

DARTMOUTH

MONDAY, March 9.—Nearly all the people of our burg have been suffering from the grip in a very severe form, the families being down at once with it.

Our sugar-making has been very poor this season, not half the quantity being made as was last season. It is worth a good price—maple sugar, 15c a pound.

We understand that C. Hoffman and Steve Stevens start for Manitoba Tuesday, April 10th.

The weather continues fine, and the work will begin very soon. The mail wagon starts on the Delta this week.

Nexton still continues to skin furs.

SEELEY'S BAY

SATURDAY, April 7.—Last Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of Wm. Chapman, his grand daughter, Miss Deulah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hook of Pierrefield, N.Y., was united in marriage to Mr. Royl. Marten of Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Forster in the presence of a few intimate friends, after which they sat down and partook of a hearty repast. Mr. and Mrs. Marten will leave on Monday (9th inst.) for Pierrefield, N.Y. All join in wishing the young couple many years of married bliss.

R. Gardiner's cheese factory reopened last Wednesday.

A. Neal is busy getting his brick and tile yard ready for the season's operations. The yard will be operated by steam power this season.

Capt. John Randall and son, George, engineer, leave Monday (9th inst.) for Kingston to fit out the steamer, Maggie May, and barge, Dandy, for the season's navigation.

J. H. McKinley & Son have lighted their store with gasoline.

J. Jackson has secured the position of engineer on the steam barge, John Mine. He leaves to take the position next week.

Court Arlington I.O.F. has changed its night of meeting from the last Friday to the third Friday of the month.

ADDISON

MONDAY, April 9.—Mr. Joseph Moulton is spending a few days in the village this week.

Mr. Sidney Duclon of Silver Brook is very low with pneumonia, and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Dr. Brown is kept very busy at present clipping horses. The doctor is a first class hand at the business and anyone wanting a job done should give him a call.

Mr. R. M. Arnold is meeting with great success in selling his celebrated seed corn. He sold over \$50 worth in two weeks.

Our factory is now making cheese. If the business increases as the indications are at present, the factory will have to be enlarged in the near future.

Messrs. Munro and Quinn are paying the highest price for pork this week.

Mr. John O'Connor made us a pleasant call on Sunday last. John is always a welcome visitor to our village.

Mr. George Earl has engaged with Mr. O. P. Arnold for the season.

Mr. William Hall has been doing a rushing business with his new provider mill. He is just the right one to make it hustle. He has the contract of crushing all the stone for our township this season. We wish him every success.

HIS FACE ON FIRE

But Dr. Agnew's Ointment Quenches and Heals.

S. K. Buchanan, of the Soldiers' National Home, Grant Co., Indiana, writes: "I have been troubled severely with acute eczema on the face and head. I cured it with one box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It just took one application to stop the itching and burning sensations. I think it a marvellous cure." 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

The funeral services of the late Mrs. Frances Sheffield, which took place at St. Luke's Church, Lyndhurst, on Sunday, April 8, were largely attended from far and near. Her two sons and two nephews and two grandsons were pallbearers. The services were beautiful, among some of the notices a cross of white roses and a cross from the Ladies Aid of which she was a member, also a cross from Mrs. N. Moore, of Smith's Falls, and a floral pillow from Rev. Mr. Connor, of Brockville. The Rev. Mr. Foster preached a very impressive sermon from Rev. xiv, 13.

REDUCTION IN PRICE

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturers from sixty cents to fifty cents a bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men, can now be had of any druggist at 50 cents a bottle. It relieves in ten minutes, headache and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is delightful to use. It cures completely. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son. 19 22

Smelter at Kingston.

Kingston, April 6.—To-day a committee of the City Council and Board of Trade entered into an agreement with a syndicate which is to build and operate an iron smelter here, to turn out at the outset 100 tons of iron a day, and to employ not less than 150 hands. The syndicate is composed of Ottawa and Montreal capitalists.

Death of Mrs. McDonald.

At the age of 98 years, Mrs. McDonald, relict of the late Hon. John McDonald of Gannaque and mother of His Honor Judge McDonald, died at her home in Gannaque. Her maiden name was Henrietta M. Mallory. She was a grand-daughter of the late Col. Jacob S. one, the founder of Gannaque. She married in 1831, the Hon. John McDonald, a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, who died in 1860. By this union there were five children, two of whom survive—Mrs. (Prof.) Mowat, Kingston, and His Honor Judge McDonald of Brockville. The latter was with his mother when she died.

To Check Bribery.

The Ontario government will bring in a bill to prevent bribery. It provides that in case a person bribes an elector he will, on conviction, be subject to a penalty of \$200 and six months imprisonment, with or without hard labor; the bribe taker may be imprisoned for a term not exceeding six months or fined not more than \$200; the person convicted of unduly influencing a voter will be fined \$200 and imprisoned for one year; for perjury the penalty is increased from \$200 to \$400 and the period of incarceration to twelve months; for voting besides the fine of \$200 now provided, imprisonment for six months will be added.

Lyn Honor Roll.

Fourth—Helen Barlow, Bryce Boyd.
Third Sr.—Alma Stillwell, Roy Everts.
Third Jr.—Jennie Hamilton, Berton Smith.
Second Sr.—Grace Stewart, Robbie Burns.
Second Jr.—Willie Purvis, Mary MacNamara.
Second Part Sr.—Laura Stillwell, Neilson Brown.
Second Part Jr.—Hazel Everts, Willie Mallory.
First Part Sr.—Lena Carpenter, Giles Brown.
First Part Jr.—Keitha Buell.

C. WILSON, Teacher.

M. RHODES, Teacher.

Mr. Haycock Again on the Farm.

Joseph Haycock ex-M. P. P., has resumed possession of his poultry and truck farm, which has been leased for a number of years. Mr. Haycock is one of the most productive places in the vicinity of Kingston. It consists of forty acres and is largely small fruits. For these forty acres Mr. Haycock recently refused \$7000. He counts on making poultry, as before, one of his principal lines, and will raise Golden Wyandottes, Barred and White Rocks. "My previous experience with Golden Wyandottes was particularly satisfactory," said Mr. Haycock. "I had an excellent laying strain and have got some of the same still. The hens in a small flock are averaging at the present time six eggs a week each, weighing eight to the pound."

Dr. C. M. Sheldon has obtained an eight months leave of absence from his church and purposes to spend most of the time traveling in the United States and England, organizing Sheldon Bands to apply the teaching of Christ. He hopes to establish an organization somewhat similar to the Christian Endeavor.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN. English Spavin removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Stiffs, Sprains, Sore, and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. The use of one bottle may make you \$50. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son. 19 29

Don't Guess At Results.



This man knows what he did and how he did it. Such endorsements as the following are a sufficient proof of its merits.

Ottawa, Minn., Feb. 22, 1898.
Dear Sir:—Please send me one of your Treatises on the Horse, and also one of your bottles of Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured two Spavins with your Cure in four weeks.

Price, \$1; six for \$5. As a treatment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, also "A Treatise on the Horse," book free, or address DE. J. B. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.

GRIM SABLE ISLAND.

T-115 WRECK STREWN SAND BAR IS DOOMED BY THE SEA.

One of the weird legends of this Ocean Graveyard—A Woman in White, a Bleeding Forefinger and a Ring Sold in Halifax.

"Sable Island belongs to Nova Scotia, is 145 miles from Halifax and 85 miles east of Cape Canoe," writes Gustav Kobbe in *Almanac*. "It is a treeless, shrubless waste, seamed by wind and wave and of ever changing aspect. A cone shaped hill near the east end, once a mere undulation of sand, is now over 100 feet high and is still growing. Other hillocks are gradually being mowed away by storms. The hillocks are liable to be undermined so swiftly and swept out of existence that they are carefully watched from the various stations on the island, there being no certainty how far an inroad of the sea will extend after each successful attack. Even the coarse grass of the island grows in a different manner from that of the mainland. It does not bear seed, but shoots up from roots which run along under the sand. During the winter the sand is blown over the grass and buries it sometimes three or four feet deep, but the hardy blades grow up next season, if the island sands had protected them from the cold of winter in order to make them all the stronger.

"The island itself is fighting for self preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sand, thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. Tradition says that when Sable Island was discovered by Cabot in 1447 it was 80 miles long and 10 miles wide. In 1802, when a rescue station was established there, it was only 40 miles long. Since then it has shrunk to but little more than 20 miles in length, and its width is only a mile at its widest. Within 28 years the western end lost seven miles. Shoals over which the ocean now surges are pointed out as former sites of lighthouses. One of these was so swiftly undermined by the sea that it had to be abandoned with the greatest precipitation. The spot where once stood the superintendent's house is now under two fathoms of water.

"The island, rapidly diminishing at its western end, is slightly gaining at its eastern. Slowly, like a ship dragging its anchor, it is moving eastward. Will it ever reach the edge of the shoals, stand tottering on the brink of the abyss till it receives its coup de grace and plunge over the submarine bank forever into the depths? Unfortunately its end will probably be less dramatic. There is good ground for believing that this gray sand bar will slowly wear away until it becomes an undersea submerged shoal added to an ambuscade already some 60 miles in length, for a line of breakers extends 16 miles from one end of the island and 28 miles from the other.

"In the space of a single year Sable Island claimed more than 200 lives. In fact, so many wrecks line the shoals of this ocean graveyard that the new pile up on the old, like bodies heaped in one ditch. The Crofton Hall, an iron sailing ship wrecked a few years ago on the northeast bar, broke in two about amidships. The pieces have drifted together again, and the islanders suppose that she struck crosswise upon an old submerged wreck and is settling over it, which accounts for the two parts coming together. Nor is the island satisfied with the awful tribute which it exacts from the living. The same informant who writes me about the Crofton Hall adds that the bark John McLeod, which was wrecked off Devil's Island at the entrance to Halifax harbor, drifted ashore on Sable Island bottom up, a wreck of a wreck!

"One of the grimmest legends of Sable Island dates from the wreck of the Amelia, and there is enough evidence of truth connected with it to show what bloody deeds were added on this occasion to the terrors of shipwreck. Captain Torrens, who commanded the gunboat which was dispatched to Sable Island after the wreck of the Amelia, was one of the survivors of the second disaster. A passenger on the lost transport was Lady Copeland, on her way to join her husband. The captain of the gunboat had been told that she wore on her forefinger a ring of peculiar artifice. He saw that old lady goose a-lookin at the gander!" This was sung by the tenor voice, and the chorus ran in parts to the words "Where," "Here," "I hear," and then a ringing chorus. Another of their part songs was "Oh, Mamma, I Must Be Married to Mr. Punchinello." Different voices singing "Who Mr. Punch?" "Who Mr. Nell?" "Who Mr. Lo?" "Who Mr. Punchinello?"

Jim Was Ahead.
"It's strange," sighed the trolley conductor, "how, when two boys start out with equal chances, one of them is bound to forge ahead while the other lags behind. There was Jim, Jim and I were fast friends as youths, but look at me now! Equal as our chances were, Jim is ahead."

"What is he doing?" asked the passenger who had paid his fare.

"He's the motorman up front. Did I get your nickel?" Bang! Clatter! "Edmund place!" Bang! Clatter! "Ting-a-ling!" "Yes, sir; it's strange!"—Detroit Free Press.

When a husband gets up to give his wife a chair, she fairly beams at the thought that other women now see that he idolizes her and would be willing to die for her.—Atchison Globe.

It is said that dried currants given to horses occasionally in lieu of oats will increase the animal's powers of endurance.

Surprised.
McSwatters—Where are you going?
McSwatters—I'm going south for my health.

McSwatters—How did your health ever get so far away as that?—Sydney Herald.

STRIKING A MATCH.

Showing How Little Things May at Times Decide a Man's Fortune.

The truth of the saying that little things may oftentimes play an important part to men's affairs when the men least expect it was illustrated one day recently.

"See that young man over there," remarked an insurance friend of his, pointing to one of his clerks working away industriously at a desk in another room. "Well, he got his place in my office through the striking of a match, although he doesn't know it."

"I was standing at the entrance of this building about a month ago waiting for a friend to come down the elevator, when that young man approached me with a letter of recommendation and an application for employment. I had made it known a few days before that I needed another clerk, and he had heard of it. However, I had almost made up my mind to take on a young man who had been to see me the day before and was about to tell the last applicant so, when he pulled a match from one of his pockets to light a cigar he had been smoking, but which had gone out.

"Sorry, sir," he said, balancing himself on one foot, while he lifted the other so as to admit of his striking the match on the heel of his shoe. 'Sorry, for I would like very much to work for you, and I think I would have made you a good clerk.'"

"The match striking incident made me think so too. Right at the young man's elbow was a great Italian marble column upon which were the marks showing where many matches had been struck by vandals too utterly indifferent to the rights of others to refrain from indelibly stamping their vandalism upon property to restore which would have cost hundreds of dollars.

It would have been the most natural thing in the world for many a man to have scratched that match on the marble column, and the fact that this young man chose to use the heel of his shoe instead showed that he was thoughtful and conscientious, two very excellent traits. I was so impressed that I told him to come and see me, and the result of the visit was his securing the position. And his month in my office has shown that I made no mistake in sizing him up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

EXCHANGED OVERCOATS.

At First by Accident and Then to Rectify the Error.

"Queer things have happened to me in Chicago," said the rubber goods man, "but perhaps the queerest of all was the way I lost and found my overcoat last winter. It was all the fault of the check boy. He gave me out what I took to be my coat as I was ready to go to the depot. It fitted me all right, and so did the gloves in the pocket. It was not until I boarded the train that I found some letters which proved that I had the wrong coat. I had a lower berth for Detroit. The upper berth passenger came in after a bit, and as he sat down he said: 'Well, I thought I would get out of Chicago this time without anything happening, but I'm disappointed. Through some hocus pocus or other I've lost my overcoat—that is, I've made an exchange with some one.' 'Just my case,' I replied. 'Where did you stop?' 'At the Auditorium.' 'So did I!'

"Well, he had my coat, and I had his," continued the rubber goods man, "and it took only a minute to effect the exchange. We were both bound for Detroit, both intended to put up at the same hotel and both had business with the same firm. It was a queer thing, taken all around, but, as I said at the beginning, there is no place like Chicago for surprises. A year ago I was hurrying along State street with the crowd when I ran plump into a man whom I had left for dead in Mexico three years before, and the first words he spoke was to tell me he was hard up and due me for \$5 I owed him!"—Washington Post.

First Negro Minstrels.
The first negro minstrel troupe appeared in the United States about 1845. They were real negroes, led by a man named Johnson, and the melody which gained them great applause was named "That Old Gray Goose." The words ran, "Oh, don't you see that old lady goose a-lookin at the gander?" This was sung by the tenor voice, and the chorus ran in parts to the words "Where," "Here," "I hear," and then a ringing chorus. Another of their part songs was "Oh, Mamma, I Must Be Married to Mr. Punchinello." Different voices singing "Who Mr. Punch?" "Who Mr. Nell?" "Who Mr. Lo?" "Who Mr. Punchinello?"

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NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

His Indignation at Being Spied Upon by His Keepers.

One of the "Talks With Napoleon" quoted from Dr. O'Meara's diary in *The Century* records Napoleon's indignation at being, as he considered it, spied upon while living at St. Helena.

"I understand," said he, "that an officer is placed here to report about me and to see me two or three times in the 24 hours and that they are talking of making him go into my chamber to see me if I did not come out. Any person," said he then, with considerable agitation, "who endeavors to force his way into my apartment will be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat afterward, I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on."

"I know that I will be killed afterward, as what can one do against a camp? But what of that? I have faced death many a time. Besides I am convinced that this governor, this chief of jailers, has been sent out on purpose to poison me or put me to death some way or another or under some pretext by Lord Castlereagh."

"I have seen," continued he, "Russians, Prussians, Arabs, Cossacks, Tartars, Spaniards, Persians, Turks" (here he enumerated a great many more), "and never in my life before did I behold so ill favored and forbidding a countenance or so down and horrid a look. He carries crime imprinted on his countenance. (I portend crime emprint sur son visage.) He is a man, to judge from his physiognomy, that one would select for the commission of any atrocious crime and as such has been selected out by your ministers. I suppose, on purpose to make away with me."

WON HIM A BRIDE.

The Ruse by Which One Young Man's Credit Was Established.

Major J. M. Burke told a good story of his experience in helping a friend to get the girl of his choice.

"He was a good fellow," said he, "but young and without much capital. The girl was a beauty and loved the boy, but the father (the same old irate father) objected and demanded that the boy show that he was capable of supporting a wife. This was in St. Louis about ten years ago, and the boy came to me with his troubles."

"Never mind," said I. "I'll fix it up all right. By the way, how much will you take for your right leg?"

"He looked at me as though I were crazy, but made no answer. 'I'll give you \$10,000 for it,' I said. 'Will you take it?'

"No, I won't," he said. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, I knew the girl's father; he was a merchant, and I called to see him. We finally drifted around to talking about this young fellow, and the old man flared a little, stating that he wanted some one who could support a wife to have his daughter."

"Support a wife?" said I, in surprise. "Why, he certainly can do all that. Only a few days ago he refused \$10,000 for a piece of property."

"His own property?" asked the father. "Certainly," said I.

"Who offered him the money?" asked he.

"I did, and he refused it," I answered. "He claimed it was worth more."

"Well, this made a hit, and no more questions were asked. The boy is doing well now and has a good family. I haven't spoken to the father since."—Washington Times.

The Height of Storms.
Professor F. H. Bigelow furnishes the American Journal of Science with some of the results of the international cloud work for the United States. The penetration of ordinary cyclones into the higher regions of the atmosphere is slight. They are only two or three miles deep. Hurricanes are five or six miles deep. The anticyclonic and cyclonic areas are hardly to be considered as centers of motion except in the very lowest strata, since currents of air blow directly over them from west to east, even in the cumulus region of the Rocky mountain districts. The ordinary circulation theory does not hold good. In each stratum from the surface to the cirrus level about as much air moves north as south, for there are enormous counter currents passing by each other at the same level and not over one another at different elevations. This puts a new aspect upon the entire problem of the general circulation.—Nature.

Doubled Him Up.
A prominent western clergyman, W. W. White by name, was a member of a learned society in which there were several members who were fond of quibbling. During a speech he had been annoyed by their interruptions almost beyond the point of endurance. At last he said, "I trust I will not be troubled again until my speech is finished."

Before he could begin another sentence one of his chief tormentors arose and said, slowly and solemnly: "Oh, doctor double-a, double-a, double-a. We love to trouble you, trouble you, trouble you."

The doctor sat down.—Kansas City Independent.

The Geographical Center.
The exact geographical center of the United States, calculating between longitudinal and latitudinal extremes, is a spot in Kansas about 20 miles north of the point at which the boundaries of Kansas, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory meet.

The lawyer who knows his business knows the business of a great many other people.—New Orleans Picayune.

A man seldom or never gets rich when the tax collector is in the mood.

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point.

Severe Pains.—"I had severe pains in my stomach, a form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." Mrs. John La Paaz, 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Complete Exhaustion.—"After treatment in hospital, I was weak, hardly able to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I was well and gained 20 lbs. in weight."—Arthur Mills, Chicago News.

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INDIGESTION

If you have it, you know it. You know all about the heavy feeling in the stomach, the formation of gas, the nausea, sick headache, and general weakness of the whole body.

You can't have it a week without your blood being impure and your nerves all exhausted. There's just one remedy for you—

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

There's nothing new about it. Your grandparents took it. 'Twas an old Sarsaparilla before other sarsaparillas were known. It made the word "Sarsaparilla" famous over the whole world.

There's no other sarsaparilla like it. In age and power to cure it's "The leader of them all."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. Ayer's Pills cure constipation.

"After suffering terribly I was induced to try your Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles and now feel like a new man. I would advise all my fellow creatures to try this medicine, for it has stood the test of time and its curative power cannot be excelled." L. D. GOOD, Jan. 30, 1899, Brownstown, Va.

Write the Doctor.
If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address: Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

MINING CAMP TRICKS.
One Instance Where a Scheme Worked the Wrong Way.

"There is a great deal that is out of the ordinary in mining," said Samuel Mott of Boise City, Ida., "although I think from personal experience it is probably more so in the relation than in the actual happening. In every mining camp I have known there have always been charges that those working a vein had gone through into the next claim in taking out the ore, and consequently were taking out what wasn't theirs. These claims it was always difficult to substantiate, for the reason that the offender, of course, would not allow the offender to enter his workings, and without a survey it would be impossible to make out a case. Every subterfuge and excuse possible was resorted to to get into a suspected mine.

"I remember one case in an apex of a vein suit, where the workings had been temporarily shut down and a man called 'Johnny Come Lately,' heavily armed, was on guard. The other side had tried again and again to get by 'Johnny,' but had always failed, when one man, who knew that 'Johnny' was an enthusiastic hunter, hired an acquaintance of his to stroll by with a gun over his arm and to engage 'Johnny' in a conversation about 'hairs.' It worked to a charm, and while he was thus engrossed they managed to slip in and survey the mine.

"Then there was the case of the Last Chance against the Tyler. In this case the workings happened to run together, and the Last Chance people were working the same vein from underneath that the Tyler owners were working from on top. Knowing they would sooner or later break through, the Tyler people prepared amduge—that is, saturated cordwood that would give forth a tremendous smoke—which, they hoped, would drive the Last Chance people out of their mine. But when they finally set it off it went the other way and made the Tyler workings absolutely untenable. Indeed three of the miners were overcome and were rescued only with great difficulty."—New York Tribune.

"The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward."

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