

Indigestion
Poisons
the Blood

As surely as a serpent's bite—it lessens brain power, lowers vitality, produces sleeplessness, nervous depression, and is the cause of aching heads and weary limbs.

THE KEY TO HEALTH IS
good digestion, and Mother Seigel's Syrup gives that assuredly. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal.

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Making Room For Hosea.

Dr. Edmund Everett Hale was a foe to long sermons. He used to tell a story of a long-winded preacher and the minor prophets.

"This preacher—" so Dr. Hale would begin—"once preached over an hour on the four greater prophets, and then, when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, he took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and leaning over the pulpit, said:

"We now come to the more complex question of the Minor Prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where brethren, shall we place Hosea?"

"An irascible old gentleman in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said as he departed:

"Place him here if you want to, I'm going."

Kidney Suffering IN THE SPRING

Backaches and tired feelings tell of weak kidney action—Prompt relief by using DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

No organs of the body are so susceptible to the quickly changing temperature of spring as the kidneys. Sudden cold waves mean chilling of the surface of the body, closing of the pores of the skin and over-crowding of the kidneys at a time when they are already over-worked in an effort to free the system of the accumulated poisons of winter.

The tired, draggy feelings you experience and the weakness and pains in the back tell of a poisoned system and defective kidneys.

There is no treatment for kidney disease which will afford you relief so quickly as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and none which will so certainly cure the most complicated forms of this disease.

There is a reason for this. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills awaken the action of the liver and bowels as well as the kidneys and thereby effect a thorough cleansing and regulating of the whole excretory system.

In this combined action Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unique. There are no substitutes or imitations which possess this principle.

Mrs. F. O. Bacon, Baldwin's Mills, Que., writes:—"I was very sick last spring. The doctors said I must go to the hospital for an operation but I didn't want to. My liver and kidneys did not act and I suffered terribly. I then began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and nothing else, and am now fully cured and doing my own work for a family of seven."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cts, a box, at all dealers, or Ed-
manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Brave Man and a Coward.

(Philadelphia Herald).

"One of the bravest men I ever saw in battle," said a retired colonel in the United States army, "was a native of Ireland who had served in the British army and was captain of the United States volunteers during the war with Spain. After that scrimmage he settled down to business in Washington, D.C. That this man, whose name I will not mention, could be brave on all occasions was proved by an episode in a leading restaurant in F street, in the capital one day.

"There was a big bully, an ex-prizefighter, as big as Jim Jeffries, who, when in his cups, had the cheerful habit of shaking hands with a friend in a friendly way with the right hand and, at the same time, smashing him in the jaw with his left. He pulled off this trick one afternoon upon a friend of my army acquaintance—Captain Smith, we'll call him—and the bully's victim on the way to the hospital, ran into Smith. A few minutes later Smith entered the restaurant. Nodding to some acquaintances, he pushed his way through the crowd and walked straight up to Mr. Bully, who weighed 100 pounds more than Smith.

"Hello Smith, shake hands," said the big man.
"Yes, I'll shake hands with you," replied Smith, his steely eyes glittering dangerously, "but if you try that stunt that you did to a friend of mine a while ago I'll go home and get my big gun and I'll kill you. You wouldn't be here

when I came back, because you are a coward, a cur and a bully, but I'd get you anyhow."

"Declining to drink with the pug, Smith nonchalantly walked to the other end of the bar to join a party of friends, while the alleged terror of F street, who always went armed, humiliated by this call-down before the thirty men, slunk out of the place and wasn't seen in Washington for about three months."

Lauder's New Song.

So much has been written about Harry Lauder, drivel and otherwise, that it is refreshing to be able to present the public with a new sidelight on the great comedian, which only occurred recently at the Empire Music Hall, Glasgow. This story is told by an intimate of Lauder's, who writes: Let me say at once that so far as Lauder is concerned I am a privileged person, and so, as the front of the house was packed, I went by invitation to see him in his dressing-room at the empire Music Hall. Just as I reached the door a lady in deep mourning came out, and then "Come awa' in, Bob," sang out the cheery voice of the King's Jester. He was quieter than usual, and I remarked it.

"Nae wonder I'm feelin' kin' o' doon in the mouth. Did ye see the lady that was visitin' me afore you cam' in? That's the sister o' the man who gave me ma new song, 'Bonnie, Bonnie Scotland,' that I have put on here this week, singin' it without the band. There's a sad story connected wi' that sang. When I was in New York last I went one night to a subterranean smoker, a kin' o' a Caledonian gatherin' o' brither Scots, whaur I felt at home. A fellow ca'd Bob Smith sang the song I'm speakin' o' and I was so struck with it that I got the words from him there an' then. He was frae Edinburgh, and the chap that wrote the words was also a native o' Auld Reekie. Puir Bob Smith! A few days later, when I was singin' in a western town, I was told by one of my pipers that he had been killed at a building where he was employed in New York. His sister had just been tellin' me that the body had been brought hame to Edinburgh for burial there. Listen to this third verse o' the sang and you'll see how it touches me when I think o' him singin' it:

Take me back yince mair
Where I'd like to be,
In that wee bit land
Far ayont the sea;
Ower the pine-clad hills
I in fancy stray;
It's a bonnie, bonnie country,
But it's far awa'.

"That's why I'm no' feelin' in very guid trim the night. I canna' get the thoct o' the words out o' ma heid. Listen to the chorus:

Bonnie, bonnie Scotland,
Far ayont the sea,
My heart's in bonnie Scotland,
That's where ma hame must be.

"Puir Bob Smith, he was a guid yin amongst a lot o' guid yins I met on the ither side. He's got his wish, puir chap, ye see. He's hame noo."

Melancholy End of a Confederate Veteran.

There died recently, in loneliness and poverty, in New York, a man who had played a distinguished part on the Confederate side in the Civil War. This was Colonel Pointer, Holly Springs, Miss., who served in General Wheeler's cavalry corps. Gen. Wheeler, in describing one of Col. Pointer's exploits said: "During the campaign near Maryland in 1863, on October 15, in a dash we captured Major Graham and most of his command. After the capture two union cavalrymen got away and Pointer, Lieut. Kelly and myself went after them. We pursued them for some distance, with Pointer in the lead, until we came to a bend around a railroad cut. Drawn up in a line just beyond the bend we found to our consternation a regiment of Union cavalry. We were going to hard to draw up. With a splendid courage and daring that never seemed to desert him Pointer yelled to follow behind him. With myself and Kelley behind. Pointer dashed straight on at the Union cavalry. It seemed impossible that any of us would live to get through, least of all Pointer. Yet through them we went and came out behind and by a hard ride reached our troops from the other side in Maryland. Pointer was shot through the shoulder, one of five times he was wounded during the war. When the body of the veteran was found after his recent death there were also found 49 cents in cash and pawn-tickets from various Bowery pawnshops. A medal given Col. Pointer by the Confederacy for distinguished gallantry was the last article he ever pawned and it is now in a Bowery pawnshop, where it was pledged for \$8. Among his effects was also found a letter from a daughter, Sadie Pointer, now in Ardmore, Okla., upbraiding him for effectionate terms for not writing oftener and asking him for money, and it is thought that this last letter, this appeal from a daughter he was unable to help, hastened his death.

A Precautionary Measure.

Wife—"I can't understand, John, why you always sit on the piano stool when we have company. Everybody knows you can't play a note."

Husband—"I'm'll well aware of it, dear. Neither can anyone else when I'm sitting there."

Look The Part

Make the world judge you for what you are. As the passing throng see you only from the outside, make that outside worthy of the man within.

"Progress Brand" Clothing

—like the honest man—improves our acquaintance. The rich, handsome appearance but reflects the careful workmanship and honest materials of the parts within.

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Contract Awarded.

The C. P. R. has accepted tenders for the new work at Aroostook Junction already outlined in The Telegraph.

The contract for building a six stall engine house has been awarded to J. H. Hague, of this city. Mr. Hague's tender for the erection of two double cottages at the junction was also accepted, as was also his bid for a turntable foundation.

The tender of H. Post, of Woodstock, for the erection of a boarding house and bunk house was accepted, and it has been decided that the freight house to be erected will be built by the company's own men. Work at the junction will be started right away.—St. John Telegraph.

Historic Hotel Closed.

The Saracen's Head Hotel, Snow Hill, which celebrated its 400th birthday not long ago, closed its doors on July 3 forever, the proprietors giving as the reason for the closing the now fashionable and popular plea of "increased taxation." Lord Nelson when he left his home as a youth to join the navy broke his journey at the Saracen's Head and stopped the night at the historic building, but it was Dickens who really immortalized the hotel. It was there that he had Squeers interview the students who were to be "accurately educated" at his school. It was there he met his pupils and took them down to Dotheboys Hall, which Nicholas Nickleby in attendance as teacher, already regretting that he had accepted the position.

The hotel will be torn down, to the despair of Dickens lovers, who bewail the yearly destruction or public loss of places the novelist brought to the notice of England by weaving them into his stories.

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Will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper

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