

# Teamster's Story.

SUFFERED GREATLY FROM ASTHMA AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Spent Some Time in a Hospital and Almost Impoverished Himself Buying Medicines Without Benefit—Again Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure After Other Medicines Fail.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mr. William Cochrane, a well known teamster, who lives near the Halifax Polo Grounds, is one of those who willingly bear testimony to the curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A reporter of the Acadian Recorder who had heard of Mr. Cochrane's sufferings and subsequent cure, called at his home, when he gave an account of his experience substantially as follows:—He had for many years been a constant sufferer from asthma, accompanied by an aggravated form of kidney trouble. The latter trouble caused severe pains in the back and loins, and at times his sufferings were very acute. He said he had almost impoverished himself in buying medicines of all kinds, but to no purpose; the trouble continued and seemed to grow worse as the years passed. Mrs Cochrane said that she had frequently seen her husband choke up and fall to the floor as though dead, and he would have to be worked with and rolled around before he would revive. A few years ago he spent ten days in the Victoria General Hospital. The doctors then thought that the pains in the back were due to over exertion in his business as a teamster, but gave him no material help. After leaving the hospital, he used bottles and bottles of medicine, but failed to find a cure. A neighbor of his, Mr. Lowe, whose wife had been made a well woman after years of sickness, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised him to try them. He used a couple of boxes without apparent result, and felt somewhat discouraged, but Mr. Lowe advised him to continue the use of the pills, and before the third box was finished, he began to improve. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a Godsend to me, said Mr. Cochrane; they are the only medicine I have taken which seemed to do me any good. I had one prescription from a doctor which cost me \$1.75 a bottle, which like many other medicines I took, was just so much money wasted. I have used eight or ten boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and can say that before I began their use life was an intolerable burden. I have reason to be thankful that I followed the friendly advice that urged me to use this medicine.

Most diseases have their origin in poor blood or weak nerves, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood and strengthen the nerves that they have met with such success in curing kidney trouble, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, spasms, nervous prostration and kindred troubles. See that the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,' is on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

### An Eagle's Nest.

Those who seek to rob birds' nests sometimes repent of their deed, especially if the bird happens to be an eagle as fierce as those on the California coast. These birds are seldom shot, and consequently they have increased in numbers; but the eggs are in demand by collectors, and a few adventurous spirits make a business of trying to secure them. Mr. C. F. Holder tells in the New York Commercial Advertiser of an adventure where two egg-hunters had a trying experience, and the eagles came off victorious.

The nest was on a rocky pinnacle, perhaps one hundred feet in height, completely separated from the shore. In storms the waves rose, a splendid mass of foam to the very summit. The base was covered with kelp, and the waves would rise eight or ten feet, then as suddenly drop away, leaving jagged points upon which a boat would be hung until overwhelmed by the next wave.

One quiet day the men approached. They rowed about the rock for ten minutes, then, the sea being level, rushed at it. With all their care, however, the boat was dashed on a ledge, and they found themselves prisoners on the rock with nothing to eat—the provisions having been lost overboard and the bottom of the boat crushed in.

They rescued a rope and a can of water and being still determined to try for the eggs, they turned their attention to the nest, allaying their uneasiness by the thought that some passing yacht would take them off.

The rock, however, proved slippery

from long accumulation guano, and the men found it impossible to climb nearer than forty feet from the nest.

One of the adventurers decided to attempt that last forty feet after the fashion adopted by South Pacific natives in climbing trees. A long rope, doubled with a stone attached to the double end, was hurled over the rock so that it fell on the other side, thus encircling it. Then the egg hunter began climbing barefooted, not going up, but gradually circling the pillar and hitching the rope upward.

In the circuit of the rock he had gained ten or twelve feet, and the footing was growing better. The second brought him twenty five feet up. He was reaching down to raise the rope when he heard a cry from his companion, and then came a sharp whistling sound, a rush, and something filled the air in front of him striking in fierce blows and throwing him from his feet, so that he hung for a second by the rope, faint and bewildered.

It was the mother eagle, that had plunged down upon him from a great height. She was driven off for a time by the man below, who hit her squarely on the breast with a stone.

The hunter, still undaunted, proceeded to climb, this time with his knife between his teeth. When he was within five feet of the top the former experience was repeated.

A short, sharp fight ensued. The bird fell away, but immediately returned. The man struck at it with his knife, missed it, and then, while one of its claws was fastened in his clothing, lost his balance and fell against the rope. The rope broke and bird and man went plunging into the sea.

The fact that the bird's talon had caught in his clothing saved the hunter's life, for the eagle, as soon as it struck the water, began to try to fly, and actually helped the man out of the keel bed into which he had fallen. Then by its struggles it freed itself, and the hunter swam to the rock.

All thought of securing the eggs was now abandoned. The boat proved to be damaged beyond repair, and the men spent a miserable night in a crevice of the rock, the sea rising all around them. Late on the following day they were rescued by a passing boat.

### Emperor William's Beard.

Berlin newspapers have been making good copy out of a semi serious agitation, recently inaugurated in Germany by women against the moustache and beard habit, which has sprung into existence since the Kaiser set the example by allowing his beard to grow. These women rebel against men wearing such adornments, and declare they are relics of barbarism. The Kaiser's barber was interviewed on the subject, and unhesitatingly declared that as long as the ruler of Germany continued to set this fashion all the women in Germany could not induce the best of the men to go clean shaven. He added that the beardless face had come to stand for cab-drivers and butlers.

### A Great Fox Hunt.

An amusing incident is being told about two hunters in this section who recently purchased a foxhound. The animal had all the good points that a dog should have and perhaps a few others. However, the money changed hands and the dog forth with took up his residence on Crown Hill. One fine day the owner thought the time ripe for a fox hunt. The men took the hunting traps together with the dog and started for the woods and pastures. They had no more than reached the ground, when the dog came across an old scent. He gave tongue and started out. The hunters followed after a short distance and then stopped, resolving that they would wait until the fox doubled.

Several times they heard the dog and the shadows of the afternoon fell and still the dog did not appear. The darkness came on and the hunters were obliged to go home. After they had eaten supper they commenced to worry about the dog, as he had not appeared.

The morning came and still the dog had not returned. In the afternoon the men started out again and found that the dog was still running the old scent. They called him off and considered that they have a very valuable hunting animal.

### Oda Number Unlucky.

During a course of lectures on Scotland and the Scots an Oxford professor delivered a feeling tribute to the intrepidity and endurance of the sons of the north.

These hardy men, remarked the professor, think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times before breakfast.

The respectful silence which followed this announcement, was broken by a loud guffaw from the middle of the room.

Sir, said the professor, angrily, addressing the culprit, perhaps you will explain what you mean by this outburst?

# FALLING HAIR



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And light dressings of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp.

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I was just thinking, sir, said the speaker, that if your story is true, the Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes.

### Little Housewife's Hint.

The coffee should be served very hot and with hot milk.

The plates should be properly heated and placed before the carver.

A meal should never be announced until everything is in readiness.

The dining room should be in perfect order before breakfast is served.

The table should always be so kept as to be ready for a guest with but a moment's notice.

A cotton flannel 'silence cloth' not only makes the tablecloth look infinitely handsomer, but preserves the varnished surface from stains from hot dishes.

The butter should be kept in the refrigerator until the last minutes in summer, but kept where it will be soft enough to spread easily in winter.

### A Point of Order.

A windy M. P. in the midst of a tedious speech, stopped to imbibe a glass of water.

I rise to a point of order, said Sheridan. What is it? said the speaker.

I think, said Sheridan, it is out of order for a windmill to go by water.

### Good Advice.

Amusing was the reply a friend of mine lately received in answer to an enquiry on etiquette. He wrote asking if it would be improper for him to support a young lady if she was seized with a fainting fit, even if he hadn't been introduced. The reply was:

'Proper, young man? Certainly! Proper by all means.'

She shares with her husband, Though he seems to take it ill; She has a bird's wing on her hat And lets him have the bill.

Country Uncle—Now, what is the use of teachin' girls all these new fangled studies? What good is this astronomy your studyin'?

City Niece—Why, uncle, it's a delightful subject to talk about on moonlight evenings. We point out Venus, and then the young man says something pretty, and then—

See that ring? How do you keep your treasurer honest? All his money is marked, and if a dollar of it gets into circulation we know it and promptly jump on his bondmen.—

'It's time, Charles, that we thought of getting Hilda married; she is 18.

'Ob, let her wait till the right sort of man comes along.

'What nonsense! I waited for the right sort of man.

Ha—Ethel, what can it mean? Last night night I dreamed that I proposed to you.

She—I should say it meant that you were more sensible asleep than awake.

'Mr. Johnsing, yo' play classical music? 'No, sah; I dont play in no class; I play solos.'

After a man has proposed several times to a girl in vein, sometimes its a good scheme to stop and let her have to the proposing.

Phil Brick—A woman never knows when to stop talking.

Phil O-sister—Yes, she knows, but she won't stop.

What made you tell the janitor the temperature was just right, said Mrs Wiley.

'Because I know the janitor's disposition answered her husband. 'If we make him believe we are thoroughly comfortable he will hustle around and make things different.

Noise in the woodshed—Hoo rah, hoo rah! Him bah, him bah—

Mother—Willie, what are you making so much noise for? You're not playing football.

Willie—Now, I'm not playin' football, but I just sold the griddle iron to the rag man for 8 cents.

'I dont see how he can expect to succeed as an author. Why, he can't write common sense.'

'He don't have to. All his stories are in dialect.'

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For Sale at all Druggists.

USE THE GENUINE... **MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water** "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!



# Dyspepsia AND Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking," writes Jesse Childress, Esq., of Samuel, Sullivan Co., Tenn. "Could not walk any distance; always felt bad after eating; felt as though something was sticking in my throat, always uneasiness in stomach. Doctored with three physicians but they did not relieve me. I grew worse and used everything I could think of; was nearly ready to give up and then some one told me that Dr. Pierce's medicine was good, so I began taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken seven bottles of that now and am as stout as ever, and enjoying health as much as ever before. I worked all summer and this winter as much as any one. My case was liver disease and nervous dyspepsia of which your medicine has cured me. In September 1898 my weight was about 95 pounds, now it is 135. Please accept my sincere thanks."

# Eugene Field's Poem Book A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle donor to this daintily artistic volume. FIELD FLOWERS (colts bound, 8 x 11) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery. But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Madison St., Chicago. If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

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