Little Acts of Courtesy That Lead to Success.

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

I often wonder how many people there are who try to carry out in their lives from day to day the canons which they theoretically profess as to the conduct of a gentleman. I am not talking of the big affairs of life—veracity, integrity in business, discharge of the great social obligations. I am thinking rather of the little things, and I talk of them the more freely because it is little things that make up most of life. I think the safest of rules for a man who wishes to be a gentleman is to try to make some little sacrifice every day. It may be the bestowal of a gift on a friend or relative who is less blessed by fortune; it may be the visit to the ill or the distressed; it may be the sacrifice of some small pleasure, because by doing so somebody else will be rendered the more content.

WANTING IN COURTESIES.

There are little acts of courtesy, also, which give a certain pleasure, call for a certain amount of sacrifice, are a certain training in good feeling. People who are accustomed to take their meals alone are often wanting in these small courtesies, not from want of heart, but from want of thought. The lonely meal is the origin of ill nature, as well as much ill health, and sometimes even of misconduct, in this world. De Quincey, in that weird and affrighting essay of his on "Murder as a Fine Art," makes the grim assertion that the murderous instinct had been aroused in a man because he had taken cold mutton for dinner. Seriously, it is true that many people are driven to dyspepsia or drink, or even vice, by the fact that they have to take their meals all alone. I am sure that a number of the young provincials — boys and girls—who come into London in search of fortune go to the dogs from the despair that loneliness creates in miserable lodgings. Returning to the question of manners, I find that, if one gets into the habit of eating alone, the little courtesies of the table — the passing of salt and such like things — begin to be forgotten; and all this is bad manners.

One of the commonest offenses against good manners which I observe is in the clubs. You find a gentleman —or at least a so-called gentleman — going to one of the washing bowls, filling it, and, after using it, leaving behind all the water he has dirtied. This is so gross a breach of manners, and even of decency, that I never see it without internal rage and disgust. Indeed, I have often gone deliberately over all the basins of a long row which I found full and emptied them myself —partly in disgust, and partly lest anybody should think I could be capable of the rudeness of leaving a bowl unemptied after I used it.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S DEFINITION.

I saw quoted a few days ago in a weekly journal Cardinal Newman's well-known description of the attributes of a gentleman, and I cannot do better than give that quotation:

"It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. . . . He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no care for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out."

TOO MUCH RESERVE.

The demands which are made in this passage are such as one would expect from one of so lofty a character as the writer; some of them are counsels of perfection, which only the elect could even try to live up to. Some of them I would even object to, as carrying English ideas too far. It is eminently characteristic of a great Englishman, for instance, that he should lay it down as one of the canons of a gentleman's conduct that he "should never speak of himself." Such a canon would rule out many of the countries of Europe, and most of the citizens of the United States; and yet it would be absurd to say that the canons of gentlemanly behavior and demeanor are not as high in these countries as in our own. The late Harold Frederic used to tell, with great amusement, how he once traveled from Euston station to a remote part of Ireland with Lord Milner, then himself a modest member of the Pall Mall Gazette staff, and how, after he had told every secret of his life and of his heart, he had got to the end of the journey without even knowing the name of his traveling companion, still less had he heard anything of his profession. Here was English reserve, and Newman's maxim carried to its uttermost point. For Lord Milner was a journalist traveling with a journalist, and, therefore, might, without any loss of dignity or violation of reserve, have communicated that fact to his traveling companion. And yet, though I cannot say that I could imitate or even would desire to imitate such reserve, I can say of it, as Talleyrand said of Lord Castlereagh at the congress of Vienna, "C'est bien distingue."

TALKING ABOUT ONESELF.

But is it rude to talk about oneself? Sometimes I would be inclined to lay down the principle that, unconsciously, a gentleman who maintains this iron wall of reserve is wanting in that tact and consideration which are the true bases of real politeness. I do not blame a man for being over-reserved. Often it is the result of unconquerable shyness; often it is the result of the conviction expressed by Cardinal Newman that reticence about oneself is a necessary part of good manners; but, I confess—I suppose it is because I am an Irishman—to a sense of restraint, and sometimes even of discomfort, when I meet people who are not willing to reveal one thing of their inner selves. I am convinced, too, that a good deal of the unpopularity which Englishmen enjoy on the continent and elsewhere is due to this reticence, which is misunderstood for pride, when it is so often but shyness, or even the idea that self-revelation might bore other people.

I astounded some friends of mine in Scotland some time ago when on a visit there by the statement that, after 34 years in London, I still frequently felt myself like a foreigner. But the reason is plain. It is because of that very reserve on the part of Englishmen which makes them so much of a riddle to those who are not of the same nationalities themselves. They are, perhaps, the only nationality in the world which remains so difficult to those who do not belong to them. Scotsmen have the reputation of being cautious and reserved. That may be true with regard to the deeper things of life, but it is certainly not true with regard to their ordinary and superficial feelings. I once had to make a stay of several weeks in Edinburgh, and I was struck with the readiness to enter into conversation of the Scots shopkeeper. I have exactly the same feeling in Glasgow, which I have visited now often enough to know well. The people strike me as far more communicative than the London shopkeeper.

GERMANS SHOW EMOTIONS.

It is the same with the people on the continent. Those who do not know Germany are in the habit of drawing quite ridiculous and false comparisons between Germans and Frenchmen. There is an idea that, being Teuton blood—like the English race—they are reserved and self-restrained in comparison with the exuberance of the Frenchman. But it is quite untrue. If anything, the German is more emotional than his neighbor across the Vosges. Have you ever traveled on a steamer on the Rhine in the summer time? If you have you will remember the bridal couples that came on board the boat, and their embarrassing frankness of endearment. They are in love with each other, and they don't mind who sees it. In that respect they are far more unreserved than French people, who are uproariously gay, hearty and convivial in their wedding festivities, but do not think it quite decent to reveal the tenderness of their affections to the public eye.

The American is almost prudish in his self-restraint, so far as the tender passion is concerned. He is not only shocked, but appalled by the sights he sees even on our bank holidays. But when it comes to private conversation the American would think it wanting in good manners not to speak quite frankly about his affairs, his thoughts, his opinions, and even his emotions, to the person who happened to be his fellow-traveler. The result I have always found to be in my own case that within ten minutes of taking my seat at the side of an American I have felt that I thoroughly understood his character, his point of view, his place in politics, in business, in society. And I have found that experience pleasant and conducive to the enjoyment of life.

EVERYBODY IS INTERESTING.

I have a theory that nobody in this world is really uninteresting. All you want to find out about any individual is what he can tell you. In most cases a man can give you valuable information about his own particular calling, and that information may turn out to your advantage or your instruction—you never know. The proper study of mankind is man, and that may be supplemented by the statement that every man is worth study. There have been students of human nature who, even when they have acquired sufficient wealth to travel as they please, yet travel third class in order that they may have freer intercourse with the masses of the people, especially with those who work with their hands.

I remember that when Mr. Gladstone once was on a visit to Ireland he used to go into the third class carriages in order to have a better opportunity of learning the real thoughts of the Irish masses. One day I heard Sir Michael Forster, the eminent scientific man who represents London University in the House of Commons, describe how he used to travel third class, and how he sometimes got valuable hints as to the thoughts of the masses by so doing. But there is no use in going among men unless you train yourself to get rid of shyness and reserve, and unless you talk freely to those around you.

Of all the words in the language, I think the word "gent" the most abominable. So, I am glad to say, does a highly-distinguished member of the bench. "Gent," this legal writer says, slyly, as well as "gentleman," has been defined. "He is an independent gent," said a witness in a case tried before Mr. Justice Wightman. "You mean a gentleman?" inquired the judge. "Yes, a gent," repeated the witness. "Oh, I see," replied the judge, "that's something short of a gentleman, isn't it?" Which really is true, as well as witty.

TWO EMPERORS.

WHERE THE NEW GOLD GOES TO EXPLAINED

$328,000,000 ADDED YEARLY TO THE WORLD'S SUPPLY.

No phase of the financial situation has attracted more attention, in the forecasts of the coming year, than the increased gold output of the world. Eight years ago this product footed up a trifle over $200,000,000; in 1899 it rose to $306,700,000; sank to $254,500,000 in 1900, during the Transvaal blockade; established a "new high record" in 1903, with its $328,500,000; has certainly exceeded this in 1904, with the $16,000,000 increase in South Africa, and will probably expand still further in the approaching year.

Leaving aside the general question of the influence of these new supplies on markets, a highly interesting question arises—Where does the new gold go? Even allowing for the very substantial portion used in industry (upwards of $20,000,000 is thus annually consumed in the United States alone), who gets the rest? In particular, which nations are the beneficiaries?

This country gets a reasonable share. During the twelve past months the treasury's figures show that the American stock of gold, in and out of the treasury, has increased by $53,000,000—nearly one-sixth of the whole world's output. The great European banking institutions, too, have had their share; nine of them have added $200,000,000 gold to their reserves during the twelvemonth past, of which increase $55,000,000 went to the Bank of France, $95,000,000 to the Imperial Bank of Russia, $22,000,000 to the Bank of Germany, and only $3,500,000 to the Bank of England. When allowance is made for use by foreign refiners and for the large amounts of gold which in European communities, pass into hand-to-hand circulation, the balance, unaccounted for of perhaps $80,000,000 in the annual output, is not excessive.

But the flow of this new gold from nation to nation is more peculiar. England owns the Transvaal mines, which have produced about $78,000,000 gold these twelve past months; yet the Bank of England added only one-twentieth of this sum to its gold reserve. The past year's gold output in the United States was not far from $80,000,000; yet scarcely one-third as much was added to our home circulation, despite a large additional gold import. On the other hand Russia, whose own yearly gold product is barely $23,000,000, has been able to add four times that sum to the Imperial Bank's reserve, while France, which produces no gold at all, stands second to Russia in the amount of gold added to its gold reserve.—New York Post.

Courage of a Wild Boar.

The wild boar never loses his head—or his heart; such courage I have never beheld in any four-footed creature. He has all the cunning commonly accredited to the devil, and in his rage is a demon that will charge anything of any size. I have seen a small boar work his way through a pack of dogs, and his smaller brother, the peccary, in Brazil, send a man up a tree and keep him there.

The boar looks ungainly, but the Indian species is as fleet as a horse for about three-quarters of a mile. He begins with flight, shifts to cunning, and finally stands to the fight with magnificent courage, facing any odds. As, riding upon him, you are about to plant your spear, he will dart—"fink," as they call it in India—to one side, repeating the performance several times until he finds he cannot shake you, when, turning suddenly, with ears cocked and eyes glittering, he will charge furiously. If not squarely met with a well-aimed and firmly-held spear, he will upset both horse and rider. Hurling himself again and again against the surrounding spears, he will keep up his charge until killed, when he dies without a groan.—Outing.

A Superb Bible.

As the greatest work of the American Bible Society has been done in China, it seems fitting that the most remarkable copy of the Bible the society has yet produced should be in that tongue. I refer to the sumptuous edition de luxe presented to the Dowager Empress of China on her 60th birthday by the British and American ministers, on behalf of the Christian women of that country.

The book was manufactured by the Presbyterian Press in conjunction with the silversmiths of Canton, and had silver covers embossed with bamboo and bird designs. It was printed on the very finest paper obtainable, with the biggest type, and a border of gold encircled every page. It was incased in a casket of solid silver, the whole weighing 105½ pounds, and there was a gold inscription plate on the cover of the casket.

No sooner was this superb volume presented to the Dowager Empress than she sent her eunuchs from the palace to the bookstore to ask for a common copy, so that she and her ladies might compare the two texts. Her majesty evidently thought the Christians had one version for the palace and another for the hovel! —Everybody's Magazine.

WORKING GIRLS' HOTEL; LIVING, 25C A WEEK

SCHEME OF LORD RADSTOCK, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Lord Radstock, a wealthy relative of the Duke of Manchester, has opened in Southwest London a hotel for working girls. The hotel is comfortable, even luxurious, and the prices for board and lodging are so small that they will make working girls here gasp with astonishment. The hotel is a commodious one-story building surrounded with ivy-clad walls and approached by a long carriage drive.

An immense marble-lined skating rink, on which 5,000 people would find ample standing room, is one of the features of the hotel. Swing and gymnastic apparatus will be put up and the girls provided with roller skates.

Bright, well furnished sitting rooms and class rooms, a workroom for sewing and a laundry are provided. The bedrooms are light, airy and comfortable, and hot water and baths are free.

The inclusive charge is 85 cents per week—12 cents a night. Lord Radstock has solved the problem of how to live on 25 cents a day. For 85 cents a week's board is provided—at a pinch. For an extra quarter the matron will undertake to feed her boardeds royally. A pot of tea costs two cents. A three-course dinner consisting of soup, steak, pudding and fruit pie can be obtained for 8 cents. Roast beef or pork, two vegetables and plum pudding costs only 12 cents. Irish stew is four cents and all puddings two cents.

Lord Radstock allows his girl boarders plenty of liberty. The rules are few and not irksome. Lights are out at 10:30, but permission to stay out later can be obtained from the matron. Visitors are permitted, but male guests are received in the hall. There is no age limit for the boarders.

A Full Dollar's Worth Free!
Can Any Ailing One Refuse?

I will pay outright for your first dollar bottle of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I ask no deposit—no promise. You take no risk—you pay nothing, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free to those who have not tried my remedy.

I want no references—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. To one and all I say, "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free the full dollar package.

I can afford to offer a full dollar's worth free, because mine is no ordinary remedy. Ordinary remedies treat symptoms. My remedy treats the causes that produce the symptoms. Symptom treatment must be kept up forever—as long as the cause is there. My treatment may be stopped as soon as it has removed the cause, for that is always the end of trouble.

There is no mystery — no miracle. I can explain my treatment to you as easily as I can tell you why cold freezes water, and why heat melts ice. Nor do I claim a discovery. For every detail of my treatment is based on truths so fundamental that none can deny them. And every ingredient of my medicine is as old as the hills it grows on. I simply applied the truths and combined the ingredients into a remedy that is practically certain. The paragraphs below will show you the reason why. But my years of patient experiment will avail you nothing if you do not accept my offer. For facts and reason and even belief will not cure. Only the remedy can do that.

So now I have made this offer. I disregard the evidence, I lay aside the fact that mine is the largest medical practice in the world, and come to you as a stranger. I ask you to believe not one word that I say till you have proven it for yourself. I offer to give you outright a full dollar's worth of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. No one else has ever tried so hard to remove every possible cause for doubt. It is the utmost my unbounded confidence can suggest. It is open and frank and fair. It is the supreme test of my limitless belief.

Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bedridden, some are half sick and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it, and makes it well.

Many Ailments—One Cause.

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because they are so closely allied—because each is in such close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads into another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is it not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

Simply Write Me.

The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or dispute, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

The offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order today. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside, it is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 41, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men.
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

For Stomach Troubles

The stomach is controlled by a delicate nerve called the solar plexus. Prize fighters know that a blow over the stomach—a solar plexus blow—means a sure knockout. For this nerve is ten times as sensitive as the pupil of your eye. Yet the solar plexus is only one of the centers of the great inside nerve—the power nerve. It is one of the master nerves. The stomach is its slave. Practically all stomach trouble is nerve trouble—inside nerve trouble—solar plexus trouble. Dr. Shoop's Restorative strengthens the inside nerves—strengthens the solar plexus—and the stomach trouble disappears.

For Kidney Troubles

The kidneys are the blood filters. They are operated solely by the inside nerves. The branch which operates them and regulates them is called the renal plexus. When the renal plexus is weak or irregular, the kidneys become clogged with the very poisons they should throw off. No kidney treatment can clean them out or cure them, and one stage leads into another until after awhile the kidneys themselves begin to break down and dissolve. There is only one way to reach kidney trouble—that is through the inside nerves that control them, which Dr. Shoop's Restorative alone strengthens and restores.

For Heart Trouble

Your heart beats more than ten thousand times a day. And every heart beat is an impulse of the inside nerve branch called the cardiac plexus. The heart is a muscle, but it is the nerve that makes the muscle do the work. An irregular or weak heart is, almost in every instance, the direct result of a weak or irregular nerve—inside nerve. To cure heart trouble, restore the nerve to normal. Dr. Shoop's Restorative will restore the cardiac plexus just as it restores the solar plexus and the renal plexus. For all are equal parts of the great inside nerve system—the power nerves—the master nerves.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

SMITHS BUCHU LITHIA PILLS
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.
AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS.
A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.

REASON No 15
WHY YOU SHOULD USE
Red Rose Tea

Because it is absolutely guaranteed.

Buy a pound or half-pound package from your grocer, and use about one-quarter of it.

Then, if you do not consider it better value than any tea you have ever used before at the same price, return the balance to your grocer and he will refund you the full price of the package.

I know just how good the tea is, and if you will accept my offer and try it, you will not be surprised that I am willing to guarantee every package.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

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FOR BUILDINGS--TO ORDER.
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STRICTURE CURED
YOU CAN PAY WHEN CURED.
NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.
STRICTURE AND KIDNEY DISEASE CURED.

"I had stricture for eleven years. It finally brought on Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I had an uncomfortable shooting pain in the groin and feeling as though something was in the urethra. My back was weak and I could scarcely stoop over. Urine was full of sediment. Had a desire to urinate frequently. Family doctors, so-called specialists, patent medicines, electric belts, all failed. I was discouraged. I had spent hundreds of dollars in vain. Finally I consulted Drs. Kennedy & Kergan as the last resort. I had heard a great deal about them and concluded from the fact that they had been established over 25 years that they understood their business. I am delighted with the results. In one week I felt better and in a few weeks was entirely cured. Have gained sixteen pounds in weight."
G. E. WRIGHT, Lansing.
G. E. WRIGHT.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.
CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.
HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?
BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures all blood diseases forever.
YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MEN.—Imprudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be.
READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion free of charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Sealed Book on "Diseases of Women" Free
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Cor. Michigan Ave. and Shelby St., Detroit, Mich.

ONE OF HAY'S HEROES; THE REAL "JIM BLUDSO"

THE PIKE COUNTY BALLADS ARE CLASSED AS CLASSICS.

In last Sunday's issue of the Memphis Scimitar this question is finally set at rest. The photograph of a note from Secretary Hay is given, and it runs to this effect:

Department of State,
Washington, Dec. 21, 1904.

My Dear Sir,—I have just received your letter of the 18th of December.

Your suggestion was correct. The name of the boat was the "Fashion," and the name of the engineer was Oliver Fairchild. I used the name of "Bludso" because they were a family of rivermen whom I knew. I had the story from Oliver Fairchild's son, Henry Fairchild, who was some years ago a cotton broker in New Orleans. I do not know whether he is yet alive. Yours very truly,

JOHN HAY.

William A. McNeill, Esquire,
42½ Madison Street,
Memphis, Tennessee.

As everybody knows, Mr. Hay's "Pike County Ballads" are classics. They deal with American character as distinctly as Homer's Iliad deals with Greek character, and in our opinion they record achievements quite as heroic, inspired by much more noble motives. It was nothing but a steamboat race, to be sure—nothing high and mighty, like an invading army sent to desolate a nation and reclaim an eloping wife—just a homely, perhaps stupid, tragedy, in which the actors were rude river men, who did not know how to defy the lightning and were incapable of sulking in a tent or any other place of habitation. But there are people in the world quite dull enough to think that Jim Bludso, when he held "that nozzle ag'in the bank," and sacrificed himself for others, was as fine a fellow as ever fought for Menelaus and Priam, not excepting Agamemnon himself, and who believe that it was nobler to save the passengers of the Prairie Belle than to have stolen a false adulteress. Think of it:

"The fire burst out as she cl'ared the bar
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar:
'I'll hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.'

"Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

"He weren't no saint, but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it there and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

Maybe it's wicked to say such things —still worse to think them—but if it were a question of camping out and bunking with Jim Bludso or with Ajax, with Tennessee's Partner or with Brian de Bois-Guilbert, we'd take the American every time and think ourselves ennobled by the choice. Moreover, it seems to us that heroism as conceived by John Hay has advantages over the type one finds in Homer.—Washington Post.

LOSS OF APPETITE.

Are You Troubled in This Way?

Why can't you eat as you used to? Simply because your liver doesn't do its work properly. Its business is to take bile out of the blood, which acts as Nature's cathartic, but your liver is sluggish and the bile accumulates too fast, and you feel worn out, tired and listless, and each succeeding day brings no relief. The use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will change all this. Try them and you will be convinced that these little pills are indeed a tonic and stimulant to the functions of the liver. Then your brain will be active, your mind clear, and health conditions again established and you can eat anything. Get your liver right. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills act gently but surely on the liver, and cure headache, constipation and biliousness in one night. Price only 25 cents at druggists.

All genuine signed W. F. Smith.

IT HEALS THE LUNGS

When Catarrhozone is inhaled it spreads through the breathing organs, carrying healing to the sore spots. An irritable throat is cured in five minutes, bronchitis it soothes from the first breath. Nothing so certain for catarrh and colds. Catarrhozone brings new health to your throat, nose and lungs. Very pleasant and harmless. "I caught a severe cold which developed into catarrh, and finally settled on my lungs," writes Mr. A. Northrup, of Bedford. Catarrhozone relieved quickly and cured me. I recommend Catarrhozone highly." The complete outfit gives two months' treatment and is guaranteed to cure; price one dollar; sample size twenty-five cents. Get Catarrhozone from your druggist today.

Great interest has been aroused in Pueblo, Colorado, over the announcement that a gold mine has been discovered almost within the city limits. turing city, being called the "Pitts-Pueblo is noted as a great manufacburg of the West," and now is bidding for fame in the mining world.

SOME PERSONS are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure, no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's, for it is the best.

For a winter climate Canon City, Col., has a reputation second to no locality in the United States. During the winter of 1903-1904, hundreds of robins, bluebirds and turtle doves made their homes in that vicinity, and there was no weather during the whole season so severe as to harm the feathered creatures.

The One Cure for Catarrh
Japanese Catarrh Cure

Just reason it out for yourself. You can't cure Catarrh of the nose by taking medicine that goes into the stomach. **Japanese Catarrh Cure** goes up the nostrils. It is a powerful antiseptic, aromatic and pleasant. When the pomade is in the nose, every breath you take carries the healing, soothing medication to every part of the diseased membrane. Now, isn't that the logical treatment? And Japanese Catarrh Cure proves the logic by never failing to cure catarrh, even in its worst form.

"I was troubled with catarrh for years. My head ached, my nose was stopped up; there was a constant dropping in my throat. I was forever hawking and spitting. I used everything—powders, washes, etc., but Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only remedy that ever gave me more than temporary relief, and has absolutely cured me."—R. D. ATKINSON, Advocates Harbor, N. S.

It is without an equal, and stands to-day as the only cure for Catarrh in Canada. At all druggists, 50c.

The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.