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E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street

THE JOSKINS JAR

An earnest assurance that I intended no harm, but good, to Crafty Choggie was readily accepted and believed by Jimmy, who failed to call that worthy to his recollection; but the deposit of a five-pound note quickened Jimmy's sluggish memory, and even elicited from him a promise that the great burglar should call on me shortly.

Next morning, as I sat at breakfast, inquiring my digestion with a third kidney, there came a knock at my oak. (I live in chambers at Bloomsburg.) I rose and opened the door to an utterly impossible missionary.

He wore a dilapidated, arch-diagonal hat, and the rest of his attire seemed to have been copied with faithful accuracy from Phiz's picture of Mr. Higgins, even to the well-worn black cloth gloves through the holes in which his dirty fingers offensively protruded themselves on my view.

"I have called, dear brother," he began, with a little deferential cough, "on behalf of the 'Jar for Inebriate Orphans.' The collection of subscriptions 'as been committed to my charge."

"And you'll be committed to the charge of a policeman if you don't take yourself off," I said, preparing to shut the door in his face.

"Here, 'old 'ard, governor," he cried, thrusting his foot in between door and doorpost. "I've come to see you by appointment. I'm Mr. Charles Cragley, that's my name. 'Crafty Choggie,' you know."

"Come in, then," I said, showing him into the sitting room. "Why the deuce do you get yourself up like that?" "It's one of my little disguises," he answered with evident pride, "but, bless you, this is nothin' to what I can do. I'm a born actor, I am. Perhaps now you're wanting to bring me out on the stage?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Cragley," I hastened to assure him. "I have no such idea."

"Well," he said, "Jimmy certainly told me you wanted to see me professionally."

"Quite right, Mr. Cragley; so I do; I may be able to put a little job in your way, although, perhaps, it's not quite in your regular line of business."

"And what might my regular line of business be, now?" he asked in an aggressive tone, at the same time removing his long black wig, and sitting down.

"Have you ever seen anything like this?" As I spoke I thrust the logue picture of the Joskins jar before him.

"If I 'ad, I shouldn't remember it a few days ago, in which there were plenty of things worth taking, but the only thing missing is that flower-pot, as you call it. And Traccham said he thought it was your work. I mean the burglar—not the manufacturer."

"Wot! Me crack a crib and 'ave nothink better to show for my 'ard work than that?"

"Mr. Cragley," I said, "look at this picture once again. I'd give a hundred pounds to get that jar back. I want it."

"Why, now you talk sense," he cried enthusiastically. "You'll pay one 'undred golden guineas."

"Sovereigns, Cragley," I interposed. "Professional fees is allus paid in guineas, as well you must know, Mr. Brandon," he said reprovingly. "One 'undred golden guineas, or we will say for your convenience, sir, he went on, with the air of one who was making a large concession, "one 'undred and five pounds, all in gold, for that there pot."

And you've called me in a professional way to thrice it. I'm to go round to the 'fences, and inquire of my pals, and survey in a professional way the premises of them wot's likely to care for such a thing, such as British Museums, and nursery gardeners, and that—that about what I'm to do, ain't it, sir?"

"I want the jar, Mr. Cragley; but you must understand that I can't countenance any breach of the law in order—"

"Say no more, sir," he interrupted me with an approving smile. "I'm fly. You want the jar, and you'll pay me one 'undred and five pounds, all in gold, and expenses for it—and expenses with," he added, sternly repressing my attempted correction, "with the usual advance on account. Three pounds that will be, as well you know, sir, 'and where did this little ewent take place?"

"I gave him such information as I deemed necessary, and advanced the three pounds. Mr. Cragley then took his departure."

"I shall call on you very soon, sir, to let you know 'ow I'm gettin' on," when," he added, "with hospitable warmth, 'I shall 'ope to 'ave the pleasure of drinking your 'ealth. I shall

Appetizing

For this season of the year when fresh vegetables are scarce.....

Large 3-lb. tins French String Beans, 20c.
 Rodel French Peas, 15c.
 Rodel Mushrooms, 28c.
 Whole Tomatoes for slicing, 20c.
 Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Beans, French Kidney Beans, Succotash, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce, California Prunes, 8c per lb.
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 California Dried Peaches, 10c per lb.

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WE GIVE IN TRADING STAMPS

be disguised, sir; I shall 'ave a different disguise each time."

He had. He came as a banker, a bishop, a country squire, a wicked Jew money-lender, and a languid member of an effete aristocracy. All these characters were dressed in the style usual at transpontine theaters. But, as a rule, he would favor some religious denomination by donning the habiliments which he conceived to be peculiar to one of its dignitaries.

As his success only consisted in finding where the Amphora was not, his services were purely of a negative description, except that he would frequently rectify to me his amended version of the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth.

Meanwhile, Uncle Joskins died. I, of course, attended the funeral as chief mourner; but Jessica left the day before to join an old aunt who was going to spend the winter at the Riviera. After the funeral, old Verinder and I discussed a bottle of Uncle Joskins' best Amontillado, and I learned the exact terms of his most curious will.

"Prepare yourself for a surprise, Mr. Brandon," said the lawyer, "for the conditions of the will are not quite what you expected. The terms of it were suggested by your fair cousin, and so took the fancy of my late adopted client, that he at one adopted them by entering them in his will."

I stared open-eyed at the lawyer, wondering what this exordium might portend.

(To be Continued.)

FATALITY AT LEAMINGTON

Boy Falls Into a Pan of Boiling Water.

Suicide of a Boston Newspaper Man and His Wife—Numerous Casualties and Crimes.

Leamington, Ont., May 23.—Yesterday, the little town of Leamington was shocked by a tragedy which had been foreshadowed for some time. A young boy, aged five, fell into a large pan of boiling water, and was scalded so seriously that he died in a few hours. The mother had put boiling water into a large pan, and was in the act of getting something to quiet the child, when the little one in tugging at its cart, fell backward into the scalding water. The child lingered till noon.

TOOK A FIT ON THE TRACK.

Harrisburg, May 23.—Frank Turnbull, a well-known farmer, who resided near Harrisburg, was cut to pieces by a train on Sunday. Mr. Turnbull started along the track for the village of Harrisburg, and was subject to epileptic fits, and it is believed he was seized with one of these and fell across the track. While in this position he was struck by a mixed passenger, which arrived at Harrisburg at 7:30 p.m. The unfortunate man was terribly mangled.

A DOUBLE SUICIDE.

Boston, Mass., May 23.—W. T. W. Ball, the well-known newspaper man, and his wife were found dead in bed yesterday in a room filled with the fumes of illuminating gas. Letters written by Mr. Ball, which were lying on a table, disclosed the fact that it was a case of suicide. Despondency on account of his continued ill-health was given as the reason of the act. He was 66 years of age, and his wife was 73. For many years he was dramatic critic for the Boston Herald, also of the Boston Herald and other dailies. He was a man of refined culture and learning.

STREET DUEL.

Joplin, Mo., May 23.—David Leonard spoke to a negro woman, and was slapped for his pains. Her husband chased him up and a street duel resulted. Andrew Woods, the woman's husband, is dead. Leonard is wounded, and three bystanders shot.

IN JEALOUS RAGE.

Kansas City, Mo., May 23.—In a fit of jealous rage, Levi Moore shot and killed Mrs. Jennie Campbell in Kansas City, Mo., and turned his gun, with probably fatal effect, on Mrs. Emma Landis and Mrs. Anna Meek. Moore is 38 years old, married, and pretends to be insane.

DOUBLE CRIME.

Middleburg, Ohio, May 23.—Mrs. Rachel Austin and her little son are dead from bullet wounds. Her son Ernest, dying from a bullet wound, is suspected of the double crime.

MURDER ON A BALL FIELD.

Hoboken, N. J., May 23.—John Moretta stabbed his wife Gavina to death in the presence of thousands at a ball game here. A ball player killed the murderer with a bat and handed him over to the law.

CRAZED BY THE LOSS OF HIS POSITION.

New York, May 23.—Worrying over

IT NEEDS STEAM.

If there's no steam in a fire-engine, it won't do its work. Heavier metal or larger wheels won't help it. It needs steam. It's the same when a man's strength is gone, he wants new life—fresh vitality. It makes no difference how large his frame may be, or how big the muscles on his arms and legs; if the inner power and force of life is lacking he can't do his work; he is practically a sick man. You can't make him well by feeding him with oily emulsions. There's no use in flabby fat. His proper weight will come after he gets well. The first thing he needs is strength, force, steam.

"About a year ago," says Mr. John Brooks, of Boston, Mass., "I was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs. The doctors said I was in consumption and could not get well. I took emulsion of cod liver oil and it did me no good. After taking it four months I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and wrote to him for advice. I have taken this medicine and it saved my life. I felt so life I wrote to him I thought I would not live the winter through."

In the morning I would raise an awful lot and spit all the time, with pains in my chest all the time. My bowels would not move more than once or twice a week; my strength was nearly all gone; I could not do a whole day's work. Now my bowels are regular every day, and I feel no more pains in my chest. I feel a great deal stronger, and am working hard every day, driving a team in the woods, and I owe my thanks to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I know it saved my life. I cannot praise it enough. I am proud to tell my friends what cured me."

The way this great remedy acts in bronchial and lung diseases is more fully described in Dr. Pierce's great 1000-page Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent FREE for 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of postage and mailing only. Address Dr. R. C. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. He is always ready to give free advice by mail.

the loss of his job crazed Edward Selbeck, aged 72, and he shot and killed himself. He had been paymaster in the New York custom house for thirteen years, when a Republican got the place.

MEDALS FOR THE NURSES

Training School Graduates Received Their Well-Earned Diplomas.

Contagious Pavilion Handed Over to the Hospital Trust—Was Opened Yesterday.

At the regular meeting of the hospital trustees, held at the hospital yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Misses Hay, Dyson, McCutcheon and Flory, recent graduates of the Training School for Nurses, were presented by the trust with their medals and diplomas. The ceremony was performed by his Worship Mayor Wilson and Messrs. J. Gilmour, M.P., and T. H. Purdom, all of whom made appropriate remarks.

Applications to be placed on the nursing staff were received from Ethel M. Slater, 522 Elizabeth street, city; Elizabeth Allan, Bishopscote, city, and Mary Grant, Central avenue, city. Their names will be placed on the usual list.

The superintendent's reports showed 38 patients admitted, and 29 discharged since last meeting. There are now 65 patients under treatment.

A communication was received from the city council, instructing the mayor to hand over the infectious building to the hospital trust. Moved by Mr. Jas. Gilmour, seconded by T. H. Purdom, that the secretary be instructed to acknowledge receipt of letter and inform the city clerk that the trust accepted possession of the contagious pavilion.

A communication was received from Miss Tye, stating she would be able to resume duty on June 1.

The superintendent was instructed to purchase two dozen new beds for use in general wards, and Mr. Hunt to turn the electric light on in the new building.

There were present R. Lewis (chairman), his Worship Mayor Wilson, Jas. Gilmour, T. H. Purdom, and the superintendent, J. D. Balfour.

The contagious pavilion of the new hospital was opened yesterday, and fourteen scarlet fever patients placed therein.

SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Its Marvelous Growth During the Last Quarter Century.

Stirring Addresses at the Auditorium Last Night—Aims and Work of the Association.

A meeting in the interests of the International Sunday School Association was held in the Auditorium last night, with a fairly large attendance. The speakers of the evening were Prof. Hamill, of Chicago; Mr. Alfred Day, provincial secretary of the association, Toronto, and Mr. John A. Patterson, of Toronto. Rev. Thomas Wilson presided and made brief introductory remarks.

Prof. Hamill drew attention to the great progress that had been made in recent years in all branches of Christianity. He could see signs of more activity in the extension of the Lord's kingdom. The Sabbath School Association was doing a grand work. In 27 years the association had grown from a small body, until at the present time there were 25,000,000 persons affiliated with it. This multitude was scattered over all the nations of the earth. He believed it would be advantageous for the superintendents of London to band themselves together and study their work systematically together. There should be a superintendents' union.

Mr. Day was the next speaker. He wished to say a few words in commendation of the association. Its general object was to arouse public opinion to the conviction that there is no more important thing than the work of God, and to arouse public interest by conventions. The Sabbath school had been in many cases the prime factor in bringing many souls to Christ. The association was to build up the teachers and fit them better for his work.

Mr. Patterson said he was presenting to ask all to lend a hand in advancing the interests of the association. Not simply to think, but to act. Only seven Sabbath schools in London contributed to the association funds. All schools were asked to lend a hand, but many of them did not. He hoped that the schools would show up better this year. The meeting closed with the "National Anthem."

FALL WHEAT

The Crop Almost Ruined in Ontario—Apple Prospects Good.

Toronto, May 23.—Mr. W. J. Vale, inspector of loan and insurance companies, returned on Saturday from a tour of inspection through the northwestern counties of Ontario.

Mr. Vale states that there is every promise of a great apple harvest and of splendid crops in every line except fall wheat.

The fall wheat crop is an utter failure. It was four weeks ago that a young lady of this city, who was left for the mountains on hearing of the accident, and returned here with Mr. Drummond on Thursday. At his request they were married before the journey was begun.

CLEVELAND'S PROUD PRE-EMINENCE.

Toledo, Ohio, May 23.—Ex-President Cleveland has broken the record for bass catching at Middle Bass. He pulled in 125 pounds of fish, while Capt. Bob Evans caught 45 bass from 1 to 2 pounds in weight.

BRIDE BECOMES A WIDOW.

Winnipeg, May 22.—Gordon E. Drummond, traveler for Peck & Co., Montreal, died yesterday from the effects of injuries sustained while on a trip in the mountains several weeks ago. Deceased was engaged to wed a young lady of this city. She left for the mountains on hearing of the accident, and returned here with Mr. Drummond on Thursday. At his request they were married before the journey was begun.

AMUSEMENTS

OTIS SKINNER TONIGHT.

A hearty welcome will greet Otis Skinner, who makes his annual appearance at the Grand Theatre. He will present Murray Carson and Louis N. Parker's brilliant comedy of "Rosemary," which he secured by special arrangement with Charles Frohman after the extended run of the play at the Empire Theatre, New York. Mr. Skinner brings with him a company that is reputed to be the finest organization that has ever toured with him through the country, and an entire scenic and costume production of the comedy. The story is laid in the first half of the present century in England. The part of Sir Jasper Thorndyke, a middle-aged bachelor, is Mr. Skinner's character, he falling hopelessly in love with a young, artless creature, all sunshine and sympathy—Dorothy Cruikshank—who will have a beautiful interpreter in the person of Gretchen Lyons, well and delightfully known in Otis Skinner's plays for the past three years.

A NEW COMIC OPERA FAVORITE.

A newly-indorsed comic opera idol is Arthur K. Deagan, who plays the title role in the comic opera "The Highwayman" at the Grand Theatre tomorrow (matinee and night). His sudden rise to prominence is a repetition of the meteoric careers of others who have risen to fame in a night. Francis Wilson found his opportunity in "Erminie"; Jerome Sykes owes his popularity to the eccentric detective character Foxey Quiller in "The Highwayman"; Frank Daniels, De Wolf Hopper and other favorites became household words in the same way. Arthur K. Deagan has proved himself an artist of unusual lyric value with Hoyt's plays, but the chance of his life came when in an emergency he was called upon to assume the role of Dick Fitzgerald in "The Highwayman," at the Broadway Theatre, New York. He had barely 48 hours to prepare the part, but he gave such a surprisingly brilliant performance that he was permanently retained to play the dashing knight of the road. His voice is a highly-cultivated baritone of great range and feeling. It is said, and his handsome and manly stage presence has proven a charm in the eyes of his audiences. Moreover, he is an excellent actor, and extracts more feeling and humor out of the lines of his part, which are as poetic and mirthful as any ever written for higher class Irish comedy, than any of his predecessors in the role.

TOO FAST

Owner of a Horseless Carriage Pulled Up for Furious Driving.

Hamilton, May 23.—Yesterday morning W. G. Walton, mountain top, was charged before Magistrate Jelfs with driving his motor-cycle at a dangerous rate of speed on King street. P. C. Miller, the complainant, testified that he timed Mr. Walton's horseless carriage, and it covered the distance between Mary and John streets in 20 seconds—at a rate of 24 miles an hour. Mr. Walton swore his carriage was not geared to go faster than 18 miles an hour, and that it was not going at full speed.

The magistrate dismissed the case, but warned Mr. Walton to drive at a moderate rate in future. He said that in future horseless carriages must be governed by the same law that treats of bicycles and horses.

THE FATAL FROG.

Brantford, May 22.—F. Turnbull, a well-known farmer, living near Harrisburg, was run down and killed by a train near his home on Saturday. He was walking along the track and got his foot caught in a frog when the engine came upon him. The driver saw the unfortunate man and reversed his engine, but it was too late.

CANCER

Or Tumor

(Mention Advertiser.)

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CPR Pass. Agent, 1 King street east,

CPR Toronto.

CPR THOS. R. PARKER, City Pass.

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Tickets, rates and all information from E. De

la Hooke, C. P. and T. A. London, "Clock" cor.

Richmond and Dundas streets. M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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Carefully Selected from Private Plantations, every kernel is perfect.

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Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE.

Didn't Walk for 5 Months.

Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been

reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months."

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable."

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better."

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of."

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me."

"I am agent for P. O. Vickie, of Augusta, Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize."

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere."

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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