

The Trying Time

In a young girl's life is reached when Nature leads her uncertain steps across the line which divides girlhood from womanhood. Ignorance and neglect at this critical period are largely responsible for much of the after misery of womanhood. Not only does Nature often need help in the regular establishment of the womanly function, but there is almost always need of some safe, strengthening tonic, to overcome the languor, nervousness and weakness, commonly experienced at this time.



If there is an invalid woman, suffering from female weakness, prolapsus, or falling of womb, or from leucorrhoea who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription without complete success, Dr. Pierce would like to hear from such person—and it will be to her advantage to write as he offers in perfect good faith, a reward of \$500 for any case of the above maladies which he cannot cure.

"I wish to tell you the benefit we have received from using your remedies," writes Mrs. Dan Hall, of Broadhead, Green Co., Wis. "Two years ago my daughter's health began to fail. Everything that could be thought of was done to help her but it was of no use. When she began to complain she was quite stout; weighed 170, the picture of good health, until about the age of fourteen, then in six months she was so run down her weight was but 120. She kept failing and I gave up, thinking there was no use, she must die. Friends all said, 'You will lose your daughter.' I said I fear I shall. I must say, doctor, that only for your 'Favorite Prescription' my daughter would have been in her grave to-day. When she had taken one-half bottle the natural function was established and we bought another one, making only two bottles in all, and she completely recovered. Since then she is as well as can be."

Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

MAN OF SILK AND STEEL

FASCINATING STUDY OF THE LEADING MAN OF JAPAN.

One of Sir Edwin Arnold's Latest Articles Just Before His Death, Dealing With Marquis Ito, the Bismarck of Japan—At Home at Odawara—His Devoted Wife—Story of No Man's Land.

It was lately permitted me to sketch, for this newspaper, in light and respectful outline, His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan as I saw him amid his troops upon the hills clad with purple and gold blossoms which fringe the southern shore of the island Empire.

Next to that august figure the personage who will necessarily rise to the mind when thinking upon that interesting country and its present profoundly important position is her great statesman, the Marquis Ito.

I have ventured to call him in the title of this brief paper the "Bismarck of Japan," but the similitude between the two characters is only partial, and hardly covers more than the single fact that history will probably speak of both as the renovators and, in a sense, actual creators of their respective nationalities.

If the German Chancellor-Prince was of "blood and iron" his Japanese anti-type would rather be described as one of "silk and steel."

Justly to make up the human blend which would best present the chief statesman of Tokio to western imaginations one would have to add qualities taken from the subtlety of Cavour, the patriotism of William Pitt, the tenacity of George Washington, and the diplomatic resources of such keen ecclesiastical Ministers as France possessed in Richelieu and Mazarin.

I am not pretending that Marquis Ito unites in his genius and temperament all that belonged to these epoch-makers, but merely that in intercourse with him a student of character might be reminded of each and all the above-mentioned in their turn.

After that would remain that aspect of perfect simplicity and naturalness which every true-bred Japanese keeps for his inner and domestic life.

I have seen the famous politician who stands to-day across the path of Russia almost as grandly as Horatius upon the bridge, with not very many more than the two companions of the Roman hero to share his uttermost dangers and innermost hopes—as plain a country gentleman, as contented a rustic squire, as could be found in the shires.

At Home at Odawara.

He did me the honor of inviting me to pass some time with him at Odawara, one of those lovely hamlets which dot the Pacific coast of the southern kingdom.

The native house which he occupied there had no affectation of wealth or luxury. It was only a typical rural abode, two stories, with no large number of apartments, but some of these furnished in semi-European style, and the others frankly native, and such as any Tokio merchant or fairly prosperous seaside farmer of the Tokkaido might have tenanted.

No show of state was visible, although, then, too, my illustrious host was the most powerful man in Japan. The neat and demure little maids who opened to us the outer shoji were "nesans," such as would be waiting to take a visitor's foot-coverings and to announce his arrival in any well-ordered Japanese house, but no guards or police or

At the inner entrance was the statesman himself, wearing English garments and holding in his hand an English book.

The glory of the dwelling was its surroundings, its happy setting in the midst of the loveliness of that landscape, where the perfect hills came down to the perfect seashore, and one seemed to exist in the centre of a perfect picture.

At the point where the bright sea sparkled and foamed against the embankment of the garden there stood a little enclosure shut in with bamboo poles, lightly lashed to posts with grass string.

In the centre of this there paced about three or four grave storks, in their smooth but sombre plumage of black and white, with dark purple and bottle-green reflections—birds of restrained demeanor, dear to all Japanese artists, and indispensable as symbols alike to the poets, historians and fan-makers of Dal Nippon.

These were high favorites, although I think they would have been glad to get out along the yellow sands, where the sea-shells and little crabs lay so invitingly, or among the square patches of the rice fields, whence innumerable frogs were beginning their evening chorus.

He spoke about the storks as "to-tems" of Japan, but I pointed away from the Tsuru to a great, glittering, long-bodied dragon-fly, balancing upon the leaf of a lily his jointed body of black and blue, big round eyes, formidable jaws, and filmy, powerful wings.

That also is an accepted symbol of the land, the "Tombo," resembling in shape the long winding line of the Japanese archipelago, which numbers more than 2,000 islands.

I remarked that it reminded me better of Japan than did the solemn storks, for, I said, "After the fashion of that splendid creature your Empire has cracked the skin of 'O, Jishin' and emerged into 'Meiji.'"

To this day all Japanese speak of the great uprising which put an end to the Shogunate as the "Earthquake," while they term the new era, which has now lasted 36 years, as "Meiji" (Beginning of Order).

Yet none but the ignorant regard Japan as commencing civilized life six and thirty years ago. She was a cultured nation of a date when Britain was barbarous, and fought the armada of the Mongol conqueror Kubla Khan victoriously before Howard and Queen Elizabeth saved Eng-

THE FIRST OF SPRING.

How the Reporter Felt When It Got Into His Veins.

The sun of yesterday got into the soft ground, having made to fade away the last of the snow in the low places of the cleared fields all about the city. The brooks and surface water streams still ran with great force and a muddy hue. The fall wheat gave its first yawn prior to awakening. Rain and sun may make it green to-morrow. The roads turned grey, white, then dry, where the drainage was free and the rays of the sun undisturbed. The maples that had been tapped a week ago with dry spiles gave their first sap-offering yesterday. Sparks from railway engines kindled hundreds of fires amid the dry grass along the line. One day snow, the next day ice, the next day water, and the next day dry ground, and the day after fire in the grass, spreading it in all directions. Let it burn, if it run not to buildings. Once scorched over it is safe; unscorched it is a menace.

More new arrivals in the bird brigade could be noticed in the fields and in the trees. The crow is most familiar of all the year at the breaking of spring. He perches near, on house or barn, and keeps his perch or his ground in the field when you approach. He takes great delight in having the farmer's collies chase him—the dog on the ground, the crow in the air, conveniently near enough at first to play him and at last to exasperate by the black art of his kind. The crow is, of a truth, the black art professor of the tribe of birds. Field mice seem scarce, and the deep snow that went away failed to reveal their tunnels beneath it and under the dead grass. Probably they succumbed in myriads to the inclement weather. Consequently fewer saplings and young trees girdled by them are noticed this spring. The muskrat in rivers like the Don delights these days in his first attempts to swim against the swollen current; in the same rivers where the floods submerged last Friday and again on Monday eels a foot in length were left wriggling in the holes where the water had overflowed and then fallen back to the original bed. The man or boy who proposes to fish for suckers has prepared his great pole and cross-head pieces to carry his squair-some nets. Wet feet and legs are not to be dreaded by him if he can but fill his bag, or, better still, his wagon.

But it is not the details of the first thing of spring that affects us; it is rather the feeling of it altogether that makes the tingle in our pent-up veins. It was so easy to feel the spring yesterday afternoon and evening, if you once got away from the city and its jumbling noise.—Toronto World, Monday, April 11.

Bernier's Temptation.

Captain Bernier will have a Government ship in which to sail the Arctic Sea—but only to patrol the Canadian coast and put down smuggling. The captain will be under a terrible temptation to break away and make a dash for the Pole.—Hamilton Herald.

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TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

No. 6 Mixed for Moncton	6.25
No. 2 Express for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton	7.50
No. 4 Express for Point du Chene	11.00
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11.45
No. 8 Express for Sussex	17.15
No. 134 Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.00
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney	23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.25
No. 7 Express from Sussex	9.00
No. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.5
No. 5 Mixed from Moncton	15.10
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene	17.30
No. 25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Moncton	17.15
No. 1 Express from Halifax	19.15
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Sunday only)	1.35

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Moncton, June 9, 1904.

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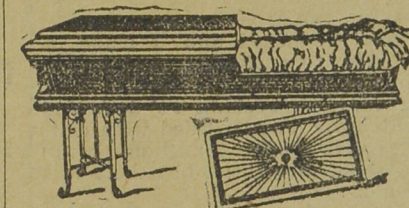
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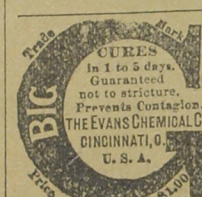
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