and unrefreshing. My memory failed me and I was always tired and nervous. I had sharp pain and pressure at the top of my head.
"Being advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I bought a couple of boxes and found relief soon after I started taking them."

taking them.

taking them."

This is only one of hundreds of cases in which Dodd's Kidney Pills have conquered the worst form of kidney disease. They never fail to cure Bright's disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago or Sciatica.

PERSONALITY OF 'PADDY RYAN' In the person of Paddy Ryan appeared an altogether new type. His speech was the fine Old Country diagrants a pile of hay, we for stuffing up crevices a shield. He was smoking and that tells the story. "The news came to not be shield that the shield chamber with the shield spile of hay, we for stuffing up crevices a shield. He was smoking and that tells the story and the shield spile of hay the shield spile of hay the shield spile of hay the spile of hay the was smoking and that tells the story and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and that tells the story and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the shield spile of hay the shield spile of hay the was smoking and the shield spile of hay the shield spile of ha

turn.

Paddy Ryan is a big man and gaunt, with a large, pale face, long, black beard and a Celt's eyes, sparkling with imagination. He looks more like one of Hall Caine's Mamxmen; or he might be an itinerant preacher of a new sect. He is partly deaf, as are most old sandhogs, and his voice has the hollow intana-

ly deaf, as are most old sandhogs, and his voice has the hollow intanations of the tunnel.

"Tell him about the old Hudson tunnels, Paddy," prompted the "boss," and Paddy began.—

"That was in 1890, sir. Previous to that time I had been working on the Forth bridge caissons under Mr. Moir. He brought me over with a number of other miners (Paddy styles himself a "miner," not a sandhog).

"We found the tunnels in very bad shape. You see, a number of years previous they had tried running them with a nilot timeal and beigt walls.

"We found the tunnels in very bad shape. You see, a number of years previous they had tried running them with a pilot tunnel and brick walls. One day there was a blow-out and some twenty men were drowned. They gave up after that, and the big hole filled up at the fore with muck. "We brought over a new shield

"We brought over a new "We brought over a new shield, the parts of which were forged and constructed by Sir Benjamin Baker in Glasgow. To set it up and make it fit we were forced to erlarge the shield chamber, and a terrible time we had of it. One day there was a blow-out, the bulkhead was swept away, and we had a narrow escape getting out. getting out.

"The river spewed in and jammed ght the airlock door behind us. 'e tried every way to jack it open but the pressure was too great for us; and then Mr. Moir hit upon a

"We built a ball out of esparto grass, not a little one, but as big as a house, for it was near forty feet in diameter. We loaded the bottom in diameter. We loaded the bottom of it with iron rails to sink it, floated it out on pontoons and dumped it directly in front of the tunnel opening. It was sucked tight and made a fine new bulkhead, you see, with a barrel full of clay dumped down on the ton of it.

down on the top of it "Then we opened the airlock and Then we opened the airlock and continued the tunnel through the ball of grass. So, you see when you haven't anything solid to tunnel through you must put it down in front of you. Just so it isn't only water and you have compressed air to keen the walls up and the state. keep the walls up and the water

out you can run a tunnel anywhere nowadays.

"You may know what the water pressure was on that ball of grass. for when we went through it we had to cut our way with axes.

"Well, we ran the tunnel or two thousand feet and left it there for fourteen years."

fourteen years."
"Not our fault, understand," interrupted the "boss." We stopped only because the syndicate failed and our pay ceased. We could have finished the Hudson tunnels ten years ago as well as to-day. In fact, they were afterwards rushed to completion fourteen years.

CONSTIPATION IRREGULARITY

OF THE BOWELS

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be at ence attended to and corrected.

MILBURN'S LAXA - LIVER PILLS

severed in relieve and oure the worst cases of constipation.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes:

"I was troubled with sick headaches, constipation and catarrh of the stomach. I could get nothing to do me any good until I got a vial of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried. I have no headaches or constipation, and the catarrh of the stomach is entirely gone. I feel like a new woman, thanks to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used in all about half a dosen vials."

Price 26 cente a vial, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by The I. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

with the very same shield which we left in the face of them."
"Yes,"said Paddy, respectfully.
"But it was hard going in those days, sir, hard on the men. We have

many new conveniences now and some safety devices.

"We used candles then, instead of electric light, and that made the air bad. Now and then, too, there was an accumulation of gas and a bad explosion.

"Then we tried riveting the iron rings together—those that follow up the shield and make the inner lining of the tunnel—and that called for forges. Everything burns red hot in that compressed air, sir, and aside from the constant danger of from the clinkers the heat bee when the temperature fell below one hundred degrees, and the men were dropping off at the rate of two a week. Nowadays we use bolts instead of hot rivets, and we have electric lights and core and wedien. electric lights and cars and medical air locks.

'Fire is bad,' said the "Fire is bad," said the "boss."
"I can tell you of a more recent instance—in the Pennsylvania tunnels.
It tells you something of the heroism
of sandhogs, too.
"This fire started early Monday
morring. The Saturday just previous had been pay day, and it is
our custom always to double the
watchmen on the Sunday following.

watchmen on the Sunday following for it is almost certain that source of the men will prove irresponsible. This time it was one of the watch-

STARTED BY A CIGARETTE

"His companion had gone out of the air lock and he lay down on the shield chamber with his head against a pile of hay, which we used for stuffing up crevices around the shield. He was smoking a cigarette and that talls the stary.

and that tells the story.

"The news came to me on swift wings:—Tunnel C, Manhattan, is on fire,' and I hurried out of bed and down to the Manhattan shaft.

"A crowd of men had gathered outside the last air-lock, and peeping them the bull's eye of the ing through the bull's eye of lock door I could see the interior dim with curling smoke and yellow

connection and plunged in.

connection and plunged in.

'In a few minutes they were back again, all of them choked and staggering and some so straigled with the heavy fumes that they had dropped in their tracks and were carried out.
"It looked black now within bull care but there was

through the bulls-eye; but there was still the danger of a stray lick of flame reaching the dynamite. It lay right alongside the dry wooden framing. There was still that danger 'Back again, boys!' said the big

fellow, and back they went into darkness and air that was now warmer than ever. This time they darkness and air that was now warmer than ever. This time they came back, all of them, fortunately, and they were lugging the dynamite along with them.
"Now, that's what I call heroism," concluded the "boss." "Imagine creeping along a black tunnel and feeling for dynamite knowing all

feeling for dynamite knowing all the time that a bit of flame might easily beat you to it, and that if it did you'd be blown into fine pieces as sure as day follows right!"

TASK OF HERCULES.

The "boss's" eves lighted up with The "boss's" eyes lighted up with pride, and I realized that one thing that made him a big "boss" was his clear understanding of and close companionship with his sandhogs. "They did all that," he added, "to save the tunnel. If it had been a case of saving lives they wouldn't have waited for me and my orders."

nave wasted for me and my orders."
Paddy Ryan grinned with delight.
"That big fellow was 'Red Kelly,"
said he. "Red stopped a blowout in
the Hudson tunnels one day with his
back, after we had stuffed the hole
with sawdust bags, clothes, iron
palls scrap and acceptations we could

with sawqust bags, clothes, iron rails, scrap and everything we could get our hands on."

"He didn't go through?"

"No," said Paddy critically. 'His back was so broad."

"Orce," he continued, "in the Blackwall tunnel, Paddy Egan was blown through and un above the Blackwall tunnel, Paddy Egan was blown through and up above the Thames River. He was a fat little fellow, but he went through like a greased pig. sir. I saw him just afterward."

"What did he say?" I asked.
Paddy laughed. "Sure," says he, "I've been avoiding a bath all my life and now I got one at last."

The English Land Problem.

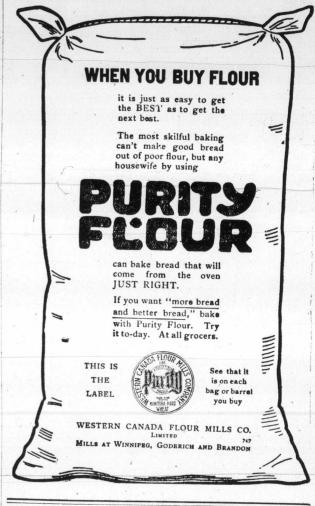
In the address on "Peasantry" which he delivered to the members of the Manchester City Branch of the United Irish League, and ir which he imparted a message of hope to his hearers, telling them that both the Liberel and the Unionist party share the conviction that Home Rule is inevitable, Mr. H. Belloc, M.P., treated as an illusion the belief that in England the country toilers have no love for the land. It can only be extertained, Mr., Belloc declared, by those who know nothing of the English peasant. "I have," he said, "ploughed and worked side by side with the workmen on an English farm, and I state without hesitation that if you could open the English

Time Proves All Things

One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots.
"Our Work Survives" the test of time."

GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

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St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause-To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR		
ST. JOSEPH'S	HOME	FUND
Name		
Address	••••••	
Amount		

land to the English agricultural la-borer to-day, although all memory of what a peasantry ought to be has disappeared, it would automatically disappeared, it would automatically revive, so strong is the desire of every man for land. If morey were advanced by the State for the purpose of small holdings to temants who, with the lapse of years, would become owners, you would have a rush to the land precisely like that which so many of our academic politicians pretend to desire." And why should not the English peasant have the same facilities for purchase extended to him as the Irish peasant? No better work could be done for England and Scotland than to plant a peasant proprietary on the large English and Scotlish estates.

Warts will render the prettiest hands uneightly. Clear the excres-cences away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

Mr. Dooley on the Theatre.

2000

Dooley's summing up of the playhouse reform controversy is interesting: "Sthrange to say, both sides admit that th' theaytre is an idjacational institution. I never thought iv it that way. I always supposed that people wint to th' theaytre because they had no comfortaftle homes to go to, or to frigit th' dishes weren't washed, or to laugh or cry or have a good spell iv coughing where it wud atthract attintion. But it seems I was wrong. Th' theaytre is intinded to be more like a night school thin a circus. It's a good thing f'r th' theaytres that th' people that go to thim don't know this. If they felt they were bein' idjacated with they thought they were neglectin' their minds they'd mob th' box office to cet their money back. Amy recollection they have iv idiacation is clouded with sorrow."