

HIS IS THE TIME

of year ... when men and women become weakened by the weather, and run down generally. ... The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

Accept no substitute.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY

known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of

Safe Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made women brighter and happier; it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Bishop's College School

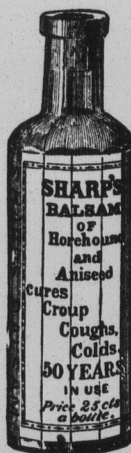
LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.

52nd YEAR.

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OVERWHELMED BY A STORM.

An Extraordinary Escape from Death in Idaho Mountains.

An extraordinary escape from death was lately recorded by a newspaper of Mountain Home, Idaho, a mining town high up among the mountains, where avalanches of the most fearful description are not infrequent. On the first day of last December a citizen of Mountain Home, Frank Andreas by name, started at an early hour in the morning to go from a mine to a blacksmith shop, some distance away on the side of the mountain. With him were his two big dogs, which are in part of the St. Bernard blood.

The dogs were gambolling about in the snow some distance from their master, when a great snowslide, which the warmth of the sun had dislodged some two hundred feet up the mountain descended upon Andreas with such velocity that there was no escaping from it.

He was borne along with and under the snow, and lodged against the side of the gulch much farther down. Above him the snow was packed hard. Andreas did not know how deep it was,—in reality it was about four feet deep above his head,—but he did not know that it was so hard that he could scarcely move a muscle.

Andreas quickly began to experience difficulty in breathing. Luckily he had been carried along by an avalanche in an upright position; he had thrown up his hands in an effort to save himself, and his left arm had remained in that position—thrust upward. By working it from side to side he had packed the snow, he made a small opening up into looser snow in which there seemed to be some air; at any rate, he could breathe enough to save himself from suffocation at present.

He knew, however, that he could not live in such a place long. He struggled and pushed, and tried to enlarge the opening made by his left arm, picking pieces of snow from about his body with his right hand and working them into the opening.

But he would certainly have grown discouraged, after he had worked vainly thus for half an hour or more, if he had not heard a scratching and burrowing sound above his head. He knew by this that his faithful dogs had escaped the avalanche, had found the place where he was overwhelmed, and were digging him out.

This gave him strength for new efforts. Now he bent all his own endeavours, not to getting out—he left the dogs to uncover him,—but getting air enough to keep him alive until the dogs should succeed in digging down through the hard snow. He worked his left arm upward and about, and as the dogs dug downward, he soon succeeded in getting a little hole through to the air.

For an hour and half he and the dogs were at work, and at the end of that time he succeeded in dragging himself out upon the side of the excavation the dogs had made. There, more dead than alive, he took deep draughts of the mountain air till these revived him, and he was able to go on his way.

GOT THE WORST OF IT.

Eow President Lincoln was Worsted in a Certain Horse Race.

President Lincoln's reputation as a humorist rests largely upon the good stories that he could tell, or invent, to illustrate a point. Some times, nevertheless, he exhibits himself as a joker in another way as in this anecdote narrated by Harper's Round Table.

One day Lincoln and a certain judge an intimate friend, were bantering each other about horses, a favorite topic. Finally, Lincoln said:

"Well, look here, judge, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse-trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the courtyard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party back out of the agreement he does so under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars."

"Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in search of their respective animals.

A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of a halter the meanest boniest rib-staring quadruped, blind in both eyes, that ever pressed turf; but presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his horse down, and silently surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of infinite disgust.

"Well judge," he finally said, "it is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse-trade."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,
Yarmouth, N. S.

GENTLEMEN,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was when found placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned back from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

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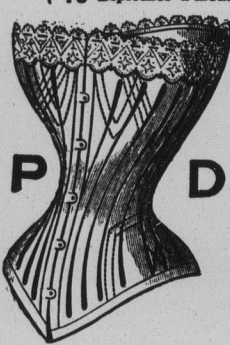
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and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

INTERMITTENT SPEECH.

A Missouri Man Who Can Talk on Some Days and Can't on Others.

Some days he can talk; some days he cannot. Such is the predicament of Theodore Heinze, a railroad employee in Argentine, whose case is one of the strangest that has ever come under the notice of the local medical profession for some time. Heinze's troubles are caused from a stroke of paralysis, sustained last March, but just why he can talk plainly on some days, while on other days he is dumb as an oyster, the doctors are at loss to understand.

Heinze has been an employee of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway for many years. One day last March he was doing some repair work on a freight car in the company's yards in Argentine when he was suddenly seized with pains all over the body. He fell helplessly to the ground, and when picked up by fellow workmen a few minutes later it was found that he could not speak. It was discovered, too, that he could hear nothing. He was removed to his home on East Raly avenue, and the local railway surgeon, Dr. Burke, was summoned. The physician said that the man was paralyzed in the right side, and that he had suffered from the stroke all over the body. At the time Heinze was deaf and dumb.

Regular treatment soon gave the injured man relief, and a few months after the occurrence he was able to walk about. His speech and hearing were both gone, however. Last August, five months after the accident, his hearing returned to him as it by magic. He went to bed one night deaf. The next morning he arose and could hear sounds distinctly. He has not been troubled about his hearing since.

While he was slowly recovering from his other injuries all these months his speech was still lacking. Even after he had regained his hearing he was unable to utter a syllable. The treatment was continued, and about Dec. 1 his voice returned to him. Then suddenly after two days spent in pleasant conversation with his friends and relatives, Heinze was left as dumb as the first day that he was stricken with paralysis. Three days of enforced silence were followed by three days during which he had the use of his voice. So his condition has been ever since. He will converse with his friends on an evening, go to bed, and arise the next morning unable to repeat a single word spoken by him the previous evening. He visits his physician every day and keeps up the treatment, but as yet it has had no effect on the periodical changes in his speech. He has recovered from the paralytic stroke somewhat, but he is yet very weak, and the physicians state that he will never be able to do another day's hard work. The fact that he has the use of his speech some days, while other days, he has not, is more than the Argentine doctors can explain. It is thought that there is not a case like his on record.

Heinze is 45 years of age and small in stature. He has a wife and several children. His wife says that previous to March he had experienced the best of health, and as far as she knows has never been subject to disease. Heinze himself can assign no cause for his affliction.—Kansas City Times.

WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST.

The Best Time for Pickerel Fishing Through the Ice

"I'd just as soon think of going out con hunting at noon as to start out for a day's fishing during the winter season with the wind blowing from the west," said a veteran fisherman. Every fisherman knows the old rhyme about fish biting best when the wind is in the west, and it is accepted generally as a true statement. It may be true in summer fishing, but my experience and my observation have shown to my entire satisfaction that the reverse is true in winter, for if I want a successful day with pickerel, through the ice I choose a day when the wind is still from the east.

"When you come to think of it, though, you would hardly suppose that, with a foot or so of ice between them and the outside world, to say nothing of the depth of water over them, the direction of the wind would make any difference to a pickerel, considering the question of going for a fellow's minnow; but, somehow or other, it does make a big difference. I can't begin to tell you who, because I don't know; but I do know that time and time again when I have been pickerel fishing in a strong east wind, and hauling in the big fellows as fast as I could run from one tip-up to another, the wind had probably shifted until it has come out of the west. Now, to make that change, it always works around by the south, and I learned from that another thing about the familiar old angling line, which also declares that when the wind is in the south it blows the bait in the fish's mouth, and that thing was that if the declaration was true the south wind must have blown the bait right out of the fish's mouth again, for as the wind veered southward my catch always grew less and less, until by the time the wind had got around and was sweeping from the west not a tip-up would be seen to tip. When I first noticed

this I attributed the change in the biting of the fish to their capriciousness, and kept on fishing, with no success, though, unless the wind got back again in the east. Of course, through this I was not long in satisfying myself that it was some mysterious influence of the wind on them and not a whim of theirs that caused the change, and so I never leave my tip-ups in the holes any more if the wind leaves the east for the west, for I know it will be only a waste of time.

"A good many pickerel fishermen, especially in Connecticut, believe that the best winter fishing is always through the first ice that comes strong enough to bear their weight. I have known men to be so anxious to get to some favorite cove on the first ice as to venture there when every step they took bent the ice beneath them, a risk that would not add to the enjoyment of the sport with me. But I don't believe that the ice necessarily gives the best fishing. I am willing to let every one else have his outing on it, and then I will have mine on thicker and safer ice, and as many fish and a great deal more sport.

"There is an excitement and a thrill about the sport of winter fishing through the ice in fact, perhaps, of a tolerable well developed blizzard, that does not go with any quiet, warm-weather fishing—unless it may be black bass fishing at night, along in November and December—and a fellow has got to be rugged and tough and with a liking for a dash of the wind in his sport to enjoy that. Then, one pickerel caught in winter is worth a dozen of the same fish taken in the summer time.

"There is a solidity and a favor to the flesh of the pickerel yanked out of water covered by a foot or two of ice that is lost under the influence of the higher temperature of the same water in the summer. I had some prime pickerel fishing in Sullivan country during the Greenland weather of two weeks ago, but I had to cut through nearly two feet of ice to get it.



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