

FLASHES OF FUN.

England is quite as wise as she is strong.—Truth.

She—"So many tall men marry little women!" He—"Yes; a man likes to have a wife who can pretend to look up to him."

We can now understand what Blanco meant when he remarked that he would have no use for the Spanish ships.—Nashville Banner.

"Florida, if we should elope, would you father pursue us?" "No; I think he would move so we couldn't find him when he got ready to come back."—Chicago Record.

"If your boy doesn't reform, Robinson, you won't be able to keep him out of jail when he grows up." "If he doesn't reform, old fellow, I won't want to keep him out."

To all American warship commanders in Cuban or other waters: Gentlemen, if you can choose between shooting mules or Spaniards, pray, don't shoot the mules.—Truth.

The minister of marine said at Madrid the other day that the Spanish fleet is where it ought to be. Not yet. It will not be there until Sampson or Schley get hold of it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Mose Muddrick—"It's fairly infatuated wid dat lovely Miss Snowball. I feel jest ez if I'd like to eat her." Sam Sandyhill—"Dat's bal ucination, man, not infatuation! She aint no spring chicken!"

New Servant—"Please, mum, there's a strange lady down stairs and she didn't have no card. She took off her things as if she intended to stay, and she looked around the room with her nose in the air, as if things wasn't good enough for her, and she rubbed the winder to see if it was clean, and she peeked in the dark corners, an' then looked at the dust on her fingers, an' sniffed."

Mistress—"I can't imagine who the creature can be. My husband's mother and sister are in Europe."—N. Y. Weekly.

A newspaper correspondent at the battle of Atbara in the Sudan tells a good story about a couple of Scotchmen. He was walking softly about the camp so as not to disturb the sleepers on the night before the fight, when he overheard a sentimental Seathorth Highlander say to a comrade: "Ah, Tam, how many thou-and there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night."

"Right, Sandy," replied his chum, "and how many millions there are that don't care a— Go to sleep, you fool."

And silence again fell upon that corner of the square.

Stranger (in Pettyville tavern)—"Is there an attorney in the village?" Landlord—"Yes, sir, a first-rate one. Keen as a briar—knows his business, I guess, about as well as most of them high priced city lawyers. That's his office, in the little, rickety-lookin' buildin' over there, where you see the sign 'John Slicksmith, Attorney-at-Law; real estate, insurance, and collection agent. Sweet cider five cents per glass.' If he ain't in or gone fishin', you'll probably find him somewhere around the livery-stable. If you happen to need a hair-cut, he's a good barber; and if your horse gets sick, he's the best veterinary surgeon in the neighborhood."—Harper's Bazar.

Rastus, a well-known colored man of Kansas City, recently entered the office of a lawyer who had often befriended him, and the following conversation took place: "Morning, Jedge."

"Good-morning, Rastus, how's business this morning?"

"Mighty pore, boss; fac' is I cum to see ef you's he'p me a little dis mornin'."

"What's the matter, no one sick I hope?"

"No sah, de ole woman died las' night."

(With quick sympathy) "What can I do for you, Rastus?"

"Well, Jedge, I shot maybe you'd he'p me git a coffin."

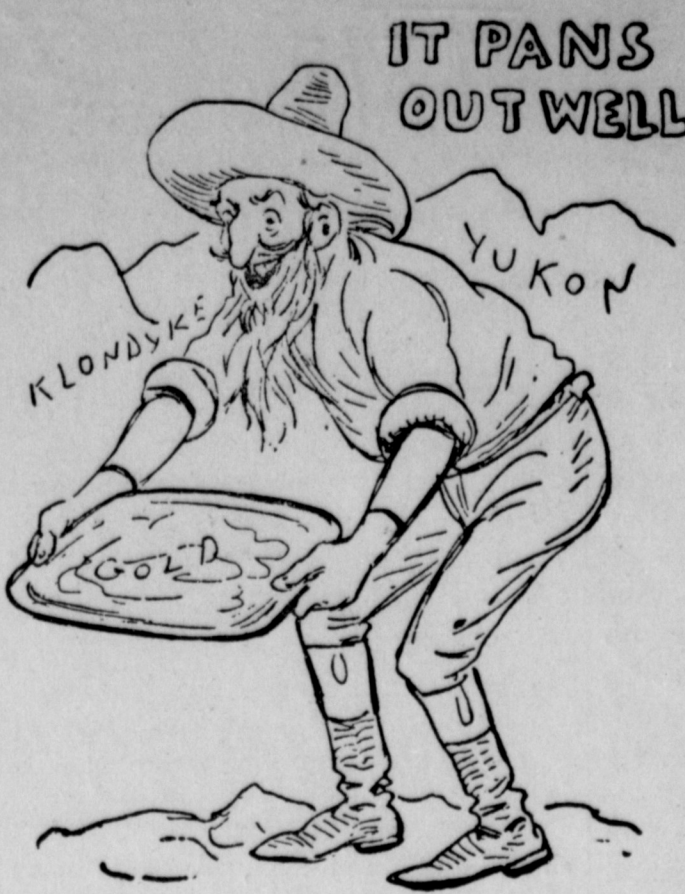
"Certainly, Rastus; is there anything else you need?"

(Smiling and bowing) "No, sah, thank ye, Jedge; I got all de ingredients for de funeral 'ceptin' de coffin."—Truth.

"Yes, boys," said the Kobaek Philosopher, addressing a group of sun-kissed urchins; "like every other old codger that comes dodderin' along and stops to inflict a few wise remarks on a gang of boys, I was once a boy, myself. But, as it happened, I wasn't any better than you little rascals 'pears to be. I was jest sech an unwashed, freckled, squablin' young imp as the worst one of you tellers, and just as full of the Old Cat as any of you."

"I never found any money in the road and returned it to some nice old man for purpose of gittin' patted benignly on the head—I wasn't that kind of a boy, as I recollect myself. I wasn't especially smart, either, and I didn't have any more reverence for old folks than you seem to have. I was simply an unpromisin' runty young shirk, and didn't love work nor give a darn about anything in particular. I was tardy to school times almost without number, but it is my boast that I was never a minute late to the circus."

"Well, I aint got any more time to waste on you young cubs than you have to waste on me, so I'll just trudge along now. I won't ask you to remember that the child is the father of the man, nor anything of that kind, but will jest kinder caution you to bear in mind that if you fling anything at me when my back is turned, as I should probably have done when I was a boy if some old foggy had come along and interrupted the game, as I have been doing now, I'll flail you with my cane within an inch of your lives."—Puck.



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Mrs. D. A. Gray, of Waterford, says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and general debility and many times was unable to attend to my household duties. I was treated by nearly all the doctors in the town and got no permanent relief. I read of a cure by South American Nerve which seemed to exactly fit my case. I procured one bottle and got great relief, and six bottles cured me absolutely. It certainly has not an equal."

"No," said her father, sternly, "I do not like the young man. I have not liked him since I heard him singing the other night."

"But you surely cannot be prejudiced against him because of his music."

"It wasn't the music. It was the words. The way he sang about standing on the bridge at midnight filled me with such a desire to take him by the heels and leave him over the railing that it made me positively nervous."

A Wonderful Letter

From a Grateful Man

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND SAVED HIS LIFE.

Physician, Medicines and Mineral Springs Failed Him in His Time of Need.

A Prominent Druggist Vouches for the Truth of Every Statement.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—I think it my duty, without solicitation from any one, to write in the interests of other sufferers, and give you a testimonial in favor of your (to me) almost miraculous remedy, Paine's Celery Compound. For more than a year I was suffering from the agonizing pains of sciatica, and after trying all that medical skill could devise, and using many remedies, patent and otherwise, I concluded to try the Hot Springs at Banff. I took the treatment thoroughly and carefully for six weeks, and came home at the end of that time racked with pain and weighing 43 pounds less. At this juncture, when hope had almost fled, I heard of Paine's Celery Compound. It seemed suited to my case, and I sent to my druggist, Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, of this place, and asked about it. He recommended it to me, and I took a bottle. I soon began to feel better, and after taking the second bottle I was a cured man and threw away my crutches.

I keep a bottle on hand in case of any return of the complaint. I am now 58 years old, and I feel as spry and healthy and free from pain as I ever did in my life. I was born in Norfolk, England, and came to Canada when only 3 years old. I was brought up in the township of Cornwall, Ontario, and came to Manitoba eight years ago. Have always been a farmer, and am as able to do hard work now as ever I was.

With a heart full of gratitude for the benefits derived from the use of your remedy, and a wish to influence others who may suffer, I gladly and freely indite this letter.

Yours gratefully,
JAMES LEVERINGTON,
Virden, Man.

Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, the successful and extremely popular druggist of Virden, vouches for Mr. Leverington's statements, as follows:

I have known Mr. Leverington for two years or more, and can confirm what he says in regard to his cure by Paine's Celery Compound. Ever since his cure he has been sounding its praises, and he is a perfect enthusiast on the subject of Paine's Celery Compound. I believe him to be thoroughly reliable.

J. W. HIGGINBOTHAM,
Druggist.

There is one column of the daily papers that, even in war-time, is never printed in large type—yet the "married" announcements look large to the June brides.

WOMAN.

THE HEALTH OF A NATION DEPENDS ON THE HEALTH OF ITS WOMEN.

22 POUNDS GAINED.

I had been a sufferer like a great many other women with a disease peculiar to my sex. I tried every thing I could read or think about to help me, but was getting worse instead of better. My condition was terrible—I was losing flesh and color, and my friends were alarmed. I consulted a doctor of this town and he said I would never get better; that I would always be sickly and delicate, and that medicines were of little use to me. Hearing what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills had done for others I determined to try them myself, and today I weigh one hundred and forty pounds, while before I weighed only one hundred and eighteen pounds, and I now have a constitution that is hard to beat. I have not suffered any pain in months and earnestly hope that Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills will reach every woman suffering as I did. Sincerely yours,
MAY COLE, SIMCOE, ONT.

Price 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or if not obtainable at your druggist, mailed on receipt of price by the DR. WARD CO., Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information FREE.

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The D & A "CREST" Corset is just what thousands of women are looking for. The disposition of the lower steels and the hip lacing are what make this corset positively unbreakable. It is also perfect as to fit and made in all styles. Ask your dealer to show you the D & A "Crest."

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PRACTICAL POLITICS.

How an Astute Quaker Managed the Very Unpopular Citizen.

The people of the town of Wayback, as we may call it to spare their feelings, are very conservative. They look with suspicion and opposition on any project which threatens to change the way of their life or affairs. They had among them, however, not many years ago, one man of a progressive temperament. His special hobby was the education of the young. He was always working to get better schools in the town, and to have more money expended them. His projects, as he learned early, were not looked on with favor by his townsmen. One day, a little while before town-meeting, he was visited by a neighbor a Quaker, who said to him:

"Friend James, wouldn't thee like to see a better road between thy house and mine?"

"Indeed, I should!" he answered.

"Thee knows that I have never opposed thy educational projects with so much hardness as some others."

"That is so neighbor."

"Well, Friend James, I have had an article put in the town warrant for an appropriation for the improvement of the road between thy house and mine."

"And you want me to favor it in town-meeting?"

"Far from it, Friend James. I want thee to oppose it!"

The unpopular man, after a moment of wonder, saw through the Quaker's astute project. He wanted him to throw upon the side of the road project the great weight of his opposition to it.

"Very well, neighbor," he said, "I will oppose your project with all my might."

In town-meeting, therefore, when the article for the improvement of the Quaker's road came up, he rose and said he could not understand the use of such a scheme as his neighbor's. As for him, the road was good enough. He only knew that when, in driving, he came to that particular piece of road, he laid the reins over the dashboard and went to sleep—he had so much confidence in that road. If, now, instead of spending so much money on the roads, the town would lay it out on the schools—

There was an uproar at once. Men were rising all over the hall and protesting, and in a few minutes the Quaker's project was carried by a large vote.

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM.

The Experiences of a Man the First Time he Passed the Plate in Church.

"The first time I ever passed the plate in church," said a reminiscent man, "something very unexpected happened. I got half way up the aisle, and was getting along as nicely and smoothly as could be, when a man sitting in one of the pews that I came to indicated a desire to speak to me."

"Now you know that was something I had never dreamed of. It had always seemed to me that the man passing the plate walked straight up the aisle in a solemn kind of way, while the whole church was still, never pausing except to hand the plate in the pew and get it back, and the idea that anybody could ever speak to him had never occurred to me, and so this man's indication that he wanted to speak to me came as a great surprise and something of a shock. But I didn't drop the plate, and I had gumption enough to incline my head to him so that he wouldn't have to shout to make me hear, and what he said was:

"'Can't you have that window over there closed?' and he indicated with a little nod a window high up in the side of the church where the wind was blowing in and making a draught."

"I straightened up and passed by, and when I had finished my part of the collecting and got back to the rear of the church I sent the sexton to close that window, and, as he saw it go up, the man that had made the request sent a friendly glance down the aisle to me."

"Later, at one time and another in the course of my experience, I received various requests while passing the plate, and now and then a notice for the minister, but I was always ready for them after that."

From Cancer of the Breast.

Many deaths occur every year from cancer of the breast. Our method of treatment is painless, and permanent cures are effected by it. We would like to tell you about some of the marvellous cures we have made. Some of the cures are simply marvellous. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Tight Shoes and Pain.

Patent leather shoes for walking are almost as distressing to their wearers as the compressing shoes of the orientals. The first spring days are apt from an unknown cause to produce discomfort after walking over the hard pavements, and the advice of a chiropodist to bathe the feet nightly in salt water is worth repeating. Handfuls of salt should be damped and rubbed over the feet from ankles down, taking care to get up a hearty circulation in heels and toes. This treatment persisted in will do much toward overcoming painful tendencies.



Look them over carefully, you will find every kernel perfect.

This famous coffee is carefully selected from private plantations having established world-fame reputations for producing the choicest berries. Is it a wonder, therefore, that

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

never fails to give the most absolute satisfaction? Their seal and signature on each pound and two-pound can in which it comes is a guarantee of perfection.

Bad Blood Will Out.

Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as

B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

"I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled."

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