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The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver of bowels is Ripans Tabules. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At Druggists

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents contains a supply for a year.

Carter's Teething Powders

Mothers use Carter's Teething Powders

Because mothers who have reared their children with them recommend them.

Because they have been used for many years and have proved their worth.

Because wherever they are given a fair trial mothers cannot get along without them.

Because instead of having a restless crying Baby, you have a healthy, laughing lovable "bunch of goodness."

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Carter Drug Co

CARTER'S LUNG BALSAM
Cures baby's cough quickly. It is pleasant to take, and can be given to any child without fear.

CARTER'S WORM POWDERS
A safe and effectual remedy for worms in children and adults.

CARTER'S HEADACHE POWDERS
Cure all Headaches—will cure yours.

"Health and Vigor depend upon the quality and quantity of the blood."—HUMANITARIAN

The Liver is the great secreting organ of the body, and when it fails to perform its office, bile accumulates and the blood becomes poisoned, causing many unpleasant symptoms, such as: dull, heavy, languid feeling, indisposition to attend to duties, pain in back or shoulders, sour stomach, constipation, dryness of the skin, restlessness at night, etc.

If these symptoms are not dealt with immediately, they become aggravated so as to induce severe illness. To relieve at once and cure permanently

Dr. Carson's Tonic

Stomach and Constipation Bitters

have long been recognized as the sovereign treatment. These are made from the formula of an eminent Canadian physician, who has used the prescription in his practice for many years with most satisfactory results.

A Purely Vegetable Tonic and Blood Purifier. Price 50 cents per Bottle.

Usually you can obtain the preparation of your local druggist, but if you are not able to obtain it in your neighborhood, we shall be pleased to send to any address one or more bottles upon receipt of price (50c per bottle) CARRIAGE PREPAID.

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Phone Main 2837
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LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

Air—"Let the Sunshine in."
(In Memoriam of C. E. Convention, 1899, Detroit.)

Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win?
Are your prospects darker? Are you short of tin?
Clear away the cobwebs from your brain, my friend,
And let a little sunshine in.

Chorus—
Let the Single Tax come in, come in,
Let its blessed sunshine in.
Clear away the Landlords, open wide the door,
And let the light of Justice in.

Do your hopes grow fainter of your future joys?
Are you worried sometimes 'bout your girls and boys?
Tell them of the Single Tax, the chances it will win,
And let its blessed sunshine in.

Would you go rejoicing in your onward way,
Fearing naught the fear of want in future days?
Don't waste time on prayer, open wide the door,
And let the Single Tax come in.

You have sung of Wandering Boys that don't come home,
But have you thought of those who stay and act the Drone?
Tax away their privilege, for Justice take your stand,
And The Boys will bring the sunshine in.

You've read about the Jewish thief with Jesus crucified,
Just let him rest, he's safe at home; no harm can him betide;
But Christian thieves are robbing us by laws which we can change,
And let the blessed sunshine in.

—Thos. Bawden.

CHILD SLAVERY IN THE NORTH.

A great deal has been written of late about child labor in the South and especially by our esteemed northern contemporaries. It is unfortunately a fact that little children are employed in some of the southern cotton mills who ought to be at school, and who are being deprived of their childhood. But in a recent number of McClure's Magazine Mr. Francis H. Nichols directs attention to child labor in a northern State, compared with whom those of the South enjoy a life of ease and pleasure. These unhappy little toilers are in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, and number nearly 30,000, of whom 24,000 are boys who work for the mining companies and the other girls who work in textile mills established in the mining region in order to utilize this cheap labor. Thus the population of the mining region is becoming more and more densely ignorant, bitterly hating their employers, but knowing nothing beyond coal mining, and for this reason absolutely at the mercy of pitiless corporations.—Baltimore Sun.

TWENTY-FIFTH CENTURY CONVERSATIONS.

Old Professor Baldwin comes into his study. He looks depressed as he takes off his shabby coat and hat and lays them on a chair, talking to himself.

"Well, it is true. I haven't paid my rent for six months, and I suppose they can put me out on the street to-morrow. Here is my dispossess paper (taking it from his breast-pocket) yes; there is the date; to-morrow at noon I shall have to move out. There is my dear little garden (looking out of the window). How beautiful those rows of spinach look, and someone else will eat it! And the strawberries, too! I wish I hadn't weeded them. All that work for a heartless landlord! I've had nothing but rhubarb and asparagus out of it this year, and in a week or two everything would have been ready. It's too bad! Why should he have a garden and I not? Who gave him a bit of the earth's surface and refused to let me have any? And to think how near I am to being a millionaire! If I could only complete my invention and get into communication with Mars, I should have patents and honors and pensions and everything I want. Let me try it once more. (He goes to the corner of the room and takes up the receiver of a large and curiously formed telephone.) "Hello!— hello!— hell-o! hel-lo-o-o-o-o!

"Is that Mars? No, I don't believe they're busy. Please ask the manager to come to the phone. Hello! hello! I say. (soliloquizing) (I'm afraid its no use. I never get any farther than this. I've found a mysterious central office somewhere. I think it's in Jupiter, but they never will say anything but 'Busy, busy, busy; shall I call you up when they're not busy?' And I always say yes, and they never do it, and that is all I can get out of them. They won't answer a single question. Dear, dear! And I'll be out on the street to-morrow and without a place to set up my instrument! What shall I do? (He turns to the telephone again.)

"Hello, I say! Is that Mars?" (He listens intently. A look of surprise comes over his face, and at last a broad smile spreads itself from ear to ear.) "Is that you, Mars?" (He drops the receiver which swings against the wall with a bang, and dances about the room.)

"I've got them! I've got them at last! After forty years of hard work, and just five hundred since Tesla predicted it! (He waltzes up to the telephone again and picks up the receiver.)

"Hello! I say, Mars. This is the greatest piece of luck for me! My landlord was going to turn me out for not paying my rent to-morrow, and now that I've connected with you I'll be as rich as Crœsus. Congratulate me! What? You ask what a landlord is? Why, he's the man who owns my house and garden, of course. (He listens for a long time, then soliloquizes.) Well, they are queer people. They want to know how a man can own the land. I shall have to explain our laws to them. It's queer, though.

"Hello! You don't mean to say that you people don't own the land! Doesn't a part of your population, say one-tenth, own the surface of the planet, and don't the other nine-tenths pay them rent for the privilege of remaining on it? (aside) although I must admit they couldn't get off if they tried. Hello, hello! I'll be blest if they haven't disconnected, and I heard him swear distinctly before he did it. Hello! Central! No, we hain't finished. They had no business to disconnect, if they did. No, I don't believe they're busy. Hello, Central! What, did they tell you that they hadn't any time for such fool questions? Hello, hello-o-o-o! (He works at the telephone for half an hour without result, then sinks into a chair in dismay.)

"It's no use. I can't get them again. And nobody will believe me—and to-morrow they will put me out on the street!" (Weeps.) The curtain falls.—Memnon.

A SPECIMEN EDUCATOR.

At the session of the Ontario Educational Association on Tuesday, A. D. Griffin, B.A., of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, objected to "Euclid as a high school text book as not being sufficiently practical and not understood by pupils." He said "the abstractions were beyond the comprehension of the lower forms, and pupils were injured by trying to commit to memory what they would not fully understand."

If ever absolute nonsense was talked on the question of education, surely this is a case in point.

No study in the high school grade is as conducive to the development of the reasoning powers as is Euclid when properly taught. Of course, if taught by such persons as Mr. Griffin, it might really lead to insanity on the part of the victims.

It is a fact, however, that Euclid is taught by rote instead of understanding, but the teacher who will encourage or even allow of such should be sent down for a year at hard labor, so as to clear the cobwebs out of the place where his brains should be.

Keep Euclid by all means, but fire the fools who cannot teach it out of the teaching profession.

ANARCHISTIC CAPITALISTS.

Capitalists of a certain class and their hireling newspapers never tire in denouncing the "anarchistic" methods of labor organizations, but the following would indicate that the capitalists are the real anarchists, and not the men they endeavor to suppress:

Recently James Wood, a vice president and organizer of the Cigarmakers' International Union, went to Tampa, to look after the interests of his organization. He was not long in the city when he received the following interesting document:

"Tampa, March —, 1903.—To James Wood: You are hereby commanded to leave the city at once and never return. Our men have been watching you since your arrival here, and we are convinced that you are a trouble-maker. Leave the city and save trouble of our being compelled to remove you, which we will do if you are in the city twenty-four hours after receiving this letter. Take your big guard and leave the city under pain of death, for we will not have or tolerate any more strikes in this city. Leave or you die. (Signed) Committee of Tampa and Surrounding Country."

Letters similar to the above were received by James A. Roberts, George Bristow, Frank Kelly and Jose Diaz, all members in good standing of the Cigarmakers' International Union. The letters were sent to President Gompers at Washington, who wired the chief of police at Tampa in the name of American citizens and the American Federation of Labor, claiming protection for the organization there. A press despatch from Tampa later gives the following news: "Jas. Wood, an organizer for the Cigarmakers' International Union, who had been warned to leave Tampa and cease his efforts to unionize the cigarmakers of this State, on pain of death, was shot here by two men, one white and the other colored. Wood refused to heed the warning, and the attack followed on the first opportunity when he came here on business."

Union Men BEWARE OF SCAB BARBER SHOPS

UNION SHOP!

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Everybody who drinks it says our XXX PORTER in strength, body, and lasting stimulating effect as well as in palatableness has not an equal among the best imported stout or porter. Physicians recommend and patients gladly drink it.

Our HALF AND HALF in bottoms has the advantage of being the only so put up. It is a delightful drink—beneficial and satisfying.

In producing all three we spare no expense, scouring the world for the best hops for our Ales and importing the FINEST IRISH MALT for our XXX PORTER.

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LABOR AND CAPITAL ARE ONE.

From "The Game of Life," by Bolton Hall.

"'Times are hard,'" said the Picked Chicken.

"'Why,'" said the Rat, "'this is an era of prosperity; see how I have feathered my nest.'"

"'But,'" said the Picked Chicken, "'you have gotten my feathers.'"

"'You must not think,'" said the Rat, "'that because I get more comfort you get poorer.'"

"'But,'" said the Chicken, "'you produce no feathers, and I keep none—'"

"'If you would use your teeth—'" interrupted the Rat.

"'If—'" said the Picked Chicken.

"'You could lay—'"

"'I—'" said the Picked Chicken.

"'—up as much as I do,'" concluded the Rat.

"'Excuse me for living,'" said the Picked Chicken, "'but—'"

"'Without consumers like me,'" said the Rat, "'there would be no demand for the feathers you produce.'"

"'I shall vote for a change,'" said the Picked Chicken.

"'Only those who have feathers should have the privilege of voting,'" remarked the Rat.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success? At first glance this question would seem superfluous, when one thinks of the examples held up to us by magazine and daily paper as models of successful lives. If, however, we come to look into the matter we generally find that this success is limited to one thing, and that while the person may be successful in art or in literature, or in the accumulation of wealth, yet their lives do not come under the heading of successful life. Indeed, it is pretty safe to say that the most successful lives are the most unknown. It is true that this definition of success would not appeal to many who are in general considered to have achieved all that is possible in that line, but that is only in keeping with the spirit of the age. Partly owing, no doubt, to the evils of the system under which we live, and partly owing to the inherent selfishness of mankind, the most of us cannot conceive of any success in wealth or the things that bring wealth and notoriety. Yet perhaps if we could get an honest answer from some of the most conspicuous examples of latter-day success we should find that after all there was something lacking, and that their hearts were not fully satisfied. There are papers and magazines published under various titles that aim at teaching us how we may succeed, and that in long (and carefully edited) articles by "merchant princes" tell us how they have acquired their millions; assuming with the blatant self-sufficiency of *les nouveaux* riches that they are the envied of all men, and that no other or higher ideal possesses men than the acquisition of money by fair means or by foul, chiefly foul.

This is, to a certain extent, true. The old saying still holds true—There is no smoke without some fire. Although the success we strive for may to a greater or lesser extent affect others than ourselves, still, for the most part, our various definitions of success are selfish. The world to-day presents the pitiful spectacle of a man who, filled with brighter hopes and truer ideals in the first flush of his youth, has now in his old age become calloused and hardened; the better promises of youth trampled underfoot, and every energy bent towards indulgence of his own desires and lusts. How low have our ideals sunk! We have set a premium on vice and trickery. We have deliberately chosen between good and evil, and for the most part evil has been our choice. We hail as our successful men to-day those who, guided and helped by the unscrupulousness of their consciences, have attained enormous fortunes regardless of the path of ruin over which they have advanced, and accept with grovelling gratitude the sop of a few thousands spent to endow a school or library, as the givers would seem to hope to bribe the Almighty by the erection of a church—churches in which many of them have their own paid preacher, who shall from Sabbath to Sabbath tickle their ears with what may be palatable to them. Such is our idea of success to-day. When will men recognize that success is not to be measured by the length of a bank account, or the newspaper notoriety to be gained, but by the lives helped and brightened, instead of wrecked and ruined; by those whom we have helped to their feet, instead of crushing under our own feet; by the share that each one of us has done towards the uplifting of humanity and the sharing of the toil, rather than the uplifting of self and the laying our own burdens on the backs of others. If this be our idea of success it will be well for us and ours. What though the limbs grow feeble and the hair grey, and the bank account be small, so long as the heart beats in sympathy with our fellows and the hand be outstretched to help them. Public taste may change in art or in literature, and the man who considered himself successful to-day may be unknown to-morrow; banks may fail and with them goes another success, but the success of an unselfish life is affected by neither and grows at a compound interest that the business world knows nothing of.—N. Myddleton.

The New York State Senate has passed the bill prohibiting the employment of women and children more than nine hours per day, or 54 hours per week, in mercantile establishments.

BOOTS and SHOES

In order to make room for our Spring Goods we will clear off the rest of our Winter Goods at a sacrifice. All lines of Felt Boots and Slippers, Overshoes, etc., at less than bargain hunters prices.

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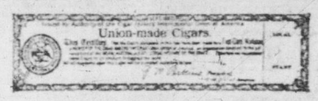

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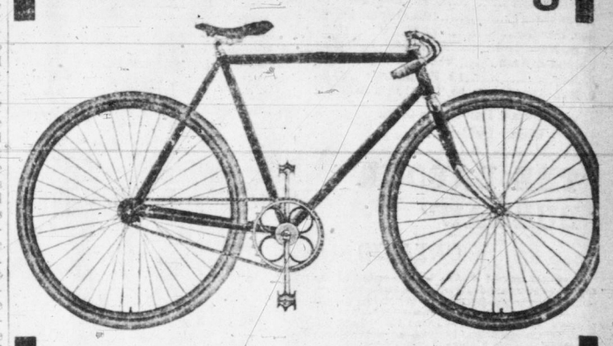

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BOTH OVERWORKED.

"You look all tuckered out," said the water meter to the gas meter.

"Yes," sighed the gas meter wearily, "I've had to work overtime driving wind through the pipe. Dividends must be kept up, you know."

"Certainly," replied the W. M., "and I am kept busy liquidating the stock."

If there is one idea more than another crowding into the craniums of the present generation, it is that those who toil and produce wealth ought to have as much to say how they shall work, and how much they shall receive for that work, as the man who invests his money in an enterprise. The truth becomes more evident daily that men's lives are worthy of more consideration than money.—T. S. F.

There are many girls who are self-possessed because they have resolutely refused to throw themselves away.

Cornwall Tailors' Union has struck the shops that failed to pay the union scale all round.

✣ ✣

Villagers at Bariani, Holland, burnt the office of the International Socialist Community because of its propaganda in favor of strikes.

✣ ✣

At Nanzimo, B.C., a meeting was held to form an anti-Socialist Association. The Socialists filed the door and took the names of all who entered the hall.

✣ ✣

The National Association of Manufacturers, in session at New Orleans, increased its membership over 100 per cent. during the past year, largely for the purpose of opposing organized labor.

✣ ✣

By the settlement of the dispute between the Northern Pacific Railway and its conductors and trainmen those of passenger trains get an increase of 15 per cent., and those on freight trains 10 per cent. increase. Yardmen will be paid the Chicago rate.

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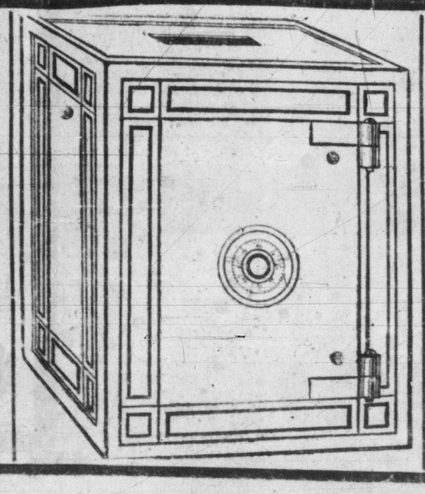

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