kept the trail hot between Runymede and Harper, and maintained an irrigating plant that would have overwhelmed the children of Israel. He always had some kind of a jag.

THE

"Kansas prohibition was a failure in Runymede. The good livers brought whole cargoes of the very best wiskey from Chicago. One youth fell heir to \$15,000 a year, and the thermometer in Runymede went up several degrees. What a time we had!

"The men imagined that they were in the very heart of the West, where the blood ran wildest and reddest. They wore cowboy outfits and an arsenal of guns and knives rattled on them as they walked. They would not teeth. They were fond of posing for their portraits in photograph galleries at Harper and Wichita, and I tremble even now at the terrible desperadoes that gaze at me from the faded pictures. Capt. Faulkner was an especially fierce looking 'cowboy,' and was almost afraid of himself when in full regalia. "Every fortnight there was racing. Runy-

Lobb was the beau of the steeplechase. Upnecktie, a black alpaca coat, checked trousers that reached halfway to the knees; white lavender kid gloves.

"Dica Watinage, who affected cowboy hats and a ferocious looking buffalo over-coat, ran this race with red-and-white bunting wrapped around his legs, hatless and wearing comb on his whiskers afther dinner. a black shirt.

"Runymede withered like a flower and died. Its citizens were scattered from ocean to ocean. Few returned to England.

"If any one should find the 'lost' town of Runymede, ask him to mark the spot with a stone bearing the words, 'We had a good time while it lasted.'"-[Philadelphia Press.

WELL KNOWN GENTLEMAN MAKES A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

had acquired a big thirst for liquor. The lad with women a man mus play entirely be ear. games no less than in the higher and more They'se a good manny men that'll tell ye important activities of life. But after all, young unmarried man between eighteen an' twinty-wan cud map a woman out f'r yeas plain as State Sthreet. He has her mind an' her sowl charted an' he takes a squint at th' north star, f'r he wud disdain to steer be annything less, sets his coorse, ties down th' tiller, an' goes to sleep. He wakes up in th'

DISPATCH

I had growing the goal

roarin' forties wrecked on an iceberg. . "I guess women don't live in th' same wurruld as men. It seems to be th' same wurruld, but it ain't th' same at all. It's wurruld where all th' clocks ar-re wrong, an' where they'se no such things as distance. go outside the house unless armed to the It's peopled with ghosts, drhessmakers an' princes. Th' other day I r-read th' pa-aper that a German prince has advertised f'r an American girl, white preferred, who wud be willin' to exchange three millyon dollars f'r th' opporchunity to bear th' proud but thirsty name iv Prince Otto Finkelstein Zum Rathskeller, an' later on ye'll see that Prince ()tto who is known among his friends as 'Frink,' mede had a steeple course which afforded has borrowed a coat an' come over on a tank much amusement. The riders bedecked steamer to wed wan iv Cincinnati's fairest themselves in all the glory of Solomon. John belles. Why does she do it ? There ar re plinty iv Americau men around who wud on one occasion he appeared wearing a white take her in spite iv the money. To show stiff-bosomed shirt, a collar, and a flowing that they loved her for hersilf alone they'd agree to spind the fortune in a year. Anny wan iv thim cud tell her that Prince Otto socks, dancing-pumps, a granger hat, and is only a German, afther all. In th' happy home life at Rathskeller, he laves th' prince part iv his nature out iv dures if it isn't hung up at a pawnshop, an' is plain Otto who loves noodles in a thick soup and uses a pocket

> "Is there wan law f'r men an' another f'r women? says the lady who had bad luck in a play I wanst see. No, sir. They'se wan law f'r men an' no law f'r women. Th' laws ar-re made be men, f'r men, who ar-re taught to think in sthraight lines, while a woman thinks ar-round a corner and over th' tops iv houses. Don't lave us tache think anny iv th' foolish things we've got to know. They don't believe in idees, theeries, or argymint. They believe in persons. If th' baldheaded Columbus showed thim be his chart an' log that he'd discovered America they'd say 'I don't believe that odjous man lver discovered annything.' But if Padarooski tol'd thim he did they'd believe it without a doubt. Women will stand by a murdherer or a safeblower, not because they don't think he done it, but because crime ain't a crime whin it's committed be th' right party. Facts ain't annything to thim ; they regard argyment as an old wornout way iv gettin' annywhere, tke an engineer wud look at a stage coach. They don't believe in figures, or, at laste, in other people's figures. Don't argye with thim. Ye can't convince thim iv annything onless ye hol' their hands. Take thim firmly be th' fingers an' tell thim what ye want thim to believe. P'raps they'll say : 'He has nice hair. He must be right.'" "Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "f'r a man that don't know annything about th' subjick ye've had a good dale to say." "Th' raison I've said so much," replied Mr. Dooley, "is that I know so little. Be Hivins, when I think iv how little I know I'm surprised at me own modheration." "Collier's Weekly."

they know all about thim. Almost anny the boys get the same amount of pleasure out of the games that the boys of the older school enjoyed, so the change amounts simply to a change in detail."-[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A Strange Wooing.

The conductor of a train on a North Dakota railroad had just sat down to make up a fourth hand in a game of cards, when a widow who was complacently smoking her clay pipe moved down upon the quartette and said:

"Conductor, I don't want to disturb you, but I'm livin' just beyand Skinnersville."

"I'll see that you get off all right," he replied.

"But I ain't worryin' about that. I've got one hundred and sixty acres of land and a good cabin up thar'."

"I see."

"My ole man got drowned in B'ar River st y'ar and I'm all alone."

might jest do me a favor."

him."

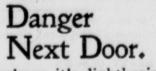
the conductor said:

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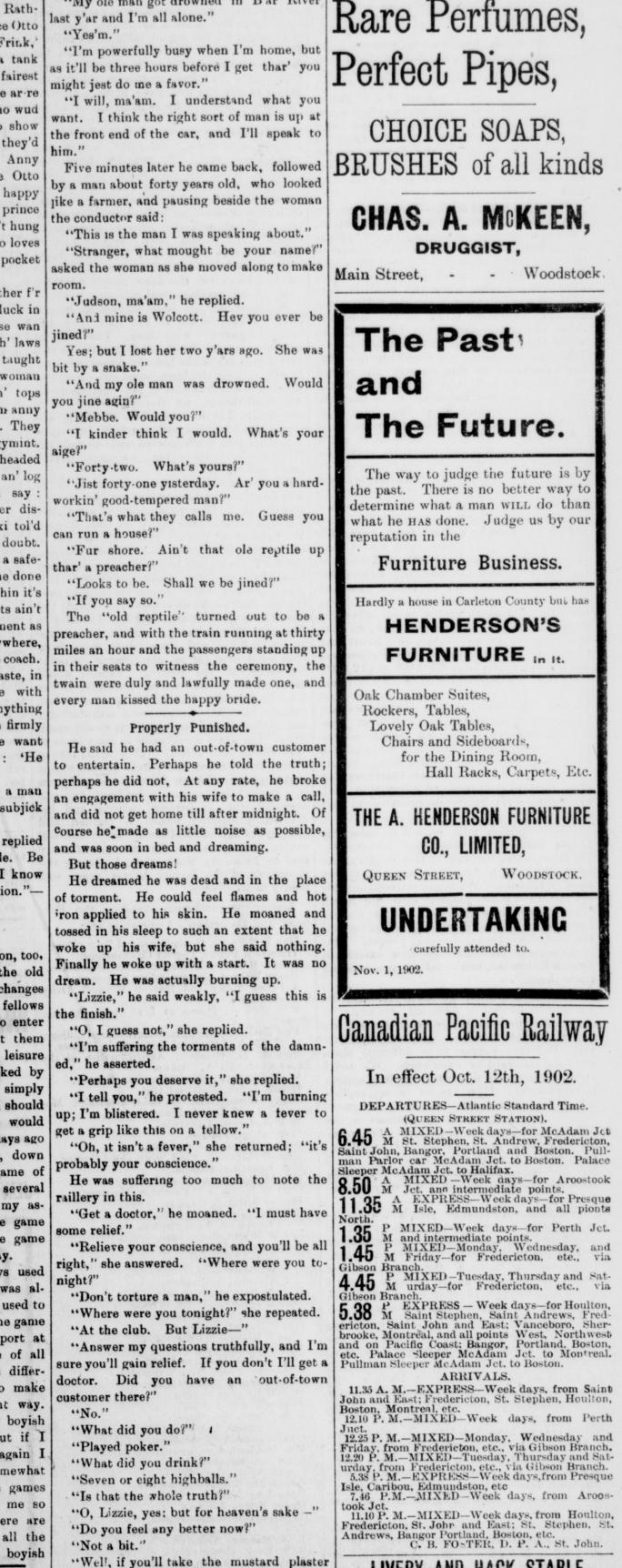
it by a snake."

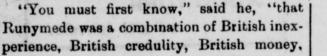
ige?"



Perhaps it's diphtheria, or scarlet fever. Keep your own home free from the germs of these diseases. Prevent your children from having them. You can do

it with our Vapo-Cresolene. Put some Cresolene in our vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the vapor fill the sleeping room. Have the children sleep in the room every night, for it's perfectly safe, yet not a single disease germ can live in this vapor. Ask your doctor about it. 4 Vapol. Ask your doctor about it. Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Creso-lene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet contain-ing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPO-CRESOLENE Co., 180 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.





Women.

**Backaches** of

cure you.

them.'

but it is no more.

ing story about Runymede:

Not one woman in twenty has a

strong back.

Backache is the cry of Weak Kidneys

Backache is the warning note of much more scrious trouble to come, if nor at-tended to immediately.

Backache can be cured quickly and permanently by using

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

The great and well known Kid-

ney remedy. They have cured

thousands of women. They will

Mrs. R. L. Lane, Mapleton, N. B., writes: "I was greatly troubled with

Backache and pain in my side. I

saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, so

thought I would give them a trial. After

the first box I began to feel better and

I took two more to make a complete cure. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a

good, honest, reliable medicine for all kid-

ney troubles and can highly recommend

50c. per box or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL Co., Toronto. Ont.

A Lost Kansas Town.

place on the map. It was named Runymede,

Capt. Charles Seton, who was formerly an

officer in the British army, returned recently

to this country, and when he read of a hunt

for lost towns in Kansas he told the follow-

There is a town in Kansas that has lost its

considerable cockneyism, and a ludicrous atpromises.

to Kansas expected to grow rich over night and then return to England to live on champagne and venison.

"It took two years to wear off the varnish, break the bank, and turn out the lights. And Rome-or I should say Runymedehowled in the interval .

"Runymede was created by a north of Ireland agitator named Turnley, who had lost money in the cotton business in the United States. His son, Edward, bought 1,700 acres of land at \$1.00 an acre in Harper County and began advertising in England that he was lord of a Western paradise, where golden birds sang in the trees and silver rivers ran tinkling to the sea.

"For \$500 a year he engaged to teach the sons of English gentlemen the mysteries of successful farming and stock raising, provide for their physical needs, and administer such educational tonics as would enable them to to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had hold the winning hand wherever they may be.

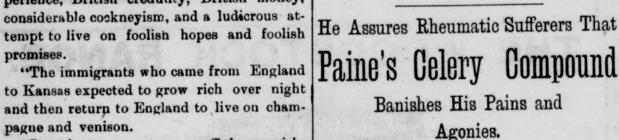
"Runymede, twelve miles northwest of Harper, in the middle of a boundless prairie, with only one tree in sight, was founded as the centre of this enterprise, and at Runy. fectly cured; indeed, I never felt better in all any of the games that used to delight them mede congregated the good souls who listene Turnley's tinted tales.

t was to be the great commercial depot those troubled with rheumatism. of the West. It was with glowing hearts that my party of sixteen men and women sailed from England in May, 1889, for the new world.

"So anxious was I to find agreeable quar- | thim ?" ters at the end of my journey that, with fear: Turnley to build me a house forthwith and have it ready for me upon my arrival. When to and lodging at the ranch house, where we breed the terrors of corn bread and fat bacon atil houses were built.

None of us had any financial sense. While or his whiskers, be th' way he walks, be his we waited for a miracle to be performed that would transform our arid home into a bloom. in jest or a heavy wurrud in anger, be a ing garden, and the town of Runymede into a vast metropolis, we feasted and danced and made merry. We enjoyed all the sports dear to English hearts, and dressed in the diffrent fr'm anny other man. If I want to should suddenly become a boy again I wonderful garments we had brought from get a line on what he'd do in case iv fire. I, imagine that I would find myself somewhat the land whose white cliffs look across the channel to Calais.

and one guileless father thought that Runy- I hang th' rule, th' compass, an' th' tape evidences of evolution after all in all the mede would be the salvation of his son, who line, an' go be guess an' luck. In dalin' activities of human life, and even in boyish



The startling and happy cures wrought by Paine's Celery Compound for rheumatic sufferers have deeply impressed men everywhere, and today, the best practioners are recognizing the great value of the compound, and prescribe it with confidence.

Paine's Celery Compound stands unequall ed as a cure for all the varied forms of rheumatism. At this season its good work is apparent in thousands ot Canadian homes. Men and women, lame and crippled and utterly helpless from the terrible disease are being restored to activity, health and strength. Paines Celery Compound is the only medicine that rescues and saves the desparing victim who is told that he or she is incurable. Mr.

W. Morisette, Roxton Pond, Que., says: "Having been given up to die by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came lost all hope. Suffering agonies from inflammatory rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Paine's Celery Compound. I gave it trial, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had

my life than at present. I use every possible means to tell others of Paine's Celery Compound, and will always recommend it to

## Dooley on Women.

"Do ye know anaything about Dooley.

ful extravagance, I sent a long cablegram to hvin' with wan so long that she looks like me, but she's as much iv a gamble to me now as iver she was. . I know what she'll do. I reached Runymede there was no house in She'll do what I tell her to do if she plazes. sight, and we were glad, likewise disgusted, But I can niver more thin guess what she's thinkin' about."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "women is

attichood at th' bar. be a light wurrud spoke the other games. Spinning tops is differglance at th' side iv his face as he passes a looking-glass, what kind of a man he is. In some respects, of course, these boyish Wan thing I'll always bet on-he ain't much amusements have not changed, but if I mesilf, an' ivry man. . .

## Evolution of Boys' Games.

"There has been some little evolution, too, in the matter of hoyish games," said the old bachelor, and as a matter of fact, the changes have been so worked that the older fellows used seven bottles, when I found myself per- are scarcely well enough posted now to enter during recess at school, and at other leisure moments. New rules have been invoked by the boys of today, and the old timer simply knows nothing about the games. If I should attempt to play marbles now the boys would "I have to talk about women," said Mr. laugh me off the ground. But a few days ago I stoped in front of the old Cathedral, down

at Jackson Square, to watch a game of "Nawthin'," said Mr Hennessy, I've been marbles which was being played by several youngsters of the old quarter, and to my astonishment, I did not understand the game at all. I could see at a glance that the game was nothing like the one I used to play.

"The rules were different, the boys used different expressions, and, in fine, it was altogether different from the game as I used to sthrange crathers, I niver pretinded to larn play it. I suppose if I had entered the game "Some of us had considerable money. thim. I can tell be th' cut iv a man's coat | the boys would have had a deal of sport at my expense. The same thing is true of all

ent, kites are not made as we used to make them, and they fly them in a different way. at sea when it came to playing the games

"But whin it comes to sizen' up the ladies, that once amused and entertained me so "Kansas was known as a prohibition State | Cawd bless thim an' tache thim their places, much. So everything changes. There are

**Cures Grip** 

out of the pocket of your night shirt I think you will," she answered calmly. "I told you H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props if you'd relieve your conscience you'd be all right. -- Chicago Post. Butter Paper, printed and unprinted, in one and two pound wrappers, at this office

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