



Well Made and Makes Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

A COMPREHENSIVE EPITAPH.
It is on the Dilapidated Stone at the Head of a Patriot's Grave.

"I was up in Vermont not long ago," said a New Yorker, "and being in the vicinity of the old Guildford Cemetery I paid it a visit. This cemetery has, from neglect, grown to be somewhat of a miniature wilderness, and the inscription on many of the ancient gravestones are past all deciphering. On one stone that stands in picturesque obliquity at the head of a sunken and overgrown grass I managed to decipher what had been inscribed there generations ago and copied it. This is what the inscription says:

"Sacred to the memory of the Hon. Benjamin Carpenter, Esq. Born in Rehoboth, Mass., A. D. 1725. A public teacher of the righteousness, an able advocate lost for Democracy and the equal rights of men. Removed to this town A. D. 1770. Was a field officer in the Revolutionary war. A founder of the first constitution and government of Vermont. A councillor of Censors in A. D. 1783. A member of the council and Lieutenant Governor of the state in A. D. 1779. A firm professor in christianity in the baptist church for fifty years. Left this world and 146 persons of lineal posterity March, 29, 1804, aged 78 years, 10 months and 12 days, with a strong mind and full faith of a more glorious state hereafter. Stature about 6 feet, weight 200. Death had no terror."

"If there are any of those 146 persons of lineal posterity left, I think it would be something to their credit if they would drop along up that way some day and fix up that old patriot's and statesman's grave a little."

TIOFAMINE REDISCOVERED.
A Brooklyn Man Entitled to Half of the Government's Big Reward.

A sensation has been created in El Paso, Tex. by the arrival recently from Chihuahua, a village in the heart of the Sierra Madre Mountains, Mexico, of J. Newton Fowler, with news of the rediscovery by himself and Morris Singleton of the famous lost gold mine of Tiofa. The discovery was made on the evening of April 6, in a deep narrow canon, through which runs the Rio Chico, a tributary of the Aras River. Mr. Fowler, while chasing a wounded deer, came across a stone wall inclosing an opening. On cutting through the wall an old mining shaft was disclosed. At its mouth were a number of crude, old mining implements.

On going down the shaft a few feet some very rich specimens of gold were found. If this is the old Tiofa mine, as is firmly believed, Mr. Fowler and his associate will receive \$15,000 in gold from the Mexican Government, this being the standing reward it has offered for the discovery of the mine. The records of the mine were in the hands of the priests, who had searched the country for it. More than one man has lost his life searching for this mine. In 1882 Pittsican, the chief engineer of the Texas and Pacific road, was killed by the Apaches while he was searching for it. J. Newton Fowler is from Brooklyn, N. Y., where his father is a contractor and builder, and Singleton is an old ex-Texas Ranger. The Tiofa mine was fabulously rich in gold, and was walled in when its owners were driven out of the country by Indians in 1890.

English Nurses in Bombay.

To-day, for the first time in his memory the Englishman in Bombay, in taking his morning ride, meets English ladies on their way home from a night's nursing duty under the escort of an armed guard. We are sure that we shall have many with us when we say that on the day on which an Englishwoman who has come out to nurse the poor of Bombay has to pass through the streets behind a loaded rifle her mission should be brought to an abrupt end. Now that the violence of the people whom they have come to tend and care for has come in as a supplement to the risks of pestilence and the strain of labor and night watching, it seems to us that the time has come to tell the poor of Bombay that English nurses will no longer trust themselves upon their indulgence.—Bombay Advocate of India.

FUN FOR TOMMY.
Lark of a Boy Who Resembles His Sister and Has Great Capacity for Mischief.

One small boy in this city is in deep disgrace and his sister stoutly refuses to forgive him. The sister is a remarkably pretty girl, and the brother looks like her, but there the resemblance stops, for in spite of his cherubic face he is an imp of darkness, and provides entertainment not only for the family, but also for the whole neighborhood. One day, not long ago, he made himself so intolerable that his mother lost patience and ordered the maid to take him upstairs and lock him in his sister's room. The sister would probably have vetoed the plan, but she had gone out for the day, so Tommy was hauled upstairs and locked in the big front room on the third floor.

For a while he entertained himself fairly well by playing dog store, and mixing medicines of tooth powder, fingernail paste, soap and perfume; but at last that palled upon him, and he looked for new words to conquer. The closet door suggested possibilities, and he pulled out one of his sister's dainty frocks and arrayed himself in it. Then he put on her best hat. The result pleased him. He made a most attractive girl; and, even at his age, he knew a pretty girl when he saw one. He admired himself for a few minutes, but he realized that he was worthy of a larger audience. He was too good a thing to waste his sweetness on the desert air, so he went to the window and looked the landscape over.

An electric car line runs past the house, and a car happened to bowl along while the youngster leaned out of the window. The motorman looked idly up at the front of the house. The boy in the window wriggled with excitement as he saw a chance for appreciation. The next moment the motorman was dazed, for in a front window of a handsome house a pretty girl stood smiling at him and genially waving a handkerchief. Before he recovered from the shock the house was blocks behind him; but the conductor had seen the vision also, and the two compared notes with great interest. The conductor and motorman on the next car had the same experience, and the game went merrily on until word had been passed along the line, and every man on the road was on the lookout for the house and the girl. Some of the men said she was one of the servants. Others more observing declared that the hat and the leisure disproved the servant theory. When a car came within a block of the scene of action a thrill of excitement ran from front to the back platform. The motorman did funny things with the motor, which sent passengers tumbling over one another, and it one wanted to leave the car the only way to attract the attention of the conductor was to knock him down. Both men hung over the gates and directed idiotic smiles at a third-story window, and the passengers dislocated their necks in trying to see the cause of the excitement. When they did see the women were shocked and the men were amused.

The fun waxed fast and furious and Tommy was having the time of his life, and playing his part with a verve that would have won him fame on the variety stage. When he reflected that he might have been locked in a back room and have missed all that lark, he would have wept tears of gratitude, if there had been time for it between smiles. But the situation was too blissful to last. Unluckily for Tommy, one of his mother's friends who lived next door was moved to seat herself at the front window, and her attention was attracted by the phenomenal behavior of the people of the cars. She couldn't see what caused the excitement; but, after watching for half an hour, she decided that some one was at a third-story window of the next house. That was Mollie's room; but Mollie—oh, no, that couldn't be possible. It must be one of the servants. She stood the uncertainty as long as she could. Then curiosity was too much for her; and, putting on her hat, she hurried over to call on Tommy's mother.

The rest of the tale is sad, very sad. Tommy was caught red-handed, and punishment swift and dire was meted out to him. The carmen stretched their necks in vain, and lamented that the joy had departed from Israel, and deadly monotony had once more fallen on the street car business. Doubtless they still dream of the radiant and gracious vision that brightened an afternoon for them, but Tommy knows the thing was a nightmare; and the story goes that he still stands up to eat his meals and sleeps face downward.

As for Mollie—well, the heathen may rage, but she could give them points. She refuses to be prostituted, and insists that her reputation is ruined. Nothing can persuade her to occupy her beautiful, big front room, and she has moved her laces and penates to a stuffy little room overlooking the back yard. There she calls down maledictions upon the head of her

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

small brother, who feels that enough maledictions have descended upon another part of his anatomy to appease even his worst enemy.—N. Y. Sun.

THE INCONVENIENT BIRD.
Regards the Turkey as Too Large for One and Too Small for Two.

In the days "before the war" a family of hand-working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. Their home was situated upon the 'big road' which led from Alabama northward into Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer.

One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread, and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner, and expected to go to church the next day. The services were held a number of miles away.

After 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner, and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side, and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

"You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected." She could say no more. She felt that words were inadequate to the occasion.

The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his legs, and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

He fell to ruminating. His countenance expressed the benevolence which a good dinner is apt to produce in a man.

The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said:

"Why is the turkey inconvenient?"

"Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman faint.

Hindoo Pursuit of a Treasure.

The following incident occurred recently in one of the largest hotels in Calcutta. It appears that about a week ago an officer of the Gordon Highlanders arrived in town on his way home. He had a large sum of money with him—about 2,000 rupees—and the usual jewelry of an English gentleman. These were all locked in one of his trunks. Returning from the dining saloon to his own room the other evening, he was just in time to see some suspicious looking natives bolting down the corridor. On entering his room he found on examination, that all his trunks had been forced open and the contents thrown about; but, strange to say not a piece of his money was missing nor an item of his jewelry. He believed that the burglars were Afridis, and the object of their cupidity was a copy of the Koran belonging to the Mad Mullah, which they somehow learned was in his possession. The book was rolled up in an old singlet and thus escaped the searchers, who appear to have tracked the officer from the front.

Walking Home with Mary.

The moon was silver-white that night,
The snow was pure and sparkling,
And trees and bushes against the white
Was blots of shadow, dark 'n' dim.
Each fence rail had a jeweled load,
And I, along the pasture road,
Was walkin' home with Mary.

So still, a dog, two mile away
Could reach us with his howlin',
The tumbler's breakers in the hay
Was plain as thunder growlin',
My clumsy boot-heels' crunch and squeak,
Beside her step so airy,
Seemed sayin', 'Now's your time to speak;
You're walkin' home with Mary.'

The fur-off breakers lent their help
By boomin' 'Now young feller!
And all that dog could find to yelp
Was 'Tell her! Tell her! Tell her!
And every crackin' bit of ice
Seemed like a kind of fairy,
A-givin' me the same advice,
When walkin' home with Mary.

And so, I swallowed down my heart—
I warn't greatly to my credit,
With all the sith to take my part—
But, anyhow, I said it,
And then that dog shot off his bark;
There warn't a breaker, nary;
The hull wide world stood still to hark
And near the word for Mary.

She answered, and the breakers fell
And roared congratulation;
That blessed dog let out a yell
That must a-woke the nation.

'Twas thirty year or more ago,
Yet still it makes me scary
To think, what if I'd heard a 'No,
When walkin' home with Mary.

Charity.

I don't regret my neighbor's happy lot;
When fortune favors him it makes me glad—
Provided always that his gifts are not
As bountiful as those that I have had.
—Chicago Daily News.

Where They Marry to Kill Time.

One strange feature of Australian social life is the perfectly casual way in which men marry for no ostensible purpose except the purpose of vanishing wearily around the corner immediately after the ceremony. In a Sydney case now on hand, the husband, it is alleged, married in 1894 and shortly afterward made his tired, indifferent exit around the corner and never came back. In 1896 he married again, and immediately faded away up the street. He never lived with his second wife. When he was arrested on a charge of aggravated harem, he offered no explanation whatever. Apparently he only did it because a fellow must do something.

Compensation.

Mrs. Brown—"We missed you in the conversation so much, my dear."
Mrs. Jones—"I'm so sorry."
Mrs. Brown—"But then, of course, your absence made a lot of talk."

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS McARTHUR
90 King Street.
SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

The Essence of the Virginia Pine
DR. HARVEY'S
SOUTHERN
RED PINE
Cures Coughs Promptly 25c per bottle
Children like it
It likes them
Does not upset the stomach
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

All The Reasons Are Strongly in Favor of Using Our

Embossed Metallic Plates For All Ceilings and Walls. ONE OF MANY DESIGNS.
They make a handsome finish that is enduringly beautiful—doesn't need renewing—and is equally well suited for private houses or public buildings. Let us have an outline showing the shape and measurements of your walls and ceilings, and we will send you an estimate with full information. Progressive people everywhere are delighted with our metal finish.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.
1189 King St. West, Toronto.

Auction Sale
Of Real Estate at Berwick, N. S.

There will be sold at Public Auction on the premises at Berwick, on TUESDAY, MAY 3rd, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. That valuable property known as Brown's Block, Contains 3 stores all rented. Also two tenements, which are arranged for Hotel purposes, Orchard and Stable in rear. This is one of the finest properties in Berwick, and will be put up for Positive Sale at any price. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most prosperous and growing towns in N. S. A Hotel is greatly needed there. There is a Klondyke there for whoever wishes to engage in that business. The larger part of Purchase money can remain on Mortgage.

H. E. JEFFERSON, Auctioneer.

Wanted at Once

A good, live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply.
The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

CANCER And Tumors cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 17, MASON MEDICINE Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.