

LOSS OF APPETITE.

No Ambition, Lack of Energy, Dyspeptic, Languid.

Under the beneficent action of Ferrozone cure is quick and certain.

How common these conditions are! They are the outcome of the fast life of our day, proving that waste is immensely greater than the power of our body to rebuild.

In order to cure, first reconstruct the blood—change white cells to red ones, fill the blood with nourishment—do this, and the result will be in your case just as it was with J. E. Varhorne, a prominent citizen of South Alexandria.

"Four years ago my health became very poor, I grew thin and yellow. I wasn't strong, lacked energy, and slept poorly. At breakfast I ate very little. My physician said it was a bad case of indigestion. I grew worse, and many said I would die. I tried everything and almost lost faith in medicine. My mother had been reading about Ferrozone and advised me to try it.

IMPROVED IN FOUR DAYS.

"The change brought about by Ferrozone was marvellous. In four days I felt stronger and had better appetite. I enjoyed my meals and felt stronger and had better appetite. I enjoyed my meals and felt no more nausea. My digestion improved steadily and my general health continued better than ever. Ferrozone made a new man of me, and I know of no tonic half so good."

FERROZONE CURES INDIGESTION.

When you take Ferrozone everything you eat tastes good—all your food is converted into nourishment that supplies vigor and strength to blood, nerves, muscles and heart. Can't you see just why Ferrozone cures? Not a case of weak stomach, heart palpitation, indigestion, gas belching, headache or languor that Ferrozone won't cure. It agrees with men, women, children—old and young, harmless and pleasant. Sold everywhere, 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers. Try Ferrozone—do so today.

NET DEATH ON TRAIL.

Englishmen Who Started For Gold Fields Have Disappeared.

The mysterious disappearance and probable death of two young Englishmen bound from Edmonton to the placer gold diggings on the Ingenica river last summer is the essence of another tale which has just reached the outside from the recesses of the Tonesome wilderness of the north. Messrs. T. R. Wilson and A. Luffenden, arrivals from Port Essington by the steamer Camosun recently, brought the report.

On March 28, Harry Phipps and Matthew Tummon started from Edmonton for the Ingenica. They had spared no expense in securing a good outfit for the long overland trip, and with four horses loaded down with provisions and camp equipment they expected to make the journey without privation or great hardship.

On June 4, the two men reached Fort Graham, on the Findlay river. They had made fairly good time considering that they had not passed their animals which were all in the best of condition. Supplies were rather low and these they replenished while resting at Fort Graham. They left the Hudson Bay post on June 8, following the banks of the Findlay river in the direction of the new diggings. Sixty miles north of Fort Graham they made the camp at which they were last seen on June 15. From that date they never returned to their camp.

The four horses were discovered by Indians shortly after the two men were last seen. In the camp were found all the provisions and equipment carried by the missing men. A shotgun was lying in their tent. For several weeks the camp was not touched by the Indians, who took it for granted that the owners were out prospecting and would eventually return, though some wonder was caused by the fact that no provision had been made for the horses to secure feed. Finally the Indians reported the disappearance of the men to Hudson Bay Agent Fox at Fort Graham.

About this time Messrs. Wilson and Luffenden ran across the camp, and learning the facts of the case they took an inventory of the supplies and took the horses to Fort Graham. Mr. Fox took charge of the animals and sent out a report of the case to the Government agent at Hazelton.

While the fate of the men is a mystery, it is generally believed they were drowned. It is not believed they could have got lost, as they had the river to guide them even if they had strayed away from their camp. Mr. Fox, at last accounts, was awaiting the arrival of an expert Indian tracker to send him out to search for the bodies of Phipps and Tummon.

A Cruel Insultation.

Eternal Old Lady. They tell me, sadam, your husband is continually sneaking dreadfully.

Young Woman (bursting into tears). I don't believe it, you horrid old thing!

Old Lady (astounded). What's the matter with the woman?

Odious Bystander—Her husband's dead—Baltimore American

Planning For Vacation.

A tennis court that's timely kept. A beach by ocean breezes swept. Attractive scene.

And from the dream Of folks in the ribbon a

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 49 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 coryza, 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 cent, 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.

End of Mankind.

"Now, boys," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me the final end of all mankind?"

"Yes, ma'am, I can," promptly answered the boy at the foot—"the letter 'd.'"—Exchange.

His Hearing to Come.

Old Lady (reading newspaper)—I declare! The poor fellow arrested yesterday is deaf. Listener—How do you know? Old Lady—Why, it says here that he is expected to have his hearing next week.

Big Difference.

"Pa, what's the difference between the drama and melodrama?"

"The seats, my son. You will never find any empty ones at the melodrama."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What He Got.

Bacon—Does he get much for his fiction?

Egbert—Oh, yes; his wife gives him the money.

—Yonkers Statesman.

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. Constipation is the most unclean uncleanness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. Easy to take as candy.



LIVINGSTONE RELICS.

Thousands See Missionary's Property at London Exhibition.

Judging by the number of visitors who crowd round Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone Wilson's court, the most popular exhibits at the Orient in the London Exhibition, held in the Royal Agricultural Hall, are the relics of the famous missionary and explorer, Dr. Livingstone, many of which are priceless by reason of the mine of romance which lies behind each article. And what lends additional interest to the exhibits is the presence of the noted Doctor's daughter, who is never tired of speaking about her father's love for exploring Africa and his desire to help the natives.

An unusually large collection has been brought together for the occasion, many articles of which have been brought home by his faithful attendants when he failed to return from the last of his marvellous journeys which made his name world-famous.

"From morning to night," said Mr. Wilson, "my wife and I are besieged by crowds of interested people who are eager to inspect for themselves the personal belongings of the man whose influence was instrumental in creating an interest in this country for the natives of Africa.

"Which relic has been the most popular? Well, I think the section of the trunk of the tree under which the natives buried Dr. Livingstone's heart after his death has had the lion's share. As you will see, the trunk bears an inscription which was carved by his native followers, but as the tree showed signs of decay it was cut down by the Royal Geographical Society, and is now one of the most cherished possessions of that society.

"His diaries, of which we have seventeen, come in for an equal share of interest. Dr. Livingstone was always careful in regard to his daily record. As you will see, he used to make notes of his geographical soundings, and, in fact, everything of interest, such as curious peoples, animals, plants, and fishes, was noted in his diaries and frequently accompanied by sketches. The last entry in his diary was made on April 27th, 1873, two or three days before he died. Under the circumstances, marking, as it does, the close of a glorious career, it is of pathetic interest. 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover, sent to buy milk goats.'

"When the natives found their master in the morning on his knees, dead, they embalmed his body as best they could, and carried it amidst the greatest perils to the shore, where it was placed in a crude coffin and brought to this country on a British battleship. On arrival at these shores the coffin was substituted for a more elaborate one, and the body buried in Westminster Abbey, whilst his heart still lies in the centre of Africa. The shell in which he was brought home is still preserved by the Royal Geographical Society, and, draped by a Union Jack, is in the Relics Court at the Orient in London.

"Among the other relics of interest are the boxes which were brought home by Stanley, one of which still bears grease spots from the candles made by Livingstone; the model of the hut built by the natives for the doctor to die in, and a piece of bark in which his body was wrapped; a map of Central Africa designed by himself, and his sextant, field-glasses, watch, boat compass, field-glasses, surgical instruments; two spears that were thrown at him by warlike tribes; and two four-barrelled revolvers which he used for procuring food and protection. It is surely a remarkable testimony to Livingstone's influence among the natives when we realize that, in the face of many temptations throughout their nine months' journey, they safely brought the body to the coast, and handed all his belongings over to his friends."

Air and Water "Cures."

It is a remarkable fact that, as with various natural so-called "mineral waters" so with various "airs" which people find beneficial, no one has yet clearly and decisively shown, in the first place, whether they exert any chemical effect of a special kind on the people who seem to benefit by drinking the one or breathing the other. Still less has any one shown what is the particular chemical ingredient of the air or of the water of any given resort which exerts the beneficial effect attributed to that air or that water.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

A Habit He Won't Contract.

A man who signs himself "A Son of Rest" sends us the following: "Several people have asked me why I never work. I take this means of replying to all.

"The habit of working is like a habit of taking dope. If a man is a dope fiend and stops it he dies. Now, if a man gets the habit of working and then stops it he starves to death. Same thing. I shall never contract such a habit."

WHITEWEAR SALE

IS A DISTINCT SUCCESS

Will Continue Until Every Garment is Sold

Ask those who have been in and got some of the Beautiful White Underwear at about 1-2 of the price you are asked for in other stores for garments that in most cases will not equal ours. We have not space to name what is on sale, there is so much of useful goods in this sale that it will pay you to come early and get your season's supply now of Whitewear, Underwear, Cottons, Sheeting, Pillow Cottons, Prints, Hamburgs, Manettelette, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Dress Goods, Clothes, Flannels, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Table Covers and Towels, Bed Spreads, Wool Blankets, Cotton Blankets, etc

All the above are goods now being sold at wonderful big reductions, goods marked in plain figures, a child can buy as well as an adult, to be convinced come in and look through the general bargains now offered at the store of

M. Fickler & Co.

THE DEVILFISH.

How These Monsters Are Caught in the Gulf of Mexico.

There is no more thrilling sport than harpooning the devilfish, the giant ray or manta, which has its home in the gulf of Mexico. Some of these fish, which are very greivousome to behold, measure from twelve to eighteen feet and weigh more than 1,500 pounds. It requires tremendous skill to harpoon them and infinite tact to land them once they are struck. It is not unusual for the fish to run for three hours or more, and they can tow a ten ton sloop.

The fish is wily and will often go to the bottom to rest, to prevent which he has to be kept in a constant state of panic by hauling the tow in close to him. At a moment of weakening another harpoon and a rifle shot will dispatch him.

During a recent run it was three hours before the cable could be fastened to the boat's windlass in order to pull the devilfish under the bow, where another lily iron was secured in him, and then followed a rush of extraordinary impetuosity. Following this method and only after there were three harpoons in his back and a shark hoop attached to one flipper was it felt that he was secure. Half an hour later his struggles were finally stilled by a lucky rifle shot in the head.

As night came on the sharks began to come in and long after dark could be heard fighting over the stranded carcass.—Illustrated London News.

MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB.

English Joy That There Is One Door Riches Won't Unlock.

The Royal Yacht squadron is probably the most exclusive club in existence, says the London Gentlewoman, and, wonderful to relate in this plutocratic age, money is quite powerless to unlock the charmed portals of the castle.

One or two millionaires with splendid yachts have tried in vain to pass the ordeal of the periodical ballot, while men of no fortune or only just enough to defray the upkeep of a small yacht have been elected without an idea of a black ball.

The only apparent qualification is that the candidate must possess a yacht of his own, but there are other qualifications much more difficult of attainment by the man of money, and it is just here that the question of blackballing comes in, it must be owned, rather refreshingly.

For really one had almost said that there is no social "holy of holies" into which he who is rich cannot penetrate until one recalls the pleasant circle of gentlemen who go to make up the Royal Yacht squadron. There is, one remembers gratefully, just one institution left to which the mystic words "I am rich" do not have the effect of

No Sportsman.

Hal Chase, the famous first baseman, at a dinner in Chicago responded to a toast on the "sporting spirit."

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Chase, "I knew a butcher who lacked the sporting spirit altogether. In a game one August afternoon the butcher tried to steal second. It was a clumsy attempt. He made a clumsy slide, and the umpire declared him out.

"Out, am I?" shrieked the butcher, wild with rage.

"It was a just decision, and we all backed up the umpire.

"Out, hey?" the butcher roared.

"Then out you all go from my field!"

—Washington Star.

His Home.

A distinguished Indian officer, Scotch to the core, never lost an opportunity of advertising his countrymen.

One evening at mess he had a large number of guests and had a magnificent specimen of a highland piper on duty.

To draw attention to the man's splendid appearance he turned to him and said:

"What part of Scotland do you come from, my man?"

With a punctilious salute the reply came:

"Tipperary, yer honor."—Answers.

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note struts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

To the Knocker.

Why go knocking, knocking, knocking, all the time and everywhere?

Don't you know that men will doubt you if your words are never fair?

Why insist that Smith has never done a thing to merit praise?

Why point out the faults of Adams or Vantorkley's foolish ways?

Why not dwell sometimes on subjects of a cheerful, hopeful kind?

Why keep hunting for the troubles those who search may always find?

Why go knocking, knocking, knocking, when you often, if you would, might discover fair excuses to be saying something good?

Don't you know that other people soon or late must think that you, if you see no good in others, lack the many virtues too?

Why refer to others always in a sneering, snappish way?

Why not be discreetly silent if there's nothing good to say?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

DENTISTRY.

Maritime Dental Parlors.

J. B. CROCKER, D.D.S.

All Dental work done by latest and improved methods.

Teeth extracted absolutely without pain.

Special attention given to treating and saving natural teeth.

Work done at reasonable prices.

Hours: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

PIANO BARGAINS

We have on hand for the Xmas business a large stock of Pianos made by Heintzman & Co., Ebel, Courley 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.

M c MURRAY & CO.