POOR DOCUMENT

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WHEN THE DON ADOLFO TURNED TURTLE

By Albert Sonnichsen, Able Seaman.

The nature of the various oceans seems to exert a curious influence upon people who live on their shores. The cold northern seas rise in slow and ponderous wrath, pounding and growling and roaring, giving full warning of the coming fight. Such is, also, the temperament of northern races. But the sunny equatorial seas, shimmering in tropical beauty, are ever uncertain of temper, treacherous, quick to smite when least expected. A flash of anger, a whirl of destruction, and all is over. Again the waters smile, rippling, and lapping the dead. Beware of their insidious beauty; beneath the limpid blue lurks destruction and death.

Such is the impression gained in five years of sailing over many seas, from the icy North Atlantic to the balmy Bay of Bengal.

The old wooden bark Don Adolfo was well known on the Pacific Coast in the early days. She sailed under Nicaraguan colors for several reasons. First, she hailed primarily from Corinto; second, she was too unseaworthy ever to be registered in any American port. Her former South American owners sold her to old Bischard, of San Francisco, at a low price, and were pleased to be rid of her. When I joined her as an apprentice she was fitting out for a trip to Western Australia with a load of lumber, and was manned by as mixed a crew of ocean vagabonds as ever sailed a ship of doubtful reputation.

Surprise was universal when her safe arrival off the Swan river was reported, but it was in that smiling tropical harbor that she nearly met her end, and that is just what I am going to tell about. How that old bundle of timbers ever staggered across the big Pacific without more mishap than the loss of half her rigging remains an unsolved mystery. Who will say that the sea has no pity?

The harbor of Freemantle is broad and long and partly open to the sea. Only Skipper's Island breaks the long, oily swells rolling in from the Indian Ocean outside.

Within the water is one broad expanse of shimmering blue, so clear that in sailing over it the lime-white corals on the bottom, fathoms deep, seem covered only by an azure mist. All around stretch creamy beaches, dancing back and forth with baby rollers, children of the booming breakers pounding the jagged reefs outside.

Here it was that the old Don Adolfo was anchored, after discharging her entire cargo on lighters inside the breakwater, far out from shore, with plenty of space in which to swing about her anchor. It is an important point to remember that her hold was empty, swept clean from fore to aft. That was bad; her skipper should have known better. In a few days, though, the loading with Yarra iron wood would begin, and make a cargo requiring no ballast under it.

It was a beautiful night, not quite clear, for overhead the indigo sky was splotched by inky smears of vapor. Still, as I have said, it was a fine night, and so warm that all hands lingered on deck, loath to turn into the stifling bunks below. The moon, too, low on the seaward horizon, seemed undecided about retiring into a vague blacked cloud bank on the outward edge. A long streak of black crossed the satellite's red face lige a fantastic mustache. Its quivering reflection seemed like a path, along which marched columns of fiery helmeted troops, jostling and struggling in eager hurry.

"It's a blasted fine night," said the second mate, mopping his bare forehead with a bandana handkerchief, "but ye can't always tell what'll turn up before morning in these regions."

The mate was hanging limp over the poop rail, like a wet towel.

"You'd kick anyhow," he growled. "What you want is to sail under a glass case."

The second mate and I were severely testing with our combined weight the strength of a canvas hammock, slung between two stanchions. The ease he was enjoying caused him to overlook the mate's caustic remark.

"Now, the ordinary lubber," he continued, "would think as how it couldn't blow about here, but I've sailed the Indian Ocean quite some, and I ain't no easy to fool."

"No," broke in the mate, "it takes an extraordinary lubber like you to put the barometer out of business. Blessed if I see why we need a barometer aboard with you here. You're as good as a nautical instrument shop, blessed if you ain't! Reckon you could take a sight and figure out a day's work with an old soup bone!"

The second mate seemed meditating for a while, as though striving to compose a fitting sarcastic retort, but evidently gave it up as hopeless, venting his full scorn in the brief remark:

"Aw, close your trap!"

The air was sultry. A low mist crept out from the shore, bringing a smell of damp earth, suggestive of a florist's hot-house. A few lights from the town twinkled through. The beacon on Skipper's Island glared at regular intervals, then dwindled to a mere red speck, like a sleepy owl winking at us. We who were aft could hear the men for'd conversing at lazy intervals in sleepy, drawling sentences.

Finally the moon seemed to have made up her mind to dip into the haze on the black line of the horizon, the thick atmosphere distorting her blood-red roundness into all sorts of unmoonly shapes. As she began slowly to be absorbed a light tropical shower drifted overhead, sending down big soft balls of tepid water that struck our faces like hot tears.

With low, drawling curses the officers arose and stumbled down the companionway. The forecastle door rattled as the men crawled in. Finally I, too, aroused enough energy to abandon the dec[illegible] it to the drowsy [illegible] watchman in the [illegible] ships.

[illegible] almost instantly drop[illegible] dreamless sleep. [illegible] minute, although it [illegible] have been several hours, suddenly awoke. A strange, [illegible]nsation over my chest sent a fear through me. From overdeck, came a low soughing [illegible] ship trembled, the beams creaked, and some invisible power, incomprehensible for the moment, lifted me slightly and pressed me heavily against the bunk board. The dimly lighted cabin outside my door seemed sinking—sinking. From the pantry came a crash of falling dishes. Another quiver, a lurch, and I felt myself lifted bodily out of my bunk, hurled helplessly across my stateroom, through the open door, into the cabin, where the table, fast to the floor, caught me. The cabin lamp, burning and smoking, swung wildly to and fro, beating against the beams. Al around arose a deafening uproar—crashing timbers, rolling casks, splintering glass, and, above all, wild unearthly howls, like a chorus of giant demons.

With a crash barely audible in all that din, the door next to mine burst open and the second mate flew out, apparently in mid-air, his trousers half on, his nightshirt tangled about his shoulders. I think he was yelling, but I am not sure. He, too, lodged against the table, struggling fiercely to hold himself. Another sickening lurch and the cabin whirled; the starboard cabin panels sank while the port side rose threateningly above us. The second mate and I were hurled together. He yelled something in my ear.

Suddenly the ship seemed to burst asunder, the lamp crashed out against a beam and we two went flying through black space, gripping each other desperately, until, with a bang, we shot through the thin woodwork of a door and were struggling in what felt like a small box. A third person became mixed up in our struggles. I heard the vicious spurt and gurgle of water, felt it creep up my legs and was rolled over and over until my head was submerged.

I felt the water squirting down my throat, through my nostrils, into my ears and even my eyes. Blue flashes shot through my brain and a sledge hammer seemed beating my head. Even then, as my senses were leaving, I can remember the one thing that shot through me:

"We've turned turtle and the game's up."

Relief came. I got my head out of the water, and took a long, deep breath, a delicious gasp. Slowly the ship righted. At last we stood on our feet, on solid flooring. The noise diminished; the unearthly chorus of shrieks died away in the distance. Something banging the keel under us shook the entire vessel, a gentle lurch, and—she stood upright.

Finally we could crawl out into the cabin. Water swished about the floor between our feet. I knew where the match box was nailed fast to the bulkhead. I found a match, struck it, and with some difficulty lit the cabin lamp. The glass chimney was smashed, but the wick burned a dim, smoky flame.

The two mates were holding to the table as though still uncertain of their footing. The door to the after cabin opened and the skipper appeared, bleeding slightly from a cut over one eye. For a few seconds no one spoke.

"Well, I'll be blanked," gasped the second mate at last, smearing blood over his face from a cut on his hand.

"I hope you will be," exploded the mate. "What d' ye mean, you two lubbers, by busting in my door and walking all over me? Why in thunder didn't you stay in your bunks till it was over?"

"Till it was over?" cried the second mate. "Why, blast it, you was too scared to turn out. Me and the boy are the only ones who had the sense to turn out. We didn't lie trembling in our bunks—not much. We turned out to see what could be done. We can tumble out when there's trouble. Then 'cause we happened to slip in the dark and fell against your bloody door ye raise a kick. Why didn't ye dive through it. Blast your bloody door, anyway! We came in to call ye, so's you should get out, too, an' that's your gratitude."

"The Dickens ye did!" snorted the skipper.

"Well, next time you call me don't jump on my stomach, an' don't bust my wash basin over my head. I ain't so heavy a sleeper. A gentle tap with a top maul will do."

Further recriminations were cut short by the captain ordering us on deck. We crawled uncertainly up the companion-way as though still distrusting our foothold.

Overhead the sky was almost clear; there was only a murky haze of vapor trailing over to seaward. About us the water was agitated in short, choppy waves, licking and smacking like a herd of hungry pigs.

Aboard lay heaps of debris of smashed boats, bulwarks, spars, water casks and ropes. Half the mizzen rigging lay on the skylight. The watchman and sailors came crawling aft with a lantern.

"What was I telling ye about the weather in these regions?" said the second mate, vindictively. "Who is right?"

The mate ventured only a low, inarticulate growl.

"I 'spose," continued the second mate, addressing nobody in particular, "as how none of these lubbers ever saw a white squall before, but they'll learn as they grow older. Cap'n'll know better next time than leaving his hold empty in these waters. After this I'll sleep on deck until we get some stiffening in."

"Jack," shouted the skipper, "where were you when this happened?"

"On deck, sir," replied the watchman. "The cable got foul of the keel. It was a dead calm an' the blasted puff struck her midships before she could pay out."

"All hands clear away this mess," ordered the captain. After an hour's work we had cleared the poop of all movable wreckage, lashed fast what we could and then slacked in twenty fathoms more of cable. It had been too short.

By this time it was only two in the morning. Again all hands turned in, and half an hour later were peacefully slumbering, forgetful of the night's incident and of the morrow's work. The second mate forgot his vow to sleep on deck, for before I dropped off I heard through the partition that separated our rooms the deep gurgle of his mighty throat.

GREAT WORKS FOR 1904.

A Busy New Year All Along the Line in All Branches of Engineering.

(Engineering News.)

The year 1904 promises to be one of unusual importance in the annals of engineering progress on the North American continent. In all human probability we will see inaugurated in the coming year several great engineering works, great not only in the magnitudes of the operations involved, but in their prospective influence upon commerce and industry, both national and international.

The first of these great tasks to be undertaken is the construction of the Isthmian canal. The dimensions of this problem are vast, as measured by similar enterprises in other parts of the world, and the opportunity will now be given to American engineers and American contractors and builders of machinery to utilize all that knowledge, skill and experience in conducting public works that has already done so much to make our own country great. The economical solution of the problem calls for mechanical appliances to a degree almost unprecedented, and for this machinery we confidently look to our own engineers and to our own shops.

The climatic conditions will demand the utmost endeavor in the way of organization and the care and handling of labor; and, last, but not least, the engineering features involved are so unusual and of such huge dimensions that the latest sum of engineering genius and experience can alone bring about successful results.

Another great engineering enterprise, already started, but to be energetically pushed in 1904, is the plan of the Pennsylvania railroad company to connect its system with the cities of New York and Brooklyn by tunnelling under the Hudson and East rivers. Here again is a problem that in its solution includes new and practically untried engineering methods.

In the state of New York the popular vote technically approves of the expenditure of a hundred or more millions upon the 1000-ton barge canal, connecting the great lakes with the Atlantic seaboard.

In many of the inland states the companies controlling the great railway systems have an enormous volume of work either in progress or contemplated, which has for its object the creation of new works to take the place of those planned and executed by a past generation of engineers.

The enormous traffic developed by the growth of our domestic commerce has brought into use heavier locomotives, larger cars and stronger bridges; and the resulting saving in operating expenditures now warrants an outlay for reduction in distances, gradients and curvature that would have been deemed wasteful extravagance by the preceding generation.

Northward, in the Canadian possessions, the coming year will doubtless see a notable beginning made in what will become another great transcontinental railway. This Grand Trunk Pacific railway will be nearly 4,000 miles long, and will connect the Atlantic seaboard at Halifax with the shores of the Pacific ocean at Port Simpson. It will be the most northerly railway line of importance on the continent, practically following for much of its length the great divide separating the waters of the St. Lawrence basin from those of Hudson bay. Its purpose is to open up to population, trade and commerce vast areas of wheat land, timber land and mines that are now valueless by reason of the lack of transportation facilities.

With these enterprises once fully started—as they will be in 1904—there should be abundant demand for the services of the engineer, for the designer and maker of all types of engineering machinery and materials, for the men who handle machines and labor, and for labor itself.

HOW HE WAS SUCCESSFULLY TREATED IN CAPTIVITY.

The prince was a white, crooked necked, gawky, long-legged, little camel, wonderously amiable and inquisitive, and with no hump to speak of. One of the difficulties is raising perfect specimens from captive born camels is that the youngsters grow fat too rapidly. That is what happened to Prince Henry. He cultivated an absurd paunch and started his hump growing ahead of schedule time, until his 250 pounds of avorduplos threatened his manly shape. His forelegs showed signs of giving way at the ankles, so that, instead of joining perpendicularly to the broad, soft cushion feet, they threatened to spring back to an obtuse angle, causing what is technically known as flat footedness.

The remedy applied was the same used to reinforce weak ankles in human creatures. Boots the Prince must wear tightly laced boots, reaching from knee to ankle, to aid the tender sinews and to support the delicate bones. For two months this strange baby stood, little black boots encircling his two snowy forelegs, while visitors flocked to see the novel sight, and the big, yellow mother, nosing her precious one softly, stood proudly by. By that time the bones had stiffened and hardened and today Prince Henry is a perfect camel, full grown, light yellow, and with thick, knotty legs that would walk away under a pack load of half a ton. —McClure's.

A DOLL'S CATASTROPHE.

Among the numerous toys which little Reginald received as gifts on his birthday were a drum, a fire-engine with hook-and-ladder wagon behind it, a company of gaudily painted soldiers, a tiny pocket-book for his spending pennies, a long-haired Angora kitten—and a wonderful doll. The last his aunt had sent him. She said she had reared boys, and she had found out that they always liked baby dolls, even if they were supposed to be the exclusive property of girls.

The aunt proved to be right in her judgment, and it was only natural that the pink doll, from constant association with her little owner, should become soiled and mussed and disfigured. Reginald was constant still—even after three bisque fingers had been broken off, and the golden hair was tattered and scraggly.

But one day the doll's blue eyes, from continual closing and opening, dropped back into the hollow head out of sight.

"Oh, mamma," cried the faithful Reginald, excited beyond all measure, "come quick!"

The mother hurried to the scene.

"See!" exclaimed the little boy. "Send for the doctor! Dolly's swallowed her eyes!"—Lippincott's

To cure Headache in ten minutes use KUMFORT Headache Powders.

For all things baked.

PASTRY BISCUIT

Beaver Flour

Makes light white bread, dainty appetizing biscuits, retaining all the healthful properties of the best wheat. Makes the dantiest luxuries, Pastry and Cakes—so tempting that one bite invites another—yet so wholesome.

Go to your grocers and get it.

BREAD CAKE

Milled in a model mill for Canadian housewives.

HIS FIRST PAIR.

At recess one morning little Nathan Garowski withdrew to a corner and wept, and the heart of his pretty teacher was moved with compassion.

"What's the matter, Nathan?" she inquired gently. "Why don't you play with the others?"

Nathan looked up with dimmed eyes. Dust and tears mingled on his brown cheeks. He pointed mutely to his skirt and then broke into a roar: "It was the dress of Rebecca. My mudder no money has for buy me anyt'ing. I nefer have the trouser, and the children—the children—they stick out the finger on me, and make a laughs. They calle me—call me—a gi-girl."

"Don't mind them, dear," said Alice Harmon with sympathy. "They shall not laugh at you long. I will get you a coat and trousers too."

Several days later Nathan appeared in the glory of a new suit, and strutted about, basking in the admiring glances of those who had despised him. His cup of pride was filled to overflowing when the superintendent came in with the principal for a visit of inspection. Nathan, well in the foreground, glanced at his garments and looked at the stranger for approbation.

"Why, little boy, what a fine pair of trousers!" said the superintendent affably. "Where did you get them?"

Nathan drew himself to his full height, and outstretched his hand in the direction of his beloved teacher: "I got them off her,' 'he announced. "I got them off Miss Harmon."

Then Alice Harmon, with the blush of confusion on her face, explained, "The—the children—on the East Side always say 'off' when they mean 'from.' "—January Lippincott's Magazine.

Chronic Constipation surely cured or money back. LAXA-CARA-TABLETS never fail. Small, chocolate coated, easy to take. Price 35 cents. At druggists.

THE BIGGEST BRAINS.

It has been discovered recently from the measurement of thousands of European skulls that the Scotchman has the largest brain and the Englishman the second in size, says Golden Penny. Curiously the third most brainy individual, as regards volume merely, is the Eskimo, coming even before the German or the Frenchman. South African negroes and Malays have more brain matter than the Mexicans. Very low down in the scale are the Hottentots, North American Indians and the native Australians, and at the very bottom is the Andaman Islander. A Scotchman's skull holds 1,580 centimetres of matter, and the Englishman's holds 1,470; a German's only 1,450, and when we come down to the Andaman Islander we have a capacity of only 1,100.

SCOTCHMEN UP IN ARMS.

London Doctors Condemn Oatmeal Porridge as Being Unfit for a Constant Diet.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The condemnation of porridge as an article of diet by several physicians, has raised a storm of protest from Scotchmen.

Their anger is expressed in a large number of letters, from many quarters, to the press, and the writers in nearly every case proclaim the fact that they have eaten porridge all their lives and know no more health-giving diet. Several correspondents boast of the superior physique of Scotchmen and attribute this entirely to the national food.

In many quarters, the indictment is strongly supported. "I quite agree with the statements," says a well known authority on diet. "I have always held that a great deal too much farinaceous food is eaten in the United Kingdom. If people would eat more eggs and bacon for breakfast, and less porridge, it would be much better for them."

Support also comes from another direction. "When a man comes to me suffering from indigestion," says another medical man, "I say, 'Do you eat oatmeal?' In answer to the 'Yes' which I anticipate, I reply, 'Drop it.' That is all the dieting I prescribe. If people would eat more meat and less messes like porridge they would be all the stronger. We should have fewer insipid-looking people among the ranks of our young men and women."

The Scottish doctor who first drew attention to the matter has returned to the attack. "I charge the oatmeal craze," he says, "with being mainly responsible for the innumerable cases of rickets among children in Glasgow.

"Rickets is enormously on the increase in England, especially among the poorer classes, who, misled as to the value of oatmeal as a food, give it to their children for breakfast, and so fill them up with insufficiently nourishing food, instead of more easily digested things, such as bread, meat and milk, a less quantity of which would supply far more nutriment.

"People who feed their children on oatmeal are literally starving them," says an eminent doctor. "Oatmeal is one of the greatest blessings the medical profession has ever known. It fills their surgeries and it increases their incomes. What the effect of its increased popularity will be on the national physique, though, I am afraid to think."

WHEN WE GROW UP.

The shortness of Bobby's legs caused him so much difficulty in running his express wagon that he was wont frequently to dwell upon the time when they should be longer.

"When I'm a man," he said, "I'm going to be a carpenter like Mr. Berry, and have a horse and wagon to go about in. On Sundays I'll come and take Patsy and her children for a ride."

There was a pause, and then Josephine said, "When I grow up I shall ride in a circus without anything on the horse, and just wear fluff skirts myself."

"I shall have a carriage," said Helen, "when I grow up, and dresses,—so many dresses,—velvet and silk and lace ones, and my children shall too. I shall have Miss Fisher to take care of my children like she takes care of me and Josephine. I'll have to be riding about in my carriage all the time, 'cept when I'm getting dressed. I shall be a very beautiful lady. What kind will you be, Patsy? I've spoken first to be beautiful, so you can't be like me."

Patsy shook her head.

"I don't know," she said, "but I think I shall just be a mother. I shall have a little boy and a little girl and a baby. I'll have Agnes to take them out to walk, but I'll always stay by the window looking out till they come back." —Lippincott's.

Beggar—Mister, I'm starving.

Mr. Close—I never give something for nothing.

Beggar—Well, er—would you mind buying twenty-eight meal tickets for de price of a drink?

DINKELSPIEL AND THE CZAR

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

I see id in der papers vare id says der Skar uf all der Roosians has lately receifed urchent invitationings from some uv his belofed supchecks to become a angel ad deir eggspence.

Dis recollections me uf a varm personal letter vich I receifed from der Skar some years ago, yet.

In literature dese days der idea is to always puplish der letters uf a great man, no matter if id vas only to der vashervoman containing der simple vords, "You vas shy t'ree shirts, ante ub!"

Der penalty uf being great is to get talked abouid, und all uf us great men musd pay der penalty or stob being great.

Dis is der Skar's letter, mit der eggsception dot I haf remoofed der personalisms darein, to vit:

In Der Cellar, Today.

Dear Dinky—My hants tremble a leedle in der armor-plated gloves, so you musd oxcoose bad spelling.

Dey hef just handed me a small bunch uf asbestos writing paper, und der fountain pen has been sterilized to remoof der poison, so I vill wrote you, Dinky.

Ach, Himmel! Dinky, you can nefer enchoy der feeling uf anxiousness vich gallops ofer me ven I vake in der morning und vunder vill der hart-boiled egg eggsplosion before I ead my breakfast.

Hoy choyously vould I gif ub dis chob to become even a holder uf common stock in der Steel Compine.

Villingly vould I lay aside my crown und took any chob in America, even in der blacksmith shop vare Guffnor Odell gets his hammers ouid for Tom Platt.

Ad sigs o'clock dis morning I vas voke ub py a scratching noises on der iron quilt vich cofers my repose. A cold perspirationings vent ouid on my forehead. I buried my head in der hardwood pillows und vaited der end. Yust den M. Stepupski, der Minister uf der Debartment uf Bum Chells, valked in through der secret tunnel in der vall.

I threw the aluminum planket off my face und cried: "Vot is id? Vot is id?"

"Pardonoviski, Your Metchesty," set M. Stepupski, "id is der cat! Vedder id is a drained cat carrying a deadly bum chell in der forvard turret I doan'd know, but ve vill investigationski ad vunce."

My minister coaxed der cat avay, und five minutes later a loud eggsplosion confirmed M. Stepupski's theory dot der cat's boozum contained someding more den ids nine livers.

Id also confirmed M. Stepupski, because he has been strangely absent efer since, togedder mid a stained glass vindow und a lot uf new furniture.

Took my advice, Dinky, und doan'd be a royalty.

I say dis as vun friend to annuder und not because I haf to vear copper-fastened pajamas.

I doan'd mind der copper-fastened pajamas so much, but to vear asphalt neckties und barb-vire suspenders is someding vich aggrovokes der spirit.

Ad eight a. m. dis morning M. Cornmealski, der Minister uf der Debartment uf Armored Breakfasts, reported dot he discofered somedings suspicious in der dish uf peeled prunes.

Ve eggsaminationed der prunes carelessly und found dem stuffed mit free tickets to ride on der Brooklyn Elevated Railroad. Ve burned der tickets hastily and saved our lives again.

M. Cornmealski reports dot ub to date 218 different breakfast foods haf been receifed ad der palace kitchen. He says dey range all der vay from consolidated shavings to perforated sawdust, mit here und dare some compressed knot-holes.

In a mad moment yesterday I took der Yale lock off my appetite und ordered ub vun uf dem breakfast food somples, but yust as I had der spoonful ad my lips I remembered der prayer up my youth, "Voodman, spare dot tree!" und vunce more my life vas saved.

Ten minutes ago M. Blackundbluesski, der Minister uf der Debartment uf Vitch Hazel, rushed into my bulkhead compartment.

"Oxcooski, Your Metchesty," set Minister, "bud dis morning der co[illegible] vas burning a few links of sissag[illegible] breakfast. Vell, Your Metch[illegible] abouid two minutes aftervards cookski und der stove und vun sid[illegible] der palace left in a hurry und [illegible] avay in a northvesterly direction. doan'd eggspect dem back because d[illegible] sissage vas stuffed mit rapid transi[illegible] material, Your Metchesty."

Dus id goes all der dey, Dinky. Doan'd you dink id is preddy hard lines ven I haf to make dem vash der yater on both sides before pudding id ind[illegible] teapot?

Now I must stob because I hear da[illegible] humming uf der harpoons on der ouid[illegible] side. My officers vas talking about me again. Farewelski!

Dus ve see id in dis letter dot de[illegible] pitzness of being a Skar is nod vot id is blown ub to be.

D. DINKELSPEIL.

STUDIES OF THE VERNACULAR.

Conversation between the ribbon counter girl and the girl at the candy counter:

"Onnust?"

"Sright!"

"Oakum off!"

"Sure zima stanninear."

"Juh meanit?"

"Ubetcha."

"Ooseddy did?"

"Gurlova there."

"Wah sheno boutit?"

"D'no. Swatshesedd."

"Oakum off! Yercoddin."

"Thinkso fu wanta. Bawcher Chrismus gifts?"

"Notchett. Bawchoors?"

"Naw. Saylookeer!"

"Watchasay?"

"Jeer how Tomman Lil——"

"Notsoloud! Somebody learus."

"Lettum. Nuthinmuch nohow."

"Quitchercoddin."

"Oakum off. I'aintacoddin."

"Gracious Imus begittinalong!"

"Somus I."

"Solong!"

"Solong!"—Chicago Tribune.

A FAIR EQUIVALENT.

Johnnie's name and age were t[illegible]
And his date of entrance stated;
Then the teacher paused and a[illegible]
him,
"Where you ever vaccinated?"

Without stopping for reflection,
Johnnie answered with a "No, s[illegible]
But I's been babtized, I reckon,
Most a year or two ago sir."—
—Norman H. Pitman, in Januar[illegible] pincott's.

WANTED—A case of Headach[illegible] KUMFORT Powders will not c[illegible] ten minutes.

RIGHT IN LINE.

Hicks—He's trying berry cultur[illegible] you know; and he says he's [illegible] considerable success.

Wicks—Yes?

Hicks—Yes, although he admits t[illegible] turns are small as yet.

Wicks—Well, that sounds n[illegible] You might call that 'Success[illegible] Small Fruits.'—Catholic Stand[illegible] Times.

LAXA-CARA TABLETS
RESTORE THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

THE curse of mankind is constipation. Nine-tenths of the ailments we have can be traced to constipation. The bowels are for no other earthly purpose but to cleanse and keep clean and in working order our systems. Constipation is more prevalent among women than men, but it is too common in both. You may imagine you have dyspepsia, or chronic headache, or rheumatism, or heart affections, or bad blood causing eruptions—you may feel dull and ambitionless. Unless your case has been diagnosed and you know otherwise, the chances are your trouble is constipation.

Laxa-Cara Tablets, if taken after meals, draw nature into her natural course and keep the bowels regular and in healthy action. Ordinarily a short treatment will prove sufficient. In stubborn cases several boxes may be needed. It is only a question of a short time, however, when the whole intestinal system will be made strong and naturally active. Then Laxa-Cara Tablets should be stopped.

They come in small, chocolate-coated form, easy to take and palatable. From the first day you will feel their gentle but sure effect.

Price 35 cents a box at your druggist's, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

FRANK WHEATON
SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA. FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.