

Constipation,

If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main St., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1837, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully endorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Connors, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Sheep Shearing in Australia.

At shearing time, on large runs, all the shearers live and mess by themselves, being in the nature of contractors, while the other hands connected with the working of the shed as yarders, pickets-up, wool-rollers, branders, &c., are paid weekly wages, and the station owner finds them in cook and rations. They mess and sleep in huts apart from the shearers, and are termed "rouseabouts." The "rouseabout" cook has also the care of the woolshed overseer and his assistant on his hands, and as 6 o'clock draws near we see him approaching with a flagon, or "billy," as it is termed, of steaming hot coffee in his hand, and the usual slices of "brownie" or "cake." On these we gratefully break our fast, and the more satisfactorily when we remember that all hands have likewise been refreshed. As we walk across to the woolshed we notice streams of men issuing from shearers' and rouseabouts' huts; and on entering the shed we find some of the shearers already at their respective places. These have been allotted for the previous day, and no man is allowed to make any change without permission of the shed manager.

Each shed has his own little doorway through which he passes his sheep into a long narrow pen cut off from his neighbors. As the shearer has arrived; he is so many shearers appointed to attend upon; the wool is rolled in their tables, and all watch the movements of the manager who is in hand to ring the bell when the shearers dart into the pen. It is alloted to them, and they select in the hurry of the moment on its rump, and commence shearing.

As it is; and how the sheep are shorn yesterday. The activity of the things kept to the sheep are shorn, and again at the shed.

Muffled shrieks now mingled with the stamping and thrashing in the box. Fired the shears were redoubled. I became as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof, and shrieked like a maniac.

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WAY BILL, "A CORPSE."

An Express Messenger's Gruesome Night Adventure in His Car.

"During the winter of 1890," said an old express messenger the other day, "I was in the Wells Fargo service between Kansas City and San Francisco. The run was made upon the Atchison, Topoka and Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railways, that join at Deming. On Christmas Eve, bearing eastward, with the journey so far done from Frisco, the train drew out of Yuma, facing the Arizona desert in the midst of an astonishing storm of sleet and rain. Yuma marks the California line, and there, as we took on the stage company's strong-box, I counted upon the last disturbance of the night. Until daybreak the journey lay through alkali stretches, where at every 100 miles the train rushes shrieking through a poor, uncommercial cluster of huts and halts long enough for the locomotive to take on water.

"Unscheduled stops, however, were not infrequent at that time, and there hung within the car a rack of repeating carbines, charged and primed.

"In taking account of the Yuma strong-box, weighing nearly two hundred pounds and 'vouchered' to contain \$50,000 in gold, I glanced at the carbines. I looked again when I remembered that the safe contained as much more.

"Joachim Murilla burned me out of the car for less than half that, and gave me the bullet that lames my back," said the burly man with a smile. "I had hardly a dollar in the car the night I stood on the rustlers at Dodge City. I reflected, what will the company accept now with \$100,000 on my shoulders?

I assorted expressage, listed bills and overhauled the carbines as the train flew and the storm beat. I knew the route so well that I could call the towns and tanks as the engine whistled or stopped.

"Toltec," I thought, as at midnight the hoarse whistle began to sound. "We pass her with a 'howdy.' No, by George! we're going to stop.

"I opened the door enough to see a lantern swaying at a small station and a little group on the platform surrounding a box and evidently preparing to put it on board.

"Tumble it in, quick," I said.

"A little slow, partner," replied a man on the platform. "It's a coffin."

"A moment later I was alone with the corpse in a prison as secure as a tomb, while the wheels roared beneath and the storm raved outside.

"Somehow I was nervous and couldn't keep my eyes off that coffin. I fancied that it moved and was slowly rising up on end, or that it was preparing an onslaught, then that it was about to disclose the dead.

"The last of these notions—that the occupant of the coffin might liberate herself—got hold of me and I couldn't shake it off. The box was of unusual size and exceptionally ill-made. The wood was rough, warped and filled with knots and knot-holes. All this might easily have been due to the limited facilities of a desert town. I don't know why, but I couldn't get turning it over, face down. It seemed to me to roll horribly.

"Then I imagined I heard a noise at the car door and at the same moment a movement in the coffin. I knew it was foolish, but I rolled the stage company's strong box, with its 200 pounds of gold, to the coffin and set it upon the lid towards the large end.

"Then I lighted my pipe. I noticed afterwards, though I didn't think of it at the time, that most of the knot-holes towards the head of the coffin were covered and sealed by the flat iron bottom of the strong box.

"Several minutes passed and the engine had blown its 'view-hall-a' at a wayside cattle town when sudden sounds began to issue from the box. There was no doubt about it this time. There was a scuffling, a groaning, a kicking against the sides.

"To say that I was horrified doesn't express it. The struggle in the box continued. I staggered to the gunrack, tore down a carbine, cocked, aimed and fired it through the box ten feet away.

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body of a man torn with a dozen terrible wounds.

"He wore the garb of the frontier, with knife and pistol at his belt, and a loaded Winchester 'y at his side. He was conscious and gasped, 'Raise me up.'

"Don't water at Tank 22," said the man with difficulty, and his jaw fell.

"The engine stopped at water-tank No. 21 a half-hour behind schedule time. Shows were fired through the cab of the locomotive and the express car as the train dashed by Tank 22.

"The dead bandit was buried without identification at Deming, and some one scrawled upon the head-board, 'Quien Sabe?'

Exercise and Health.

Exercise, with both men and women, is a question of intelligence—a consideration of kind and quality, rather than of degree. The subject has for women peculiar embarrassments and limitations, particularly in the close house-bound life of the city. In the country there are the natural morning duties with open windows and flooding sunlight; the walk to the depot or for the mail, quiet and calming; the long piazzas. In the city, nine women out of ten are victims to morning gown and slippers. A man's hat, coat and gloves hang in the hallway, always in readiness. What would he say if boots, trousers and coat were to be changed, after an hour, before he could get out for a breath of air?

While many women still follow the traditions of delicacy and helplessness that have for so many years enshrined and enfeebled their sex, yet they have come, all the same, to understand, through the efforts of many of their sisters who must perform a strong, that a poor physique puts a woman at odds, and at the mercy of others when the stress of life comes. In the new creed to which women are giving allegiance it will come to be an article in time that weakness, unless inherited, is sin. The young woman of the future will fulfil the poet's ideal: "She gave him her hand; it was not a helpless one."

A Sensational Wedding.

A stunning and decidedly sensational wedding occurred in Odessa the other day. Marc Pogorezky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, a ying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope who was half drunk never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Marc reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what had happened he proceeded at once to paint the church red. He thrashed the bridegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law. He was

arrested; but as the case involves a question of ecclesiastical law, it was referred to the Czar, the head of the Church.

Jones—"What! a new daughter at your house? If she grows up to resemble your wife she'll be a belle." Smith—"Yes, I suppose she will, for she bellers now."

She told him she'd be his sister. "Oh, that's all right," said he; "But then, of course, you understand My sisters live with me."

Men declare their love before they feel it; women only confess theirs after they have proved it.

One dose of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Line will instantly stop a severe fit of coughing.

Fancy brings us as many vain hopes as idle fears.

Many a once suffering consumptive has had reason to bless that valuable preparation, T. A. SLOOUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Every druggist sells it, whilst the office of the company at Toronto, Ontario, can bear witness to the daily increasing demand for it.

There are some errors so sweet that we repent them only to bring them to memory.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation at the rectum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send you, address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. 511.

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