

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JUNE 22, 1904.



Miss Nellie Holmes, treasurer of the Young Woman's Temperance Association of Buffalo, N.Y., strongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Your medicine is indeed an ideal woman's medicine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menorrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restless sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me, I tried your Vegetable Compound on the recommendation of a friend from the East who was visiting me.

"I am glad that I followed her advice, for every ache and pain is gone, and not only this, but my general health is much improved. I have a fine appetite and have gained in flesh. My earnest advice to suffering women is to put aside all other medicines and to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Miss NELLIE HOLMES, 540 No. Division St., Buffalo, N.Y.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The Lost Bunch.

Seated one day at the—piano,
My sweetheart was singing to me,
And her voice had all plain sailing
Till it struck a very high C.

I know not what she was singing—
I hope I won't hear it again—
But she struck one bunch of music
Like the squawk of a frightened hen.

I could see she was foundering swiftly.
So I found another song;
For the breakers were certain to breaker
In pieces before very long.

But hard as I tried to save her,
The last that I saw was she,
Without even a life-preserver,
Adrift on love's high C.

The Composer.

CLARA.

"Mme. Diavollo, the snake charmer, was sitting on her berth in the freak car engaged in the pleasing pastime of frescoing her pet snake, Clara. The madame's snakes, you may as well understand, were large but entirely harmless reptiles of a dingy brown color. In order to enable them to pay their part as boa constrictors in the 'kid show,' which is circus for sideshow, it was necessary that their dull coats be transformed to a gorgeous yellow and black, and every other day the madame painted them. The madame tried a great many different kinds of paints, but she never could find anything that would wear longer than two days.

"Most of her snakes traveled by themselves in the animal car, but Clara was a great pet, and the madame always insisted that the big snake should be allowed to ride in the car with her and the rest of us. In the freak car, which had originally started out in life as a plain box car, the sleeping berths were simply long shelves running the whole length of the car, one on either side. The only divisions between the compartments on each shelf were little partitions not more than six inches in height. In front a calico curtain hung down on either side.

"Mme. Diavollo's berth was at one end and mine at the other, on the same long shelf. Clara, the pseudo boa constrictor, slept in the aisle at the foot of her mistress' berth.

"On the night I started to tell about I went to bed and to sleep early, leaving the madame still sitting up and lovingly painting yellow and black diamonds on the skin of her amiable Clara. I don't know how many hours later I was awakened by a suffocating weight on my chest. I opened my eyes and there, within a few inches of my face, was the flat head of Clara, the snake, lazily moving to and fro.

"Poor Clara had got cold during the night and had crawled into my berth to warm herself. I lay still and silent for just a second, still half asleep. Then I gave a wild yell and a convulsive heave of my whole body. Dear little Clara went flying out into the aisle and landed on the floor with a thump.

"Instantly the whole freak car was in an awful uproar. Across the aisle Razmataz, the last of the aztecs, and his wife put their heads out through the curtain and commenced to jabber in a German dialect. 'Up on a little shelf which had been built especially for him, To-To, the cat-faced boy, began to hiss and

spit. And from the other end of the car came a deep bass voice, demanding: 'What's the matter now?'

"The voice was the voice of Mme. Diavollo, for one of her several roles as displayed on the circus bills was that of 'Mlle. Loiset, the Little Lady with the Voice of Thunder.'

"I just kicked your—snake out of my berth. That's what's the matter! I yelled back, for I was younger and less discreet than I am now.

"You did did you? sounded the voice of thunder, and then followed an awful silence. Something huge and terrifying started to crawl and clamber along the shelf towards the end in which I slept, and off of the shelf into the aisle jumped the Circassian beauties, albino boys, dwarfs, and giants, all shrieking in fear and anguish. I thought a lot more of the madame's snakes had got loose, and I started to get out of the way myself. But I was too slow. Before I could get up a heavy slipper hit me over the head and that deep bass voice roared: 'You will abuse poor, dear little Clara, will you?'

"It was the madam herself. She seemed to be slightly put out about something. She beat me over the head for about five minutes with her slipper without giving me a chance to answer her question, which she repeated with each blow.

"I forgot to say that two of the madame's other roles were those of the Lady with the Biggest Feet in the World and the Beautiful Female Hercules. So you can see what chance I had.

"When the Female Hercules had got through she quit. Then I and the freaks—I was not a freak, please remember—quieted down and tried to get a little sleep before we pulled into Merrill, Wis., which was the next place we showed at.

"In the morning, strangely enough, Mme. Diavollo still seemed to be slightly peevish towards me. That was awkward because in the big show the madame and I doubled up and did a brother and sister act 'in the air.' It was the madame's job to hang by her knees from one trapeze and mine to swing by my knees from another. Then, when the ringmaster cracked his whip, I was supposed to let go my hold with my knees, fly through the air like a bird, and catch the madame by the wrists with my hands, while the freaks who doubled in brass in the band all played their loudest music and everybody else made as much noise as possible.

"I say the situation was awkward because the ringmaster was dreadfully in love with Mme. Diavollo, and I fully realized that by cracking his whip at the wrong moment he could make it exceedingly awkward for me. And even that wasn't the worst. You see, the ringmaster was a regular artist with his long whip. As I had occasion to know, he could stand directly under a performer who was hanging by his toes from a trapeze, and, giving an apparently casual snap of his whip, cut a hole right through the tights of the man hanging overhead and on through the hide of the aforesaid.

"I feared that Mme. Diavollo would tell her lover that she had a grouse against me and that he would revenge her when it came my turn to hang suspended in the air directly over him. I was not disappointed.

"Never shall I forget that afternoon in Merrill. Mme. Diavollo and I had two turns, both in the air. One was billed as 'The Leap for Life,' the other as 'The Slide to Safety.' The one I have last mentioned came first. I was up there, thirty feet above hanging by my ears, or by some other portion of my anatomy—I have forgotten exactly what—when that ringmaster took his place directly under me. Then he looked over at the reserved seats and cracked his long whip. I could feel the lash cutting through to the bone and I slid in a hurry. When the ac was over and I got down to the ground I walked quietly up to the ringmaster and poured defiance in his ear.

"If you ever take a crack at me again, I hissed, 'I'll drop on you and kill you.'

"He answered by swinging the whip and catching me around the legs with it, to the great delight of the audience, which imagined that I was also employed to play the part of a clown, I suppose.

"Well, the madame and I came on twenty minutes later to do our grand 'Leap for Life,' which was the climax of the circus. The minute I started to swinging back and forth on my trapeze in preparation for the leap I saw that the two of them planned to 'do me.' The madame hung down by her knees and made awful faces at me, and drew up her hands out of my way, as much as to say that I wouldn't find her wrists there when I tried to catch them. Then, finally, the ringmaster got straight under me and cracked his whip. The lash caught me fairly, and I could hardly resist a yell of agony. At the same time I remembered my threat. They had apparently plotted to kill me anyhow, and I thought I might as well die game. Just as the lash cut me I let go of the swinging trapeze and dropped. I struck exactly on top of that ringmaster and crushed him to the ground. I was not hurt a particle. Both of his arms were broken and he had internal injuries which kept him in the hospital for nearly a year.

"I had escaped in the confusion which

followed, and left the circus business for good and all. The ringmaster? O, he's been the best friend I have in the world ever since. I saw him only the other day. He's living over on the west side.

"Think my boy, what you saved me from," he said, when I shook hands with him the last time. 'But for you I should now be the husband of Mme. Diavollo. What are a few broken bones compared to that?'

Walter Jones, the actor, at whose tramps and other impersonations you have often laughed, now grown portly and prosperous, lit a fresh cigar and leaned back in his easy chair.

"I think," he said, "that's about all there is to the yarn."

You can either give Mr. Jones credit for veracity or for a masterly imagination. Take your choice.—Chicago Tribune.

The Doctor and the Editor.

Ed Howe wrote this and laid the blame on the office boy.

If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If we make a mistake there is a law suit tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a foot long, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he will charge the man for the visit. If the editor calls on another man's wife he'll get a charge of buck shot.

He—I see another naval engagement is reported. She—More fighting? He—I suppose so. The captain is engaged to the rear admiral's daughter.—Yonkers Statesman.



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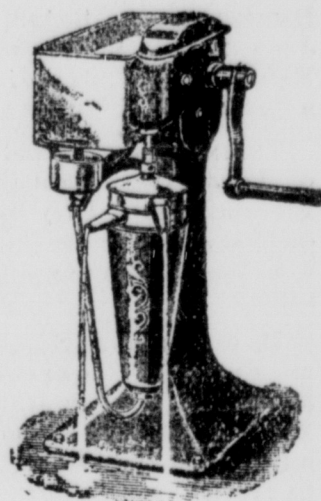
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