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Parachute Thrillers.

Among the latest "thrillers" is the triple parachute leap, in which one aeronaut uses three different parachutes before reaching earth. He leaves the balloon in his downward flight with a red parachute, but after falling a short distance liberates it and makes a second plunge through space with a white parachute. This feat is repeated again after another drop, and he finally lands with a blue parachute.

Another "thriller" is a double parachute leap from the same balloon, in which a man and woman race to earth in parachutes which fall 500 or 600 feet before opening out.—Popular Mechanics.

Late at the Play.

We know from Popsy and from passages in the plays of contemporary dramatists that the manners of theater audiences in the restoration epoch were not nice, but there is no reason to believe that even the fops habitually arrived at the theater late. Mr. Sparkish, Mr. Novel and their fellows would talk loudly while the play was going on to show the superiority of their wit to the poet's, but they likely were on hand early to lose none of the fun. In later epochs of English theatrical history theater going was a serious undertaking, not a mere pastime. One can tell from the beginnings of old plays that the authors counted on audiences closely attentive from the first. Lady Randolph is the first speaker in "Douglas," Orestes in "The Distressed Mother," Almsira in "The Mourning Bride." The custom of "playing the audience in" with a short piece was of still later origin. Perhaps about that time the habit of going late to the theater became common. "Half price" for late comers was a custom of Thackeray's time.—Westminster Gazette.

Women Explains Man's Failure.

"Men who lack popularity among women are prone to say it is because we are attracted by the worst side of man's nature," remarked a matron who thinks. "The man who knows himself to be steady and loyal and above small weaknesses is likely to become rooted in that belief when he sees men he knows to be below him in worth walk off with the matrimonial prizes. He thinks the woman who marries a wild chap does so because of the wildness. It's in spite of it. The chances are that the wild young man takes pains to make himself agreeable to women. He studies their likes and dislikes and always professes, whether he feels it or doesn't, profound interest in their health, their whims, the fit and fashion of their clothes and even the welfare of their pet dogs. Now, the man of sterling worth, as he likes to be called, will not condescend to court favor in those little ways. He is convinced he would make a good husband for any woman. He knows he is honorable, industrious and purposeful, and he thinks those qualities ought to suffice. But they don't. And the woman, repelled by his indifference to her in tiny things, turns to the microscopic devotion of the other, forgiving his wildness for the sake of his charm."

PECULIAR WEAKNESS IN WOMEN.

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Mrs. Scott—You used to point Tom out to us as a model husband, and now you say he's lazy.
Mrs. Mott—Well, he's model all right, only he isn't a working model.—Boston Transcript.

I wish I had money enough to invest in some of the mines that are diverted.
You'd be a fool to do it.
I wouldn't do it. I'd buy a winter overcoat.

Bred In the Bone.

By James Norton.

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Ezra Billings and Martha Scott had married rather late in life. Each was known to have "opinions," but it was generally agreed that they would live happily. So they did, but their ways were not exactly understood by their friends. Before they had been married two weeks Martha called Ezra the biggest fool in Saginaw county, and Ezra called her an old cat. Neither was the least bit angry. It was just their way, and they understood each other.

They did not dissemble and play the hypocrite when a third party was present. Ezra had courted Martha for four years before marrying her, and she was the only woman he had ever loved, but this did not stand in the way of his saying to her in the presence of old Aunt Jackson, "Martha, if we had a chicken on the farm with less brains than you've got I'd wring its neck."

And then Martha felt in duty bound to good naturedly reply, "Ezra Billings, if I didn't lead you around by a string you'd be sitting down on the hot stove half the time."

In time it got to be known that the couple wrangled like a dog and a cat, and fifty families became more or less interested. In time also they passed to stronger terms and epithets. Between themselves they didn't mean anything by it. It was just a little harmless way of his when Ezra said to Martha in front of a tin peddler: "Say, woman, don't smile at me and ask my opinion about dishpans. If I hadn't been watching you like a hawk this morning, you'd have put paris green in my coffee."

"That ain't the way to kill off born fools," replied Martha. "You've got to hit 'em with an ax as they are lying asleep in bed."

Of course the peddler passed it along, and of course the lightning rod and the windmill man passed along what they heard, and at last the neighbors woke up each morning expecting to find that foul murder had been done during the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Billings were members of one of the churches down in the village, and their pastor was finally appealed to. Being a conservative as well as a good man, he thought the matter over for a time and then preached a sermon to fit the subject. It was a hit at both, and they were there to hear, and yet when they left the church Ezra was heard to say, "Martha, if the preacher had walloped me as he did you'd keep my head shut for the next fourteen years."

"Wallop me!" she replied. "Ezra Billings, every single word of that sermon was meant for you, and if you keep on wrangling with me the people will turn out and give you a coat of tar and feathers."

Then the preacher decided that it was his duty to call at the farmhouse and make a more direct appeal. Martha was glad to see him. She said she was glad. She said she was in need of advice and was just thinking of coming to see him. She said it was about that fool husband of hers.

He had taken it into his head that the world was round, when everybody else knew better, and had threatened to brain her with the crowbar if she didn't believe as he did. He wouldn't do it, of course. Ezra was one of the best men in the world, whether it was round or flat, and he couldn't be brought to kill a fly, but she thought he ought to be wrestled with for talking that way.

"But, Sister Billings, you have been heard to threaten to poison your husband," protested the good man.

"Oh, but that's just our way!"

"And to pour hot lead in his ear as he slept?"

"Yes, but Ezra knows I wouldn't do such a thing. If he was afraid of that he wouldn't sleep and snore the way he does."

"You have threatened to throw him over the curb into the well."

"But if I did he would climb right out and kiss me."

"You have said that you wished a tree would fall on him and that he would be brought home dead."

"Yes, but I giggled when I said it, and when I giggle I don't mean what I say. As I said, I should like your advice. Do you think the flies ought to have the same chance to live as the cows?"

"That is a rather queer question, Sister Billings."

"Yes, but that dratted fool of a husband of mine, who ought to have been in an idiot asylum years ago, has got the idea in his noodle that they have, and he's gone and tied up all the cows' tails so they can no longer switch."

"I was telling the lop shouldered slab sided nincompoop only an hour ago to untie them tails or I'd break his neck with the first fence rail I could get my hands on."

"You—you talked that way to your husband?"

"I had to. No one knows Ezra as I do. You've got to talk right out at him if you want him to hump himself. He doesn't mind it, however. Ezra never loved a human being until I came into his life, and if I should die he'd wilt away like a weed."

The good man sighed heavily and went down to the cornfield to have a

little talk with Ezra. He was greeted with the greatest pleasure, but as soon as they had shaken hands the farmer began:

"Did Martha tell you that I threatened to choke her to death last night?"

"I hope you didn't make use of any such language."

"But I did, though of course it was all in fun. What do you think that empty headed idiot did yesterday afternoon? Because a bee stung her she went at it and kicked over a whole hive, and the old horse was stung in thirty-seven different places."

"I s'pose I could push her into the goose pond in such a way that people would call it a case of suicide, but I shan't do it. We love each other and don't mean nothing by our talk. You have probably heard a great lot, but you mustn't pay any attention to it."

The good man went away puzzled and unsatisfied, but resolved to let the case alone. He told Deacons Harrow and Swift so when they dropped in to talk matters over, but they went away to do a little plotting and planning on their own account. They agreed that it was a scandalous case and called for heroic treatment.

A week passed away, and then one forenoon Deacon Swift dropped in to inquire where Ezra was. He knew well enough that he was down in the woods chopping and that Deacon Harrow was taking care of that end of the line.

"Ezra," queried Martha in reply. "Why, the blamed skunk is down in the woods chopping! I told him this morning that he wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Goshen. I don't see why he don't die and let me marry a sensible man."

"Mrs. Billings, what if you should hear that Ezra was dead?" asked the deacon in a solemn voice.

"Oh, quit your fooling!"

"What if his dead body, mangled out of shape by a falling tree, should be borne into this house within the next ten minutes?"

"Is—is anything the matter with Ezra?"

"You have called him names. You have wished him dead. You have tempted and defied Providence. Oh, woman—"

She didn't wait to hear anything further; but, hatless and with skirts flying, she took across the fields for the woods. Deacon Harrow, who had Ezra to handle, had indulged in a few casual observations and then asked if Martha was well.

"She was all right when I left the house," was the reply, "but there's no telling what an idiot of a woman may do. She may have gone into the well head first for all I know."

"Ezra Billings, you have been heard to threaten to brain your wife."

"That's just my way."

"You have been heard to wish that she was dead."

"That was just a joke, deacon."

"Joke! Man, if Martha is found dead in the house with her head all battered in, don't you know?"

But Ezra had dropped his ax and started for the house on a run. Husband and wife met halfway, with a deacon behind either to point the moral. There was no moral to point.

"You lot shouldered, knockkneed old camel, but what do you mean?" demanded the wife as she saw her husband was all right.

"And what do you mean?" demanded the husband as he looked her over. "Say, Martha, you don't know 'nuff to lift them big feet of yours when wading through a mudhole."

"Ezra, you are a gosh banged liar!"

"Martha, you deserve killing!"

And as they turned their backs on each other and walked away the two deacons locked arms and headed for the road. Not a word was said until they had climbed the fence, and then Deacon Swift observed, "Would you call it a failure, deacon—a failure on our part?"

"I certainly should, deacon, and I should further say that we hadn't better say anything about it."

Compulsory Pluck.

The colonel of a crack cavalry regiment was impressed with the efficiency of a certain volunteer infantry division during some recent maneuvers and in order to test their courage suggested to their leader that they should face a charge made by his men.

The officer in command consented and drew his men up in the required position to face the ordeal.

Hitherto the courage of the foot regiment had remained unquestioned, but when they saw the cavalry thundering down upon them and almost on top of them they turned and fled in a most disorderly manner, save one man, who remained steadfast on bended knee and with fixed bayonet.

By a dexterous movement the cavalry charge was brought to a termination within a foot or so of the hero, and their commander, approaching the valiant one, said:

"Bravo! You are the bravest man in the regiment and worth all the rest of them put together. But tell me—why didn't you fly with the others?"

"So I should have done," said the hero, "but my foot got stuck in a hole!"

—London Answers.

Ideals That Are Possible.

As we advance into life out of large experience of the world and of our selves are unfolded the ideals of what will be possible to us if we make the best use of the world and of ourselves, taken as we are. Let these be as high as they may, they will always be lower than those others which are perhaps the veiled intimations of our immortality. These will always be imperfect, but life is not a failure because they are so. It is these that are to burn for us, not like lighthouses in the distance, but like candles in our hands.—James Lane Allen, "The Choir Invisible."

PRINCE RUPERT ADVANCES.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Likely to Visit There Next Autumn.

Prince Rupert will soon be a real city. A voters' list is being prepared there, the postmaster of the place and the provincial police receiving applications for registry, and it is said that both political parties are organizing.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to visit the coast next autumn, and, according to the Prince Rupert correspondent of The Vancouver Province, he will be urged to visit to new town. The suggestion is made that there are circumstances associated with the birth of Prince Rupert which would make the Premier's visit appropriate, and that the occasion would be susceptible to celebration irrespective of politics. It is pointed out that Sir Wilfrid is getting along in years, and that a repetition of his journey to the coast is not so assured as to promise another opportunity of having him here. It is also urged that no other opportunity as fitting as that which would be offered this fall will be found for his appearance. It is probable, therefore, that a non-political mission will be proposed for Sir Wilfrid, during his coming trip to the coast. It is also suggested that the Premier of British Columbia be invited to assist the celebration.

The correspondent of The Province goes on to remark: There is no sharp sociological cleavage in Prince Rupert which may be determined by the matter of dress. White collars and patent leather shoes are not affected in the costumery of the people. The men of the damage bag and blankets constitute the most conspicuous element in the population, and the costumes of the engineers, while being sufficiently well-selected to distinguish them as a class, are picturesquely attuned to the strenuous life of a pioneer encampment. But the monotony of all this is occasionally broken by the passage of a woman and a perambulator, for Prince Rupert is now represented in all "the ages of man." The dock is at present the only piece of level territory available to the people.

The arrival and departure of the boat flotilla of the engineering corps may be recorded as events in the daily routine. The surveys conducted from this point are most conveniently got at from the water, and so boats are employed to carry the surveyors to and from the ground. Morning and evening the passage of men equipped

with transit, rods, axes and other instruments may be observed, and the life of the place receives from them its predominating color.

Different Equipment.

Student—We have much in common—in fact, we row in the same boat.
Professor—Yes, but with what different sculls.

Gambling in Cuba.

American influence has brought about some important changes in Cuban customs and notably in the abolition of the bull ring and the cockpit, which used to be the chief Sunday attractions of the populace. Not a few of the better class of Havanaes desire the same fate for Jai Alai and would rejoice to see the Fronton closed forever. High and low wager immediately on this game, and many stories of ruined reputations and wrecked businesses are connected with it. Every race has its prevailing vice and its comparative freedom from others. The Cubans are incurable gamblers, but drunkenness is virtually unknown among them. Both sexes in Havana spend a great deal of time in the numerous open air cafes, but they drink for the most part nonalcoholic, fruity beverages, of which there is an extensive variety peculiar to the country. —C. H. Forbes-Lindsay in World Today.

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