

WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

A WELL KNOWN YOUNG LADY IN NAPANEE GIVES HER EXPERIENCE—SO WEAK THAT SHE COULD NOT GO UP STAIRS WITHOUT RESTING—HER FRIENDS THOUGHT SHE WAS IN CONSUMPTION—NOW THE PICTURE OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

From the Beaver, Napanee, Ont.

Among the young ladies of Napanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a travelling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route which extends from Oshawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness. The reporter



mentioned his mission and found Miss Byrnes quite willing to tell the particulars of what she termed "an escape from death." In reply to the query "what have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills done for you?" she replied, "why, they have done wonders. I feel like a new woman now. For eight years I was weak and miserable, and at times I could not walk. I was greatly troubled with indigestion, and frequently could not keep anything on my stomach, not even a glass of milk. I had dizzy spells, severe headaches, and my complexion was of a yellowish hue. My kidneys also troubled me, and in fact I was all aches and pains. In going up a flight of stairs I had either to be assisted up, or would have to rest several times before I got to the top. At times my hands and feet would have no more warmth in them than lumps of ice. On one occasion while stopping at an hotel in Kingston, after waiting on a number of my customers, I fell down in a faint. The landlady found me in this condition and sent for a doctor, who after bringing me back to consciousness, gave me medicine to take. He told me that my system was so badly run down that it was imperative that I should have absolute rest. His medicine had no beneficial effect that I could see, and I tried a number of other doctors, with no better results. I became so low that I cared for neither work nor pleasure, and my friends thought I had gone into consumption. It was at this juncture that I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and my appearance to-day will show you what a wonderful change they have wrought in me. I continued taking the Pink Pills for three months, and before discontinuing them every ache and pain had disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine, and I am eager to let the fact be known for the benefit of other sufferers.

Mrs. Byrnes was present during the interview and strongly endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she believed they had saved her life.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease, due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

(Young Catholic Messenger.)

I remember a few years ago hearing that veteran and silver-tongued orator, General Gibson, speaking. It was at some kind of a patriotic celebration at Columbus, Ohio.

Gen. Gibson's gaunt figure could be seen rising, and with a wave of his bony hand he brushed the thousands that composed the audience into breathless silence.

"When I was a young man," he said, "before the great struggle between the North and South, I must say that I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church. I used to picture to myself heaven. I imagined it was a grand palace, grand beyond description, because it was the dwelling place of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, as well as of all good Protestants. Of course, I could see no reserved seats for Catholics. They, in my opinion, had no business there.

"Well, the cry came: 'To arms!' I had the honor of commanding a regiment, the Forty-ninth Ohio Volunteers. After a day's engagement with the enemy, in which my regiment took an active part, and after our forces were badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters. We were located on an eminence. Upon the scene of conflict,

through my field glass I could see black-robed figures going among the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aid de-camp to go down and see who were those black-robed figures and report as soon as possible to me. Returning almost breathless, he exclaimed: 'O General, it was a heartrending sight. The figures are those of Sisters of Charity, who are going from one to the other, ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers. The self sacrifice of these noble hands of women would bring tears to a heart of stone.'

"I was amazed. I concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down into the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I did not have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. The heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service; she received no pecuniary compensation; what a reward will be hers. This noble woman was called to her eternal reward. Her companions were still engaged in succoring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my own eyes on that eventful day I returned thanks to my bended knees to the omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Roman Catholic Church. Those grand women did not ask the suffering soldier to what church he belonged, or whether he belonged to any church; neither did they stop to inquire the side, whether it was the blue or gray, to which he belonged. They were performing their God-given mission, aiding blue and gray alike. Black and white were alike treated by them. Subsequently I met members of this Order in our hospitals, nursing with their tender hands the suffering soldier. Braving all danger, they had no fear of contagious diseases. Oh, how often have I prayed since then that God may forgive me for my first impression of the Catholic Church. I saw that Church in its true light that day on the battle field. I saw heaven as I now believe it really is, and in it were Catholics as well as Protestants.

A RAM STORY.

(From the San Francisco Post.)

Jim McCue, rancher, politician, philosopher, and horse doctor, walked on the ferry-boat with a crutch the other day. He also had an arm in a sling and his head bandaged.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired two or three acquaintances. "I'll bet any man in this crowd \$20 he can't but harder and longer than any ram or billy goat in the State," responded Jim somewhat irrelevantly. "But I guess I've broke him off."

"You look as if you had been broken some yourself," suggested one. "Well, to tell the truth, I did get jammed around a little. I've been breaking a ram of the butting habit. This ram was raised a pet, and that's what makes him so sassy. He knows who to tackle too. He won't touch a man, because he knows he'd get a fence rail frazzled out over his head; but a woman he will butt clear over into the next pasture."

"The other morning this ram jolted a lady friend of mine clear across a field and through a picket fence, and I thought it about time to cure him of that habit. I put on an old calico dress, then an old sunbonnet and, concealing a sledge hammer under my apron, sauntered down through the field. The minute the ram saw me he dropped all the business he had on hand and came over to have some fun with me. He squared off, shook his head, and made a run for me. When I stepped to one side to get a good swing at him, the blamed old dress tripped me and I fell down. I started to get up, but that blamed old ram was behind me, and I turned two somersets before I hit the ground again. I didn't stand any chance at all. He just kept lifting me until he got me against the fence, then backed off and hit me another crack, and then another and another, till I thought he'd broken every rib in my body. Finally he jammed me clear through under the bottom rail, and I managed to crawl to the house.

"But I got even the next morning. I had the hired man take a green oak log, dress it up in won an's clothes, and set it swinging from a limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it wasn't long till the second went the same way. When I left him he was meeting it half way every time it swung back at him, and I wouldn't wonder if he is worn down pretty close to the tail by this time."

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

NEEDED ROOM.

They lived in a small town, and she and her husband were preparing to start for a two days' visit in the city.

"What's that big book you're trying to put in the valise?" he asked.

"Oh, that's just a memorandum book," she replied.

"Memorandum book?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's as big as a ledger."

"I know it," she admitted. "But, you see, I had to get a big one to hold the list of things that the neighbors want me to buy for them."—Chicago Post.

A STRANGE WILL.

The Philadelphia Press tells a story of George Teasdale, one of the very earliest settlers of Oakland, Cal. When Mr. Teasdale died years ago, he made a will by the terms of which the school children of Los Gatos are enabled every other year to enjoy a unique Memorial Day. At his death he bequeathed all the wealth he possessed, the sum of \$300, to the school children of Los Gatos, to be placed in a bank at San Jose and the in-

Best for Wash Day For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best USE SURPRISE SOAP Best for Every Day For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

terest to be drawn annually for the purchase of candy, to be distributed equally among all the boys and girls of the school of the town.

For the first few years after Mr. Teasdale's death the exact terms of the bequest will be faithfully carried out, but of late years the membership of the school has become so large that the money was found to be inadequate for the purchase of sufficient candy for such a host of youngsters. The situation was perplexing until Mrs. Emma E. Cole, the head teacher of the school, proposed that the distribution only take place every alternate Decoration Day, and her proposition heartily met the approval of the trustees.

The only request of any kind made in connection with the gift was that his little friends would see that his grave was never neglected or destroyed. On every Memorial Day it was a beautiful sight to see the children decorating his grave with the choicest flowers that the beautiful gardens of Los Gatos produce.

FALSE ECONOMY.

In many forms of advertising one notices how good ideas are sometimes spoiled by parsimony. A booklet is got out in a cheap style, and is simply thrown away as soon as, or even before, it is looked at, whereas just a little more expense would have made it one hundred per cent. more attractive, and, consequently, more useful. Space is taken in a newspaper whose chief recommendation is the cheapness of price rather than its circulation or result producing power. Fifty dollars is spent with comparatively little effect, where a hundred would have come back with interest, and so on through all the details of advertising.

THE TARANTULA.

The famous tarantula, of which everybody lives in dread in the western states, has an enemy known as the "tarantula-killer." It is an insect with a bright blue body nearly two inches long, and wings described as a golden line. As it flies it makes a great buzzing sound. As soon as the tarantula hears this it trembles with fear. This creature is a giant wasp, and when it discovers a tarantula it attacks the insect and stings it in the body. Sudden paralysis creeps over the tarantula, and it staggers like a drunken man first to one side then the other. In a few seconds all signs of life have disappeared, and it rolls over on its back. The wasp thereupon seizes a hold of the prostrate spider, and drags it over to its hole in the ground. There the tarantula is buried, and an egg deposited in its body, which in due time becomes a wasp. In spite of the danger to the tarantula the sting of this wasp is not dangerous to human beings.

Relief for Lung Troubles The D.P. EMULSION In CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest. By the use of the "D. P. L." Emulsion I have got rid of a bad cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight. I liked the formula as it was used when the time came around to take it. T. H. WINGHAM, C. E., Montreal. 50c. and \$1 per Bottle. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

P. A. MILLOY.

MANUFACTURER OF GINGER ALE, GINGER POP, GINGER BEER, CREAM SODA, PLAIN SODA, CIDERINE.

Sole Agent for Plantagenet Waters 119, 121 ST. ANDRE ST. TELEPHONE 6978.

LEGALLEF BROS. General Engravers. ENGRAVED IRON-PLATE White Enamel Letters. METAL AND RUBBER STAMPS SEALS, BRANDS, STENCILS. Sole Agents in Province Quebec for Clark's Pat. Stamp Cuckoo. 674 Langlois Street. BEL. TELEPHONE 2458.

R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker, Government, Municipal and Railway Securities Bought and Sold. First Class Securities, suitable for Trust Funds, always on hand. 1724 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

GALLERY BROTHERS, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREET TELEPHONE 2895.

BACK IN THEIR OLD HOME.

A Whole Family Travel 1000 Miles in a Closed Grain Car.

An American exchange prints the following clever methods of a family which travelled more than one thousand miles:

"John Wilson, who has for several years made his home in central Kansas, has fully demonstrated that ladies, in fact entire families, may, if the affair be managed discreetly, use the hobo methods, and travel long distances on a very slim capital. He and his family have just come 1000 miles in a closed grain car all the way from Kansas. Wilson is a schemer, and not devoid of the necessary nerve to carry out his ideas. A few years ago, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, he emigrated to Kansas, and making the first payment on a farm, endeavored to wrest a living for his family from the bare, brown acres sold him by one of the "land companies." For the first year he prospered. Rain came as it was needed, and a big crop filled the hearts of the Wilsons with joy, but later years have seen the debt eating the little farm grow bigger and bigger, until at last, in the early part of the summer, with a magnificent crop of corn almost in sight, the proceeds of which would have materially lessened his debt, foreclosures came, and the husband and father found himself in the little town of Burrton without a home and with not half enough money to bring himself and his family back to their old abode in West Virginia.

Wilson did not sit down and weep dejectedly over his sad condition; instead of giving up in despair, he immediately "got a hustle on himself," and commenced to figure on transportation from Burrton, Kan., to Hinton, W. Va. He did not invite the representatives of the two great railroads that do business in Burrton to figure with him, but having a friend in one of the elevators at that point, he thought he saw his way clear to avoid any further filling of the coffers of the grasping railroad corporations, and at the same time get his wife and "the girls" back to their old home under the shadows of the Blue Ridge.

He waited until the right kind of a car was being loaded with corn at the elevator. In his scheme he had to have one with an end door that had no outside fastening, but one that had an inside bolt. Finally a dilapidated old brown car of the Missouri Pacific road went under the big grain spouts, and as it rapidly filled with "prime white No. 1" John looked it over, and decided it would answer his purpose. It had one of the little iron doors that slide open and shut in an iron frame. It could not be fastened from the outside, and it had a substantial bolt to hold it closed on the inside.

That afternoon, after the car had been loaded and dropped down below the elevator, out of sight of the depot, John moved his family and their few effects into the "side-door Pullman" and prepared for the long ride. He stowed away a lot of bread, canned goods and cooked meat in the car, and in the elevator he had a big jug, to be filled at the last moment with water. He instructed the girls in the manner of working the bolt on the end door, and then, with his friend the elevator man, waited for the agent to make his rounds to seal up the loaded cars.

Wilson and his friend accompanied the agent, when, at the close of his day's work, he sealed the "eastbound" loads, and they kindly assisted him in locking the doors, of course, carefully looking into each car to be able to assure the agent that no "bums" were imposing on the company by hiding away with a view of "beating" the train to some eastern point. In this way the car was sealed, and before midnight it was part of a Santa Fe train, and on its way to Kansas City, while the Wilsons, old and young, made up their shelled corn beds and rested in peace and security, as the big engine kicked the long Kansas miles behind them.

In Kansas City the car was delayed two days for "routing," and several times Wilson had to emerge from the corn, procure fresh water and lay in a new stock of supplies, but he avoided suspicion, and at last the car was forwarded. Last Monday evening it passed through St. Louis on its way to Cincinnati. Until within 100 miles of St. Louis, no one suspected that Missouri Pacific 1642 had any other load than the corn the waybill in the conductor's pocket called for; but the day was intensely hot, and the close atmosphere inside the car was almost unbearable. In an unlucky moment Wilson opened the little end door to let a little fresh air in, and there sat a brakeman astride the brake wheel on top looking down at him. It would do no good to close the door. He was discovered. His only chance was to square it with the railroad.

The man came down from his perch on top and looked over the "passengers" he had found. He had seen lots of hobs, but here was a party that almost took his breath away. As Wilson told his story the brakeman looked about. He saw a comely middle-aged woman and two bright-looking and neatly-dressed girls. He saw the quilts spread over the corn, making the resting-places for the family. He saw the baskets of food and

A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY SAYS:

"My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

the big jug of water half buried in the white cereal. He listened to the story of the farmer, and, being a good-hearted fellow, he was not disposed to be mean about the matter. Then, too, he had been "on the hog train" himself, and he knew from experience how hard it was to get along on only a little money. He even did more than wink at the matter of stealing a ride, for, when the train arrived in the city, it was he who, at the solicitation of Mr. Wilson, laid in another lot of supplies, and filled the big water-jug for them, and with a kindly "God-speed," sent them on their way with light hearts. The brakeman, however, made a confidant of a Republican reporter, who was introduced to the Wilson family just before they left St. Louis. Wilson, after some hesitation, informed the reporter that so far the trip had cost him \$5.10, and, as he had nearly \$50 yet, when he got to Cincinnati, he would be able to pay his way there on to his destination.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN PAIN-KILLER THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age. Taken Internally, It Cures Diarrhea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc. Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frost-bite, etc.

M. HICKS & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL. Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt.

LORGE & CO., HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 81 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL. Have You Tried STEWART'S English Breakfast Tea At 35c per lb. IF NOT DO SO. D. STEWART & CO., Cor. St. Catherine & Mackay Streets TELEPHONE No. 3835.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Stationers, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation specialty. Charges Moderate. Telephone 1884.

ESTABLISHED 1864 C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER. Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 845 Dorchester St. | East of Steury Office, 647 MONTREAL.

Drugs and Perfumery. TRY A BOTTLE OF GRAY'S EFFERVESCENT Bromide of Soda and Caffeine. Calms the nerves and removes headaches. Students, non-vivants and neuralgic people will find it invaluable. 50 Cents Bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist 123 St. Lawrence Main Street. P.S.—A large assortment of fashionable perfumery and toilet soaps always on hand.

BOURKE COCKRAN.

The Boston Herald says: "The honest money Democrats of New York may well point with pride to the mighty muster that gathered at Madison Square Garden last night to hear Bourke Cockran's magnificent speech in defence of the national credit. Meeting for meeting, and orator for orator, the demonstration can very safely challenge comparison with the silverite rally at the same place six nights before, when Mr. Bryan made what was to be 'the greatest effort of his life,' and half-emptied the hall in doing so.

No long lines of wearied listeners filed out of Madison Square last night while Mr. Cockran was speaking. His eloquence was not drowned by the tramp of departing feet. He held the close attention of the meeting to the end, and the cheers which greeted every telling point showed that he had won his way not only to the ears, but to the heart, of his audience. Beyond question a ready road to the sympathy of his hearers was opened for Mr. Cockran by their consciousness of the absolute purity of his motives. In this conflict he goes to war at his own charges. He is no political preferment to expect. He comes forward at the call of patriotism to do his duty for the country to the best of his ability. We risk nothing in saying that throughout the oratorical tour which he has planned his arguments will carry great weight with the people, because they rest upon an intelligent study of the financial question and a sincere conviction that the interests of the nation are involved in the maintenance of honest money."

[Mr. Bourke Cockran's name indicates his origin, and all know the religion he professes. How many A. P. A.'s will render similar service to their country?]

It is now an established fact that the state of the hair has a good deal to do with the health. Weak, thin hair, betrays a weak constitution, while a strong, glossy complexion, on the contrary, shows sound health. It is well known that a few applications of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer works wonders towards the latter. Sold by all chemists.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM The Finest Passenger Train IN THE WORLD. The Seaside and White Mountains Special. Eastern Service Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, every Friday at midnight, for the White Mountains, Portland, Old Orchard Beach, etc. Western Service Leaves Montreal every Monday at 8:30 a.m. for the Island and Kingston, reaching Toronto at 6:25 a.m. on evening and Chicago following morning at 10:45.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 113 St. James Street, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Leave Windsor Street Station for Boston, 9:00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m. Portland, 9:00 a.m., 14.20 p.m. New York, 8:25 a.m., \$4.25 p.m. Toronto, Detroit, 8:20 a.m., \$8.00 p.m. St. Paul, Minneapolis, \$9.10 p.m. Winnipeg and Vancouver, \$8.50 p.m. St. Anne's, Montreal, etc., \$8.20 a.m., \$1.30 p.m. St. John's, 8:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., \$8.00 p.m. St. John's—\$9.00 a.m., 4:05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m., \$8.00 p.m. New York—\$8 a.m., 1:05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m. Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., \$8.40 p.m. Shorbrooke—4:05 p.m. and 10:45 a.m. Beauharnois and Valleyfield, 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m., \$4.25 p.m., 7:10 p.m. Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, 8:30 a.m., 5:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m. Leave DuRoi Square Station for Quebec, 8:10 a.m., 5:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5:15 p.m. Ottawa, Lacube, 8:30 a.m., 1:05 p.m. St. Jean, St. Eustache, 5:30 p.m. St. Jerome, 8:30 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 5:30 p.m. St. Agathe and Javelle, 5:30 p.m. Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8:30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5:30 p.m., (b) 2 p.m., Saturday, 1:45 p.m., 12 a.m.

MADE IN PARIS. "Without any disparagement to the sun," says the advertisement of a large grocery house in the Rue Montmartre, "our sperm-candle candles are the best light ever invented." "Visitor—These are all dirty towels you have brought me." Chambermaid—Well, monsieur, eighteen other gentlemen have used them, and you are the first who has complained. Doctor—How long will it take to tell me your symptoms. Lady—Oh, nearly twenty minutes. Doctor—Proceed, madam, I am just going.

PROOF CONCLUSIVE. "Do you believe that we can telegraph to the spirit land?" "Yes, indeed; I had a despatch from Bob Badger yesterday." "How did you know it was from Bob?" "I had to pay the charges."—Detroit Free Press. THE COLDEST HOUR. Taking it year in and year out the coldest hour of each twenty-four is five o'clock in the morning. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.