

TWO LETTERS.

They Prove the Permanency of Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Over Six Years Have Gone by and This Cure Still Stands—Only One of Many Such Cases.

St. Mary's Ferry, N. B. June 1.—(Special.)—Mr. Thomas Harrison, of this place, has addressed two significant letters to the Dods Medicine Co., Toronto.

The First One.

St. Mary's Ferry, Dec. 18, 1895.

Gentlemen:

I feel it my duty to you and to the public at large to tell what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me.

About one year ago I began to suffer with severe pains over the region of my kidneys, followed by a very lethargic feeling.

When I lay down it was torture to get up again.

This state continued for some time, and all the while I was still getting weaker and losing flesh rapidly.

My appetite was very much impaired, and at last I was obliged to call in a physician.

He gave me a prescription of a very learned name, and I got no better.

I called in several other physicians, but it was all in vain. My sufferings got worse all the time until I began to despair of life.

A friend advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I was very skeptical, but was prevailed on to commence a treatment; the first box made me feel some better.

I passed a stone that had formed in the bladder.

I continued the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills until I had used three boxes, and now believe that I have a radical and complete cure, as it is six months since I used any of the Pills, and have had no symptom or return of the malady.

I know that my cure is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, as I used no other medicine after commencing their use.

The Second One.

St. Mary's Ferry, N. B. March 24, 1902.

Gentlemen:

What I said in 1895 I can at this moment most emphatically substantiate.

I have never had the slightest symptom of a return of my old trouble. Yours truly,

Thomas Harrison.

Disquieting Possibility.

"My dear," said Mr. Snuggs to his wife, "suppose we have breakfast one day with oysters for dinner to-night."

"If I find that beef is no longer when I go to market," replied Mrs. Snuggs, "you may have to put up with beefsteak oysters."

"B. & O." REVEALS, SEASON 1902.

"Toronto-Montreal" Line.

On and after Tuesday, June 3rd, the steamer Toronto will leave Toronto Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays until June 14th. On and after June 14th the steamer Toronto will leave Toronto Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the steamer Kingston will leave Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4 p. m. The steamer Toronto will leave for Charlottetown (Port of Montreal), 1,000 Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, via Saguenay River, and intermediate ports.

"Hamilton-Toronto-Montreal" Line.

Steamers will leave Hamilton at 1 p. m. and Toronto same evening at 7:30. On and after June 10th, they will sail Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Port, 1,000 Islands, to Montreal and intermediate ports.

BOTH WERE ELEGANT LIARS.

Missionary Soldier Countered Handsomely Upon H. Lieutenant.

Wherever he is placed the native of the Emerald Isle has a ready wit. Not long ago when the first lieutenant of Company D, United States Infantry, was promoted, he warned his succeeding officer of several of the men who were in the habit of asking for leave of absence without having valid excuses. This company is composed largely of men from the Emerald Isle, and the officers must be ever on the alert to catch up with them.

Lieutenant Mearns had been in command only a few days when one of the men applied to him for leave of absence, stating that his wife had written saying she was sick and wished him to come home. Lieutenant Mearns, remembering his warning, resolved to be very cautious. Turning over the paper as if searching for a letter, he said: "Is your wife sick?"

"Now, P. M. I myself have had a letter from her, and she tells me to let you go home, as you go home I break up the furniture and treat her shamefully. I don't think I shall let you go."

Pat saluted and started to leave the room but on reaching the door turned and said:

"Sir, may I ask you to not as an officer let me go to my home?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Well, sir, what I was after saying is that I'm a married man."

"That's all right," said the lieutenant, "but you must not come back here without your wife."

"Yes, sir, I will," said the man, "but I don't think I shall let you go."

"What is it?"

"Well, sir, what I was after saying is that I'm a married man."

"That's all right," said the lieutenant, "but you must not come back here without your wife."

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TWO MEN.

A "Little Story," by Dr. Weir Mitchell, in the April Century.

"These ought ye to do, and not to leave the others alone."

A pale young man sat down on a bench in the park behind the reservoir on Forty-second street. He put a torn bag of tools under the bench.

A small, red-faced man came behind him. He stopped to steal the bag.

The pale man turned, and said in a slow, throaty way: "Drop that. It ain't worth stealing."

The red-faced man said: "Not if you lookin'."

The pale man set the bag at his feet, and said:

"It's a poor business you're in."

"You don't look as if you was any better," he said. "What's your call?"

"I'm an iron-worker; bridge-work."

"Don't look strong enough."

"That's so. I'm just out of Bellevue for palsy, got hurt three months ago."

"I'm just out of hospital, too," he grunted.

"What hospital?"

"What? Jail?"

"Yes, not had in winter, either. There's a society helps a fellow after you get out of hospital. Gives you good clothes, too."

"Clothes? Is that so?"

"Gets you work—"

"Work—good God! I wish they'd get me some."

"You ain't had enough. Go and grab some. Get a short sentence, first crime. Come out, and get looked after by nice ladies."

"Did they do nothing for you when you got out of that hospital?"

"No! Why the devil should they? I'm only an honest mechanic. Are you going?"

"He felt his loneliness."

"Yes, I've got to go after that job. It'll give me time to look about me. Good-bye, but you look bad!"

"Good-bye."

The red-faced man rose, looked back, jingled the few coins in his pocket, hesitated, and walked away whistling.

The pale man sat still on the bench, staring down at the ragged bag of tools at his feet.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. 228-Address by druggists. 75c.

Why Won't Women

Hold up their trailing skirts in crowded stores?

Sleep to the rear in elevators?

Talk about something else than intimate family affairs in street cars?

Wear less cheap jewelry and coarse imitation laces?

Move up front in the trolleys?

Dust their skirts once in a while at least?

In fact, be the angels everyone is willing to concede they can be? Philadelphia Telegraph.

Indispensable.

Assum—I confess I was surprised to hear of your marriage, thought you was a confirmed old bachelor.

Oldbach—But I'm in business for myself now.

Assum—Well?

Oldbach—Well, I had to have a wife in whose name I could put my property.

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There is

no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of killing them.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you that health, if any thing will.

Send for FREE SAMPLE and TRY IT. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, 202 N. 2ND ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Curzon as a Poet.

The following verse, composed by Lord Curzon, has been engraved on the brass memorial tablet erected by him in the cathedral at Calcutta in honor of members of the Indian Volunteer contingent who died in South Africa:

These sons of Britain in the east Fought not for prize or fame; They died for England, and the least Made greater her great name.

You can save money if you buy "The D. & L. Mended Paste" by mail. This wonderful cure for troubling nerves and aching joints comes in all-right tin box. Look for the mark, "The D. & L."

Putting the Seal on.

"He gave me a message to deliver to brother George," she explained demurely.

"Was it necessary to kiss you in order to do that?" demanded the mother.

"Yes," she answered, "it was a sealed message."—Chicago Post.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"My God,"

"I suppose you think it is very silly, Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "for me to pay several dollars to watch an actress for a few hours?"

"Well, to be candid, it does strike me as a little steep."

"But it isn't bad, Charley, dear, as paying \$40 or \$50 to see a horse run once around a race track, is it, honestly?"—Wash. Star.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

From the Lips of Wisdom.

Many bitter enemies are created through poor misunderstanding.

The thought of a possible helpless old age gives all of us moments of anxiety.

Many golden opportunities are thrown away because of want of self-confidence.

Love carries an influence which antagonizes self-opinion and aways the destiny of men and women.

Passion breeds discontent, and greed feeds this passion.

Integrity, based on honesty, frequently produces business bitterness.

Marriage without love becomes a comedy drama without attraction.

Self-interest acts as a stunt to the growth of generosity.

The man with overweening ambition has little time for the small things of life.

It is easy to condemn the unfortunate when temptation has given you a wide berth.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative-Bromo Quinine Tablea cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

What He Really Said.

Mrs. Buffers—The teller at that bank says you are just the meanest, stingiest—

Mr. Buffers—Gent Scott! What's that? Is that? He says—

Mrs. Buffers—Well, he didn't say it in so many words, but that is what he meant, of course.

Mr. Buffers—See here! What did the fellow say?

Mrs. Buffers—He asked me to endorse the cheque; and when I told him I hadn't the ghost of an idea of what he meant, he said he presumed I had had much experience getting cheques cashed—so there!—New York Weekly.

CHIQUEITA'S LIFE INSURED.

The Smallest Woman in the World Takes Out a Big Policy.

Tiny Chiquita, the smallest woman in the world, has just insured her life for \$5,000.

Chiquita is the well-known milliner who is 26 inches high and weighs 17 pounds. Her insurance, therefore, is at the rate of \$9,259.25 a pound, and likewise is at the rate of \$9,615.38 per inch. She is literally worth her weight in gold. She was insured here in Boston.

It is strange but true that the most searching examinations that three of Boston's leading examining physicians could give Chiquita failed to find even the slightest imperfection in her physical condition. Her heart beat was strong and regular and registered 72, which is normal. Her respiration was also normal and the lungs and all the organs were in perfect condition. Her blood measured 10 inches and her waist 16 inches. She is physically a perfect woman, her only peculiarity being her small size.

Chiquita, though only a miniature of the human race, is now enjoying unusually good health. In all her life she has never been sick and has never required medical treatment. She is in unusually good spirits this year and since and dances with great vivacity. She says that she has every intention of living to be 80 or even more.—Boston Globe.

"KELPION" IS A STAINLESS

Endorsed by best English medical journals. Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lung Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Fists, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lymphatic Glands, Gravel, Piles, etc., etc., etc.

Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

Sand as Medicine.

There is a man in Brighton, named Begbee, who thinks sand is the only medicine in the world for stomach troubles, says THE BELL.

"I was nearly dead," he says, "from dyspepsia 20 years ago, and had lost all faith in medicine. I was willing to take doses of anything. I began by swallowing a teaspoonful of dry sand on going to bed at night, and I soon noticed that I slept better than for years, though my appetite did not increase for a few weeks. I kept on swallowing the sand regularly until I was well. I have used it off and on, however, ever since, and I carry a bottle of dry sand about with me as a tonic."

Lever's V-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dutes in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.

Would Have Woke Him Up.

A good story is told in the St. James' Gazette of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just kick him where the point is to see if he was shamming."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative-Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's Remedy for Coughs, 25c.

Trained Ants.

Trained ants are the latest novelty in Berlin. There is a little circus in which these performers appear daily. They dance, turn somersaults, draw miniature wagons, fight sham battles, and perform other wonders.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A Clock Made of Bread.

Milan has a curiosity in a clock which is made entirely of bread. The maker is a native of India, and has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. The clock is of good size and goes well.

St. Martin, Que. May 16, 1895.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen.—Last November my child struck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I was so grateful that I sent you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNER.

An Odd Concert.

On April 19th every year an "in memoriam" notice appears after the name of Lord Byron in the advertising columns of the London Times. This year it read:

George Gordon Noel Lord Byron. Died nobly for Greece. Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824.

"When Love, who sent, forgot to save The young, the beautiful, the brave."

Make it very plain to your dealer that you know there is no substitute for Perry Davis' Pain-Expeller for external use from neuralgia to a mosquito bite and internally for all bowel disorders.

Sharp Enough for That.

"You've had some acquaintance with Mrs. Withers, is she really as dull as most people seem to think her?"

"Well, I should say not. She cuts me every time we chance to meet.—Richmond Dispatch.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Irish Traits.

Sir Richard Steele, a well-known Irishman, was asked by an English friend how it was that Irishmen were so remarkable for making bulls.

"Well," he said, "it is something in the air of the country; and I dare say, if an Englishman were born here he would do the same."

Sir Boyle Roche had a servant, who was as grateful an original as his master. Two days after the death of the baronet this man waited upon a gentleman who had been a most intimate friend of Sir Boyle Roche, and in place of telling him that the time at which the funeral was to be taken place had been changed, "Sir," says he, "my master sends his compliments to you, and he won't be buried till to-morrow evening."

Wilson's Fly Pad POISON

Will clear your house of flies

NO DIRTY HANDS.

Clean your silver, gold, brass, etc., with

ELECTRIC POLISHING FIBRE

No powder or polish used. Just rub with the prepared electric fibre. Polishes like magic. Sold by all druggists or by mail from

MONARCH MFG. CO., St. Catharines, Ont. Trade supplied.

A DIP OF GOOD PAINT

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