

SUNDAY SCHOOL COLUMN.

This year is destined to be memorable in Sunday school interests because of the World's Sunday school convention to be held in London, England, in July next.

THE WORLD'S THIRD SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION. Preliminary announcement to the Sunday schools of the United States and provinces concerning the sailing of the Cunard steamship Catalonia, which has been chartered by the executive committee of the International convention, for the exclusive use of the American delegates to the World's Third Sunday School Convention, to be held in London, July, 11-18, 1898.

What It Will Cost.—\$50 four persons in a stateroom; \$30 each additional for three persons in a stateroom; \$30 each additional for two persons in a stateroom.

What Is Included.—Round trip tickets from Boston to London and return, going on the Cunard steamer Catalonia, leaving Boston Wednesday, June 29th, 1898, at 6:30 a. m.

Equal accommodation cannot be secured for any other dates on any other steamers.

Historical Society. An interesting paper on the Island of Campobello—In Memoriam—the Condition of Fort Cumberland—Endorsing Mr. Hay's Enterprise.

Deposits Refunded.—If you cannot go, the \$25.00 will be refunded up to June 1st. The money must be refunded at a later date if by so doing the committee would sustain no loss.

Entertainment on Shipboard.—The conferences, the parliaments, the model Sunday school session, and the Fourth of July celebration which were held on the Bothnia in mid-ocean, in 1898, and which made that trip so memorable will all be duplicated and improved on the Catalonia.

Side Trips After the Convention.—Henry Gaze & Sons, Ltd., the famous tourist and excursion directors, hotel and travel contractors, with offices in New York, Boston, London, Paris, and other cities of the world, are co-operating with your committee to make the Sunday school "pilgrimage" to London a complete success.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Sons will be absolutely assured. Several side trips are being prepared to cover a shorter or longer time, as will suit the convenience of the delegates, and will be sent on application.

During the past week conventions have been held by the field secretaries in Queensbury, Canterbury and Woodstock parishes.

Canterbury was held at the station on the 23rd. Some of the schools are still in the non-progressive class of gnostic counsels were given to officers concerning these.

The parish of Woodstock being missed because of storm in late February, was held on the 25th at Bedell settlement.

The secretary is now in Charlotte county till Easter week.

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PARLIAMENT.

Senate Throws Out Yukon Bill by Vote Fifty-Two to Fourteen.

Mills' Strong Appeal to Support the Government in Its Deal.

Liberals Asked to Keep Their Promises for Free Agricultural Implements.

OTTAWA, March 29.—In the house this afternoon Mr. Davin moved the adjournment of the house to show how Hon. Mr. Blair had changed his mind since last year.

The minister of justice expounded to them this evening the awful consequences of their refusal to endorse the government's Yukon policy.

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THE RAILWAY COMMITTEE. The railway committee devoted the whole morning to the Kettle River railway, which involves the question whether Corbin's system of railways should be constructed in the district of British Columbia.

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months' hold, which was carried by fifty-two to fourteen. The only conservative who voted with the government was Mr. Dobson, who, like Col. Hughes, is of the same local as Col. Hughes, voted with the government.

Among the prospective Klondykers is Faith Penton, the well known lady correspondent of several Toronto papers. She will leave in April with Lady Aberdeen's nurse, as correspondent of papers in Montreal, Toronto, New York, and London.

OTTAWA, March 28.—Just before the adjournment of the house Mr. Fielding laid on the table the estimates for 1898-99. The estimated expenditure of the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1899, together with the grant for the year ending 30th June, 1898:

ESTIMATES OF '98-'99. Show a Slight Decrease, But Do Not Carry Out the Promised Liberal Retrenchment.

Public debt, including sinking funds, 1897-'98, 1,899,999,000. Total 1,957,835,000.

Dr. Chase's Cures Catarrh After Operations Fall. Toronto, March 19th, 1897. My boy, aged fourteen, has been a sufferer from catarrh since he was admitted to an operation at the General Hospital.

RACING LAW IN CANADA. Hon. David Mills, minister of justice, points out the position of the dominion and provincial governments in relation to racing laws in Canada, and also the prospects of future legislation.

THE REINDEER EXPERIMENT. Dr. Nansen was of opinion that it would be useless to try to ship reindeer from Lapland in time for the relief expedition to the Klondyke gold fields.

CONSISTENCY. We cannot help noting in our pergrinations north of what a number there are of our merchants everywhere who are getting their printing done in Montreal or some other Canadian centre.

OTTAWA, March 30.—After about thirty unopposed orders for returns were voted, Mr. Davin proposed his motion, That good faith on the part of the present government with the farmers of the Northwest should compel them to place agricultural implements on the free list.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt

THE N. B. CAMP AT THE BOSTON SHOW. (N. Y. Fishing and Sporting, 24th.) Big game shooting was one of the features of the show.

Some astonishment was evident among those who had witnessed an attempt to break one of Joe Daltell's salmon rods.

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WEEKLY Special Our First Two Issues on Saturday Ist. Thus Giving All Subscribers It Is Time To Go to Your First a Week Your Family With the New Year will be made a change that will be heartily by all subscribers Commencing 1898, the will be issued of 8 pages on Saturday and the 2nd day, January new department continued through year. By the first, last and prides itself on its accuracy and freedom from errors, containing that may not to the Family. It has been welcome week in homes through Brunswick, and Prince Edward. It now proposes the number and to call on its patrons. By issuing SUN in two days and we subscribers as near as level with the of the daily will be furnished news of the v

WEEKLY SUN!

Special Notice to Our Readers.

Two Issues a Week, the First on Saturday, January 1st, 1898.

Thus Giving the News to All Subscribers While It Is Fresh and Timely.

Go to Your Post Office Twice a Week Henceforth for Your Favorite Family Journal.

With the opening of the New Year a radical change will be made in the publication of the WEEKLY SUN; a change that we feel sure will be heartily appreciated by all subscribers.

Commencing January 1st 1898, the WEEKLY SUN will be issued in two parts on Saturday, January 1st, and the 2nd part on Wednesday, January 5th—and this new departure will be continued throughout the year. By this plan readers of the WEEKLY SUN will receive the advantage of the best news service ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces.

The WEEKLY SUN fearlessly invites comparison with any of its contemporaries. It is a newspaper, first, last and all the time. It prides itself on its accuracy and truthfulness. Its columns are clean, pure and free from sensationalism, containing no matter that may not be presented to the Family Circle.

It has been for years a welcome visitor once a week in thousands of homes throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

It now proposes to double the number of its visits, and to call twice a week instead of but once a week on its patrons.

By issuing the WEEKLY SUN in two parts, Saturdays and Wednesdays, its subscribers will be placed as near as possible on a level with the city readers of the daily papers, and will be furnished with the news of the world as fresh

from the telegraphic wires as the the mail arrangements of the country will permit

This great step in advance in the news service of the WEEKLY SUN will not be accompanied by any advance in price. On the contrary the management have decided to make a startling reduction in the annual subscription, and to offer the WEEKLY SUN to Subscribers who pay in advance at a discount of 25 per cent

Henceforth the WEEKLY SUN will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, and subscribers who are in arrears can take advantage of this unparalleled offer by squaring their bills and re-mitting 75cts. for the new year.

IN THE KLONDYKE.

Extract from a Letter from a Former New Brunswicker at Dawson City.

"In the first place I suppose you will want to know about the weather here. Well it was hard and the weather about as cold as it could be; it was a journey that would do up any man that was not accustomed to real hard work and intense cold, but I don't if it is much colder than what I went through in the old days in New Brunswick. The weather is all stream driving in spring. Food is all most worth its weight in gold, but we have plenty. This city is a queer place, but I suppose it is a fair sample of a mining camp. The majority of the people are from the states, and about the worst element in that country, but they are frightened of the police. They talk about annexing the district to Alaska, but if a policeman comes in sight they quickly shut up. Every rum shop is gambling hell, and there are plenty of them open day and night, Sunday and week days, all doing a rushing business. The chances of success here are about the same as elsewhere; a man may stumble into a fortune, but it is generally a clear head and hard work wins. We have staked a claim which we believe will pay well when properly worked. This is no place for a man who fears hardship and hard work, but for the right man it is a good field and might be made better by banishing the lawless American gang who fear neither God or man, unless it be a policeman. We are badly in need of a railway communication, and the majority of Canadians favor a road from Edmonton or somewhere there. There is talk of a road through part of Canada and part of Alaska, but this is Canada and we don't want to be under American control in any way."

BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Some of our most common vegetables seem to have come to us from a time that is immemorial. Asparagus was in use 200 years before the birth of Christ. According to Herodotus, lettuce was in use even earlier than asparagus, for it was cultivated as early as 550 B. C. Not only was it grown, but it was so grown as to be had at all times of the year, and even blanched to make it white and tender. What better does the gardener of today? The cucumber is one of the vegetables named in early Bible history, though some claim that melons were really meant. As to the melon, the date of its first cultivation is lost in antiquity, but Pliny records its use, and, as he died in A. D. 79, it probably is as old as the cucumber. Carrots and turnips were in use as garden vegetables before the Christian era. No one seems to have been able to trace the origin of either the pumpkin or the squash, but we read that pumpkin pies were made more than 300 years ago after this recipe: Cut a hole in the side, take out the seeds and fillments, stuff with a mixture of apples and spices, and then bake till done. The ancient Greeks used to offer turnips, beets and radishes in their obligations to Apollo. The first they offered in dishes of lead, and the second in silver, but the third was offered in "vessels of beaten gold." Parsnips are mentioned by Pliny as being brought to Rome from the banks of the Rhine at the command of Emperor Tiberius, for use on his table.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete report of patents granted last week by the American government to Canadian inventors. This report is prepared specially for the Sun by Marlon & Marlon, solicitors of patents and experts, head office 135 St. James street, Montreal. 600,672—William H. Harvey, Toronto—Ice or snow locomotive. 600,534—Rohinhard Hoffmeister, Vancouver, brake and foot rest for bicycle. 600,676—Robert E. Menzies, Toronto, apparatus for slaking cloth. 600,592—Joseph Moses, Toronto, scoop. 28,388—James Fox, Toronto, game board (desks).

AN UNSETTLED AFFAIR.

John Stanhope, ranger, on his shaggy bronco, cantered lazily down the dust-carpeted trail with drooped head and thoughtful brow. His short carbine see-sawed across his left leg, which hung stouchover over the horn of his big Mexican saddle. His whole attitude was one of relaxation. His eyes were half closed and his thoughts were wandering dreamily back to the days before a spirit of devilry had induced him to leave his old home in the blue grass region of Tennessee to seek excitement and adventure on the Texas prairies. The sun blazed down in vertical rays and tremulous heat waves rose from the bowlders scattered here and there.

Suddenly Stanhope came to his senses and jerked the bridle so violently that his horse reared on his hind legs and snorted. Stanhope didn't know what had caused him to stop. He felt vaguely that something was wrong, but he had no idea what.

"Wonder where them fellows are?" he muttered. "Reckon they stopped back up the trail a bit." Stanhope turned his bronco's head and rode back to where a clump of scrub oak and chaparral hid the winding trail from view. There was not a living thing in sight. The undulating prairie, brown and hot, stretched away in every direction. "Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Stanhope half aloud, "if this don't beat me. Where kin them fellows be?" He rode to the top of the highest knoll in the vicinity, and shading his eyes with his hands, again looked carefully about. He had taken unnecessary trouble. No one was in sight. "You'd 'a' thought Bill Childress would 'a' had more sense!" Stanhope said, addressing his pony. The pony was accustomed to being talked to by Stanhope when they were alone together. He may not have understood what his master said, but he knew that he was being talked to, and he worked his intelligent ears energetically by way of reply. "As for that young cub that come down from San Antonio," Stanhope went on, "I never did think he was top-heavy with sense. Maybe they stopped at that royo we crossed two miles back to look for some water."

The bronco's ears worked again, so Stanhope rode back down to the trail, unsaddled and tethered his horse and lay down under the shade of a scrub oak with a saddle for a pillow, to wait for companions to catch up. It did not occur to him that anything might have happened to Childress and the cub, who was a young man recently come from the states, impelled by the same thirst for adventure that had brought Stanhope to Texas. There were no Mexican cattle litters that he knew of in a hundred miles, and Colonel Tipton's road agents had, he thought, been wiped out by some of Captain Hays' rangers a fortnight before.

At a report to that effect had reached San Antonio a few days before, and the Matamoros stage driver told him about it that morning when the stage passed him and his two companions, twenty miles or more back up the trail. He and Childress and the tenderfoot—Wallace was his tenderfoot's name—were on the trail to join Hays' camp at the Redbank ranch. Stanhope, as he lay under the oak, watched his pony nosing about for a green tuft of grass under the shade of a green tuft of grass, and he sank into a pleasant sleep. He had scarcely closed his eyes, he thought, when he suddenly sat up. The sun was sinking behind the hills, and the clouds over the western hills, and the purple tinge of evening was gradually creeping across the sky. A cool wind swept up from the gulf 200 miles away. Opposite Stanhope sat a swarthy, muscular man with shaggy hair and a shaggy beard, looking quizzically at

him. A rifle rested across his knees. A blood-stained piece of cloth was bound tightly about his left hand.

"Tipton, by the Lord!" yelled Stanhope, instinctively reaching for his rifle. The shaggy man grinned. "Needn't trouble to look for your gun," he drawled. "I've moved it."

Stanhope bolted with rage and chagrin. He tried to say something, but his tongue refused to perform its functions. Tipton saw the effort and smiled again. "You're a fool, Stanhope," he observed briefly. "You're right there," snapped the other. "I'm the biggest fool out of hell or the buzzards would 'a' had your mangy carcass picked clean before this."

"Yass, I know," replied the shaggy man, with exasperating deliberation. "You did overlook a bet when you forgot to scrag me that night on the Nueces. You know I'm a purty slippery cuss. Better be prompt the next time, that is if there's goin' to be any next time."

Stanhope had cooled down considerably. He looked steadily at the shaggy man and then grinned. There was something infectious in Tipton's good nature.

"Well, you've got me, haven't you?" he said. "You alters was a young man of powerful discernment," replied Tipton, "but this time it ain't a question of what I'm a goin' to do to you. I'm the doctor in this here game. There's others that holds better cards on me or you in it."

"What d'ye mean?" "Oh, nothin', only that greaser cuss, Gonzalez, he's got 'cross the Grande and is raisin' hell all through these parts. He purried Hays at the Redbank ranch an' come pretty nigh killin' off all his men."

Stanhope rubbed his eyes in amazement. The shaggy man went on: "He ran 'cross what Captain Hays, in his wisdom and generosity, left of my command last night, and I'm the result."

"See this!" and Tipton held up his hand. "There's a slug of lead as big as the end of yer thumb went through it."

The sun had disappeared behind the hills, and in the dim twilight Tipton's shaggy outline looked shadowy and indistinct to Stanhope, so astonished was he. He whistled softly, and the pony pricked up his ears.

"I believe you are as close to the truth as you ever get," he said to Tipton. "The shaggy man flared up, and Stanhope could see a dangerous glitter in his gray eyes.

"None of that," he growled. "This is a matter 'tween greaser and white man. I'm with the white man. Savvy. After it's over you an' me'll have it out."

"In any way you like," said Stanhope, stiffly. "You know me, Tipton," and he returned the shaggy man's glare through the gloom. "I s'pose them two fellers I run across with their throats cut back up the trail was your friends?" Tipton described the men.

"Well, then, the greasers is only waitin' fer night to rub us out."

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, we'll fool 'em," and to Stanhope's astonishment the shaggy man collected a lot of mesquite roots and lighted a fire.

"What the devil are you up to, man," he demanded, roughly. "D'ye want to fix 'em a light to kill us by?"

"My son, I've been at this game longer'n you have," replied Tipton. Stanhope held his peace. After Tipton got the fire started he made two piles, one on each side of the fire, out of Stanhope's saddle and what was left of the mesquite roots he had collected. He covered one with Stanhope's blanket and threw his own buckskin jacket over the other. When he finished he looked up:

"Now Stanhope, we'll hide in that patch o' chaparral yonder an' wait till they turns up."

"Why not clear out o' this altogether?" asked Stanhope. "Ain't one chance in a million that we could get away," said Tipton, "an' we can entertain 'em better here."

Stanhope saw the wisdom of Tipton's scheme, and, picking up his rifle, followed him to the chaparral thicket. The grass was heavy with dew, and they were soon wet to the skin. The cool, steady breeze did not tend to make them more comfortable.

They lay shivering in the chaparral until Tipton's fire was nothing but a pile of red embers. The moon pushed its silver rim over the eastern hills and shed a ghastly light over the prairie, metamorphosing the clumps of chaparral and isolated scrub oaks into fantastic shapes.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness except the chirp of insects, the wail of the coyote and the occasional rustling of the chaparral as a breath of wind stirred it. Stanhope was just dozing off when he felt Tipton's toe scraping against his shin. He was wide awake in an instant.

"Look," said Tipton, "I thought there was too many insects 'bout."

Stanhope looked toward the fire, which consisted now of one or two dim red coals. A dark form was stealthily worming its way toward the pile of mesquite roots that his blanket covered.

"Good job you ain't under that blanket," whispered Tipton. Stanhope thought it was.

The wriggling figure approached nearer and nearer to the pile. Suddenly a hand was raised and a gleaming knife sank into the blanket. At the same instant Tipton's rifle went off.

The dark form rose, gave a piercing yell and fell with outstretched arms. Four other figures rose from the prairie, and Stanhope's rifle exploded. There was another yell, another dark form dropped. Three figures dodging backward and forward vanished in the uncertain moonlight.

Tipton laughed, a wild, terrible laugh, that sounded like the howl of a whole pack of coyotes.

Answering yells came from every live oak about them.

"Them's Kiowas," said Tipton, ramming a charge home. "Guess old Gonzalez loved his life all the cattle in this part o' Texas."

Stanhope didn't have time to say he thought so, too. Fifty rifles flashed about them and as many bullets tore through the chaparral overhead. Two rifles spit back the streaks of fire from the thicket and two robust voices yelled out their defiance. The cracks of the rifles continued for two hours, the circles of flashes without the chaparral drawing closer and closer, and the yells of defiance within it becoming feebler and feebler. By and by the fire from the chaparral stopped and the fire from without it slackened. Then all was still.

Half a dozen of Hays' rangers galloping toward San Antonio at daybreak the next morning disturbed a pack of snarling coyotes rending the flesh of a dead bronco, three Kiowas and two Mexicans near the ashes of a camp fire. Another pack was circling warily about a clump of chaparral a hundred yards away. Breaking into the thicket the rangers found two bodies full of bullet holes.

"That's Tipton," said one ranger, looking down into the face of one of the dead.

"Yes; an' here's Stanhope," said another. "Well, this beats me," they all said together.

They scooped a deep hole in the chaparral with their bowie knives, laid the two bodies in it, filled the hole up with bowlders and dirt to keep the jackals out, fired a salute, mounted their horses and galloped up the trail.

As the beat of their horses' hoofs died away in the distance, the coyotes slunk back to the bronco, the three Kiowas and the two Mexicans.

The affair of honor between John Stanhope, ranger, and Colonel Edward Tipton, road agent, was not settled on the prairies that morning.

RECOMMENDED AS PICK-ME-UPS.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Take any man who is in the habit of looking in the bottom of the glass for "pure sociability" at intervals from noon until midnight, and for the stomach comfort before he breaks his fast in the morning, and repair to a drug store instead of to a bar-room. He has no appetite. He does not feel as though he were "all there." Instead of a cocktail let him ask the druggist to prepare a mixture of these ingredients and quantities, which, when mixed together, shall constitute a single glassful: Chloroform, five drops.

Tincture ginger, half teaspoonful. Compound tincture cardamom, two teaspoonfuls. Water, one wineglassful.

Swallow that slowly—take five minutes to do it. You will be surprised to find that in about fifteen minutes the "all gone" feeling will have disappeared. A gentle pleasant warmth is felt in place of the gnawing sensation, and in a very little while there are decided symptoms of being hungry. A repetition of the dose inside of an hour, in case the attack of the night before was very severe, will do no harm. A cup of black coffee twenty minutes after the first dose is an excellent thing to follow with, provided the patient is not of a particularly nervous temperament.

You will find some men whose nerves become unstrung upon very slight alcoholic provocation, and such men are prone to try the stimula similibus curatur racket. The best thing for a case of that kind is the drug store again. Here is the dose: Ellixir colery, one drachm. Ellixir socora, one drachm. Ellixir hope, one drachm. Bromide of sodium, twenty grains.

The nervorist will guarantee that you will never resort to whiskey again after you have tried whicover of these doses may suit your particular case. As soon as you feel able to eat, make your breakfast of oatmeal principally for two or three days. On the day after taking the first dose invest in two Havana cigars and substitute the juice for the pick-me-up tonic. If the stomach rejects the oranges as too sweet, throw them away and try the tonic again, but eventually return to the fruit.

VERY OLD PEOPLE.

BARRINGTON, N. S., March 21.—

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Susan Smith was celebrated at the Passage on Saturday. Mrs. Smith was born at Cape Island on the 18th day of March, 1798, and lived there for nearly fifty years. She had two daughters, and at present is residing with one, Mrs. Eliza A. Willson, who is the daughter of her youngest son. She has six grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren living. Three grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren were present on Saturday. Nearly a hundred friends called to see her, and to offer congratulations.

(Sheilburne Budget.)

On Tuesday of this week the venerable Rev. T. Howland White, D. D., rector of Christ church, celebrated his ninety-second birthday. The doctor enjoys excellent health and is still quite active, notwithstanding his advanced years. This venerable clergyman has been rector of Christ church for over sixty-two years, certainly a long time for a man to preside over one church.

A Mother's Story—Her Little Girl Cured of Croup.

Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Laxative and Turpentine, which I cannot speak too highly of.

MRS. F. W. BOND, 20 Macdonald Street, Barre, Ont.

A Jealous Maiden.—She—Harry, you said something last evening that made me feel so bad. He—What was it, dearest? She—You said I was one of the sweetest girls in all the world. He—And aren't you, darling? She—You said "one of the sweetest." Oh, Harry, I think I should like to know that I have to share your love with another.—London Tit-Bits.

Spain has more sunshine than any other country in Europe, the yearly average being 3,000 hours.

Spring is a Wolf In Sheep's Clothing...

The gentleness of Spring, of which the poets sing, is to a certain extent, visionary. There is more disease and sickness waited about on the gentle spring breezes than is carried along by the gales of a blizzard. "When Spring unlocks the flowers that paint the laughing soil," it also frees from the frozen clutch of winter the imprisoned germs of disease. Each melting pile of a winter's collection of dirt and snow exhales disease-laden fumes. Your health, at this critical season of the year, depends on whether your system is strong enough and your blood pure enough to withstand the disease that lurks in the spring atmosphere.

ABBAY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT purifies the blood; strengthens the system; imparts energy to every portion of the body; prevents disease. IT IS NOT ONLY A SPRING MEDICINE. It is a general all-the-year-round tonic, in all climates at all times. Its use in the spring-time will do you more good than many self-styled spring medicines. The daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt gives robust, energetic health and a clean system. Do you take it daily? If not commence now. You could not choose a better time.

WHAT TWO CANADIAN MEDICAL AUTHORITIES SAY: THE CANADA LANCET says: "This preparation deserves every good word which is being said of it. A sample is offered to each physician, and most favorably it is commented upon. There is no doubt but that the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will be a great preventive and aid in all cases of disease." DR. CHAS. L. DE-MARTIGNY, of Montreal, has been a physician for the past fifty years. He has seen much suffering in that time, and has done much to alleviate it: This is his opinion of Abbey's Effervescent Salt: "I have given Abbey's Effervescent Salt a very thorough trial among the inmates of the House of the Sisters of Providence, where I am resident physician. I have found it especially useful in cases of Flatulency, Headache, and Chronic Constipation, and am using it now in a case of Rheumatism. I have tested Abbey's Effervescent Salt in a great number of cases, and have always found the results perfectly satisfactory. It has no objectionable recom- mending Abbey's Effervescent Salt as a thoroughly reliable preparation. I may add that I use Abbey's Salt myself every day, and have found it more beneficial in my own case than any similar thing I have ever tried."

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is known as "The Foundation of Health."

All Druggists sell this standard English preparation at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size, 25 cents.



