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Miss Barbara M. Stanfold, a Victim of Anæmia, Imperfect Circulation and Debility, is Cured by

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

In the month of May, it is an absolute necessity that the body should be furnished with a richer and purer supply of blood for the establishment of a health that can successfully cope with the enervating effects of hot summer weather. Pure blood in May produces listless, ambitionless, sleepless and sorrow-faced men and women, who quickly become victims of some organic disease that ends life.

Intelligent people recognize the necessity of cleansing and fortifying the system in May by using Paine's Celery Compound, which speedily removes all poisons from the system, gives to the thin, watery blood, a larger proportion of red corpuscles, and arouses all the organs of the body to healthy action. Paine's Celery Compound does a work for victims of impure, watery and stagnant blood that commands the attention of the most eminent medical men in the world.

Miss Barbara M. Stanfold, Hamilton, Ont., says: "For over a year my health was in bad condition, and I became very weak and much de-

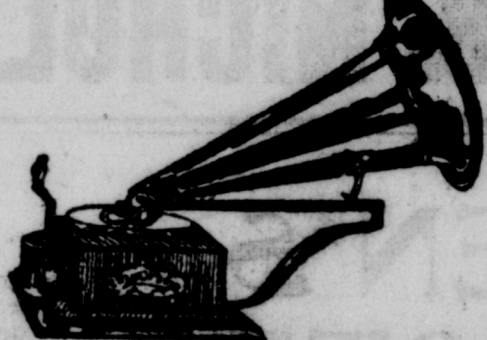
pressed in spirits. My troubles arose from poor and watery blood and imperfect circulation. My appetite was almost gone, and I was afflicted with insomnia. After several doctors had done all they could for me, I was weaker than when they first began to treat me, and my family became anxious about my condition. A neighbor advised my mother to have me use Paine's Celery Compound. Before I finished the second bottle, my appetite was better, I felt stronger and could sleep soundly five or six hours each night. I had so much faith in the wonderful compound that I continued with it until I was perfectly cured. To-day after using six bottles, I am as well and strong as ever before. I thank you with all my heart for such a medicine; it saved my life when other medicines failed. All my friends are astonished at my happy cure."

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Poetry.

A COMMUNION.

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—The Song of Solomon II, 12.

The common kind o' flowers! Lord, you made a lot o' them!

The daisy in the meadow is as clean as any gem.

The wild rose in the thicket is the ripest kind o' red—

It's purty and it's happy—look at how it holds its head!

Them little dachmen's breeches is a favorite o' mine;

I like to stumble on 'em with my eyes, an' catch their shine.

An', then, the Johnny-jump-ups, noddin' soft when I go by.

An' as blue an' glad an' helpful as the cam' midsummer sky.

The blazin' dogwood blossoms! How they flash along the road—

Come a-bloomin' in a minute, till a feller thinks it's snowed!

Lord, the lawrie holds a sermon that is sent direct from you.

An' the bendin' cherry branches, an' the elder bushes, too.

There's the perky dandelion bobbin' up so fresh an' bold,

Till the whole endurin' hillside has its polkydots o' gold;

An' the blossomin' May apple, hidin' underneath the trees,

Sends a fragilin' sort o' flavor till it coaxes out the bees.

The common kind o' flowers! Lord, I guess they like to grow.

An' to all the air with gladness just because you love them so.

Lord, I try to understand them an' my heart beats in accord

When I bend an' whisper to 'em "For this blessing, thank the Lord!"

—W. D. Nesbitt.

Literature.

THE MAJOR'S LUCK.

It was when the old Forty-fifth was in garrison at Madras—confound the country, with its heat, its insects and snakes, its dismal and overflowing wet seasons and fevers and a dozen other disagreeable things to make life miserable.

There was an uprising in a neighboring petty state, and a detachment of the Forty-fifth was ordered there post haste. Which does not mean much as to speed in a country with roads and a temperature such as India has.

We duly arrived, however, and found that there was a pretty mess of it.

The petty prince of the little province had been raising and keeping a standing army, consisting of thirty or forty lower caste. Hindoos, whom he had armed with as many guns of an old fashioned design, probably worked off on him by some junk dealer on the coast.

Whether the Oriental inclination for despotism had got to be a little harder than usual on the members of the standing army, or whether the army had found itself getting more powerful than its sovereign—for some reason it had revolted and deserted in a body, plundered the royal bungalow and some of the native residents of the station, and was at that time leading a sort of bandit life in the neighboring jungle swooping down on the places whenever provisions ran short, and taking whatever they wanted, with an incidental murder here and there.

Major Barker, on hearing of the circumstances and the amount of force from the few English residents, said:

"Well, I'll put an end to it at once, sir; we'll stamp the rebellion out like that, sir," and he stamped his shoe sharply on the matting, by sheer good luck catching one of the big roaches of that climate under his sole, which lent objective force to his declaration.

"Well, we did stamp them out very much like that—when we found them."

But the finding of the rebels was the hardest part of the job, and, in spite of the major's contempt for the quality of the foe, it happened that he was to be the man who was to come the nearest to losing his life in a short campaign which was all but the bloodiest on our side.

The undercurrent of rebellion against our English rule in India is well illustrated by the conduct of some of the natives of this station, from whom we tried to find out the whereabouts of the rebellious standing army.

Much as they were in fear of their fellow countrymen's raids and barbarous atrocities, as between them and us their aid was given to the rebels.

In a few days Major Barker had become furious.

"They think they can fool us, do they? By gad, sir, I'll show them! We'll hunt them out, sir, and hunt them down, sir—in short order, too, by jove!"

So the major divided his detachment into several small reconnoitering parties and sent them out in every direction to beat up the jungle very much as he would have done in a tiger hunt, with a systematic plan of progress and a series of stated rendezvous.

The major, on his part, took two men with him and I was one of them

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!

Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating, which hazard preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily and generally contains "wood alcohol" a deadly poison.

Our party was smaller than any of the others, and I think that the reason was that he wanted to express to the men, in a striking way, his utter contempt for the nature of the enemy.

The major's zeal and bravery were beyond question; these and his hot-headedness were apt to be sources of misfortune to him occasionally.

At the time referred to he dragged us on so eagerly and impatiently into the forest that on the very first day we completely lost ourselves, through not having taken proper precautions to mark our path.

The fact worried Dick Brace and me, considerably, and we began to discuss the matter over the fire we built at dark that night with a view of keeping off the wild denizens of this Indian forest.

We could not get much satisfaction from the major.

"Lost, sir?" said he. "Lost! Absurd. These rascally Hindoos find their way back through these forests; how dare you imply, sir, that our Christian intelligence is unable to do the same? Don't speak that way again, sir, or I'll put you under arrest for disrespect to your commanding officer."

Then the major lay down and went to sleep, while Dick and I talked it over.

It is just such a man as the major that have the luck in the world.

Next morning at dawn we were up and looking about for something to shoot for breakfast. It was the major who stumbled over the bird and shot it and, at the same time, he stumbled over a trail that bore with it divers signs which would seem to indicate its use by the enemy.

"There, ah!" said the major, when we were forced to halt for a rest, after an hour's march, "there, sir, you see the triumph of British instinct, if not intelligence, over coolie craft. You may call it luck, sir, stumbling on this trail, but I, sir, call it superior instinct, born of keener intelligence."

The major had risen as he delivered this specimen of his logic and his philosophy, and he had hardly got the words out of his mouth when there was a flash and a deafening report from some undergrowth a few yards away.

The major drew his left arm up as if in pain and uttered an exclamation. The next moment he had turned and dashed right into the midst of the clump where the fire came from.

I might as well say at this point that we all thought Major Barker more or less of a born idiot.

So Dick and I bounded after the major, inwardly wondering if he were leading us into the arms of the whole forty.

But the forty, more or less, were gone when we got to the spot. We could hear the crackling of the bushes as they scampered off, and we fired several shots at them.

The reason that the major did not keep on was that we heard the sounds of retreat going off in so many directions that he for a moment was puzzled as to which one to follow.

The major was so profoundly foolishly, and for that very reason there was not a man in his command who did not feel himself morally bound to take care of such an irresponsible person as he would have of a child.

This gave Dick and me the desired opportunity, and we seized it.

That is, we seized the major and

compelled him to sit down, for his left sleeve was dyed red and his left hand was dripping.

"Confound you, what are you doing?" he cried. "Eh?—my wound—it's nothing I don't even feel it. Eh. Hands off, there. Forward."

But we would not let go our hold of him.

"What, sir? You will not obey? Consider yourselves under arrest, both of you. I—I—"

He began to grow a trifle pale, probably from loss of blood, and he concluded to give into our physical persuasion by sitting down.

We ripped up his sleeve and found a gunshot wound, through the muscles just above the elbow and bleeding profusely.

The bleeding was the only serious thing about the wound, and Dick and I set to work like good fellows to make ligatures for the arm and bind it up, using the fragments of the major's shirt sleeves.

We kept very silent, we were so busy. We were just tying our last knot, when the major said:

"Hark!"

We listened. In a moment we heard the distinct rustle of bushes. Later the crackling of a twig. Other similar sounds followed at intervals growing a little nearer each time.

They all indicated the stealthy approach of one or more skulkers.

"They're coming," whispered Dick. They think we've retreated.

"Retreated, sir," roared the major, springing to his feet and snatching his revolver from his belt. Retreated! I'll show them."

He was off again. The last words were delivered as he ran.

We sprang after him. Luckily we were single file, for two tongues of fire shot out from an ambush just ahead and we heard two balls cut the leaves on either side of our line of progress.

The major's action was so quick that he took the enemy by surprise, and dashed among them in their covert before they could make off. There were four of them. The major's revolver spoke once—then there were three of them.

We found the major as he was closed in upon by the three. One of them struck his right hand with a gun stock just after he had fired his shot. The revolver fell to the ground and the major was all but helpless.

Dick and I could not shoot now for the major was too much mixed up with the black fellows; we each dropped our gun and tackled our man, using good old English rough-and-tumble tactics with them.

Dick had his man on his back in an instant. Mine was more difficult. He had me by the throat—a very fair grip it was too—and he kept his feet in spite of my efforts.

But in the struggle I cast my eye over his shoulder and saw close behind my man, the major thrown to the ground (thanks to his wounded arm) and, quicker than I can tell it, a knife flashed in the hand of the turbaned foe.

I saw it was raised high over the major as he struggled to rise.

The sight gave me superhuman strength, I literally wrenched my enemy's grasp free and hurled him backwards, down on the major's prostrate form—just as the knife descended.

Then I launched one blind blow at the head of the assassin.

The tremendous and successive actions weakened me to the point of taking away my senses for a moment. I reeled and fell.

But when, a few seconds later my strength came back and I regained my feet. I saw Dick rolling the body of a Hindoo off the major's prostrate form, and that Hindoo had a knife sticking in his side.

As, for the man I had struck at I must have hit him pretty hard, because it was nearly half an hour before he came around, and as for Dick's man—well he was harmless, for a time at least.

The major rose to his feet, puffing and panting, and not quite understanding what had happened.

Dick by chance had an eye on the proceedings, and explained to the major that by my last superhuman effort I had saved his life by a clearer interposition of my opponent's body.

For my part, I claim that I had very little to do with it. It was mainly that rash child of a major's luck, say I.

A GRUESOME STORY.

(The New York Evening Post.)

The venerable painter Ziem tells in a Paris journal the circumstances of the composing of Chopin's 'Marche Funebre.' The gruesome story which follows will confirm the impression, gained from a variety of sources, that Chopin, whatever his genius, was no very comfortable companion. Ziem tells how Chopin was seated in his studio talking. In one corner was a piano, in another a man's skeleton—one of the studio properties—covered with a cloth.

I noticed that now and again Chopin's gaze would wander, and from my knowledge of the man I knew

OVERWORK

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that his thoughts were far away from me and his surroundings. More than that, I knew that he was composing.

Presently, he arose from his seat, without a word, walked over to the skeleton, and removed the cloth. He then carried it to the piano, and, seating himself, took the hideous object upon his knees. A strange picture of life and death! Then drawing the white cloth round himself and the skeleton, he laid the latter's fingers over his own and began to play. There was no hesitation in the slow, measured flow of sound which he and the skeleton conjured up. As the music swelled in a louder strain, I closed my eyes, for there was something weird in that picture of man and skeleton seated at the piano, with the shadows of evening deepening around them, and the ever-swelling and ever-softening music filling the air with mystery. And I knew I was listening to a composition which would live for ever.

The music ceased, and when I looked up the piano chair was empty, and on the floor lay Chopin's unconscious form, and beside him, smashed all to pieces, was the skeleton I prized so much. The great composer had swooned, but his march was found.

In pronouncing sentence a Scotch judge once added—"Ye did not only kill and murder the man, and thereby take away his valuable life, but ye did push, thrust, or impel the lethal weapon through the band of his regimental trousers, which were the property of His Majesty."

"It is remarkably," said the political star, "how differently people are affected by the same thing."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I was thinking of my speech."

"It kept me awake four nights, and put everybody who heard it to sleep."

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Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, I did so, and it cured me."

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