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A. A: JORDAN

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************** Radley's Cough Cure

25c per Bottle

Is the best prepara tion on the market \$ for Coughs and Colds.

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&c. All of the best quality and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES J. OLDERSHAW

A Few Doors West of Post Office.

RENT. hav endo whose guard

The Plasplendid ed by the j to prove ita HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK

He that loves a rosy check, Or a coral Hp admires, Or from starlight eyes doth seek Fuel to maintain his fires; As old Time makes these decay, So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind, Gentle thoughts and calm desires, Hearts with equal love combined, Kindle never-dying fires; Where these are not, I despise, Lovely checks, or lips, or eyes.

TO THE POLE IN A BALLOON. English Aeronaut May Follow Ill-Fated Major Andre's Example.

The principal rival of M. Santos-Dumont in England is Mr. Percival Spencer, who belongs to a family of professional aeronauts, owning the principal balloon factory in Eng-

Months before the Brazilian had succeeded in flying any considerable distance or had escaped from the persistent ill-luck which attended his experiments, Mr. Spencer navigated his airship successfully right across London

Mr. Spencer made his first balloon ascent with his father in 1872, when

ascent with his father in 1872, when he was only eight years old. Since then he has navigated the upper air in all parts of the world, and has crossed the English Channel in a balloon four times.

Undaunted by the melancholy fate of Andre, Mr. Spencer seriously considers the possibility of reaching the North Pole by balloon. His idea is not the whole journey should be attempted by balloon, but that the latter should be attached to an expedition which would push on as fast toward the pole as possible, establish headquarters at the most northern point for the winter and then set off with the first wind blowing from the south in the following spring or summer.

sum her.

Such a balloon, in Mr. Spencer's judgment, should be of sufficient size to carry the weight of a complete sledging expedition of two men, with the necessary sledges, ammunition, food and victuals.

food and victuals.

With this load the balloon could set forth and the pole would, be reached, according to Mr. Spencer, in about thirty-five hours. The aeroset forth and the pole woulds be reached, according to Mr. Spencer, in about thirty-five hours. The aeronauts would then descend to the earth or ice and abandon their balloon, making the return journey on the sledges taken with them.

BECAME WEALTHY ON TIPS. Domestics in the Old Country Often Leave Large Fortunes

The case of William Couchman The case of william couchnan, Lord Ravenscourt's butler, who died recently, leaving a fortune of over £30,000, is by no means an excep-

tional one.

An old lady who died some time An old lady who died some time ago had been for many years house-keeper to a nobleman whose ancestral residence was rich in historical associations. As it was her privilege to pocket the fees paid by Americans and others for viewing the mansion, she speedily amassed a fortune of respectable proportions. When she died and her will was published it was found that she had left behind her a larger sum than her master, whose estate was heavily entailed.

Samuel Waugh, who died six weeks

estate was heavily entailed.

Samuel Waugh, who died six weeks ago at the age of 91, after having been butler in the service of the Clay family for 65 years, left £2,128.

Most domestics who died in comfortable circumstances, however, make their money after leaving service. As a rule, they save the commissions which they get from tradesmen and the "tips" which a ridiculous custom brings them—a head servant in one west end establishment made £700 in "tips" last year—and then take an hotel or a boarding house.

in "tips" last year—and then take an hotel or a boarding house.

There is a member of Parliament who was once a butler. Having saved some money, he borrowed more, and took an hotel at a rental of £1,200 a year. In 15 years, having made a large profit, he sold the establishment and retired — London Daily Mail.

Destructive Genius. One day a bulky, tall, pale-faced gentleman with bushy, restless eye-brows, entered a London tavern. The waiter did not ask him for his order, but immediately brought him a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale. Having consumed / his lunch, this guest sat upright in his chair for a while, leaning his hands on a heavy walking came and staring blankly at the opposite wall, as if in a dream. Of a sudden he gave a blankly at the opposite wall, as if in a dream. Of a sudden he gave a start. He seized the empty glass and dashed it to the floor with all his might, smashing it to atoms. He then reflected for a moment, laid a coin on the table, got up and left the inn without a word to any one. After his departure another guest had the curiosity to ask the waiter whether the gentleman who had just gone out was wrong in his head

gone out was wrong in his head. Quoth the waiter: Quoth the waiter:

"Oh, no, sir, that's nothink unusual with "im, sir. 'E's broke maybe a 'undred glasses since 'e's been acomin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't seem to know it when 'e does it. 'E just gets a-thinkin', and seems to git hangry at somethink 'e's thinkin' about. It's Lord Macaulay, sir."

Bigh Rents in London.

Some parts of London are the most highly rented places in the world, fas exceeding the most expensive localities of Paris or New York. Cornhill is absolutely the dearest rented district in the world. One room near the Exchange was let a short time ago at £2,500 per annum. Six rooms on the first floor of a house at Throgmorton street were advertised recently to be let at a rent of £2,000 per annum. Bond street is the dearest neighborhood in London for a man to start business in. A small shop in Bond street will cost its tenant £1,000 per annum, and be it observed the word shop has strict limitations, and only includes the shop and basement, the rest of the house being let separately. The rents in the Strand have increased hugely during the last twenty-five years, and a lease of a shop renewed lately costs the tenant an increase of £200 per annum on his rent. High Rents in London

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Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, for ulcerative weaknesses,

perspiration, for ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all the purposes of the tollet, bath and nursery.

Complete treatment for every humour, consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment, to cleanse the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood may now be had. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

Cuticura Resolvent liquid and in the form of Chécolate Cutions Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chicolast Coated Pills. Cutiours Uniment and Cutiours Scop are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charter, house 8g; Paris, 8 Rue de la Paix; Anstralia. R. Towns & Co., Sydney; Boston, 187 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., 80de Proprietors. 827 world for "How to Cute Every Humour."

the Robility of Life

There is no action so slight nor se mean but it-may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefor; nor is any purpose so great but that is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and fray be so done to help it much, most sepecially that chief of all purposes—the pleasing of God. We treat God with irreverence by banishing him with irreverence by banishing him from our thoughts, not by referring to his will on slight occasions. His is not the infinite authority of intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honer God by asking his guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of his revelation. We use it most reverently when most habitually; our insolence is in everacting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its univeracting without reference to it; our true honoring of it is in its universal application. God appoints to yeary one of his creatures a separate mission; and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow the light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenchless influence, there will assuredly come of it such turning as, according to its appoint. there will assuredly come of it such burning as, according to its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service, constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift, also, to is race for ever. Says George Herbert:

For all may have,

If they dare choose a glorious life or

-John Ruskin

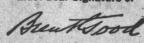
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CONNEMARA GYGLONE'S REINSTATEMENT

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

His doting parents-of that far famed poor but honest variety—had named him Michael Ryan O'Sullivan. But an equally doting public during the few years he held its attention had christened him the "Connemara Cyclone." History-ring history-has it that it was "Black" Nolan, the sporting assemblyman from the Tenth, who first gave him the name. After that great fight with "Pug" Bresnahan, so runs the story, while Bresnahan's seconds were still trying to fan the breath of life back to him and "Black" Nolan close to the ring divided his time between watching this interesting operation and fingering a thick, green wad in his pudgy hand, the latter suddenly turned to the man beside him and said:
"Aisy meat was he. Tell the b'ys that

backed Terry Bresnahan they've got a wad o' thinks comin' to' em. Ut's a cyclone that lad is—a Connemara cy-clone." And the sporting fraternity, which is ever ready to take up any name, provided only it be neighboring to appropriateness, sanctioned the chris-

many another man, the Cyclone's success was but the pathway to his own undoing. In the two years succeeding his first great victory an enter-prising manager kept him almost con-tinually before the public. The Cyclone made money rapidly and spent it with an equal avidity. Numerous easy victories over opponents unworthy of his steel intoxicated him with success. He neglected his training, he gambled heavily; but, the worst of all, he discovered that whisky was a fine anti-

dote for the poison of gambling losses.

The end came rapidly after that. One night at the Pastime club a clever youngster brought two quick blows through the Cyclone's guard, and for the first time in his life he lay prone in the ring and was counted out. It was a mercy the blows had been heavy enough to render him completely un-conscious and spare him the humiliation of the jeers and hisses and cat-calls of his backers—the catastrophe came in the second round, and they had

given odds of 5 to 2 on him.

The defeat had the effect of sobering him into a realization of his condition For a time he left whisky to its own devices and took up training with ex-emplary thoroughness. But his dissipation and the sting of defeat seemed to have unnerved him. All his encounters of the next year were calamitous to nim and left his manager financially involved. It was then they parted comany in a huff and the Cyclone decided to quit the ring.

His next venture was in the theat-rical line. The proprietor of a cheap variety house made him an offer of a omfortable sum per week to appear in a twenty minûte monologue. In this he was successful for a time, and night after night the house was crowded with men who, although they knew him as a "has been," remembered his palmier days. He went from city to city, appearing in faultless evening clothes and huge paste diamonds and with prudence might have laid by a snug sum out of his earnings. But with



THE ERSTWHILE CONNEMARA CYCI ONE WAS PITCHED OUT.

this new success the gambling began again, and with the gambling the whisky, and with the gambing the whis-ky, and with the whisky the mono-logue grew rather hazy, the articula-tion thick, the gesture vague. One night in a western city the curtain was rung down just in time, for before he could stagger to the wings he collapsed

in a miserable heap.

It went from bad to worse after that until Michael Ryan O'Sullivan became mmon barroom loafer.

a common barroom loafer.

It was one dark April night that the doors of Casey's saloon swung open, and with much scuffling and profanity the erstwhile Connemara Cyclone was pitched unceremoniously on to the sidewalk. A few moments later he rose painfully to his feet and made his lurching way does the door of the sidewalk. lurching way down the street to fall into a convenient doorway. He drew himself up as best he could on the stone steps and soon was snoring lus-

It was gray morning when he awoke and got unsteadily to his feet. He pushed out his dilapidated derby, brushed his clothes and buttoned his frayed coat about him. As he did so he became aware of a bundle on the steps beside him, a bundle swathed in a blanbeside him, a bundle swathed in a blan-ket, and even as he looked a feeble wall came from beneath its folds. He stooped and loosened the blanket, and

Q\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O\$O | two tiny arms reached up to him, acmpanied by a shrill plain

"Good heavens," he said, standing erect and rubbing his head, "it's a kid!" His first wild impulse was to run; then as the wail grew more plaintive he felt a strange tightening at his

"Poor devil," he mused, "it's hungry." He gathered the bundle in his arms and went out. He had a vague idea of giving it to a policeman, but as he went down the street and the wails gradually ceased a strange desire seized him, a desire to keep this child. There was his sister, Mrs. MacInness; he might take it to her. She was a good soul, was Nora. He sought the nearest drug store and looked up the address of the MacInnesses in the directory. Then, with the child in his arms, he trudged the two weary miles to their home. Nora met him at the door, and his heart sank.

"Well," she said, "an' what does this mean—the loikes o' you comin' here, Mike O'Sullivan? Are ye hungry or what hev ye in the boondle?"

what hev ye in the boondle?"

Just then there was a wail from the blanket, and she snatched it from him. He followed her into the house and watched with hungry eyes as she deftly slid off the swathings of the child. "Oh, the da-arlin', the da-arlin'!" she cried. "An' when was, ye married, Mike?"

"I want you to be good to it for a bit, Nora," he said and turned on his heel.

The sporting fraternity will tell you that a pugilist, however "corky," seldom regains his lost prestige, will also offer many absurd theories in the case of the Connemara Cyclone. But if you want to learn the real rea-son of that worthy's late success in the ring go up to the MacInness flat any Sunday afternoon and see a sleek, cur-ly haired baby pulling his huge watch chain and chewing his paste diamonds. And, although it is not currently known, a large portion of his ring earnings are banked in the name of Nora O'Sullivan.

An East Indian Legend.

According to a tradition of one of the tribes of India the sun created a man and a woman at the beginning of time, and this couple had twelve chil dren. When they had all come to an age to shift for themselves the sun divided them into pairs and placed food of all kinds before them. On their choice depended the fate of their de scendants. Those who took vegetables only became the ancestors of the highest caste of all, the Brahmans, while the Santals, the lowest of all castes, spring from those who chose pigs. The Kols declare that they are descended from those who took bullocks' flesh and to the sustaining power of the food of their choice the Larka, or fighting Kols, attribute their strength and fine physique. When these letter, at the eginning of the last century, first met English troops they were quickly impressed with the fighting powers of he strangers, and, finding that they, oo, ate bullocks flesh, the Kols paid them the great compliment of assigning them the same pair of ancestors as the Kols. But by the time eleven, pairs had chosen their share of the food provided there was nothing left for the unfortunate twelfth couple, and they had to beg food from the others who had fared better. From this unlucky pair spring the Ghasis, who do not work, but support themselves on the

How He Stopped the Bray. "I was on a gunning trip with some friends of mine," said a New York man, "and in a field close to the house man, and in a heid close to the house where we slept a jackass pastured. This jackass Kept us awake with his braying a good part of the night. My friends, do what they would, could not

charity and leavings of others

put a stop to his noise.
"I happened to know a good deal about jackasses, so I said to my

"'I bet you \$50 that I can stop this They took the bet, and that evening treated the jackass for a minute or

wo. The result was that all night long he was as silent as the grave.
"My friends in the morning paid me what was due, and they examined the animal. They found a heavy stone tied to his tail. That was all.

"They could not understand why this ould have kept him from braying, so had to explain the reason to them I had to explain the reason to them. Do you know the reason? No? Well, it was this: A jackass to bray has to have his tall elevated till it is level with his backbone. As long as it hangs down he can make no sound. My heavy stone therefore served the purpose of a first class gag."-New York

A Poor Nose For News The proprietor of a newspaper in a large city not far from New York called at the office of one of the New York evening newspapers with his son, a young man just out of college, and made the request that the editors take him on the staff and make a good newspaper man of him. The young man wore a corduroy vest, and ap-peared hopeful. He was sent off one morning to a nearby New Jersey town to investigate a report that a province to investigate a report that a prominent citizen was missing from his home. The day wore on and nothing was heard from the young man. The news-paper went to press without mention of the prominent citizen. Finally, an hour or more later, the young man strolled in, looking cool and contented, as though he had done a good day's

work. "Well, what about it? Where have you been?" asked the city editor.
"I found that the man wasn't miss-

ing, after all," replied the young man.
"Why didn't you send anything?"
"The report that he was missing was untrue. I went to the door and a servant answered the bell and told me that he had committed suicide."-New York



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