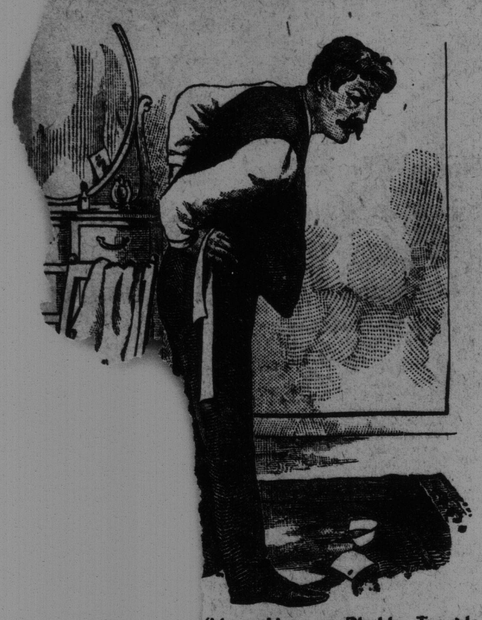
MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

OU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?



Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

ot, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample y Mail.

the back is unmis- kidney trouble. It timely warning to show you rack of health is not clear. danger signals are unheeded, ous results are sure to follow; disease, which is the worst form trouble may steal upon you. ld and the extraordinary effect orld-famous kidney and bladder Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is ect. It stands the highest for rful cures of the most distress- A trial will convince anyone— may have a sample bottle free,

LAME BACK.

ack is only one of many symp- idney trouble. Other symptoms hat ed Swamp-Root are, water often during p many times during to hold your urine, n in passing, brick- the urine, catarrh of d occasional head- digestion, sleepless- metimes the heart n, bloating, irritabi- lack of ambition, mplexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is also evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles at drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

BLOCKS ACTION IST GEO. W. PERKINS

The grand jury for lection of its term entment to Record- declared that it had litical contributions because District-At- sed the jury not to

that it had asked idence against the that he had op- he desired first to the appellate divis- art of New York political contribu- y. Justice Green- ney informed the d that the contri- ut Mr. Jerome ex- hether this ruling ppellate divis-

indict in order me to be pub- nt," said Mr. ent simply ac of the public. indictment it emain an in-

presentment informed it uty, although in accentuat- ibility which torney."

nt, reported d upon Mr. ance matter he previous

e jury to let special grand ented.

was Dis- it asking it Mr. d that of the court al con- e said the it.

son connected with an insurance company, says that it is perfectly plain that it does not constitute larceny. Among others I may mention Governor Folk, of Missouri, and Governor Dineen, of Illinois, from both of whom it has been possible to get their opinion."

The district-attorney's argument recited the appeal taken from Justice Greenbaum's decision, and continued:—

"If Judge Greenbaum's decision is upheld, it will at once become necessary to call such people as Cornelius N. Bliss and George B. Cortelyou, men like that, who were connected with the political campaign without the statute limitations, have them produce their books, see from what corporations they received contributions, and promptly proceed forthwith to indict the officers of these corporations. Are you thoroughly aware that would mean the indictment of a large portion of the financial officers of every large financial institution in the city of New York?

Against "Absurd Haste."

"Now, why this absurd haste and desire when, by May 1, this thing is to be passed upon by five judges. The last grand jury, by a careful investigation and canvass on my part, satisfied me that I need not have got one vote out of the whole grand jury to indict on the evidence in regard to political contributions. I do understand that there are strange forces of character moving on the face of the waters at times in this city; and such a course as that, this eager, burning desire to force matters into a grand jury room before an authoritative ruling of a court is had, to my mind, to say the least, is peculiar.

"My personal opinions or decisions are not to be laid before you, gentlemen, but you understand perfectly well that there is a bitter conflict between the Morgan and the Harriman interests, and you know that that has been going on for some time. You know that the most prominent person in connection with the whole matter of contributions in the public eye is George W. Perkins, a partner of Pierpont Morgan, but as a matter of fact it would involve the chief financial officers practically of every great financial institution in the country."

If the jury insisted, he said, he would submit the evidence.

The jury did not insist.

ommenting on the presentment, Re- er Goff said the jury had acted with- authority and it was the duty of trict-attorney to have submitted nce.

recorder: "It would not be the e to say that you performed ty. Nevertheless, you have rd service in accentuating esponsibilities which now trict-attorney. I appre- ulty which would be of this cter by u we ed earn-

A GAELIC CHIEFTIAN'S WOOING

BY EDWARD S. HOLLOWAY.

Not only had Torcall no love in his heart for Ardanna, princess of the Fith of Erinn, but there had come to him the whisper of another name, and when Olaf, his father over-lord in Erinn of the men of Lochlann, had again urged Ardanna upon him, he turned away in distaste as soon as he might, grasped his weapons and sped away to the chase.

Yet here he was, his back to a rowan tree, his eyes unseeing, while he murmured over and over one name: "Breast of Light, Breast of Light, An Uchd Solaie." Haco the page had brought to his ears that name and the renown of her beauty, and last night Torcall had not slept.

Two birds fluttered from the tree to the lush grass before him, twittering mating. He threw back his head. "Even the birds have their choice and shall not I?"

That the choice did not seem easily within his reach did not trouble Torcall. His face lit up as he thought of the danger. Breast of Light was the daughter of King Garaidh, the Celt, the bitterest enemy of the men of Lochlann. Well, he would look into her eyes.

"To the dun, Haco, and fetch two Celtic garments secretly, and two horses from the byre, the fleetest there, and food. We have a journey. We must be far away as the sun drops into the west."

An hour later two Gaels, or so they seemed, sat upon their horses. Two days later as the sun set, they forded with difficulty a madly rushing river.

"What dour churl is this?" laughed Torcall softly, as they reached the brink. Dour indeed he seemed as he scowled up at the two travel-stained men from his seat beneath the willows.

"Hast no fair word for fellow travellers?" asked Torcall, as they halted.

It seemed that he had none at all.

Torcall's quick blood mounted to his cheek. Where bound I say?" he sidled his horse toward him, and pricked him with his sword.

The man shrank back revengefully. His eyes were upon their faces. "To the dun of Garaidh. What will it be to you?"

Torcall answered shortly "It may be much." He pointed to the harp which lay at the other's side. "Is there a feast?"

The harper looked derisively at the two dusty steeds, at the two men, unkempt, lest they should seem of too great importance.

"And will you be gueste?"

"We shall," said Torcall quickly, "and lest Garaidh should have as harper a churl with no fair word, I myself have a fancy to that harp of thine, and to that kilt which thous weareest so badly. O, with it!"

No sooner said than done. Torcall dropped from his horse. The harper was a child in Torcall's hands. Over his head came the kilt.

"And now," chuckled Torcall, "to cool your wrath." Seven times he soused the harper in the stream; and then with his immense strength he lifted him above his head. "Cross not my path again. Now, swim for it." He hurled him into the stream.

In the black darkness outside the hall of Garaidh stood Torcall alone. As near as might be, in a hollow hidden by dense foliage, lurked Haco with the horses.

From within came the heavy step of warriors, the clash of weapons and of tankards, the din of many voices. Torcall pressed close to the wall of the dun.

"Where is Domhnull, the harper" came the deep voice of Garaidh—and Torcall laughed. He stepped forward to the entrance, unslinging his harp from his shoulder. He passed within, bowed low.

"Will King Garaidh accept me in his stead? The last I saw of that dour fellow he was breasting the waters of the stream. I put him there to get a civil tongue."

Garaidh laughed a mighty laugh. He took in Torcall's great figure as he stood before him and laughed again with relish.

"A sword would seem a better weapon in your hand than harp. Let us hope that you can play a mighty strain."

Bowing again, Torcall sat down upon the steps of the dais and struck his fingers across the strings. The firm chords filled the hall. And then Torcall opened his lips and sang—a moving battle-rann of the Gaels.

As Torcall sang his eyes roved first about the hall.

Flanked by his under-lords sat Garaidh. Near him, surrounded by her maidens, rested a figure all in white. Torcall let his gaze rest full upon her.

An instant the music faltered, then quickly sank into a sweeter strain. He turned his eyes away. Yet now he sang for one alone—for Breast of Light.

There was silence in the great hall, broken only by the clang of the spear of Garaidh, as it slipped from his armor bearer's hand. He stooped to regain it. "Let be," said the king, impatiently, but now the strains died away in a cascade of faint, rippling notes.

King Garaidh voiced his thanks, and applause rang down the hall. Breast of Light with her maidens rose to retire. As the girl passed she looked up at Torcall towering above her and smiled enigmatically. "It is a mighty harper, indeed." Torcall stirred restively, and drew back among the men. In this nest of enemies his every sense was alert. A tankard was brought him and he quenched his thirst.

Again came the call for music and Torcall stepped before the dais. Raising his harp, he glanced about him.

At the doorway stood Domhnull, the harper.

He came forward with dark, triumphant face. Scarce waiting to approach the dais he threw toward Torcall an accusing hand.

"I thought I had seen his face. Now, for all his disguises, I know him. It is Torcall of Lochlann."

"Lochlann! Gaul!" With hoarse cries the throng was on its feet and at him.

Torcall dashed into the harper's face his own harp. Domhnull fell. From their sockets he wrenched the two huge beacons, hurled them into the advancing throng. The flaming brands struck among them. In the murky, smoky darkness a melee of men struggled, cursing.

"Guard the door," rang the voice of Garaidh.

Torcall had already seen that it was held, close packed with men. The window! He could dimly see figures also there. With the King's spear he drove upon them. He felt it go home, wrenched it from the sinking body, tossed it through the window. Hands seized him; he tore them loose, grasped his nearest foe and hurled him back upon the rest. As they swayed he sprang through.

It was a moment before the huddled mass of grouping men understood his escape. Then through doors and windows they poured after him.

Those who approached a clump of trees heard horses galloping away. There were curses loud and deep, shouts for their own horses; but ere they came pursuit among the scaurs was fruitless.

When it slackened, Haco, the page, returned and sought new hiding. For Torcall was not with the page, nor had Torcall given his signal cry.

In her chamber, raised the Joint height of a man and a boy above the earth, there had sat, musing. Breast of Light. From below, at the farther end the great dun came a sudden

noise of battle came along the passage, up the low stair. She stood trembling.

There was a sound at the window behind her. She turned. A great figure sprang into the room, dashed out the feeble light, stood, breathing deeply.

Breast of Light sprang back, her palms against the wall.

"I am Torcall of Lochlann, son of Ilaf. Denounce me, if you will."

Now the girl gave a low cry.

"The harper?"

"The same."

"First disguised, and now seeking refuge with a woman!"

Torcall leaned back, laughing softly. Though his enemies swarmed about him, he seemed in no haste now.

"Refuge! I am liking that."

"What then," she asked curiously.

"I came to take you for wife."

She drew up proudly.

"Listen," he said, in soft, sweet, Gaelic (made, was it not? for words of love); "They wished me to have to wife the daughter of a chieftain great in lands and wealth, but the breath of your name came to me—and stayed. I pictured to myself what you would be—the flower of the beauty of the world——"

"And I am not." She smiled demurely.

"When I saw you my heart stopped."

Her head dropped.

"I came to take you—but I hoped that when I came you might not be unwilling. Will you come? Look at me."

He bent toward her, but touched her not. The light of the moon was full on his face, noble, commanding.

She raised her own, and their eyes met, hers in a long inquiry which seemed to ask in this one moment all she would need to know for her lifetime's happiness.

She did not speak, but something in her eyes spoke for her.

He caught her to him.

A moment she hung against him, her heart throbbing, then drew away anxiously. "Come, I must hide you."

Instantly he was Torcall the proud chieftain of Lochlann.

"No. I came disguised that I might first see. But I shall take you, asking no man, openly."

She shuddered against him. "It will be death to you. They are beneath the window now!"

He grasped the spear, strode over and looked out. Four warriors talked together. Suddenly one of them looked up, gave a hoarse exclamation. Scarce had it left him when Torcall's spear was through his chest.

Seizing Breast of Light about the waist, he threw himself and her over the sill and down upon them. Crushed beneath them one went down. Torcall fell over the body, but held up the girl safe from harm. He struck up the weapon at his breast and with his free arm drove the breath out of the body of his foe. Now he was on his feet and sprang toward the distant clump of trees where the horses had been hidden.

The cries had brought behind him a score of pursuing feet.

Swift as was Torcall, he was hampered by his burden. They gained upon him. Close behind he could hear the foremost's quick-drawn breath, almost feel the spear against his back.

Quickly he swerved from his track, threw out his foot. The spear went past his body. His pursuer crashed upon the earth. Once again Torcall leaped forward, and sounded a shrill cry to Haco.

Torcall threw Breast of Light into the saddle and leaped behind her.

The all-night flight began.

As dawn streaked the sky, a messenger met Garaidh at the head of his rescuing men.

"Your daughter is with Torcall of Lochlann—willingly. It is war or peace?"

Murmured King Garaidh: "The kingdoms will be one. I have no son. Where can I get a better one than that stout Torcall, so swift to take what he wants? Besides, I liked that song he sang."

Piles Cured Quickly at Home

Why Suffer Agony Any Longer When You Can Get a Quick, Sure Cure For Your Piles by Simply Sending Your Name and Address?

Trial Package is Sent Absolutely Free, in Plain Wrapper to Everyone Who Writes.

Surgeons themselves consider a permanent cure of piles by a surgical operation as very doubtful, and resort to it only when the patient has become desperate from long continued pain and agony. But the operation itself is every bit as excruciating and nerve-racking as the disease. Besides, it is humiliating and expensive, and rarely a success.

The wonderful Pyramid Pile cure makes an operation unnecessary. You cure yourself with perfect ease, in your own home, and for little expense.

Pyramid Pile Cure gives you instant relief. It immediately heals all sores and ulcers, reduces congestion and inflammation, and takes away all pain, itching and irritation. Just a little of the treatment is usually sufficient to give a permanent cure.

Pyramid Pile Cure is prepared in the form of suppositories so that they can be applied directly to the parts without inconvenience, or interrupting your work in any way.

We are sending a trial treatment free of charge, to every one who sends name and address. We do this to prove what we say about this wonderful remedy is true.

After you have tried the sample treatment, and you are satisfied, you can get a full regular-sized treatment of Pyramid Pile Cure at your druggist's for 50 cents. If he hasn't it, send us the money and we will send you the treatment at once, by mail, in plain sealed package.

Send your name and address at once for a trial of this marvelous quick, sure cure. Address Pyramid Drug Co., 5914 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich.

STEAMER FOUNDERS; FOUR DROWNED

Guernsey, Channel Islands, April 30—The passenger steamer Courier, with a crew of nine men, and carrying about twenty excursionists, foundered today off Sark soon after leaving the island, and sank immediately. Three members of the crew and one passenger were drowned, all the others being rescued. There is no [illegible] the disaster.

A Good Reputation

is worth a lot to any man, woman or article. The high reputation which "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR has obtained through honest merit alone is unequalled by that of any ordinary brands, and has been achieved by years of the most careful study and endless and costly experiments in milling. The reputation of "FIVE ROSES" is of the greatest importance to us, as our guarantee as to quality and purity goes with every bag and barrel we sell. Such a guarantee, backed by our reputation, should be considered by all housekeepers when ordering flour.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is now recognized as the standard from which the quality of other brands is judged.

No housekeeper can afford to ignore such a reputation when buying flour. She should, therefore, ask for "FIVE ROSES."

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

FIND NEW WHARF IS A GOOD JOB

One City Hall Investigation Has Been Concluded

A. S. Jones, the expert employed to examine the new South Rodney wharf, now under construction by D. C. Clark, presented his report to the investigating committee at city hall yesterday afternoon. In brief, he finds the work thoroughly satisfactory and a first class job in all respects. The committee have drafted a recommendation on the lines of Mr. Jones' report and it will probably be submitted to the new council today.

Ald. Holder occupied the chair, and Ald. Pickett, McArthur, Sproul and McGoldrick were present, with the common clerk and city hall stenographer. The proceedings were private.

It was learned that Mr. Jones completed his inspection on Saturday. A series of questions had been submitted to him, and the answers were handed to the committee for their consideration. He stated that he had inspected all four cribs, which are now under construction. Numbers 3 and 4, which were started since the inquiry was opened, he found according to specification in every respect. With regard to cribs 1 and 2, Mr. Jones reported finding less than five sticks under 12x12 with wane, and very little butting except a certain amount in No. 2, which he specified, and on the ballast floors. Mr. Jones mentioned that the structure of the wharf was not in any way weakened by the changes which had been made, and he gave the opinion that the work was a first class job.

The committee expressed themselves as well satisfied with the way Mr. Jones had done his work. He had been over every stick in the cribs in spite of the recent bad weather, and the fact that he was in indifferent health.

It will probably be found when the report is made public that no particular reference will be made to any individuals who were prominent in connection with the holding of the investigation, as the committee are said to consider that the report of the expert will speak for itself as to how the work was done and if anyone was to blame.

ALDERMEN TRY TO STILL BE RETICENT

Not Willing to Admit Published Report if Caucus was Correct, but It was—The Choosing of the Deputy Mayor — Council Meeting Thi Morning.

The members of the new council, or at least some of them, were going about yesterday with a pained expression on their faces. They were evidently concealing something they would fain disclose. It was all the result of that secret caucus on Saturday. Ald. Tilley came in for many hearty handshakes on having attained the new dignity of deputy mayor, and the alderman, by his manner, led his friends to believe it was the first he'd heard of it.

Ald. Vanwart appeared hardly to know if there would be a safety board in the new council, so indifferent was he to congratulations on being elected chairman. He was heard to remark privately that the idea of keeping the whole thing quiet was a piece of nonsense. It is recalled in connection with his appointment that some little time ago Ald. Vanwart openly criticized the head of the fire department.

Ald. Bullock was not at the eventful meeting, having betaken himself to Westfield for the day, so his inability to say whether he was still chairman of the treasury board was excusable. Mr. Sears was discovered in the common clerk's office, making enquiries as to the authority vested in the judges of the Supreme court to arbitrate in the matter of claims on the water extension, but that could hardly in itself be taken to indicate that the new mayor will be the next chairman of the water board. Notwithstanding, however, the air of mystery which surrounds City Hall, the forecast in yesterday's Telegraph that these gentlemen will preside over the boards mentioned is absolutely correct. The water board will, as foretold, be found to consist of but seven aldermen, with the mayor. Six names were given in the Telegraph yesterday: Ald. Baxter, Pickett, Bullock, Willet, Lockhart and Lantalum; the seventh is Ald. W. J. Christie. The selection [illegible] to [illegible] caused quite a [illegible]

Ald. Tilley, it is rumored, had [illegible] hard fight, figurativ[illegible] Ald. [illegible] The council [illegible]

Victor Talking Machines, Berliner Gramophones, New Improved Victor Records at Reduced Prices. Call and hear them

The W. H. JOHNSON CO., LIMITED, 7 MARKET SQUARE.

14,500

Copies Sold Daily

The Telegraph and The Times

together have a guaranteed circulation of 14,500 copies

This makes them by far the best advertising medium in the Maritime Provinces

ADVERTISERS

who desire full value for the printers' ink they buy should think this over.

In General News
Special Features
Illustrations
And Modern Equipment

The Telegraph and The Times

are far ahead of all competitors in this field