

COULD NOT SWEEP FLOOR

Was So Terribly Afflicted With Lame Back.

It is hard to do housework with a weak and aching back, and no woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well.

The weak, lame and aching back comes from sick kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible suffering from kidney trouble.

Mrs. Harvey W. Brownell, Northport, N.S., writes: "I now take pleasure in writing you, stating the benefit I received by using Doan's Kidney Pills."

About a year ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad at times I could not sweep my own floor.

While looking through your B.B. Almanac I saw Doan's Kidney Pills were a great remedy, so I bought a box or two.

After using five boxes I was completely cured, and I am very thankful to have found so speedy a cure."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 60 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. In order direct specify "Doan's."

HA'PENINGS OF THE WEEK

Continued from page 10.

Christie, Miss Lou Parks, Miss Marjorie Lee, Miss Jean McDonald and Miss Alcock. Among the guests were Mrs. Jas. Jack, Mrs. Murray McLaran, Mrs. P. W. Thomson, Mrs. H. Robinson, Mrs. C. W. deForest, Mrs. Thos. Rankine, Mrs. W. Angus, Mrs. Thos. McAvity, Mrs. John McAvity, Mrs. Meahan, Mrs. Geo. McInerney, Mrs. Manning, W. Doherty, Mrs. J. U. Thomas, Mrs. Jas. Straton, Miss Frances Hegon, Miss Tibbitts, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. D. Mullin, Mrs. C. Clinch, Mrs. E. Bruce, Mrs. Haycock, Mrs. H. P. Rankine, Mrs. Gordon Sanction, Mrs. Arthur Hegan, Mrs. Ward Hegan, Mrs. and Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Bouillon, Mrs. D. Patterson, Mrs. Stanbury, Mrs. Allison, Miss Lena Waters, (New York), and many others.

Mrs. Barton Gandy, Wright street, gave an informal bridge last Thursday evening. Among those being present were Miss Frances Hazen McKenzie, the Misses Hegan, Mr. and Mrs. Emery, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Sanction, Messrs. McKay, J. Pugsley, J. Kelly, H. Allison.

Mrs. T. Harrison Bullock was again hostess at one of her Thursday, during February, at homes, which like the previous functions, proved most enjoyable, many ladies according to the hospitality of this genial hostess.

Miss Lena Rivers passed through the city on Thursday returning to her home in New York.

Mrs. J. A. Lighthart gave a delightful tea Thursday at her residence, Garden street. Miss Likely received with her mother. The table was very tastefully arranged the centre piece being red geraniums and dotted with there pretty silver candlesticks with red shades. Mrs. S. C. Elkin and Mrs. Ewing presided at the table with Miss Bessie Armstrong serving the tea, Miss Delstead and Miss Philips replenishing. The other assistants were Mrs. Arscott, Mrs. Arthur Likely, Miss Grace Hayward, Miss Creighton, Miss Hannah, Miss Bertie Armstrong, Miss Flanders and Miss Vincent.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bouillon, regret to hear of the removal of Mr. Bouillon to Quebec to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Fratingham, who was formerly chief engineer on the G. T. R. in Quebec.

Mrs. Allen Rankine, 49 Hazen street has issued invitations for a bridge Tuesday afternoon next.

Mrs. W. H. Harrison was hostess again on Thursday afternoon to a large number of friends at the tea hour.

Mrs. R. L. Smith, Orange street, left for a short visit to New York Friday evening.

Miss E. McLean, Mecklenburg street, has gone to New York having left Friday evening.

Mrs. George McInerney, Dorchester street, gave a very pleasant informal tea Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. H. Hansard left for her home in Winnipeg Wednesday evening.

Miss Gladys Edgewood, Princess street, is entertaining at bridge this afternoon for her sister, Mrs. John Stoll, of Fredericton.

WHY SNIFFLE AND SNEEZE WITH CATARRHAL COLD?

By Breathing the Healing Vapor of Catarrhose You Get Relief in Ten Minutes.

Every second person that you meet seems to have a sneeze and stuffed feeling in the forehead and nostrils. To cure promptly, easy, in half an hour, there is nothing worse using except Catarrhose. You breathe its balsamic vapor, and feel as if you were in the Norway pines. There is because Catarrhose contains a healing medicine, light as pine air which is breathed straight into the lungs, and bronchial tubes. Away goes the cold, sneezing and catarrhal cough cease, bronchial irritation stops; in short, you are cured of catarrh by a pleasant, simple remedy, free from sedatives and irritants.

That Catarrhose is a swift, certain means of destroying colds and catarrh is proved by the following statement of Mr. Pulis, one of Brockville's best known merchants:

"In the fall of 1907," writes Mr. Pulis, under date of June 10th, 1910, "I contracted a very severe cold which developed into Catarrh. At that time I was living in New York State and treated with four different physicians, who afforded me no relief. On coming to Brockville I was advised by a friend to try Catarrhose. I bought the relief outfit, and was gratified by the results. I was completely cured by Catarrhose, and have used it since to check a cold, with unfailing results. It is the grandest medicine in existence, and I hope my testimony will be of some use to other fellow-sufferers."

(Signed) George Pulis, an ideal protection for the chest, throat, nose and throat is the frequent use of Catarrhose. Two months' treatment (the large size) costs \$1.00, medium size 50c.; at all dealers or The Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

PHILIPS' SO-SUCCESSFUL AS LUCK—YET—

Listen to These Romantic Tales of Inexplicable Happenings in California.

BY H. J. CORCORAN.

One day in summer when the heat was intense the great caliph of Bagdad sent a messenger to summon the grand vizier to the royal palace to play pinochle. The secretary of state came reluctantly in response to the bidding of his oriental and royal highness. He had just received tidings that the horse which had won the Babylonian handicap at odds of 50 to 1, and upon which he had wagered a bag of sequins, had been disqualified by the judges, thereby causing him to lose not only his 50 bags of sequins but the bag which he had ventured. He therefore approached the royal presence in anything but a pleasant frame of mind.

However, as became a loyal subject and a well paid prime minister, he sat down in an apparent state of cheerful mindedness to see if he might not recoup his losses, in part at least, at the expense of his imperial master.

To his intense disgust the cards were against him and he lost game after game until he was a full month's salary to the bad. Finally his royal opponent suggested that they would play one game "double or quits." This pleased the worthy minister who felt that it was time for his luck to turn. To his surprise and chagrin the caliph proceeded to write 150 trumps, 100 aces, double pinochle, 80 kings, 60 queens, 40 Jacks and everything else that was of any use. The grand vizier threw down his cards in disgust, exclaiming: "It is no use. I can't win. Luck is against me."

"What's that?" said his majesty. "There is no such thing as luck. Whoopie!"

Whereupon the grand vizier indeed "No such thing as luck? Why it's like taking candy from a baby to play pinochle with you. Let the cards break even," was the fiery reply. Thereupon his oriental highness himself drew a card, and fixing his royal eye upon the enraged minister he exclaimed: "Know you, sirrah, that it is by such petty artifices that merit loses its just and proper reward. Unwilling to acknowledge my superiority at this ancient pastime, which Moses often played with Aaron in the dawn of history, and not being possessed of enough greatness of mind to enable you to come out, man fashion, and say candidly what you believe to be true that my skill surpasses your own, you fall back upon the time worn excuse of being out of luck. Look you, sirrah—and at this stage of the proceedings the eyes of his courtiers mostly flashed fire—"too late I brooked your upbraidings, and have allowed you liberties not enjoyed by any other subject, but, sirrah, by the beard of the prophet, this is the end."

The frightened vizier attempted to explain, but the enraged caliph would listen to no excuses or apologies. "Look you," he said, "unless you prove to me before the setting of the sun that such a force exists in the world as luck, I shall order your head to be struck from your neck by the public executioner as a solemn warning to all foolish sports who can see no force in the world but 'luck,' and who, like you, are unwilling to believe that others possess skill superior to their own. Go, sir, and remember that the sun sets at one quarter after the seventh hour. The vizier turned to go, and as he did so the caliph, who was really a just man, called him back: "It is only just to you," he said, "that in case you succeed in showing that such a force as luck does exist, I shall double your salary, and shall invest you with the Indiana of the ancient and honored order of the William Goat."

Whereupon his oriental majesty drew the silken robes of the state about his sacred person and strode haughtily from the room, not forgetting to pocket the money he had won from his dejected minister of state.

The latter stood for a few moments in deep reverie when, noting, as he glanced through the palace windows, that the sun was fast sinking, he made haste to leave. His first thought was flight, but he knew that such a course was useless. Then he thought of begging off and asking forgiveness, but pride and a good understanding of the character of the caliph forbade such procedure.

Walking the streets of Bagdad in deep dejection, he came upon a vender of fruits, from whom he purchased a small basket of luscious black cherries. As he began eating them his teeth encountered the hard pit, and from this circumstance he received a suggestion upon which he proceeded to act without loss of time.

In the bazaar he found the shop of a jeweler, where he bought an assortment of precious stones. Then he caused the pits to be taken from the cherries and in their places were put the diamonds, pearls, rubies and other precious bangles he had just bought. Replacing the charms in the basket he sallied forth into the highways of the city when he happened upon a couple of blind beggars sunning themselves by a stone wall. By the promise of a reward he induced these wretches to accompany him to the palace, where they were placed diagonally opposite to each other in the corners of a very large room.

He then caused his royal master to be summoned. The caliph came promptly, for he felt a fondness for his minister and was loth to see him lose his life.

The vizier then placed the vessel containing the cherries in the centre of the room and informed the two beggars that he had done so and that whoever found them could keep them.

The two blind men groped a long time, until finally one of them found the fruit and began to eat. His companion begged for a portion of the find and urged their common misfortune as a ground for his request. "No! No!" said the finder, "I will eat them all myself, but I will give you the pits and you can plant them and raise your own cherries." Chuckling to himself at his witty ally he suited the action to the words by swallowing the meat of the cherry and throwing the pit to his companion. This he kept up until the last one was gone.

"Sirrah," exclaimed his serene highness, "you were right; there is such a thing as luck after all!"

The prime minister mindful of the extremely close call that he had made, endowed a home for the blind with a princely sum out of his fortune and devoted the increase in salary to the care of the helpless poor.

From that day to this there have been many instances in which the advantage of being born under a lucky star has been demonstrated in a signal manner. This has been proved true in mining more than in any other calling. Out of the many true instances that have come to the surface the following are the most remarkable:

The Keystone mine in Amador county, California, belonged long ago to a man named A. H. Rose. This was in the early days of mining and no one had then heard of a mother lode or a diamond drill. Rose was a man whose ore body was gradually pinching out. He satisfied himself that the end was not far away and he proceeded to look around for a way out. About this time a Scotchman named McDonald came into the county looking for bargains, and Rose unloaded on him for \$50,000. When he had the money in hand he was the most delighted citizen in California.

Day by day as the work went on the vein grew smaller and smaller until it was lost completely. All the old miners contended the mine was never taken his medicine and to abandon the property. Had he been a miner probably he would have done so, but he was a hard headed Scotchman who had a very small knowledge of mining in California, then known as Hangtown. When they had their living quarters built winter was at hand, so they decided to go to Hangtown to buy supplies enough to last them until they could best work in the spring. When they had bought all they thought necessary they had a balance of some \$400 in dust. A big poker game was going on in one of the many saloons and Jack suggested that as he was a good poker player he would try his luck. Bill assented and Jack sat in.

From the start he won steadily and in an hour or two he had won more than \$2,000. At this stage Bill whispered to him that this was a good time to cash out, but Jack, who had promised that as soon as he had dealt the cards he would retire.

The next deal was his. When he picked up his hand it contained three aces and a pair of fours. A layover across the table and three aces face up on the table. "You are all in," he said to Jack, "so it's a showdown. How many does the dealer want?"

Jack thought for a second. His first impulse was to throw away his pair and play the three aces, as they must be good unless the other man helped; then he thought of the chance of the other man drawing to a pair and making a nine full. "I will play these," said Jack, as he turned his ace full face up in front of him.

"Turn 'em over," said his opponent. Jack dealt him the tray of diamonds, then he deliberately turned over the nine spot of clubs, giving his opponent four nines and three money. He flipped over the next two cards to see what would have happened had he followed his first impulse to draw two. They were the fourth ace and a face card.

The young men sold their supplies at a small loss and disposed of their claim and cabin to a Canadian for a small sum. Then they turned their backs upon the mountains and walked down into the valley of the San Joaquin, where Bill died in 1906. Jack had preceded him many years. The Canadian took \$30,000 from the mine in a few days in the spring and then sold out to a French company for over \$100,000. This company took over \$1,000,000 from the property before finally giving it up late in the last century. Jack and Bill lived and died poor men.

Robert Barnet, who had been prominent in democratic politics in California, became interested in mining in Mexico, when he was secretary to John Daggett, superintendent of the Santa Rosalia mine in the state of Sonora and sent Barnet to charge of it. Barnet was a capable man, and under his management the mine prospered, but finally petered out.

One day as he was sitting in front of his office trying to keep cool he was accosted by a half breed Indian Mexican, who informed him that a few miles beyond he had located a gold mine of wonderful riches. He needed a few dollars to pay certain denouncement fees and other charges, less than 50 dollars in all, and offered to give Barnet half the mine for the use of that sum of money.

The day was warm and Barnet had been long enough in Mexico to have become possessed to some extent with the Mexican habits. He thought of the ride over the hills upon a burro, who would have to follow a narrow trail, and then he thought of how cozy he was where he sat, so he declined to go and refused to give the Indian the money. A lawyer named Carlisle did supply the money and before being called upon for any more sold his half to a Boston firm for a half-million. The first shipment of ore from the place turned out over \$6,000 to the ton, and in less than five years the property had cleared several millions. Barnet was shot and killed some years later by a Mexican peon and died very poor.

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and there it was that one of the greatest cinnabar deposits in the world was discovered.

So many are the instances where luck has been the dominant factor that a book of tales of such cases might be easily written without exhausting the subject. While we are certain to have our attention called to the cases where the touch of the magic working force has turned poverty into affluence and dependence into independence, it is, indeed, rare to hear the stories of those who by an accident or incident fully as capricious in character have had fortune escape them and have for all their remaining days cursed their ill fortune. Some of these are almost pathetic, as in the case of a poor miner who day after day for many years walked from his little home to his work, and home again when his shift was over.

Alongside his pathway was a huge rock, beside which he was used to pause to fill and light his pipe in going to and from his work. Many times he would scratch a match upon its certain rules which govern all good copper mines. Among the 13 who had decided that Cananea was no good was John Hays Hammond. In spite of all this it has been shown to be one of the four greatest copper properties in the world.

The fortunes made by the "bonanza kings" through their handling of the Comstock mines have become historic, and with these men the element of luck played a prominent part. All the leading actors in that exciting period are now dust and ashes, but their record is still easy of access and goes to show how great a factor in our lives is this element.

One night when prudence was about to prevail and a complete shut down was in contemplation, the outgoing shift boss reported a change in the character of the rock. This imparted new courage and fresh hope and in a few days came tidings of the finding of the true ore body which is now generally called the Mother Lode. From that day to this the mine has never ceased to pay and has yielded up more than one princely fortune.

In the fall of 1850 two young men, whom we will call Bill and Jack, located a claim not far from Flacerville, California, then known as Hangtown. When they had their living quarters built winter was at hand, so they decided to go to Hangtown to buy supplies enough to last them until they could best work in the spring.

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passed a bag of dust to the banker and asked for chips for all of it. They were promptly given to him. They represented a little more than \$1000. "What's your limit?" he asked as he seated himself. The dealer turned his thumb toward the ceiling to indicate that he could pile on as high as he cared to. "Do you allow doubles?" he asked. "Suit yourself," was the reply. "Well, here goes," he exclaimed, as he shoved all his chips over on the queer. He won. The pay out sized up to his stack of checks, which the young man quietly moved over to the jack and placed the same with his original wager, and again he won. By this time all the other players had quit and were watching this strange duel. It did not last long. The keeper of the bank closed the game and announced that it was broke. He paid the young man every penny due him, remarking as he did so: "I guess my luck has chanked; tomorrow I must look for work." The young man called him aside and confided to him that he had come to California to make enough money to pay an unpaid college. Work as he pleased, he never got ahead more than a few hundred dollars, and he had decided to risk all of it at the gambling table. Now he had enough and to spare, but in saving himself he had ruined another. "Take back half this money and go to it again," he said, "if you make good you will pay me. If you lose I will never regret the loss. In the morning the young man took the stage for Stockton and was soon on his way east. As he was going to the express company, but he placed it in the ship's safe in the purser's office.

On the way down this ship, The Great Republic, was wrecked off the Mexican coast and burned to the water's edge near Mazatlan. The young man was seriously crippled, and for a long time his life hung in the balance. He finally recovered, though his money was lost. He had been sent on to New York by the company, and when he left the hospital he was crippled. His health was permanently impaired and he endured great privations. He wrote to the fare banker who had accepted the loan of his money, but no tidings came. He learned accidentally that the place had been robbed by Joaquin Murietta and the proprietor shot and badly wounded. Sitting in the park one day he caught sight of his name in print. It was an advertisement asking him to call at a certain place. Without any thought that he was the man wanted he called and was amazed to find that he was again rich. The fare banker had stumbled across a deposit of ore which he sold for a fortune, and in which he declared his strange friend a half owner.

Certainly he was deeply in love. So had been others before him. He was young, strong and pleasant to look upon; so had been many others who had wooed and lost. Rich he was not. He had two wagons, eight mules and the usual outfit of a teamster. In those days his entire equipment was worth about \$5,000. Finally he hit upon a plan. He had a number of friends among the team owners whose teams passed the house of the wise widow and her daughter. To these he confided his secret hopes and swore them to aid him and be silent. In a few days a splendid team stopped at the widow's to put up for the night. Upon the wagon had been stencilled the initials in three letters of our young friend. "Whose outfit is this?" said the cautious widow. "The drivers' team is in progress, but the principal interest centres round the fare table. He

Some miners in Sierra county thought that they had done a brilliant thing by shooting some fine gold into a placer claim, which they then sold to a party of Chinese for \$6,000. The joke was too good to keep and was soon generally known. Poor John received little sympathy, for the anti-Chinese feeling was then running high. Whether they knew they had been cheated or not, the purchasers made no sign and uttered no complaint, but kept steadily and patiently at work. Meanwhile the sellers laughed heartily and proceeded to enjoy the spending of their \$6,000 of "easy money."

Soon it was discovered that the Chinese were doing considerable business through the local express office and in the course of time it was a matter of general knowledge that the victims had taken out and sent away more than from the salted mine.

A young man dressed as a minor came into the Golden Nugget gambling house in a California mining camp in early days. Gambling in many forms was in progress, but the principal interest centres round the fare table. He

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Some miners in Sierra county thought that they had done a brilliant thing by shooting some fine gold into a placer claim, which they then sold to a party of Chinese for \$6,000. The joke was too good to keep and was soon generally known. Poor John received little sympathy, for the anti-Chinese feeling was then running high. Whether they knew they had been cheated or not, the purchasers made no sign and uttered no complaint, but kept steadily and patiently at work. Meanwhile the sellers laughed heartily and proceeded to enjoy the spending of their \$6,000 of "easy money."

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TRIED EVERYTHING WITHOUT RELIEF

UNTIL I TOOK "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Sarnia, Ont., Feb. 5th, 1910. "I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors but derived no benefit whatsoever. Finally I read an advertisement of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I decided to give 'Fruit-a-tives' a trial and found they did exactly what was claimed for them. I have now taken 'Fruit-a-tives' for some months and find that they are the only remedy that does me good. I have recommended 'Fruit-a-tives' to a great many of my friends and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly." PAUL J. JONES.