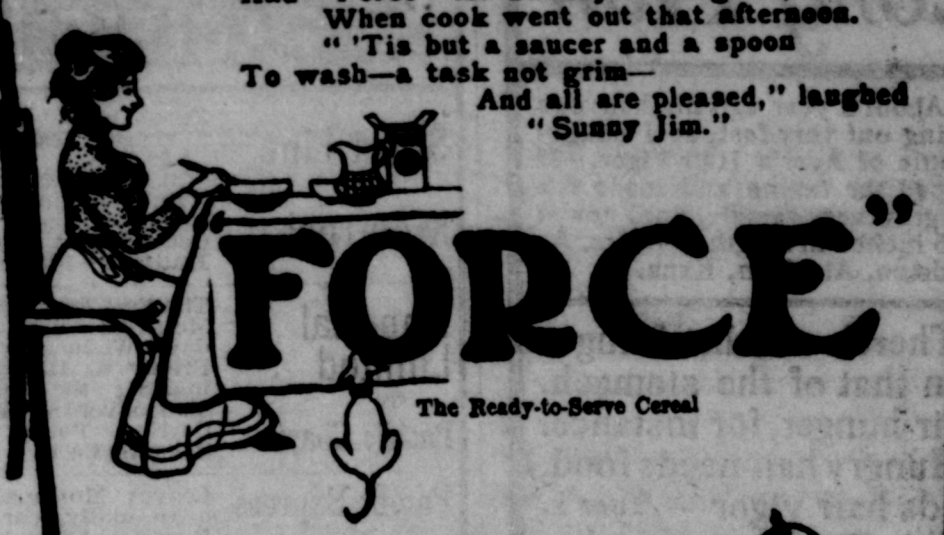


Jim Dumps and wife invariably
Had "Force" for Sunday evening tea,
When cook went out that afternoon.
"Tis but a saucer and a spoon
To wash—a task not grim—
And all are pleased," laughed
"Susie Jim."



FORCE
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

pleases everybody
in every way.

We Like It.
"We use 'Force' at home and like
it exceedingly."
"H. R. SATTERBERG."

W-11

P. BRADLEY, "LONDON HOUSE."

New Dress Goods

IN ALL THE POPULAR WEAVES FOR 1903.

NEW SUMMER HOSIERY.

Ladies' Cotton and Lisle Lace Open Work Hose; Plain Black Cotton Hose; Silk Embroidered Hose; Black Cotton Hose with White Spots. ALL HERMSDORF DYE, guaranteed fast and stainless.
Misses' and Children's BLACK and COLORED COTTON HOSE; Boys' Ribbed Cotton Hose, in solid black.

New Lace Curtains, Floor Oil Cloths.

P. BRADLEY, = Connell Block, = Main Street.

CANADA'S BEST VALUE

Union Blend Tea.

HARRY W. deFOREST, = ST. JOHN, N. B.



RAMSAY'S
ESTABLISHED 1842
WHITE
PURE READY-MIXED PAINTS
A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS, MONTREAL
Estd. 1842.

TO
PAINT
RIGHT

If our name is't on it, you'll have trouble with it.
Ramsay's Paints, paint most and paint best. Ready for use and price just right.
Write us, mentioning this paper, for booklet showing how some beautiful homes are painted with our paints.
A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, MONTREAL.

FOR GOOD HEALTH

To preserve or restore it, there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripans Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripans Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, every-day folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripans Tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable, honest remedy, with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, habitual and stubborn constipation, offensive breath, heartburn, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run-down systems, restore pure blood, good appetite and sound natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripans Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

R-I-P-A-N-S

Paris is mourning the loss of its oldest tree, an elm planted by order of Sully in 1600 in the Rue St. Jacques. It is leafless this year.

Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim. Immediately after they enter the water they turn on their backs and are drowned.

Poetry.

THE ASPHALT PAVE.

They took a little gravel
And they took a little tar
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
That would last for many a day.
But they came with picks and smote it
To lay a water-main,
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up some more;
And then they put it back again,
Just where it was before.
They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone;
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the electric light;
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.
O, the pavement's full of furrows;
There are patches everywhere.
But it's seldom that you dare
It's a very handsome pavement;
A credit to the town;
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

SONG OF HOPE.

Oh, there are bright days yet, dear,
Behind the eastern hills,
And we shall soon forget, dear,
All present cares and ills.
For every night of sorrow
There is a bright to-morrow.
What joys may be revealed, dear,
Within that coming day!
What sweet flowers, long concealed, dear,
Will blossom by the way!
What clouds with golden lining
And stars of hope are shining!
Then love will be the same, dear,
And friendship warmer grow,
And with a brighter flame, dear,
Our aspirations glow,
New spirit-birth attaining,
Even through the heart's deep paining.
Oh, there are bright days yet, dear,
Behind the eastern hills,
And we shall soon forget, dear,
All present cares and ills.
For every night of sorrow
There is a bright to-morrow.
EDWIN E. KINNEY.

Lowell, Mass.

Literature.

FROM A CAR WINDOW.

The elevated train always slowed up before it came to the curve. On this particular afternoon it came to a dead stop.
Philip Bryce gazed listlessly from the window. He was tired after a hard day at the office, and the prospect of a lonely restaurant dinner and a lonelier evening in his apartment was not inviting. He gave an impatient sigh as his glance traveled up the height of the brownstone building. "Just like my house," he commented. "Probably just as full of people, each one knowing little and caring less about the rest. Lord, but a city's a selfish sort of place!"
Just then his glance reached a window on the level of his own and rested there. His face brightened, for the somber curtains framed a girl, an undoubtedly pretty girl. And yet there was something so pathetic in the picture that Bryce's heart gave a throb. The girl leaned forward, her delicate face supported by her clasped palms. Under a waving mass of pale gold hair, dark eyes looked sadly far beyond the train into a scene painted by her imagination.
Suddenly, as if waked from her day dream by the fixity of his gaze, she turned. As her eyes met his a wave of crimson surged up to the roots of hair. With a proud little movement she drew back into the shelter of the curtains. And at the same moment the train, obeying some unseen signal, moved off around the curve.
As it jolted upon its way Philip Bryce leaned back with a sigh. But this time the sigh was not for himself, but for the girl. "Poor little soul!" he said softly. "She looked even more lonely than I. Wish I could do something for her. Well, I'll look out for her to-morrow, anyway." Strange to say, the recurrence of this philanthropic thought infused brightness into his entire evening.
There was an unusual element of haste in the way in which he sprinted up the stairs of the elevated station the next afternoon. It seemed a matter of the greatest importance that he should catch the 4 o'clock train. He told himself that it was only because it was his usual train, and he prided himself on his regularity. But there was that in his manner which belied his words.
As the train slowed up for the curve his eye eagerly sought a certain window. The girl was at her post. She might have been reading, for a book was in her lap, but Philip felt sure that she saw him—felt sure that sudden color flushed her cheek.
Such marvelous power has the human eye—on occasion. The young man was unreasonably happy over his discovery.
And so for many days, when twilight fell earlier, the girl's slender

THE TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING.
Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

figure was silhouetted against lamplight. The curtains were never drawn, and she was never absent. She watched for him.

The assurance gave Bryce the courage to call on the janitor of the brownstone house and inquire as to the price of vacant apartment and incidentally as to the girl.

The janitor was loquacious, after the manner of janitors. As he watched the smoke wreath up from one of Phillip's best cigars he felt that for once he had a listener worthy of his powers. The third story front flat? Ah, yes. Miss Metcalf lived there—a nasty, cantankerous old lady. Her companion, poor little Miss Lambert, had a hard time of it with her. How she ever stood it all he didn't see. She was some sort of a poor relation and likely didn't have anywhere else to stay. But it was a shame the way the old lady deviled her.

The janitor grew quite excited over it. So did Phillip. In fact, he had some difficulty in restraining his feelings. But he forbore to interrupt the janitor. Such information was precious.

"The poor young lady never gets a breath of fresh air except when she goes driving with the old one, and never a minute to herself except when her tyrant is sleeping."

Sudden enlightenment came to Phillip. Evidently Miss Metcalf took an afternoon siesta. He had to thank the god of sleep for these stolen meetings, if meetings they might be called.

The janitor's story had strangely excited him, however. It was in such an exalted mood that he sallied forth like knight of old to the nearest florist. The purchase of a large bunch of violets somewhat soothed his feelings. But he reddened shamefacedly as he inscribed a card, "From the man in the car window," and addressed the box to "Miss Lambert." That he, Phillip Bryce, matter of fact business man, should be caught at such a schoolboy's trick! And yet he gloried in the incongruity.

The next afternoon he could hardly wait until the train reached the curve. Would she wear his flowers? Would she smile her thanks?

But—the girl was not at her post; the curtains were tightly drawn. The pain of the disappointment stung him into energy. He had allowed this girl to grow into his life and thoughts. Should he let her slip out again? Never!

With sudden determination he left the train at the next station and walked straight to the brownstone house. The janitor recognized him. He volunteered to show him the way.

The girl herself opened the door. Her cheeks were paler than usual and her eyes heavy with weeping. She, too, by her startled glance, recognized him. Phillip started forward impetuously, but she drew back and leaned, trembling, against the door as she said in a frightened whisper: "You? You?"

The janitor had discreetly withdrawn.
Phillip felt a pang of reproach as he looked at the shrinking girl. He had startled her too much. His voice was very gentle as he said: "Yes, Miss Lambert, it is I, the man in the car window. You see I know your name. The janitor told me. And I've come to ask you whether you like the violets. And, oh, when I missed you from the window I could not stand it. I just had to come and find out what was the matter."

The girl's eyes were downcast, her cheeks crimson, as she said in the same frightened whisper: "Yes, I got your violets. They were beautiful, and you were kind to send them. But you ought not to have sent them, and you ought not to have come here. Miss Metcalf found me with them, and I had to tell her all about them—and you. She was dreadfully shocked. I—I did not know that I had been doing anything wrong. But she said that I had been very bold and forward and that you were not a good man. And she made me promise never to watch for you again, and she threw the violets away—my poor violets." Her voice trembled, but she raised her eyes trustfully as she said more firmly: "I don't believe everything that she said, though. I know you meant to be kind, even though it was wrong."

Phillip Bryce gently took her hands in his. "No, it was not wrong. Do I look like a man who could not be trusted?"

Something in her face seemed to give him confidence, for he went on impetuously: "May not a man send flowers to the girl whom he loves?"

Little girl I am all alone in the world and very lonely. You are lonely too. I read in your face day after day. And you need some one to take care of you. If you can trust me, if you think that some day you can love me a little, won't you let me take care of you? I can wait patiently. I have been loving you for these many weeks, but I can wait till you are ready, dear."

As she looked up into his earnest, manly face and read the love shining in his eyes she laid her head down on his breast and whispered, "I am ready—now."

So Miss Metcalf lost her companion, but Phillip Bryce gained a wife.

HOW BERING DIED.

In Harper's Magazine, Collins Shackelford tells the true story of the fatal expedition of the explorer Bering, from whom Bering strait is named. Here is his account of the adventurer's death after the loss of his ship:

"Bering, who had been for some time totally disabled, was brought ashore on a hand barrow in a boat and placed in a sheltering hollow, where his still faithful men—a mere handful—had cleared the snow from the sand. Even then he was dying. His great age and the hardships he had undergone on this voyage made his struggle for life hopeless."

"His slow passing away was pathetic and pitiful. In effect he partially buried himself alive. He lay under the shelter of a tent made from an old sail. Long suffering had made him childish and petulant. Each day and all day his weakening hands were constantly busied scraping down upon his body, beginning at his feet, the sand from the ridges on either side.

"He would submit to no interference with this occupation, insisting that the sand warmed him. When he died, Dec. 8th 1741, a month after the landing, his body was already half buried, and it needed but little work on the part of his skeleton comrades to inclose this hero of the arctic regions in a coffin of frozen sand."

WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was dreadfully constipated. He could not digest his food and screamed incessantly. I was almost in despair, but since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splendidly." Such is the testimony of Mrs. S. Craig, 323 Bathurst street, Toronto, and thousands of other mothers speak in a similar strain.

Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest; colic, diarrhoea and summer complaint can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house—they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail, at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LIGHTWEIGHT.

General Charles H. Grosvenor, the Republican war-horse of Ohio, was killed to speak in Pittsburg in the last campaign.

The meeting was a large one. When it was time to introduce the General the Chairman arose and said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I need hardly say to you that we are particularly fortunate to-night in having with us one of the greatest Republicans of our sister State, Ohio. We are to have the pleasure of listening to a man whose name is a household word in Pittsburg, who has fought for us the battle of Protection upon which so much of Pittsburg's material prosperity depends. You all know him. Everybody in Pittsburg respects and honors him. He is our friend. His name is on all our lips. Friends, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you that sterling patriot, that rock-ribbed Republican, that eminent statesman, General—General—General—

The Chairman flushed, stammered, wiped his forehead nervously and then blurted, "General Gossamer, of Ohio."

Senator Bailey's Accomplishments.

Senator Joseph W. Bailey of Texas, was born in Crystal Springs, Copiah County, Mississippi.

"Joe was a great lad," said an old Mississippian a few days ago. "When he was seventeen years old he had four points of preeminent greatness over any other young fellow in Copiah County:

"He was the best-looking young man, he owned the biggest watch chain, he was the best pool player, and there wasn't a man in the county whom he couldn't argue down on any proposition whatsoever."

That was a good many years ago. Senator Bailey doesn't wear his great watch chain now and, so far as known, he rarely plays pool, but he retains his good looks and, to say nothing of Copiah County, there are few men elsewhere whom he cannot argue down.

FALLING



Does this illustrate your experience? And are you worried for fear you are soon to be bald?

HAIR

Then cease worrying, for help is at hand. You need something that will put new life into the hair bulbs.

You need a hair food, such as—
AYER'S Hair Vigor

It brings health to the hair, and the falling ceases. It always restores color to gray hair. You need not look at thirty as if you were fifty, for your gray hair may have again all the dark, rich color of youth.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I am a barber by trade and have had a great deal to do with your Hair Vigor. I have found that it will do everything that you claim for it. It has given me the most complete satisfaction in my business."
HENRY J. GIBSON,
March 22, 1899. Kansas City, Mo.

Write the Doctor.
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor at the address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The new turbine steamer, the Queen, which was recently launched at Dumbarton, will cross the English channel from Dover to Calais in forty-five minutes. She is 310 feet long and 40 feet wide. Her chief feature is a very large promenade deck and the absence of the usual bulky machinery gives her unusual cabin room. She has five screws.

The egg packers of Canada are finding it difficult to do business in England at present prices. At a meeting of the Canadian Packers' association last week a proposition was made that members agree not to pay dealers more than 10¢ a dozen for pickling eggs at the present time, with the expectation of a reduction to 9 and 10 cents within a short time. No definite arrangements, however, could be reached.

An animated discussion has just taken place at the annual session of the Berlin synod, on the deterioration of morals in the German capital. Some of the speakers said the German capital had acquired an undesirable name, having outrivalled even Paris in its unblushing vice, and if the police were unable to suppress the ever-increasing immorality it became the duty of the church to endeavor to purify the homes of the people, the streets, theatres, literature and art, of unhealthy influences.

In the highly cultured city of Edinburgh, Scotland, there were 10,993 criminal convictions last year, of which 2,484 were against juvenile offenders. In addition to this number of children who were convicted outright, 2,066 were arrested for various offences during the year and let off with warnings. And yet we are told that the Scottish educational system is the finest in the world. It seems incredible that such a percentage of a city's crime as this could be chargeable to children, who live under the best school system in the world.

Dr. Chase's Pills

OUR FAMILY MEDICINE SINCE 1867

"MR. G. W. PARISH, Sturgeon Bay, Ont., writes:—'In the year 1867 I was very bad with my kidneys. I could not work on account of my back being lame, sore and painful all the time. Though I carefully followed the directions of our family doctor he was unable to do me much good. At this time Dr. Chase was becoming known as an especially successful physician, and on the advice of my uncle, Charles Williams, I went to Dr. Chase at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and he gave me a box of his pills for kidney disease.'

"You can scarcely imagine how much good they did me. They helped me so much that I went back to the doctor and bought a dozen boxes. In my mind there is not a medicine half so good as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for kidney trouble and headache. We always keep them in the house as a family medicine, and I would not think of using any other."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.