

GHOSTLY TALES OF THE SEA:

Every Ocean Has its Phantoms and Many a Tar Has Seen Them. (New York Commercial Advertiser.)

Landsmen boast of their haunted houses and the weird spirits that dance in country graveyards at midnight. But there's not a house, no matter how black and dismal and how far back from the public road it may be sitting, nor how many murders may have been committed within its walls years ago, that can compare in supernatural terrors with the haunted ships with their crews of dead men that haunt the trackless waves of the ocean.

At the next port we came to the admiral also was smitten down. Off the stern, rock-bound coast of New England is not infrequently seen the ghost of the ship Palatine, whose appearance scudding in the teeth of a gale is always supposed to betoken disaster.

Wreckers Burn a Woman. The Palatine was a Dutch trading vessel that was wrecked on Block Island in 1752. The wreckers, who by means of false beacons along the shore had lured the ship to its doom, made short work of the vessel. They stripped the ship of everything movable and set fire to the hull to conceal the traces of their work. As the boat, lifted up by the tide, floated away down the channel a piercing scream was suddenly heard from the cabin and a woman clad in white, and wreathed around in red flames, was seen standing in front of the mainmast. She had been a passenger on the ship and had hidden below to escape the wreckers. She hurried to death in sight of the people along the shore, and since that time the ghost of the Palatine, with the figure of a woman in white standing in front of the mainmast, has been seen hundreds of times by sailors cruising in those waters.

Spectral Ships Well Known. One of the spectral ships best known to landsmen generally is the Flying Dutchman, which Captain Marryat made his readers acquainted. The Flying Dutchman was trying to round the Horn some time in the early part of the seventeenth century. The ship was repeatedly driven back by contrary winds and tides until the ship's captain, Vanderdecken, swore a fearful oath he would round it if it took till judgment day. Vanderdecken was taken at his word, and now for three centuries he and his crew have been battling to round the cape. Sailors watch with fear and trembling when their ships are rounding the Horn, afraid that every moment may bring into view the spectral Flying Dutchman. It is believed that every appearance of the Flying Dutchman will be followed by death or misfortune to some of the crew of the ship that sees the ghost vessel.

Dead Ship of Salem is Well Known. The Dead Ship of Salem is well known off the Massachusetts shore. Just 200 years ago the ship was ready to sail to England, when two mysterious people, whom none in the village had ever seen before, came hurriedly aboard and secured passage. They were a young man and woman of strange but forbidding beauty. The ship was detained so long by adverse winds that the townspeople began to suspect a nefarious and prophetic disaster. But the skipper perished at their feet and when the wind changed put out to sea on Friday morning.

Sails with Skeleton Crew. No word or sign of that ship or its living freight was ever seen or heard of again. But later that same year incoming vessels reported having met a craft with shining hull and luminous spars, and sails spinning along with every clear drawing in the teeth of one of the wildest gales. A crew of skeletons manned the ship, while on the quarter-deck stood arm in arm a hunchbacked pair, a young man and a woman.

Down deep in solitude of the lonely ever-glades the sailors say is a ghostly pirate ship doomed to fore ever cruise about in the murky bays and shallow grass-grown lakes of the great swamp. Three centuries ago a buccannering crew that sailed the Spanish main captured a merchant brig off Cape Florida and speedily rifled it of its rich cargo. Furious at the length of the chase and the brave resistance of the gallant crew of the merchantman, the pirate captain cruelly forced everyone of the crew to walk the plank, with finished bayonets spinning along with every clear drawing in the teeth of one of the wildest gales. A crew of skeletons manned the ship, while on the quarter-deck stood arm in arm a hunchbacked pair, a young man and a woman.

It is Health, Not Wealth, That Makes a Woman Attractive. Dr. Duncan's Periodic Blood Tablets prevent pain and suffering due to weakness of the generative organs. These Tablets are not intended to cure every ailment, but to make the body and mind healthy and strong. Dr. Duncan's Tablets are the result of the experience of a successful physician and specialist in female troubles. They are alike beneficial to girls in teens, to the married woman and to those of mature years who are at the period known as "Change of Life."

HARMFUL HABIT OF ANSWERING BACK.

The habit of "answering back" is as reprehensible in grown people as in children, and should be suppressed by every person anxious to lead a peaceable and harmonious life. The "scrappy" household, in which each member strives for the last word in the argument, is sure to be a "withhold your tongue" on each and every occasion, when bitter or sharp words arise to the surface. This all-destroying habit is so to make a quarrel is invariably true, and while silence is an aggravating response to an irritating remark, its effects are inevitable. The temptation to retaliate in kind is almost irresistible, but if it is just it will be regretted more than if a quarrel resulted, in which both parties lost their temper. Still, who will bravely determine to "withhold her tongue" from ill-natured remarks, from unkind suggestions, from bitter retorts, from nagging, will begin a revolution in her own home. Do not wait for someone else to start the movement; have the joy in your own soul that you have planted the seeds of a peaceful household. Do not be discouraged if your efforts are not at once rewarded, for the way is long and peace and purity will be yours. "Withhold your tongue" is a motto that should be on the lips of every woman who desires to have a peaceful and happy home. "Withhold your tongue" is a motto that should be on the lips of every woman who desires to have a peaceful and happy home.

FEWER BABIES AND MORE COMFORT.

Miss Anthony Talks Vigorously on Birth and Marriage Rates

Miss Susan B. Anthony does not take the popular view of the census reports. Most people express disappointment when the census shows a gain in population of less than 30 per cent. every ten years, and are jubilant when the percentage exceeds that. They do not stop to inquire into the character of the increased number, but regard any additions as evidence of progress. To Miss Anthony the population growth is deplorable. It means, in her opinion, the breaking down of wives with the care of an excessive number of children, to whom they are unable to give the necessary attention. She rejoices over the evidence of a decrease of marriages in proportion to population, but denies that it is mainly due to the refusal of young men to burden themselves with wives and children. The reason for the fewer marriages which she offers is the increased intelligence of women, who prefer to live in some measure for themselves instead of wearing out their lives in the rearing of children. "What this world needs," exclaims the veteran spinster, "is fewer children, and those better taken care of and better born and bred." While it is astonishing how many neglected children escape the fate which seems inevitable, no one can look on the army of little ones who are born to squalor and are denied the simplest care without being impressed by the soundness of Miss Anthony's opinion. Recent statistics prove what common observation suggests—that it is among the well-to-do native Americans that the rate of child-births has declined enormously, while the rate of increase of the population is chiefly among the improvident and shiftless, who bring children into the world without the least regard to their ability, for either present or future.

THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

Many People Still Enquiring about Joseph Brown's Case.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are Acknowledged to be a Wonder Working Medicine—Many Other Miraculous Cures Brought to Light. Oshawa, Ont., Feb. 24.—(Special.)—One effect of the publication far and wide through the press of the miraculous cure of a case of Paralysis here in Oshawa has been to bring to the surface a great many similarly wonderful and well authenticated cures by the same remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Brown, whose case has caused all the sensation, is a modest, unassuming mechanic, employed in the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works. Since the publication of the facts of his case and its cure he has been overwhelmed with letters of inquiry from all over the country, and to each of these he answers simply: "Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me after all the doctors and hospital specialists had given me up. I couldn't walk and had to be fed like a baby three months, but the pills soon fixed me up and I have been all right ever since." He has also been in receipt of not a few letters from others who too have found Dodd's Kidney Pills a life-saving remedy when all else had failed. Several of these, encouraged by Mr. Brown's example, have written to the papers reporting their cases, and all are very enthusiastic in their praises of the medicine. But our explanation of all these cases is not to be found in the fact that the Kidneys are Nature's blood filters. If the Kidneys are healthy all diseases will be cured, and the body will be kept in a state of perfect health. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys and thus enable them to throw off sickness and to protect the body from any and every assault of disease.

COMPLEXIONS FOR THE CORONATION.

The coming coronation-festivities are being eagerly looked forward to by women of all ages who move in what is known as the "smart set." It is anticipated that there will be a tremendous influx of wealthy Americans and "distinguished foreigners," and members of our aristocracy who are blessed with marriageable daughters regard the forthcoming ceremony in the light of a huge marriage fair in which, owing to the multitude of buyers, they hope to obtain high prices for their wares. In consequence every possible means to enhance their own and their daughters' beauty is being employed by the wealthier classes of our old nobility. A walk through the west end thoroughfares or a glance at the advertisements of the society journals will reveal that a large number of professional beauty-doctors have come over from the United States and France for the purpose of replenishing their purses by adding to, or pretending to add to, existing charms or by restoring those that are faded and gone. These practitioners can only be consulted by very wealthy women, as the means of them would soon be a fee of less than five guineas for advice and treatment. Six months' treatment usually costs £500. Variety is always ready to pay a large fee. They occupy, as a rule, flats in aristocratic streets—in Belgravia and Mayfair—which are furnished sumptuously and fitted up with curious and expensive electric machines. These people—mostly importers—boast that, with the scientific methods at their command, they can make any woman of 55, or even older, appear as young and good looking as the average well-preserved woman of 30, providing they submit themselves to their treatment for six months or more. At present it is no exaggeration to state that their rooms are crowded with peereesses and their daughters, who are paying enormous sums for the privilege of submitting themselves to operations which remind one of the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

ISSUE NO. 11, 1902.

Getting Thin

is all right, if you are too fat and all wrong, if you are too thin. Fat, enough for your habit, is healthy; a little more, or less, is no great harm. Too fat, conglut a doctor; too thin, persistently thin, no matter what cause, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. There are many causes of getting too thin; they all come under these two heads: over-work and under-digestion. Stop over-work, if you can; but, whether you can or not, take Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, to balance yourself with your work. You can't live on it—true—but, by it, you can. There's a limit, however, you'll pay for it. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the readiest cure for "can't eat," unless it comes of your doing no work—you can't long be well and strong, without some sort of activity.



The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will convince you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

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Side-Lights on Life.

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