MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

LA GRIPPE

Arrested, and Consumption Cured

Mr. G. D. Colwell, of Walkerville, Ontario, was stricken down with La Grippe in 1906 and it left him in very bad condition. He says: I was all run down and bordering on Consumption. I could not sleep at nights, had awful sweats, and coughed nearly the whole time. This is how I was when I began to take Psychine, in a low nervous state; but from the first bottle I began to improve. It did marvels for me and brought me back to health in no time, making a new man of me. It fortifies the body against the attacks of La Grippe and is a sure preventative. I always take Psychine if I feel a cold coming on and it puts me right in no time."

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT PSYCHINE

PSYCHINE is the Greatest Strength Restorer and System Builder known to medical science, and should be used for COUGHS, COLDS, WEAK LUNGS, LOSS OF APPETITE, WEARINESS

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers, 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited
TORONTO

PSYCHINE
GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

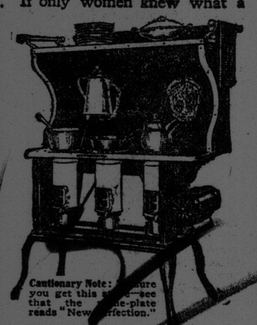
A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven, but the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this name-plate that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-Stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC

1910 May	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Tides High	Tides Low
19—Thurs.	4.55	7.46	8.38	2.56
20—Fri	4.54	7.47	9.28	3.44
21—Sat	4.53	7.48	10.14	4.24

The time used is Atlantic Standard.

SAILINGS FOR ST. JOHN.

Steamers.

Rappahannock, London, May 6.
Terschelling, chartered.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Schr Nellie Eaton, 99, Hatton, from Boston, A W Adams, ballast.
Schr R Bowers (Am), 374, Kelson, from Calais (Me), R C Elkin, ballast.

Cleared Yesterday.

Schrs Preference, 242, Gale, for City Island for orders, Stetson, Cutler & Co, 324,530 feet spruce deals.
Schr Hartney W, 270, Wasson, for Port Greville, to load for an United States port. Martins; Yarmouth Packet, Morrell, Yarmouth; R P S, Baird, Digby.

DOMINION PORTS.

Halifax, May 18—Ard, stmr Rappahannock, London; Alala, IViza; bark Primus, Algoa Bay; schr Agnes G Donohoe, Capetown; steam yacht Florence, New York for Montreal.
Sld—Stmrs Almeriana, Liverpool via St John's (Nfld); Ocamo, Bermuda and West Indies.
Montreal, May 17—Sld, stmr Montezuma, London.

BRITISH PORTS.

Plymouth, May 18—Ard, stmr Teutonic, New York.
Bristol, May 18—Sld, stmr Monmouth, Montreal.
Southampton, May 18—Sld, stmrs Adriatic, New York; Kron Prinz Wilhelm, New York.

FOREIGN PORTS.

New York, May 18—Ard, stmrs Deutschland, Hamburg; Majestic, Southampton.
Sld—Stmr Lusitania, Liverpool.
Vineyard Haven, May 18—Ard, schrs Peerless, Guttenburg (N J), for Charlottetown (P E I); Lucia Porter, St John for New York; Priscilla, St John for New Bedford; Fred C Holden, Calais for Norwalk (Conn); Childe Harolde, Cheverie for Philadelphia; Jessie Lena, St John for do (lost port anchor on Nantucket shoals.)
Havre, May 18—Sld, stmr Lake Erie, Montreal.
City Island, May 18—Bound south, schr Wanola, St John.
Salem, Mass, May 18—Ard, schrs J L Colwell, Annapolis; R Carson, Apple River for Weymouth; Abbie and Eva Hooper, Beaver Harbor.
Calais, Me, May 18—Ard, schr Mansfield, Beaver Harbor.
Sld—Stmr Kilkeel, Inverness; schr R Bowers, St John.
Boston, May 18—Ard, stmrs Cestrian, Liverpool; schrs Lorna Doone, Bay Roberts (Nfld); C W T, Plympton; J Arthur Lord, St John.
City Island, May 16—Passed, schrs Alaska, Port Reading for Sackville; Arozona, from Elizabethport for New Carlisle (P E I.)
Amsterdam, May 14—Ard, stmr Alburea, Lockhart, from Pensacola via Bremen.
Mobile, Ala., May 16—Ard, bark Alexander Black, Cienfugos.

VESSELS IN PORT.

Steamers.

Arkansas 2351, Wm Thomson & Co
Castano, 2502, Wm Thomson & Co.
Manchester Commerce, 3,444, Wm Thomson & Co.
Trebia, 2343, Wm Thomson & Co.

Bark

Shakespeare, 787, W. M. Mackay.

Schooners.

Arthur J Parker, 118, J W McAlary.
Rebecca M Walls, J Splane & Co.
E Merriam, 231, A W Adams.
Flyaway, 131, A W Adams.
Georgie Pearl, 118, A W Adams.
Hunter, 187, D J Purdy.
Helen G King, 126, A W Adams.
Harold B Cousens, 360, P McIntyre.
Jessie Lena, 279, R C Elkin.
Nettie Shipman, 288, A W Adams.
Nellie Eaton, 99, A W Adams.
Orozimbo, 121, A W Adams.
Romeo, 111, master.
Silver Leaf, 283, J W Smith.
Sallie E Ludlam, 199, D J Purdy.
Vere B Roberts, 124, J W Smith.
W H Waters, 120, master.
Witch Hazel, 238, A W Adams.
Walter Miller, 18, C M Kerrison.
Winnie Lawry, 215, D J Purdy.

MARINE NOTES.

Battle line steamer Albuera, Captain Lockhart, arrived at Amsterdam last Saturday from Pensacola via Bremen.

The British schooner Moana, at New York, reports May 2, lat. 29N., long. 79 W., saw a derelict bottom up.

Donaldson line steamer Cassandra, at Montreal, reports May 7, lat. 47.03 N., lon. 51.49 W., passed a medium sized iceberg and two growlers; same date, twelve miles E. of Cape Race, saw two small stranded pieces of ice.

American schooner Annie E. Booth, Alma (N. B.), for Vineyard Haven for orders, which struck on Hart Island, off Port Clyde (Me.), Wednesday, was hauled off at high water Thursday morning by tug Hugh Ross, of Bangor, and towed to Tenants Harbor. Her rudder is gone, keel badly twisted and bottom so damaged that it is thought she will be condemned. Cargo intact and will be reshipped to its destination.—N. Y. Herald, May 17.

(For additional shipping see page 3)

A woman's idea of a good photograph of herself is one that shows as much of her neck as possible.

SWAMP-ROOT Is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. At druggists in Canada in 50c. and $1.25 sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE HAT TURNED UP IN FRONT IS DASHING

Only a very pretty face can stand the hard effect of the hat turned directly back in front, but these daring shapes are charming on the right type of women. The black-and-white hat illustrated is a fine hemp model, trimmed with a scarf of white lace and a cluster of fluffy marabout feathers placed at the back. These white lace scarf trimmings are very fashionable just now, and sometimes only the scarf is used, the ends being tied in a broad bow and wired to keep in position.

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS
Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Into the Mountains.

Beth stood perfectly still beside the road, watching the auto round the hill where it presently disappeared from view. The station owner picked up a sliver of wood and began to whittle industriously. The horseman remained with his bridle reins in hand, amusedly looking at his captive. The maid sat down upon the suitcase, dropped her skirt in a modest little manner, and cast her gaze upon the ground.

Beth was the first to speak.

"Well, Elsa, I hope you are comfortable."

"Yes, Miss, thank you," said the maid.

Thereupon Miss Kent turned to the horseman and laughed. Someway she could not feel alarmed, in the presence of this man of the hills, in whose eyes merry devils were dancing.

"Isn't this absurd!" she said.

"Searle must have been born absurd," replied the horseman, once more removing his hat. He waved it towards the station host imperiously. "Dave, present me to the lady." And as Dave floundered, hopelessly puzzled, he added: "Give me a knock-down man, don't you savvy!"

Dave dropped his slivver, snatched off his hat, and rid himself of a quid of something strong—all in one convulsion of activity.

"'Scuse me," he apologized, approaching nearer. "Miss—Miss—Miss Laffin' Water, this is Van. His whole name's—"

"That's enough," Van interrupted. "I'm gratified to meet you, Senorita, I'm sure."

He extended his hand. Beth knew not what to do, wherefore she gave him her own.

"How do you do, Mr. Van!" she answered tremulously, and she drew her fingers back again at once. "If you don't mind," she added, "we really must continue on to Goldite as soon as possible." A fleeting look of doubt and alarm had swept all the mirth from her eyes. After all, even with this "introduction" what were these men's intentions! It was a grave affair to be halted thus—to be practically abducted—to be left with no protection, in the hands of roadside strangers, one, at least, of whom was certainly inclined to be lawless and outrageously bold.

The horseman regarded her seriously, as if with a certain divination of her worry. Some way, from the look in his eyes her confidence returned, she knew not why.

"Do you ride!" he asked her. "—you and your maid!"

"Why yes—that is——" she addressed the maid on the suitcase. "Elsa, can you ride—on a horse!"

Elsa said: "Yes, Miss, if it is part of my duty."

Beth's composure increased. After all, it was a glorious day, the horseman was handsome, and she had wished for a little adventure—but not too much!

"What does it mean!" she asked of Van more boldly. "We were perfectly comfortable, riding in the car. If you really intend to permit us to go, why couldn't we have gone on as we were!"

Dave started to answer.

"You see, Miss——"

Van cut in abruptly.

"Never mind, Dan; this isn't your pie." To Beth he added: "If you've brought any particularly appropriate garments for riding, suppose you retire for preparations. Dave will tote the bags inside the house."

"You bet I will!" said Dave, who, as Elsa rose, took suitcase and all in one hand.

Beth hesitated. The horseman had started already for the stable at the rear. How superbly straight was his figure! What a confident, impudent grace beset him as he moved! How could it be possible for such a man to be other than a gentleman—no matter where he was found! Some strange little thrill of excitement and love of adventure stirred in the girl's full veins. Resistance was useless. Come what might she was helpless in the hands of this man—and he seemed a person to be trusted.

"Come, Elsa," she said, bravely deciding to face whatsoever might arise. "You may wear the second of my skirts."

Fifteen minutes later, therefore, she and her maid emerged from the shack attired in brown cloth and kahki, respectively, her own skirt long and graceful, while Elsa's was a shorter and divided. Aside or cross saddle Beth was equally at home upon a horse—or always had been, in the parks.

Van and Dave now returned, leading two extra ponies from the stable. One was a bay, accoutered with a man's deep Mexican saddle, whereon was secured a coiled lasso; the other was a wiry little roan mare, with a somewhat decrepit but otherwise sound side-saddle tightly cinched upon her back.

"Our stable chamberlain has slipped a cog on the outfits for ladies recently," said Van apologetically, "but I reckon these will have to do."

Beth looked the two mounts over uncritically. They seemed to be equally matched, as to general characteristics, since neither appeared either strong or plump. She said:

"Shall we ride very far!"

"No, just a pleasant little jog," replied the horseman. "They call it forty miles to Goldite by the ridge, but it isn't an inch over thirty."

Thirty miles!—over the mountains!—with an unknown man and her maid! Beth suppressed a gasp of despair and astonishment, not to mention trepidation, by making an effort that verged upon the heroic.

"But we—we can never arrive in Goldite tonight!" she said. "We can't expect to, can we!"

"It takes more than that to kill these bronchos," Van cheerfully assured her. "I can only guaranteed that the horses will make it—by sunset."

Beth flushed. He evidently entertained a very poor notion of her horsewomanship. Her pride was aroused. She would show him something—at least that no horse could make this journey without her!

"Thank you," she said, and advancing to the roan she addressed herself to Dave. "Will you please help me up. Mr. Van may assist my maid."

Dave grinned and performed his offices as best he could, which was strongly, if not with grace. Van shook a threatening fist, behind his captive's back. He had meant to take this honor to himself.

Fairly tossing the greatly delighted little Elsa to the seat on the bay, he mounted his own sturdy animal and immediately started fro the canyon below, leaving Beth and her maid to trail behind.

The girl's heart all but failed her. Whither were they going!—and towards what Fate! What could be the outcome of a journey like this, undertaken so blindly, with no chance for resistance! The horseman had stubbornly refused to reply to her question; he was calmly riding off before them now with the utmost indifference to her comfort. There was nothing to do but follow, and resign herself to—the Lord alone knew what. The little roan mare, indeed, required no urging; she was tugging at the bit to be off. With one last look of helplessness at the station and Dave—who somehow bore the hint of a fatherly air upon him—she charged her nerves with all possible resolution and rode on after her leader.

Elsa permitted her broncho to trudge at the tail of the column. She dared to cast one shy, disconcerting littlue glance at Dave—and he suddenly felt he would burst into flame and consume himself utterly to ashes.

The great canyon yawned prodigiously where its rock gates stood open to grant the party admission to the sanctum of the hills. Sheer granite walls, austere and either side, but the trail under foot was scored between some scattered wild-peach shrubs, interspersed with occasional bright green clumps of manzanita. The air was redolent of warmth and fragrance that might with fitness have advertised the presence in the hills of some glorified goddess of love—some lofty, invisible goddess guarded by her mountain snows, yet still too languorous and voluptuous to pass without at least trailing on the summery air the breath, that exhaled from her being. It was all a delight, despite vague alarms, and the promise ahead was inviting.

Van continued straight onward, with never si much as a turn of his head, to the horses in the rear. He seemed to have quite forgotten the two half-frightened women in his wake. Beth had ample opportunity for observing again the look of strength and grace upon him. However, she found her attention very much divided between tumultuous joy in the mountain grandeur, bathed in the marvelously life-exciting air, and concern for the outcome of the day. If a faint suggestion of pique at the manner in which the horseman ignored her presence crept unconsciously into all her meditations, she did not confess it to herself.

Elsa's horrid little habit of accepting anything and everything with the most irresponsible complacency rendered the situation aggravating. It was so utterly impossible to discuss with such a being even such of the morning's developments as the relationship of mistress and maid might otherwise have permitted.

A mile beyond the mouth of the canyon the slight ascent was ended, the chasm widened, rough slopes succeeded the granite walls, and a charming little valley, emerald green and dotted with groups of quaking aspen trees, stretched far towards the wooded mountain barriers looming hugely ahead. It was like a dainty lake of grass, abundantly supplied with little islands.

The sheer enchantment of it, bathed as it was in sun-gold, and sheltered by prodigious, snow-capped summits, so intensely white against the intensity of azure, aroused some mad new ecstacy in all Beth's being. She could almost have done something wild—she knew not what; and all the alarm subsided from her thoughts. As if in answer to her tumult of joy, Van spurred his pinto to a gallop. Instantly responding to her lift of the reins, Beth's roan went romping easily forward. The bay at the rear, with Elsa, followed rythmically, pounding out a measure on the turf.

A comparatively short session of this more rapid locomotion sufficed for the transit of the cove—that is, of the wide-open portion. The trail then divided out of sight in a copse where pine trees were neighbors of the aspens. Van disappeared, though hardly more than fifty feet ahead. Through low-hanging boughs that she needs push aside, Beth followed blindly, now decidedly piqued by the wholly ungallant indifference to her fate of the horseman leading the way.

She caught but a glimpse of him, now and again, in the density of the growth. How strange it was to be following thus, meekly, helplessly, perforce with some sort of confidence, in the charge of this unknown mountain man, to—whatsoever he might elect! The utterly absurd part of it all was that it was pleasant!

At length they emerged from the shady halls of trees, to find themselves confronted by the wall of mountains. Already Van was riding up the slope, where larger pine trees, tall thickets of green chincopin, and ledges of rock compelled the trail to many devious windings. Once more the horseman was whistling his Toreador, refrain, he was watching them both, from the tail of his eye, was a fact that Beth felt—and resented.

The steepness of the trail increased. At times the meager pathway disappeared entirely. It lay upon rocks that gave no sign of the hoofs that had previously rung metallic clinks upon the granite. How the man in the lad discerned it here was a matter Beth could not comprehend. Some half-confessed meed of admiration, already astir in her nature for the horseman and his way, increased as he breasted the ascent. How thoroughly at home—how much a part of it all he appeared, as he rode upon his pony!

Two hours of steady climbing, with her mare oblique beneath her weight, and Beth felt an awe in her being. It was wonderful; it was almost terrible, the fathomless silence, the altitudes, this heretofore unexperienced intimacy with the mountains' very nakedness! it was strange altogether, and impressive, the vast unfolding of the world below, the frequency with which the pathway skirted some dark precipice—and the apparent unconcern of the man ahead, now absolutely master. And still that soul-inviting exhiliration of the air aroused those ecstacies within her spirit that she had not known were there.

They were nearing the sumit of the pass. It was still a thousand feet below the snow. To the left a mighty chasm trenched the adamant, its bottom lowered away to the depths of mysterious blue. Its side, above which the three stout ponies picked their way, was a jagged set of terraces, over the brink of which the descents were perpendicular.

(To be continued)

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York

Buy The Best

when you buy table silver for your home. Quality the best is assured by the name

1847 ROGERS BROS.

which is stamped in the heaviest triple plate on this popular title

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Tea sets, fancy silver dishes, etc., are stamped

MERIDEN BRITA CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

MARVELOUS POWER OF FRUIT JUICES

Valuable In Many Diseases

"Fruit-a-Tives" the Famous Fruit Medicine is Making Many Wonderful Cures

The whole world is beginning to realize the value of fruit in curing disease.

To Canada belongs the honor of discovering the one method by which the juices of fresh, ripe fruit could be rendered so actively medicinally as to be an infallible cure even when drugs are failures.

"Fruit-a-tives"—the wonderful tablets made of fruit juices and valuable tonics—have proved their value in thousands of cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Skin, Liver and Kidney Trouble.

Today the fame of "Fruit-a-tives" is enormous—due solely to the fact that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail when properly used.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

Orme Caldara, Robert Warwick and Henry Miller In a Scene From "Her Husband's Wife," Now Playing In New York

Frederick Schwartz, a well known theatrical manager, is dead. He was in St. John some time ago, with "Running Wild."

Dorothy Toye, the Canadian girl who is gifted with two voices, is creating quite a sensation in Paris. She sings tenor and soprano, and can sing duets with herself delightfully.

Ethel Balch, who was seen here with the Royal Chef, and who left that company in Sherbrooke, P. Q., has been engaged as prima donna for the Castle Square Opera Company, Boston.

James C. Morton, who was seen here several years ago in vaudeville in a monologue and song "turn," is now appearing in a burlesque called 'The Merry Whirl," at the Columbia, Broadway, taking a clever comedy role.

Rose Stahl has enacted the role of Patricia O'Brien in "The Chorus" 4,000 times and is now in her eighth New York engagement during the past four seasons. She returned this week to the Academy of Music there.

A local lady, who has met with success in the dramatic field, Miss Genevieve Baird, will be seen at the Opera House in the coming month in her Canadian tour, playing "A Romance in Bohemia," and three one-act plays.

A play that is expected to make as profound an impression as did St. Elmo, namely "At the Mercy of Tiberius," is ready for production. It is by the same author as St. Elmo, A. E. Wilson.

After a successful engagement in Halifax, the Chicago Stock Co. closed there on Saturday and are now in Sydney, C. B., where they are playing to good business.

Matters of interest in the theatrical profession are about at a standstill. Before long all the leading theatres of the States and Canada will be closed for the summer, and in fact many have already done so. A number of the headliners in the profession have left the cities for foreign fields, many going to the continent, and they will not return until the fall, when they will be seen in new vehicles for the most part, although in some cases the same plays will star them.

The Coburn Players on invitation of Mrs. Taft, will present two Shakespearean plays on the grounds at the White House, Washington on June 16 and 17 for the benefit of the Playground Association. "As You Like It," will be one of the plays.

The Lyceum Stock Company in Toledo, Ohio, in their second season are meeting with big business. Kate Blanke is character woman.

Geraldine Farrar has sung to more fashionable and to larger audiences at times, but never to a more appreciative and attentive one than the gathering she faced at the Federal state prison, in Atlanta, when 800 men in stripes listened as if in a dream to such old favorites as Annie Lauria and Coming Thro' the Rye. By the time she ended her programme of four songs, playing her own accompaniment, there were many eyes wet with tears at the tender memories brought back to mind by the words of these songs. In the throng of 800 were such men as Charles W. Morse Green and Gaynor and Gaynor and Lupo, the Wolf, half a dozen bankers and many former business men.

Harry English is now doing lithograph work with the Robinson Shows, in their billing car. He recently closed an engagement as advance agent of the "Cowboy and the Thief," Co. which closed in Nashville, (Tenn.) lately.

Donald Brian who closed his brilliant enagegment in "The Dollar Princess" last Saturday night, will spend his vacation in Newfoundland with his wife and brothers-in-law. This will also be Mr. Brian's honeymoon, as his marriage to Mrs. Charles H. Pope took place in the height of his season's work. Mr. Brian is said to be a maritime province man.

David Warfield, after an absence from New York all this season is playing an engagement at the Broadway Theatre this week. David Belasco is presenting his star in "The Music Master" the entire week. Mr. Warfield returns to New York after a season that has been triumphant.

William Morris has announced that "Chanteclair," a satirical musical comedy, was being imported from Berlin to be the principal attraction this summer in the roof garden of the American Music Hall, New York. Mlle Mizzi Hojas, a Hungarian actress, will have the role of the hen pheasant, which she played in Berlin. The act will run an hour and will require a company of 50 persons and a collection of domestic animals.

The Mikado is to be revived in New York by Messrs. Shubert and Wm. A. Brady beginning on May 30 at the Casino. Mme. Fritzi-Scheff is to sing the role of "Yum-Yum," Rehearsals were begun on Monday.

The Actors' Fund Fair, which swung along at a merry clip all last week in New York, was closed on Monday night in real carnival spirit with a picturesque Virginia reel in which stage folk participated. The fair kept open until after midnight so that all the actors and actresses in the city might join in the final frolic of their great charitable bazaar.

The Colonial Stock Co., is now playing in the northern part of the province to very good business.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

EPIGRAM TO ANITA

I tried to chime a fitting rhyme
With your sweet name, Anita,
But not a sound a hearing found
But "sweeter," "sweeter," sweeter."
Find Anita.

Now this, you know, as technics go
Is not of rhymes the neatest,
Besides for you it wouldn't do—
No, nothing less than "sweetest."

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Right side down, nose at left arm.

Does not Color the Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor is composed of Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chlorid, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

Show this to your doctor. Ask him if there is a single injurious ingredient. Ask him if he thinks Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from this formula, is the best preparation you could use for falling hair, or for dandruff. Let him decide. He knows.

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.