

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAY.

C. P. R. Road From Toronto to Sudbury Now Running.

Special Train Took Agents to the New Stations.

Road Begun Three Years Ago and Cost \$11,000,000.

Toronto, June 15.—At 1 o'clock in the dark morning hours of Friday last there crawled out from the Union Station, through the deserted railway yards, past North Parkdale, a strange train—an engine hauling a few freight cars, a caboose, a day coach, a sleeper, a dining car, and on the end an official business car. Nobody in particular saw the train go out or thought about it when it disappeared into the north. And it was gone two days. At 3 o'clock yesterday morning it crawled back again into the big, empty station. It was covered with white dust and drawn by a work-stained, sweating engine. As the rears air-brakes whistled under the cars a handful of railway officials and newspaper men stumbled sleepily out on the platform and went home under the breaking dawn.

That was the return of the first Canadian Pacific train to travel through on the new Toronto to Sudbury line and back again. It signified the completion of the last 136 1/2 miles of the most difficult kind of railroad engineering work outside of mountain construction; the final link between Bala, on the Muskoka lakes and Romford Junction, on the C. P. R. main line close to Sudbury, connecting Toronto direct with the latter station, providing a route 60 miles shorter than the North Bay route, and cutting the distance and connections eight hours from the time formerly required to reach main line points west of Sudbury. It signified, too, the completion of a task on which thousands of men have been toiling in the rocky wildernesses of northern Ontario for three years; the completion of a road hewn through granite hills, carried over sink holes and bridged above mighty rivers. It stands for the accomplished end of an expenditure of time, patience, genius and of lives, and eleven million dollars. At 12:01 o'clock, eastern time, yesterday morning the new line passed from the control of the construction department to that of the operating department of the C. P. R. and became a direct line from Toronto to Winnipeg. At 9:30 last night the first passenger train left Toronto for Winnipeg.

Opening a New Road.
When the special pulled out of the Union Station she carried besides the company's officials and the newspapermen, twelve men going up as station agents into the new country. In the baggage car and the freight cars were the hundred and one little things that go to make up the equipment of a station from the ink to the clock. It was no tour of inspection in which the officials were engaged. Every department of the company's work connected with stations was represented on the train. Mr. J. Nelson was aboard as divisional superintendent, and Mr. John G. Sullivan as manager of construction east of Fort William, Mr. William Marshall as superintendent of telegraph construction; Mr. T. F. Savage, travelling freight agent; Mr. G. Apps, assistant general baggage agent; Mr. T. C. Ray, train and station inspector; Mr. D. J. McFiggan, route agent, Dominion Express Company; Mr. E. W. Armstrong, city passenger agent, Parry Sound; Mr. J. W. Porter, and Mr. A. J. Isbester, assistant engineers, and Mr. D. Carmichael and Mr. A. C. Harshaw, trainmen; Mr. J. J. Brignall, travelling passenger agent, not only looked after his department's interests, but acted also as a most efficient host for the party.

North of Bala the work of opening and equipping the stations began. There were twelve of them, and twelve agents were drossed, Parry Sound, Peart, Shawanaga, Point au Baril, Naiscontyong, Byng Inlet, Still, Pickereil, Rutter and Burwash. Most of them were young men, some married and some single. In some cases a night operator was left, making two men for one station, but in most the agent was left alone, with nobody to talk to but the section boss, a stray Indian or a fire ranger, or by wire to the next man down the line. In opening the new station there is nothing at all of ceremony. The door is unlocked and Superintendent Marshall shows in the telegraph plug and tests the wire. Meantime a clock, a desk, stationery, forms, scales, lamps, pictures of lake liners, brooms, pails and personal effects are hustled out from freight cars, and the train moves out again.

In one case the station and the section man's house were the only buildings in the community, and the woods, dark, untracked, unknown, brushed the sils of the new building. Out of the freight cars, and the train moves out again.

"Hope mine's a bit more lively," commented one young man on the train.

The latest man installed heard the remark. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I guess that'll be all right. Look at that! I've a rose garden!" Out of a seam in the great bald rock beside the building grew a profusion of wild roses.

"That'll help some, kid, but I'd advise you straight—get married," the other returned, as the train moved out.

Millions of Pounds Dynamite.
There were from four million to five million pounds of dynamite used in blasting for this section of the C. P. R. That means over 2,000 tons, and it is not unnatural to expect interesting features along such a road. The jagged cuttings, the placed faces of the rocks made grim pictures that stood in contrast to the spaces where lakes lay dreaming among the hills, surrounded by evergreen woods and filled with shadows and reflections. All along the way were exquisite views—that of Georgian Bay's wooded waters from the 1,800-foot trestle that carries the train 103 feet above the streets of Parry Sound, and that of Bower's Bay, farther north, and the "Hole in the Wall" beside it. Here and there inviting streams of clear, swift water fled into the woods, or great rivers like the Magnetawan and French rolled in state under the C. P. R. bridges. Deserted log shanties hinted of the winter work of the construction camp, while every now and then the old Government road between Byng Inlet and Parry Sound

crossing the track gave vistas of the inner woods.

Friday evening the train stood for some time on the huge trestle over the Magnetawan River. The sun was sliding behind a sunset cloud, and the dusk was creeping over the black water. Beside the bridge an Indian was fishing, solemn and content, with a sickly smudge curling upward from the bow of the canoe. Presently he caught a fish, a good-sized pickerel. He dangled it before the eyes of the audience in the train, then cast it to the bottom of the canoe and went on fishing. That night the fireflies made fairy carnival in the low-lying land along the track, and the mosquitoes made another carnival inside the car. Once the train passed a construction camp, where the Hungarians stood in groups about little red fires trying to keep the omnivorous insects away. They looked up stolidly.

End of a Long Work.
All the construction men saw in the coming of the "special" was the end of a long work. From the "dagoes" to the tanned boss, from the boss to the pounder and engineer, even to the chief himself, they all looked at the passenger coaches as though they were an intrusion. We first saw the real "boss," Mr. John G. Sullivan, hanging by one hand from the side of a flatcar on a last train waving signals to the engineers and ordering men about in a voice that carried the impulse to obey quickly. He told the reporters that the work on this road began in June, 1905, it has cost \$11,000,000, or about \$45,000 per mile, including bridges. Some years ago Mr. Sullivan was assistant chief engineer of the Panama Canal, yet he stated that in the work there there had probably less engineering difficulties day by day than were met on the C. P. K. line.

First of Its Kind in World.
"This is the first piece of road 226 miles long in all the world," he said, built to so high a standard, that is, 40 curves and 3-10 per cent grades. At the time we were grading we had 5,000 men working on the line with between 500 and 600 teams. We have 1,000 men working now. Our bridges and rails are all from Canadian works."

Speaking of the French River bridge, which by the way, is so designated that it may be made into a swing bridge in case the Georgian Bay Canal were built, Mr. Sullivan stated that the foundations alone had cost \$45,000. One of the piers stands in 45 feet of water. The bridge itself weighs 2,800,000 pounds, and when it is swung into place the line had been comparatively small, three men in the actual work and four men in other ways.

It was an engrossing story Mr. Sullivan told of how one of the C. P. R.'s engineers, Mr. Kilally, of Montreal, had walked the whole length of the route on a reconnaissance tour before the surveyors set out. The walk occupied months and was covered practically alone.

At several places along the way deer tracks lay in the sand at the side of the road, and when a few miles out from Sudbury a herd of fifteen suddenly crossed the rails and disappeared into the woods farther down.

The north trip occupied from 1 a. m. to 12 p. m. Friday. On the return the train left Sudbury at 9 o'clock Saturday morning and arrived in Toronto at 3 a. m. Sunday. The new seven-halves trains on the road north of Bala interfered, of course, with the rate of progress.

Told in Brief.
Road cost \$11,000,000.
Bridges cost \$1,000,000.
Parry Sound viaduct \$500,000.
French River Bridge \$250,000.
Length of new road 226 miles.
Deepest trestle 1,155 feet.
Longest rock cut 100 feet.
Explosives used 4,000,000 pounds.
Largest staff 5,000.
Trains 600.
Locomotives 27.
Grade three-tenths.
Curves four degrees.
Cost per mile \$45,000.
Savings to Winnipeg 36 hours.
Time to Montreal schedule to Winnipeg 8 1/2 hours.
Men killed during construction 7.
Boarding cars 150.
Flat cars 250.
Hart ballast cars 200.
Labor—Italian and Bulgarian.
Steel—84 lb. C. P. standard.
Materials—All Canadian.
Under construction—three years.

Hanged by the Neck.
No death is more certain than the end that comes to every offender treated by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Out the corn or warts, root and branch. Insist on "Putnam's" only. It's the best. Free from acids, and painless.

DIVER LOST HIS LIFE
While Crowd Cheered His Act at Bergen Beach.

New York, June 13.—While hundreds looked on and cheered him for what they believed was a part of his daring act, Joseph Jakobe, a professional diver, lost his life at Bergen Beach today when the rope which held his sliding seat on a descending wire broke and plunged him into Jamaica Bay, nearly one hundred feet below. Only the diver's wife and two children, knew that an accident had occurred. Jakobe died within two hours after being taken from the water.

Jakobe's act was to slide on a sloping wire attached to two poles set in the water, and when midway between them to jump from his seat and turn several somersaults before striking the water. While making the slide today the strap holding his suspended seat to the wire broke, and Jakobe fell flat upon the water.

CHIEF JUSTICE HONORED.
Sir Charles Fitzpatrick Appointed to the Hague Tribunal.

Ottawa, June 14.—Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, has been notified of his appointment by the Imperial Government to succeed the late Major-General Sir J. Ardagh as one of the four representatives of Great Britain on the Permanent Board of Arbitration at the Hague to settle international disputes. Some time ago, in ratifying the appointment of Sir Charles Fitzpatrick as joint representative of Canada, Newfoundland and Great Britain for the Hague tribunal to adjudicate on matters in dispute with the United States in reference to the Atlantic fisheries, the British Government suggested that Sir Charles might also be appointed as a permanent member of the Hague board to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Major-General Ardagh. The suggestion was naturally gratifying here, as being a significant recognition of Canada's partnership in the affairs of the empire as a whole, and the appointment has now been made.

Fun for Times Readers

Heard in Court.
Magistrate—You are accused of keeping a vicious dog. Are you guilty or not guilty?
The Accused—Y'er honor can take him out for a walk, and if he bites you, you can keep him. I can't say any fairer.



COMPLIMENTARY.
Elderly Husband—And what do you think of my friend?—She will make a perfectly stunning widow.

Tactful Host.
When a tactful host entertains a tactful guest, there is sure to be a rewarding conversation for the onlooker and listener.

"What do you think of our place, on the whole?" asked Mr. Brown, as he stood with his old school friend on the piazza, waiting for the station carriage which was to bear the 24 hours' guest away.

"Rather a good little place," said Mr. Ray, impartially. "Perhaps a bit bare now, but no doubt time will change all that."

"Yes, indeed," said his host, with great heartiness and no hint of offence. "I hope before you come again the trees and shrubs will have made a good growth—then you'll see a change."—Youth's Companion.

A Weather Philosopher.
According to the prophets that are runnin' of the sky,
We'll likely have some weather in the middle of July;
An' I'm tellin' all the singers that a thankful heart will fill me,
When August lights his fires an' the world is on the blaze!

I worried through the winter—with its drivin' snow and sleet,
An' you ain't a-goin' to hear me raisin' thunder 'bout the heat;
It gives the peach its color, keeps the sweet vines on the run,
An' the watermelon's redder for the kisses of the sun.

Scored a Point.
The attorney for the defence was cross examining a witness whose testimony had been particularly damaging to his client.

"Mr. Williams," he said, "I will ask you if, at the time when you saw the defendant—by the way, Mr. Williams, what is your occupation?"

"By profession, sir," answered the witness, "I am a statistician in the Department of—"

"That's all, Mr. Williams. Your honor, we are at a loss to let the case go to the jury right now."

GERMANY ALARMED.
FATHERLAND FEARS IT IS BEING ISOLATED.
Remarkable Outburst by a Berlin News Agency—Britain Warned to Check Her Sovereign's Ambitions—Visit to the Czar of Threefold Importance.

Berlin, June 14.—Although in response to august inspiration the more important sections of the German press have refrained from a violent expression of opinion in regard to King Edward's meeting with the Czar, it is an open secret that the Reval "entrevue" is viewed with the utmost displeasure, not far remote from concern, in responsible quarters in the fatherland. No amount of protestations such as were contained in the toasts exchanged between the King and Czar on Wednesday, to the effect that the Anglo-Russian entente was intended only to conserve the world's peace, can persuade any Germans that both the Anglo-Russian and the Anglo-French ententes are not aimed primarily at hemming in the fatherland and circumscribing its political, naval and military activities.

A news agency, known to enjoy highly confidential relations with the Chancellor, this week issued an irritatingly violent and personal attack on King Edward. The outburst was so remarkable that the editors of the leading Berlin papers hurriedly got together and decided that it must be suppressed at all costs. In addition to some references to the King's private life, the article definitely warned Great Britain that it would do well to check its Sovereign's vaunting ambitions to encompass the political paralysis of Germany.

The German military-naval party, which includes practically every commissioned officer in the two services, heartily supports the idea of breaking the artificial bonds which British diplomacy is accused of so sedulously weaving around the despised fatherland.

London, June 11.—In the efforts to convey to the popular mind in England an impression of the importance of the Reval visit the utmost has been made of such features of the meeting as are suggested by the pomp and circumstance with which the ceremonial acts of the world's monarchs are habitually invested; but all attempts to throw on to canvas any of those warm, brilliant hues which marked the London visit of the French President have proved a lamentable failure, and the picture that remains is a cold, gray scene in which the central figures, however worthy of praise, inspire no enthusiasm.

Some little irritation is manifest over the suspicion with which a section of the German press regarded the meeting, but the acknowledgment by the Berliner Tageblatt that there could be no doubt that King Edward was sincerely striving for the maintenance of the world's peace tended to allay this.

The Paris to London telephone rate is to be cut in half.

No Excuse.
A Johnny-on-the-spot high school boy rushed into the market, and, thrusting \$1 on the counter, said to the man behind the block: "Give me a yard of pork and keep the change." The butcher walked over to the refrigerator, took out three pig's feet and handed them to the boy with the remark that three feet make a yard the world over, and he was much obliged.—Palestine (Texas) Herald.

The Thoughtless Woman.
"My wife," growled Kadley, "is the most forgetful woman."
"Indeed?" queried his friend, politely.
"Yes; she can never remember in the morning where I left my pipe the night before."—Philadelphia Press.

Experienced.
"Never mind, dear," he said, reassuringly, as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder, and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off."
"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his whitey shoulder; "how do you know?"—Somerville Journal.

True.
Many a man who claims to be self-made made what he is by his wife.
—Johnson City (Texas) Enterprise.

He Was Prepared.
The lawyer was doing a cross-examining thing.
"Now, sir," he said to the witness, "tell the court how far you were from the accused when he fired the shot."
"Thirteen feet seven and three-quarter inches," answered the witness.
"Oh, come, now," said the lawyer, "how can you tell to the fraction of an inch?"
"I knew some fool would ask me," replied the other, "so I measured it."—Chicago News.

A Drawing Card.
"I wish I knew when the first sheath skirt would be worn in Houston," said a railway man yesterday.
"Why?" asked his friend.
"So we could arrange excursions."—Houston Post.



POOR MAN.
Landlady—You make an awful noise with that furniture.
Boarder—Well, I'm sorry to hear it.
Landlady—So is everybody else.

Reaction.
Salesman—Hat, sir? Yes; what kind do you wish to look at?
Customer—Well, my wife wears a Merry Widow affair. If you have something that is the exact opposite of it, young man, that's what I want.

Nunky.
But if you question Uncle Joe,
His grizzled beard he strokes,
Bliss out, "It isn't over yet!"
And smokes, and smokes, and smokes.

GO FOR YOUR LETTERS

OFFICIAL LIST OF THOSE UNCLAIMED AT HAMILTON.

List of unclaimed letters lying in the Hamilton post office, received prior to June 8th, 1908:

- Ager, Mr. (late Watford).
- Allen, George H.
- Alberson, Mr. Alex. H.
- Andrews, John C., mountain top.
- Anderson, Dr., dentist.
- Anderson, Miss Irene.
- Andrew, M.
- Armstrong, Foster, Esq.
- Bachelder, Mr. E.
- Bachelor, B.
- Bernier, Dr. T. P.
- Bekett, Mrs. A.
- Bell, Mr. Walter.
- Bottom, Miss Ethel.
- Bomberg, Mr. O. N.
- Bonnett, Fred (late Parry Sound).
- Bolton, John, jun.
- Bolderston, Mr. J. (late Parry Sound).
- Bryan, Mr. Martin.
- Bruce, Miss K.
- Brown, Mr. L.
- Buckley, Mr. H. M.
- Camps, Mr.
- Carter, W.
- Cane, Thomas.
- Campbell, Mr. Frank.
- Clark, Mrs. C. R.
- Chapman, Samuel, 483 King street east.
- Chambers, Charles H.
- Civil, P. M. (late Kentucky).
- Corbett, Mr. Robert.
- Davis, Charles E., Mr.
- Dexter, Ellen, Owen, Miss.
- Doxator, Fred, Mrs.
- Dyett, Robert, Mr.
- Earle, S. R., Mrs.
- Edwards, J. W., Dr.
- Ely, Edwin, T.
- Edwards, T. A., (late London).
- Kimsie, Edwin, W.
- Edlort, Mat, Mrs.
- Elder, John, Mr.

- Fellows, John W.
- Fenton, A. F., (2).
- Fisher, W. A., Mr.
- Fischman, S. E.
- Fischman, Louis, T., (2).
- Fordham, Harry, Mr.
- Gale, George, Mr.
- Galvin, Thomas.
- Gibson, Robert.
- Giles, N.
- Giddley, Mrs.
- Gilson, C.
- Gilntz, A., Mr.
- Goodman, J., Mr.
- Gross, John D., (late Greensville).
- Gross, John (152 Sherman avenue).
- Griffith, Clyde.
- Harris, W. L.
- Harris, Louisa.
- Hardiments, A.
- Harding, W., (late Winona).
- Hayes, Michael.
- Heaton, Mrs.
- Hickfield, Mrs. I.
- Hill, Chris (Barton)
- Holloway, R.
- Horn, Miss Sarah E.
- Hunt, W.
- Hall, John

- Ling, James
- Loesch, Eddie
- Lunn, Wm.
- Lush, Geo.
- Lynes, Harry
- Marshall, Dr. H. F.
- Mearnes, Dr. W. A.
- Menzler, Mrs.
- Menkery, Dr. W.
- Mosley, Jas.
- Neil, Geo.
- Noble, Mrs., Main st. e.
- Norrie, Miss
- Ostrander, E.
- Ranson, G. H.
- Ray, A. G.
- Rouse, F. G.
- Ryan, Jas.
- Ryan, W. P.
- Robinson, W. P.
- Samuels, Mrs. F.
- Searnon, H. A. (2)
- Schruder, Mr.
- Scott, N. S.
- Shipman, Horace
- Shakleton, J. H.
- Slattery, R.
- Smith, Geo.
- Spicer, R. Newton and Norway ave.
- Stafford, Noah
- Stirling, W. E.
- Stewart, Miss L. A.
- Stewart, Chas.
- Stewart, J.
- Taylor, F. (2)
- Tait, G.
- Thompkins, J. H.
- Thomas, Miss E.
- Vansickle, R.

- Wallace, R. M.
- Watts, Mrs. Ed.
- Wanda, Miss Jeanie
- Walker, John
- White, A. H. (2)
- Whelan, Howard M. (3)
- White, Mrs. R. J.
- Wilson, W.
- McBain, Andrew
- McDougal, Miss Ethel
- McLaren, Peter (2)
- McIntyre, Dr. M.
- McNamara, Mrs. H. T.
- Hamilton Saratoga Chip Co.
- Supreme Heating Co.
- Reid Cigar Co.
- U. S. Cream Separator Co.
- Monahan & Wright Photo Co.

Foreign:
Dahatt, Geo.
Lajebrius, Rezenblid
Penez, Derek
Radzanic, Tinka
Tak, T. V.

PLAYED WITH MATCHES.
Bessie Chenette, Aged Four Years, Fatally Burned at Cobalt.

Cobalt, June 13.—Bessie Chenette, the four-year-old daughter of Edward Chenette, was fatally burned yesterday afternoon while playing with matches in a barn at the rear of the house. She went out to the barn where her grandfather was sleeping and took the matches from his coat which he had made for a pillow. She lit a bundle of straw and the fire caught on to her hair and dress and burned her face and neck badly. She died this morning.

Albert Nowell, slain by footpads in New York, was a native of Uxbridge. He left Toronto suddenly two years ago.

Beware of Any Physic That Brings Pain

Gripping and pain will never occur unless there is irritation. Salts and harsh pills bring their results by irritation—by causing the bowel fluids to flow.

So pepper in the eyes or nostrils will cause fluids to flow. But it is wise to treat a delicate membrane thus? Do so for a time and the membrane will harden. That is how Nature wards off such attacks. The you need larger doses.

Eventually the calloused bowels fall in their functions entirely. Then you have chronic constipation.

No wise person will ever abuse the bowels in that way. They will use Cascarets.

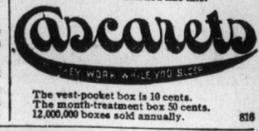
Cascarets never cause pain. That proves that their action is natural. Yet they are just as effective as harsh physic.

If the bowels are calloused, you may need a Cascarets twice a day at the start. But you soon cease to need them at all.

Those who know the injury done by harsh physics never use anything but Cascarets.

Cascarets cure the trouble. Cathartics only make it worse.

Cascarets are candy tablets. They are sold by all druggists, but never in bulk. Be sure to get the genuine, with C.C.C. on every tablet. The box is marked like this:



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Women's Low Cut Shoes in all the latest American styles, two and three button, sailor ties and pumps in all the new colors, golden brown, chocolate and tan, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00.

Women's Patent Colt Low Cut Shoes, the very latest American styles, two and three button, sailor ties and pumps, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00.

Special value in Men's Low Cut Shoes, in patent colt, golden brown, ox blood, tan and chocolate, \$2.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00.

Misses' and Children's Shoes in all the newest styles and colors, patent colt, chocolate and tan, fancy pumps, ankle ties and instep strap.

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For a good spring tonic, get from your druggist: One ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion.
One ounce Compound Seltzer.
Four ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla.
Mix, shake well, and take in teaspoonful doses, after meals and at bedtime.

The formula is given by a prominent physician and is said to have remarkable results in ridding the blood of the uric acid and poisonous waste matter which clog the blood, is likely to be charged at this season of the year, particularly of persons afflicted with rheumatism, and assists the kidneys to filter these poisons from the blood, restoring the healthy, normal action, so necessary to perfect health.

If you feel that you need a tonic, prepare a bottle and try it—away, for being so highly recommended it can bring nothing but good results.

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