

BRONCHITIS CURED.

For fifteen years Mr. John Pearson, of Melvern Square, suffered from Bronchitis and throat irritation. Doctors failed to relieve but Catarrhazone cured quickly.

The remarkable recovery of Mr. Pearson, who for years was principal of Melvern Square High school is convincing evidence of the exceptional curative powers possessed by Catarrhazone.

"For fifteen years," writes Mr. Pearson, "I constantly suffered from Bronchitis and Throat Irritation. Until quite recently I was able to keep up my teaching, but my bronchial trouble became so annoying that I was forced to resign."

"For months I doctored with different physicians and was not benefited. My trouble grew more severe and extended to the lungs, and I feared I would end in decline."

"Provisionally I was advised to use Catarrhazone, and I believe it really saved my life. Its immediate effect was to relieve the throat trouble sufficiently to give me perfect ease in speaking. Within one short week all symptoms of Bronchitis had disappeared. I can fervently recommend Catarrhazone. I know it has no equal as a sure and speedy cure for throat trouble and bronchitis."

Every air cell and air passage, all parts of the breathing organs are reached and breathed by the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhazone. It soothes and heals the inflamed mucous surfaces, stops the cough, clears the nose and throat, and drives every symptom of bronchitis right out of the system.

To purify the blood of all poisons, and to build up the system, Ferro-aone Tablets, which are included in every Catarrhazone outfit, are very highly recommended. This local and constitutional treatment in Bronchitis, Catarrh and Consumption cannot be equalled.

Catarrhazone is endorsed by physicians and ministers and thousands it has cured. Two months' treatment costs \$1. Small size, 50 cts. Sold by all druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Doctors say the country is full of it. First comes a chill, then cold develops—the inflammation grows—you can't draw a long breath—lungs and sides get sore, and pleurisy sets in. A good home-cure consists in taking twenty drops of Nerviline every four hours. Supplement this by vigorous rubbing the sides and chest with Nerviline, and when warmth and circulation are established, put a Nerviline Porous Plaster over the aching spot. Nerviline Treatment is always successful in colds, neuralgia, and pleurisy. Try it yourself.

THE HONEYMOON PARADE.

Wedding Custom in One Town When the Train Is Late.

A small city, which need not be located more particularly than that it is somewhere east of Boston, has its own peculiar way of speeding the newly married on their honeymoon.

For one thing, every one goes to the station to see the couple depart. This is done in many small places. The showering of rice or confetti and the throwing of the old shoe take place, not at the home of the bride, but at the station. To that extent the city referred to is not unusual.

But in this city train schedules frequently go awry, and when they do the unusual happens. The wedding, of course, has been celebrated on time, and the reception has taken as much time as such things usually take. The departure from the bride's home is made in due season to catch the train if it is on time.

The wedding guests rush to the station, where all other inhabitants having nothing better to do have assembled already. It is a free show which no one would miss.

The carriage bearing the newly married pair is drawn by white horses and decorated with white ribbons. Custom demands this, and no one has yet had the temerity to do otherwise.

The carriage arrives at the station, and it is learned that the train is so many minutes or so many hours late. Usually the measure is in hours.

The carriage doesn't wait. It goes parading. It drives around and around a prescribed route, from every point of which the driver can get due notice of the approach of the train.

The crowd remains patiently at the station. Other curious persons station themselves at points along the route just to see the wedding coach pass.

Sometimes two or three carriages, drawn by white horses and decorated in white, swing steadily around this hymeneal circuit. It seems like an endless procession. It is not unusual for a wedding pair to spend the first five hours of their honeymoon just riding round and round waiting for the train.

When the screech of the locomotive finally is heard the driver continues to swing up to the platform just as the train comes to a stop. Then the bride and bridegroom make a mad rush for their car amid a shower of rice and confetti and old shoes. The honeymoon parade is over.—Exchange.

CARRIED OFF THE BRIDE.

Wedding Festivities Stopped by Masked Men in Ireland.

A fickle Irishman who jilted a girl and married another in spite of the parish priest is having the worst time of his life at the hands of the neighbors.

He lives in the notorious Ballinagleragh district of County Leitrim, where a pitched battle took place a few weeks ago between two armies of police and peasants, and for years had been courting the local beauty. A little while ago he transferred his affections to her rival, also of Ballinagleragh.

The jilted girl's relatives did their utmost to prevent the wedding taking place. They were supported by the parish priest, who is a power in Ireland in these matters. He refused the necessary certificate. The young man thereupon went to the bishop of the diocese, but the bishop upheld his priest.

The young man, however, is a person of resources, and told the clergy that he would go and get married in a registry office in the distant town of Enniskillen. Nobody in Ballinagleragh believed that he would fly in the face of the parish priest, but he did.

One night he brought his bride home in an extraordinary scene occurred. A large crowd collected outside the house where the dancing and feasting were in progress, and groaned and hooted. The groaning ceased about midnight, and the festivities continued.

An hour later about thirty men, wearing crepe masks, burst in the door of the cottage and called on the father of the bride to take his daughter home, with the alternative of being seriously dealt with.

The old man thereupon took his daughter away. The valiant bridegroom declared he would accompany them. The trio marched in the small hours of the morning toward the home of the bride's parents to the accompaniment of groaning and hooting. When about a mile of the journey had been traversed, the bridegroom was seized by another disguised band and compelled to go back to his own home.

This occurred several days ago, and the bridegroom has not seen his bride since. He has not been allowed to leave his house, and the bride has not been allowed to leave her father's. Both houses are watched night and day.

The police are powerless to restore order in the district or to prevent this very original form of boycotting.

INQUISITIVE EDWIN.

Things He Wanted His College Bred Mother to Tell Him.

"Say, maw."

"Well, Edwin?"

"Why do little boys have to go to school?"

"To get an education, dearie."

"How long do I have to go to school?"

"Till you are grown up."

"Then do I get my education?"

"No. You get it while you are going."

"Get it all the time I am going?"

"Yes."

"Huh! I'd rather get it now and not go to school."

"But you can't."

"Did you get one, maw?"

"I did, but I have no use for it."

"What's the matter with you giving me yours, then?"

"Tut, tut, child! Every person has to get his or her own education."

"Huh! Who's got paw's?"

"Why, he has."

"Geel! Nobody'd think he had one, would they?"

"Your father conceals a great many of his attainments, son."

"What's an attainment, maw?"

"Something one has acquired in the way of learning or accomplishments, I believe."

"I think I know about accomplishments, maw. I heard Mr. Bingle say paw was accomplished."

"Are you sure? Mr. Bingle is ordinarily very accurate in his statements."

"Yes, I'm sure. He said paw was a accomplished liar."

"Ah, well, Mr. Bingle hasn't gone back on his record! Now run away, Edwin, and let me finish reading 'A College Girl's Unhappy Wifehood; or, She Was Taught More Higher Mathematics Than Housekeeping.'"

"But, maw."

"But bother! What now?"

"S'pose I don't get a education?"

"Then you wouldn't know anything when you become a man."

"Oh, that's all right, maw; I could be a juror!"—Chicago Journal.

Congratulations Wanted.

On entering his club one evening not long ago a young Philadelphian was accosted by a friend, who exclaimed: "Why, Charley, you are positively beaming! What's up?"

"I'm in the greatest luck imaginable," responded the other. "You know I've been hanging about a pretty Yonkers girl for almost a year. During all this time she would never admit that she loved me. She would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer; that she loved me!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Chinese In Jamaica.

During the last three years 1,100 Chinamen have come to Jamaica. When, three years ago, this immigration first commenced, the Chinese came in batches of twenty and thirty, whereas they are now coming in batches of ninety and one hundred. In other words, the number of the immigrants has been rapidly and steadily increasing; the first lot came to spy out the fairness of the land, and the others have followed to reap it.—Daily Gleaner, Jamaica.

SHE WEARS LARGE BOOTS.

Mr. J. H. Woods, of Point Rock, Meida Co., N. Y., had a hard experience. "A bad attack of Catarrh settled in my forehead and the pain over my eyes was so intense I thought my head would burst. My voice grew very hoarse and I coughed very night, and through the winter could scarcely speak. My voice was one. Two doctors didn't help me at all. The next doctor ordered 'Catarrhazone.' It cured me and now many others here use it also. My doctor says he doesn't know anything so good for Catarrh and Throat Trouble as 'Catarrhazone.' Use it today, you're better tomorrow, 25c. and \$1.80 at all dealers. Try Catarrhazone."

Getting the worst of it always serves to whet the appetite for the best.

W. L. M. KING AND THE COW.

One of Prospective Labor Minister's Adventures During Campaign.

Have you heard the story of the recent encounter between W. L. M. King, M.P., and the auctioneer? If not, it is a good one. It seems that in the course of the campaign in North Waterloo the presumptive Minister of Labor and his friends had a series of adventures. First they met a crowd of men who were putting up telephone or telegraph poles, and, of course, the candidate had to get out of his buggy and give a hand. Next the party ran up against a barn-raising, and, of course, nothing would do but that the Boy Who Had Been Raised on a Farm should turn to and give a hand. These two experiences ought to have been enough for one day, but as the tour proceeded fortune brought them to a farmhouse where there was an auction sale of cattle. And pretty cattle they were—almost on a par with the farm itself. Just as soon as the new arrivals loomed in sight the worst animal in the barnyard was being brought up for disposal.

"Now," said the auctioneer, seizing his opportunity, "we have an unexpected and a most valuable addition to our audience. We have now with us the next member of Parliament for North Waterloo, and we are going to give him the first chance at this most valuable animal."

And, seizing opportunity by the ears, he at once put the cow on parade.

"How much am I offered?" said the auctioneer. Mr. King, not wishing to appear mean, after it was apparent that no one else would bid, presumably because they did not wish to forestall the politician, bid "Five dollars."

And the auctioneer, without waiting for further bids, at once knocked down the animal to Mr. King for five dollars. It was a case of "Going, going, gone," at once.

And you ought to hear Mackenzie King tell of his troubles in finding a widow who had no family, and therefore no vote attached to her household, to whom, without arousing suspicion of bribery and corruption, he could hand over the wretched animal.

Goodness knows what would have happened had woman suffrage been in force in Canada. Mr. King might have had to take the cow to China with him!

A Worthy Desire.

An ambitious young Chicagoan called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book" and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher very politely.

"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!"—Lippincott's.

Spoiled His Appetite.

"Every bit of food on this table," said the serving lady to Lamson as he sat down to eat at the church supper, "was cooked by your wife."

"Oh, I don't mind," rejoined Lamson faintly. "I'm not a bit hungry, anyway!"—New York Times.

A Fizzle.

Evelyn—I just met Clarence. He is a conversational fizzle. George—How's that? Evelyn—He makes love when he ought to play golf, and he talks golf when he ought to make love.—Illustrated Bits.

Added a Little Sulphur.

Doctor—Did your husband follow my directions? Did he take the medicine I left for him religiously? Patient's Wife—I'm afraid not, doctor. He swore every time I gave him a dose.—Boston Transcript.

Fortune Telling

Does not take into consideration the one essential to woman's happiness—womanly health. The woman who neglects her health is neglecting the very foundation of all good fortune. For without health love loses its lustre and gold is but dross.

Womanly health when lost or impaired may generally be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free.

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Humor

A BARGAIN SALE.

The Stocks Attracted Her, and She Bought Them While Cheap.

"I have done more or less speculating all my life," said Jones, "but I have made up my mind now to give it up. One speculator in the family is enough, and my wife seems to have a system that is a sure winner. Some time ago the general situation looked bearish to me. I hesitated a few days, but the more I thought it over the more I became convinced that the market was in for a big slump. Conditions were right, the trade was nervous, corn injured, the big steel trust was facing a strike, and I thought I saw certain signs that indicated that several of the big pools were getting tired of the load that they were carrying and were preparing to stand from under."

"Well, I put out a pretty stiff short line for me, and then the market, as if only waiting for me to get in, commenced booming. The result was that I got badly pinched before I could let go. Misery loves company, as the old saying goes. Besides, I had to account to my wife for the glum face that I was wearing, so I made a clean breast of the whole matter."

"Mercy!" she cried. "I don't see how you lost. Why, I made several hundred dollars!"

"You did!" I almost yelled.

"Why, yes," she answered innocently. "You said one morning at the breakfast table that stocks looked like a big sale, and you know I dearly love a bargain sale, so I bought some X. Y. Z. stock with the pin money that I had saved."

"I remember making the remark," I said grimly, "but I am not aware that I ever mentioned X. Y. Z. as being particularly desirable."

"Of course you didn't," she answered. "I looked over all the stock that they had for sale and found I could buy X. Y. Z. for 40 cents, so I took that. You'll let me know when they have another bargain sale, won't you, deary?"

"Now, in the face of that, how can a man sit calmly down and reason out which way the stock market is going?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Language of Science.

"I must say," remarked the plain, everyday man, "that I feel as if I had a cold in the head, and I'm so hoarse I can hardly speak."

"I see," answered the scientist. "You are suffering from a slight catarrh, causing congestion of the mucous membrane and suffusion of the optical organs and inducing a somewhat phlogistic condition of the epiglottis. Perhaps, however, you had better send for a physician."

"Send for a physician? No. I don't want a doctor. Send for an interpreter."—Minneapolis Journal.

Garden Repartee.

"My eyes," exclaimed the potato, "but this is poor soil for a garden!"

"That's right," said the onion. "I don't get along worth a scent, and I'm losing strength every day."

"I'm going to leave," said the cabbage. "I'll never be able to get a head here."

"This spot isn't fit for a berrying ground," said the strawberry. "But here comes the sun, and we'll all have to dry up."—Houston Post.

Jenny's Quick Method.

Jenny's uncle, who was a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole dance.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.'"

And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Jenny?"

"Sure, I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jury at the Theater.

An unusual spectacle was witnessed at the Theater Royal, Nelson, Auckland, when the jury, who had been locked up three nights because they could not agree to a verdict in a murder case, were allowed to witness a living picture display. They had expressed a desire to attend the theater as a relief, and the judge consented.—Auckland News.

BLACK FOX PELTS.

Only About Five Skins Are Secured Each Year.

In the estimation of trappers of the Canadian northland as well as in the eyes of the nobility of Russia there is only one king of beasts, the highly prized black fox. On an average five perfect pelts of this rare fur bearer are brought down from the northland each year and in rare years as many as ten or twelve, though each year thousands of men make a living trapping and the yearly catch of foxskins amounts to over 100,000 from Canada alone.

In no way except in color does the black fox differ from the red fox, whose pelt sells for about \$2. or from the gray fox, whose winter coat is valued at from \$150 to \$400, but whenever a hunter can secure a black fox and remove its skin without marring the fur he is sure of receiving from \$800 to \$1,500 for his trophy. Not only is every black fox pelt bought as soon as taken, but a dozen Russian noblemen have paid agents traveling in North America all through the winter seeking out remote hillside farms and abandoned logging camps where it is possible that a shy and elusive black fox may have been seen.

Within the last twenty years a number of wealthy men who have owned fenced game preserves have spent vast sums of money in buying foxes alive and turning them loose within private inclosures. By and by it may be that some skilled or fortunate breeder will produce a black pup or perhaps a pair of black foxes may be captured alive, and from these a new breed of black foxes will arise and cause a great panic among the men who hunt for black foxes. He who can wrest the secret of breeding black foxes from nature is assured of riches past counting and can command the worshipful homage of the Russian nobility and aristocracy, who seem willing to sacrifice untold wealth for the pleasure of wearing overcoats made from the pelts of American black foxes.—Edmonton Cor. Toronto Globe.

ANCIENT ARAB TOWNS.

The Few That Still Dot the Shore of the Red Sea.

A few Arab towns may be found along the coast, and, few and far between as they are, one would wonder to what they could possibly owe their existence. Outside of their diminutive confines the eye searches in vain for a sign of cultivation or of human habitation. Yet there they stand, as they have stood, most of them, for more centuries than any one can tell. They are said to date back to those days when the kingdoms of Egypt took their places among the kingdoms of the world. Time has swallowed their history even as the sands of the desert have swallowed the still more ancient cities of the interior.

A huddled little group of white buildings, dominated by the inevitable minarets, stands quivering and winking in the everlasting heat haze just on the line where the deep blue sea meets the brown monotony of the desert. It might be an architectural group in sugar taken from some titanic wedding cake and planted there holo bolus. Take a walk through its narrow, tortuous streets, and you will find them busy enough in their dreamy eastern fashion. Arabs, turbaned and spotlessly attired, are passing to and fro or bargaining at booths with the half-naked rustics who have come in from the desert. Long strings of camels laden with the produce of the interior are halted at the merchants' doors.

Pilgrims for Mecca arrive and embark on the dhows that ride at anchor in the roadstead. Many of these poor faithfuls have come from the uttermost confines of the Mohammedan world, from the western Sahara, from Keno, from Timbuktu. They will have been away three, four and even five years from their countries by the time they get back, if they ever do get back. Now they are poor in the world's goods, most of their little hoards have been spent on the road, but faith and hope are to them an endless store. Mecca is near, and, having reached it, what matters afterward?

Formerly the traffic in slaves played a considerable part in the affairs of these towns. Now, though the trade may and does go on surreptitiously, the vigilance of those masterful, interfering English makes it but a poor speculation for the "city man" of the Red Sea.—Chambers' Journal.

IMPERIAL HALL

is now showing a large and select assortment of Imported and Domestic Suits and Trousers for Spring and Summer.

A good time to choose

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PIANO BARGAINS

We have on hand for the Xmas business a large stock of Pianos made by Heintzman & Co., Bell, Gourley and other makes which we will sell at special prices for cash the balance of this month.

It will pay you to call and look them over and see our stock and special prices commencing at \$200, these Pianos are guaranteed to be the Highest Grade Piano made in Canada. We employ no agents. This offer is for this month only.

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EVER NOTICE?

Ex-President Roosevelt of the United States tried to change the spelling of the English Language which has been in vogue for thousands of years. Did he succeed? No!

Manufacturers have tried to emulate EDDY'S WARES which have been on the market for over half a century, but the public know the best and stick to

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