

## WOMAN WHO DIDN'T WORRY.

She was a member of a club  
Whose motto was "Don't worry!"  
And daily to her "loving hub"  
She sweetly said, "Don't worry!"  
"Your hair," she told her mate one day,  
"Is falling out and getting gray—  
How fast the seasons pass away—  
But never mind; don't worry!"

"We haven't much put by," she said,  
"For rainy days; don't worry!"  
The hopes we used to have are dead;  
Our plans are wrecked; don't worry!  
A few years more and you'll be told  
To step aside because your old,  
And then some younger man will hold  
The place you fill; don't worry!"

"They tax us more from day to day  
And year to year; don't worry!"  
They'll take our little home away  
And drive us forth; don't worry!  
Your overcoat will never last  
Another year; its style is past;  
My sealskin, too, is going fast,  
But what of that? Don't worry!"

When you are fifty-five and I  
Am fifty—there, don't worry—  
We'll have no hope but just to die  
And be at rest; don't worry!  
There's nothing for us on ahead,  
No help to be inherited;  
We'll have to beg our daily bread,  
But never mind; don't worry!"

Day after day she took his hand  
In hers and said, "Don't worry!"  
She kept his woes before him and  
Implored him not to worry!  
From dawn till dark she harped away,  
And, worried and worn out, one day  
His spirit, fleeing, heard her say  
Unto his corpse, "Don't worry!"  
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

## SEVEN FORTS THAT GUARD PRETORIA

Of the Latest Design and Completely Equipped.

Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, is a country town, asleep back of mountain walls and the frowning guns of seven modern forts.

On three sides of Pretoria the mountain ranges rise to elevations of 1,000 and 2,000 feet above the streets of the city, which itself is 4,500 feet above sea level, but 1,100 feet lower than the site of Johannesburg to the south. On the fourth side—the south and facing the approach from Johannesburg—the range flattens away to a vast and level plateau, treeless, desolate, exposed at every point to the sweep of any guns that may command it.

You look up to the mountain fronts as your train struggles to find its way into Pretoria, and wherever the eye rests there appears to be the lines of a fort, a redoubt, the front of masked batteries, or the domes of bomb-proof rifle and cannon pits. To the north, east, west, and south these engirdle the city. They command the few—very few—narrow entrances to Pretoria. They watch like great dogs and dusty, sun-rotted veldt over which any English troops coming from the south must pass. They blink at the one railroad to Johannesburg, and the one to Lorenzo Marques. They face the north at Winderboom, and guard the ways to Peer-sheda, Hebron and Polonia. Their location has been with purpose. Captain Schiel, now an English prisoner, constructed the one at Daspoort from plans obtained in Berlin. He brought special assistants from Berlin to aid him in the work. Amsterdam engineers build others of the defences. After them came French engineers, and then those of Italy, so that the completed structures represent the genius of four nations.

In external appearance the seven forts are alike. They have masonry faces, with earth-work which covers their fronts to a great depth. In this they conform with plans and suggestions to be found in M. Bloch's much studied work, "The Future of War." Pile upon pile of sandbags are stacked up wherever shells from the enemy might strike. There are many hidden recesses, secret passages, complete telephone connections—not only with each other, but with the Government buildings in Pretoria. Searchlights are mounted in each structure so as to command the surrounding country at night. The magazines are underground, and are reported to be mined. Report has it also that the near approaches are mined, and that the electrical

construction is such that considerable portions of an enemy's army might be blown into eternity before surrender came. The supply of ammunition is calculated to be sufficient for two years. How many guns are mounted or will be, it is difficult to estimate. The total artillery force of the Boers at present is estimated at 450 guns by the English.

The guns originally placed in the forts were 15-centimetre Creusois, but their number is not definitely known.

The centre of the system of forts lies about 3,600 feet to the westward of the northern end of Pretoria, and has a radius of something more than 7,000 yards. The centre of the city is only about 11,000 feet, nearly due south, on the fort on Signal hill, which is about 400 feet above the plain on the west side of the railway to Johannesburg, and about 13,000 feet from the fort on the hill to the east of the railway and the Aapiers river, running to the north. Between this fort and the river are the fountains that furnish the water supply of Pretoria. The distance between the forts on either side of the railway is 7,100 feet. The railway station, where the lines from Johannesburg on the south, Delagoa bay on the east, and Pietersburg on the north, form their junction, is immediately outside the city on the south side. The railway to Pietersburg, after winding some distance to the westward, passes out of the plain on which Pretoria is situated, through the Daspoort or defile in the range of hills behind the city. Through this also runs the Aapiers river, the railway and the river running together across the plain through the Winderboom poort.

Both rivers and railway pass under the guns of a large fort, 21,000 feet from the centre of Pretoria. The western most fort is on the range of hills behind Pretoria, and lies at a distance of 31,000 feet from the city's centre. There is a powerful redoubt to the south-west on the range of hills through which the transport road to Johannesburg passes. This completes, with various earth batteries, the circle of the large works defending the Boer capital. Behind the great redoubt mentioned are the principal magazines, one excavated out of the solid rock, with a bomb-proof roof, and the other built into the kloof, also bombproof. Communication between the redoubt and the last mentioned magazine is by means of a covered way. Roads connect all these forts with the capital, and they have pipes laid for water, as well as electric light for the search lights. An estimate made a short time ago, before all the Boer guns in use at Kimberley and Ladysmith were started back to Pretoria, gave the number of cannon in the forts and redoubts at 120, large calibre and quick-firing. Some are said to be of 23-centimetre calibre. A great many Krupp, Maxims, and other machine guns are ready for service.

## A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used.

Garden Bros., Druggists, Woodstock, N. B.  
Chas. G. Connell, Druggist, Woodstock, N. B.

Chas. A. McKeen, druggist, Woodstock, N. B.

## Some Lively Old Citizens.

How long do people live in southwest Georgia? The Whitsett Courier has these interesting items:

"Uncle Billy Wilkins, 105 years old, was in our midst Wednesday, looking for a birthday present for his youngest daughter, aged 67.

"We are pained to chronicle the serious illness of Colonel Spiggs, aged 94, who

MR. J. D. ROBINSON,  
DUNDAS, ONT.,

Gives His Honest Opinion of  
Milburn's Heart and  
Nerve Pills.

Mr. J. D. Robinson, a resident of Dundas, Ont., has found these pills to do all that is claimed for them and made the following statement of his case:

"Some time ago I obtained a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can now without hesitation say that they have been beneficial in relieving me of an obstinate and long standing complaint affecting my heart and nerves.

"I was troubled with sleeplessness, dizziness, palpitation and neuralgia for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, that others may learn of the virtues of this remedy, I give my unsolicited testimony.

"My honest opinion is that there is no cure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

sprained his left leg in a wrestling match recently.

"Aunt Sally Fancir will celebrate her eighty-fourth year with a quilting bee next Tuesday.

"Major Mart Scott has just taken unto himself a wife at the age of 98. We wish the happy couple many years of wedded bliss."  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Good Cure.

THE GRODER DYSPESPIA CO.'S L.T.D.

GENTLEMEN,—For over one year I suffered with what the four doctors I consulted in N. H., called dyspepsia. For hours at a time every day I suffered the most excruciating pains. The cramps would double me up so that I would have to groan. I would vomit up everything I ate for days at a time. I was terribly wasted and so weak that I could scarcely raise a teacup to my mouth. Nothing I could get would do me any permanent good. Finally a friend persuaded me to try Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup. I took four bottles and am now able to do a good day's work. It is six weeks since I finished the last bottle. I eat anything I ever was fond of and suffer no inconvenience. I send you this voluntary testimonial, hoping that you may use it and that some one who reads it may be benefited by the use of Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup as I have been.

Yours truly,

RICHARD JACKSON,  
Hartland, N. B., Aug. 30th, 1899.  
For Sale by  
C. A. McKeen, Woodstock.  
Garden Bros., Woodstock.  
Estey & Curtis, Hartland.

## The Providing Elder.

Walking through the streets in Franklin, Tenn., I called to an old dinky just ahead of me, "Uncle please tell me who lives in that red brick across the way?"

"Why, bless me, nissis, dat is whar de providing elder lives!"

"And who lives up that hill in front of us?"

"Dat am de pasturage for de passon who am de Prisbeterne preacher."

"Thank you uncle. You have given me a great deal of information."

## Babies Tortured

By flaming, itching eczema, find comfort and permanent cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment, a preparation which has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. Eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head, old people's rash, and all itching skin diseases, are absolutely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

## The Greek Girl's Dagger.

Many Greek maidens wear an elegant dagger in a silver sheath—really only as an ornament. When the girl marries, the dagger is taken off, the idea being that it need no longer be worn, as she will be fully protected by her husband.—Jewelers' Circular.

## LAZY MAN'S PARADISE.

Islands in the Caribbean Sea Where One May Live without Working.

"On our island," said Mr. Lemuel Cooper of Ruatan, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "a man may live very comfortably all his life and without doing a single lick of work. To starve there would be simply impossible; it would be like trying to down a fish. We have no beggars, and no pauper class to maintain. There has never been a murder, theft is unknown, and locks are unnecessary. Some go so far as to claim that people don't die there, but that is an exaggeration. The occasionally expire of extreme old age. Last year our actual mortality was one-fourth of 1 per cent."

The Lazy Man's Paradise thus sketchily described is a corner of the world about which curiously little is known. Ruatan is the largest of the five "Bay Islands," a little chain or key lying some thirty miles off the coast of Spanish Honduras, southeast of Port Cortez, and only four days' travel from New Orleans. Their one industry is the raising of coconuts, and altogether they form a domain that is absolutely unique in the western hemisphere. Mr. Cooper is the most important citizen of Ruatan. He was born there, and with his brother he now conducts a very considerable business. Several times a year he comes to the United States for recreation and diversion, and he is at present in New Orleans on one of these periodical jaunts. In conversation with a reporter he told an interesting story of his island home.

"Ruatan, where I live," said Mr. Cooper, "is some forty miles long and three miles wide. It has a population of about 3000 people, mostly Carib Indians, and I doubt whether there is in all the world a more beautiful and prolific spot. The people are lazy, simply because they don't have to work. Coconuts form their mainstay, and there is nothing easier to grow. To start a grove, one merely burns off a piece of land and plants the nuts in rows twenty feet apart. In from four to five years' time the trees are a dozen feet high and are beginning to bear, and after that the planter is fixed for life. He may bid adieu to care. The nuts are never picked, but as mature they drop off, and this shower of fruit goes on steadily month after month all the year around. How long a tree will bear nobody can say, but there are some on the island that are known to be over half a century old and are still dropping their harvest of nuts.

"When the native needs something at the store," continued Mr. Cooper, "all he has to do is to gather together some nuts and trade them for what he wishes. He hurls them by striking them on a stake driven in the ground, and a man can easily hull 3000 a day in that manner. Roses and flowers of most every imaginable variety run wild from one end of Ruatan to the other. I should add, too, that other fruits grow just as easily as the coconut, and the only reason why that especially is grown is because it furnishes an easy crop, for which there is always a ready market.

We have plenty of bananas, oranges, mangoes, plums and pineapples, and they are all delicious. They grow wild, without the slightest cultivation, and all one has to do is pick them. Vegetables are equally prolific, and our native yams easily average forty or fifty pounds in weight. A piece of cane stuck in the ground takes root and renews itself preannually for years. A stranger who comes to the islands is invariably amazed at the prodigality of nature and the apathy of the natives—that is before the lazy fellow gets into his blood. 'Why don't you grow this?' and 'Why don't you cultivate that?' he asks. The natives simply smile. 'Why not take things easy and be happy?' they say.

"The next island to Ruatan is Utilla, which has a population of about 800, and is touched

by several steamship lines. We regard the people of Utilla as quite civilized and feverishly progressive. They have several stores and a distinct social set, to move in which one must be well vouched for. There is a good deal of trading from the islands along the Honduran coast, and the owners of the larger sloops and schooners make considerable money that way, but the main business is in coconuts. The first island of the chain is called Bonaceo, and has about the same population as Utilla. Then there are two very small islands—Barbarat and Morat. Barbarat, which is some three miles long, is owned outright by my two brothers-in-law, T. and A. Moran, who lived at Utilla. It is a charming spot, and years ago was simply taken possession of by an old Englishman, an educated gentleman, about whom very little is known. He held it by right of occupation, and his title was conceded by the Honduran government. Later on he wanted some money, borrowed it of the Morgan brothers, and gave his island in pawn. He never paid the debt, and at his death the property passed into their possession. As I said before, it is a beautiful place, and several capitalists from the North have tried to buy it, but my brothers-in-law prefer to keep it for their children. I dare say it will be very valuable one of these days. At present they keep a hundred or so head of stock on the island and grow a few coconuts. Nobody lives there except the laborers who work in the groves.

"The strangers who occasionally drift to the Bay Islands, through one chance and another, rarely leave. They are like the lotus eaters in Tennyson's poem. The American consul at present is Mr. Johnson, who comes I believe from Wisconsin. He was delighted with the spot, and sent at once for his wife and daughter. They are all there together now and insist that they will never leave. The climate, by the way, is singularly equable. The thermometer has never been known to fall below 66 or rise to above 88. Being part of Spanish Honduras, we are, of course, under the government of that republic, but we are too far away to even be disturbed by the storms of revolution and at the present things are peculiarly serene. The Honduran government is represented by an administrator, a commandante and a governor. There is never any friction, and their simple duties are confined chiefly to the collection of customs. There is no military establishment, and the only jail on the island is a small one-room hut, in which a plain drunk occasionally sleeps off too much native brandy. Theft and other crimes are entirely unknown and doors are never locked at night.

"Any description of Bay Islands would be incomplete," said Mr. Cooper, in conclusion, "without reference to our enormous tiger sharks. They are found three or four miles out from the coast, and frequently grow to be fifty feet long. I know that sounds like a pretty fishy story, but it is the plain unvarnished truth. They are referred to in the coast survey reports to the United States government, and are said to be the largest sharks in the world. As far as I know they are not found in any other waters."

Mr. Tenderfoot—This bear meat seems very highly spiced.  
Cactus Charley—It ought to be, pardner. That's a cinnamon bear steak.—Baltimore American.

"Say, do you know Henderson is a fellow worth knowing?"  
"That so? How much is he worth?"—Philadelphia North American.

"Do you work for the poor?" asked the philanthropist.

"Oh, yes, indeed; indefatigably," replied the society bud, with enthusiasm. "Why, I make it a point to go every charity ball that is given."—Chicago Post.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

## C. P. R. TIME TABLE.

In effect October 2nd, 1899.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.20 A MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jc.  
M St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton,  
Saint John and East, Bangor, Portland, Boston.  
8.35 A MIXED—Week days—for Aroostook  
M Junction, Presque Isle, etc.  
11.28 A EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque  
North.  
M Isle, Edmundston, and all points  
1.55 P MIXED—Week days—for Fredericton,  
M etc., via Gibson Branch.  
3.20 P MIXED—Week days—for Bath and  
M intermediate points.  
4.18 P EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint  
M Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St.  
John and East, Vancorbore, Sherbrooke, Montreal,  
and there with IMPERIAL LIMITED for all points  
West, Northwest, and on the Pacific Coast, Bangor  
Portland, Boston, etc.  
8.05 P MIXED—Week days—for Debec June  
M tion and Houlton.

## ARRIVALS.

7.40 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from McAdam  
Junction.  
11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint  
John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal,  
etc.  
12.15 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Frederic-  
ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
1.30 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque  
Isle.  
4.18 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque  
Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.  
5.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.  
7.47 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath and  
intermediate points.  
9.40 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John,  
Portland, St. Stephen, etc.

## Healed of Her Heart Pangs!

After doctors had said no cure---Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and today is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that Prov-

idence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off of this, that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease

relief has come inside of 30 minutes after the first dose has been taken. Some of the pronounced symptoms of heart disorder are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Any one of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected, may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is not an untried nostrum. It is a heart specific, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It

acts directly on the nerve centres, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Hers was a stubborn case of over five years' standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged, and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver."

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer from heart disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind, bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 35 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a vial

SOLD BY GARDEN BROS.