

The Poultice is a Barbaric Relic.
The poultice is a barbaric relic of the days of witch burning. The typical home poultice is made of flaxseed. It is a soggy, unsavory, germ infested instrument of torture. Clapped upon the suffering baby's chest, it interferes with the poor child's breathing, infects his skin with the germs that cause pimples and boils and makes him unbearably uncomfortable and unhappy. The heat in the poultice is its only valuable feature. The dampness does damage, and the flaxseed is as inert as so much sawdust or breakfast food. Why not use hot water bags or, better still, hot cloths?—Delineator.

He Got the Teacher.

A man called at a grammar school in a large city to see one of the teachers and, uncertain just which was the room he wanted, noted the bell buttons in the main corridor. He pressed one of them. His surprise was great when soon after the sound of the gong children and teachers fled forth from the various rooms, all in orderly line and with no excitement or crowding. The visitor had pressed the button which called for the fire alarm drill practice.

Useful to Flirts.

A young man called on a patent expert and showed him an idea he wanted protected. It was in the form of an engagement ring.
"But," said the expert, examining the very ordinary looking circlet, "what is there patentable about this?"
"It is adjustable, sir," said the inventor proudly.—London Answers.

There is no greater grief than in misery to turn our thoughts back to happier times.—Dante.

DAWSON IS GROWING.

Population Has Increased One Thousand in a Year.

With reference to the city of Dawson, his home, Dr. A. G. Willis, one of the leading capitalists of that place, who is at present visiting in the east, said that it was estimated there were 1,000 more people there this year than last and that the population was increasing. He pointed out that as soon as a railway was run through the country it would be more extensively explored and Canadians would only then begin to realize the enormous extent of the Yukon territory. "There are no unemployed in the Yukon," he went on, "and there is work for everybody. Wages average \$4 a day, with keep, for the ordinary laborer, and the cost of living has decreased much within the past year or two."

Dr. Willis was much interested when told that gold from the Larder Lake mines had been sent to the Ottawa branch of the Royal Mint to be made into coins of the realm. Most of the metal turned out in the Yukon, he said, was sent to the United States assay office at Seattle, where the pure gold in brick or nugget form was paid for in cash at the prevailing rate of \$20.67 an ounce. To ship the gold to Ottawa, it appeared, would cost too much money and the price obtained would not be different from that in Seattle.

"The Yukon," concluded the doctor, "is a wonderful place. It has produced \$150,000,000 worth of gold since it was discovered. One year—in 1904, I think—over \$25,000,000 was mined. This year the figures will be about \$5,000,000, but as soon as the Guggenheims get working properly and the new big dredge is completed there will be a great jump in the yearly output."

GALVESTON SWEEP

Lower Part of the City Is Inundated by Waves.

TEN PERSONS ARE KILLED

Texas City Only Avoids Another Crushing Disaster by Reason of Its Seventeen-Foot Seawall—Tropical Storm Destroys a Great Deal of Property—Wires Severed—Bodies Not Yet Recovered.

Galveston, Texas, July 22.—Fortified behind her 17-foot seawall and elevated to a point above the danger line, Galveston yesterday passed safely through a hurricane that resembled the disastrous storm of 1900. Part of the island on which the city is situated was again inundated, the overflowing seawall reaching a height of seven feet or more. That portion of the island which has been protected suffered comparatively little harm.

While the city of Galveston was held safe against the fury of the storm by the two-million-dollar seawall, seven miles in the Gulf, on Tarpon Island, where the storm whipped over the jetty into the bay, ten persons were washed from the rocky promontories into the Gulf. Boats last night were searching the bay for the bodies, but so far have been unsuccessful.

Sweeping westward, the tropical storm, which had been central over the Gulf of Mexico for 24 hours, struck Galveston shortly after 11 o'clock. The wind attained a velocity of 68 miles an hour, and shifted to the northwest, heaving the waters of Galveston Bay up against the island and flooding that quarter which had not been raised. The water backed up into the main streets of the city, but the damage was confined to the beach front, where bath houses and pleasure piers were swept away. Shipping was undisturbed.

A hurricane for east Texas was forecast at the district weather bureau in New Orleans early yesterday morning, and warnings were sent out. When wind and rain arrived several hours later they found Galveston prepared. The inhabitants of the few scattered houses in the lower part of the island had already sought safety, and the vessels that had cleared and had prepared to sail were riding at anchor in the bay.

So short was the duration of the storm that the Mallory Line steamer, which was booked to sail for New York shortly after noon, left on schedule time.

Patent Door for Grain Cars.

Port Arthur, July 22.—After a series of tests extending over a year, a grain door for railway cars, invented by J. O. Stone, Port Arthur, has proved so satisfactory that a company is being organized locally to manufacture it. The door works on the principle of the top of a roll top desk.

A Big Picnic.

Niagara Falls, July 22.—The Hamilton and Brantford Grocers' Picnic brought about 10,000 people here yesterday. A program of field sports was interrupted by rain which fell nearly all day. Eleven special trains were required to carry the crowds.

Port Hope Hotel Fails.

Port Hope, July 22.—The St. Lawrence Hall, one of Port Hope's big hostleries, is in the sheriff's hands, seized by W. H. Bradburn of Peterboro. M. J. Spencer is the proprietor. He was formerly license inspector in Toronto.

Two Years for Bigamy.

Windsor, July 22.—W. J. Lawson, who deserted his wife in Schenectady, N.Y., was sentenced yesterday to two years in the penitentiary.

BASEBALL YESTERDAY.

The Eastern League.

Providence 5 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0
Rochester 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-2
Two-base hits—Erwin, Patten, Gangel.
Three-base hits—E. Anderson, Arndt.
Sacrifice hits—Holly, Maloney. Double-play—Holly to Patten to Gangel. First on errors—Rochester 1, Providence 1. Bases on balls—O'Farrell 2, off Cronin 3. Hit by pitcher—By Barger 1. Struck out—By Barger 2, by Cronin 6. Left on bases—Rochester 8, Providence 9. Umpires—Murray and Stafford. Time—1:55. Attendance—1400.

Newark 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 0-1-4
Montreal 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-0-2
Home run—Gettman. Three-base hit—Joyce. Two-base hits—Kelly, Louder, Sharpe, Corcoran. First by errors—Newark 2, Montreal 1. Left on bases—Montreal 5, Newark 6. Sacrifice hits—McGinnity 2. Stolen bases—Crisp, Corcoran, Louder. Struck out—By McGinnity 6, by Keefe 2. Bases on balls—Off Keefe 1, off McGinnity 1. Double-plays—Gettman to Louder (2). Time—1:40. Umpire—Byron. Attendance—380.

National League Scores.

R.H.E.
Chicago 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0-3 5 0
Brooklyn 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0-2 10 1
Batteries—Overall, Brown and Archer; McIntyre and Bergen. Umpires—Rigler and Johnstone.

St. Louis 0 1 3 0 0 2 1 0-7 14 4
New York 4 1 2 2 1 0 1 0-11 12 1
Batteries—Bebe, Malters, Bachman and Phelps and Bliss; Marquard, Raymond, and Meyers and Schell. Umpires—Emslie and Kane.
Philadelphia 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0-2 7 0
Pittsburgh 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-1 5 2
Batteries—Moore and Doolin; Willis, Brandon and Gibson. Umpire—Klem.
Cincinnati 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0-2 10 4
Boston 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-4 7 9
Batteries—Campbell, Dubuc, Castleton, and McLean and Roth; Ritchie and Graham. Umpire—O'Day.

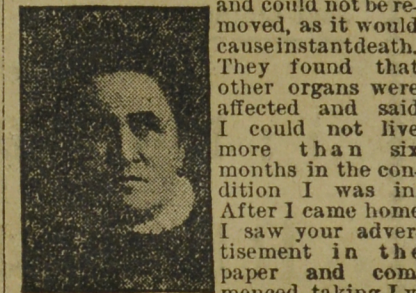
American League Results.

R.H.E.
Detroit 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0-2 10 2
New York 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 5 2
Batteries—Summers and Schmidt; Hughes and Kleinow. Umpires—Conaolly and Egan.
Chicago 2 0 3 0 0 1 0 0-6 12 2
Washington 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 0-3 5 0
Batteries—Burns and Owens; Johnson and Street. Umpires—Perrine and Evans.
Cleveland 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-4 7 9
Boston 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-2 7 0
Batteries—Berger and Clark; Ryan, Pape, Collins and Donahue. Umpires—Sullivan and Kerin.

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winnipeg, Man.—"Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth in the uterus. The doctors said it was a tumor, and could not be removed, as it would cause instant death. They found that other organs were affected and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in. After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. ORILLA BRADLEY, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.



One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills.

The Origin of "Navvies."

Railways may be said to run in the blood of Lord Brassey. His father, the humble son of a Cheshire yeoman, was among the first and the most successful exploiters of labor by navvies, or "navvies," as they were termed, in the construction of railway tracks. Engineers in England, Europe and America sought his services, and so many were his undertakings that he came to have an army of 75,000 in his employ. Nearly 7,000 miles of railway were laid down under his direction, and the cost ran to close on £80,000,000.

Difference of Opinion.

Kitty—Mrs. Carleigh thinks her son Harry is the salt of the earth. Janet—Well, I can't see why. I think he is about the freshest thing I ever met.—Lippincott's.

It takes a great man to make a good listener.—Hells.

RUINED HIS FEET.

Used a ten cent Corn Salve, for a quarter he could have cured his corns with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Use the best—"Putnam's."

The Aunt and the Burglar.

Miss Rattle—Yes, that's a photo of my maiden aunt. Perhaps you saw her name in the papers last winter. She frightened away a burglar.
Mr. Winkler (closely inspecting the portrait)—Did she? Well, I don't wonder at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fashionable.

Patience—I bear Will is going to marry that girl he's been spending so much money on.

Patience—Yes; he's going to make her a permanent receiver.—Yonkers Statesman.

Made His Mark.

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?"

"Yes; did it on his first case."
"Great work! What did he do?"
"Vaccinated him."

There is many a good hearted fool. The trouble is that a man doesn't do his thinking with his heart.—Philadelphia Record.

A St. John Stone Mason Cured of Rheumatism

By "Father Morrissey's No. 7" After Seven Doctors Had Failed.

647 Main St., St. John, N.B.
FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I am writing to tell you I have been a victim to Rheumatism for several years, and have been treated by seven doctors without finding any permanent relief until I got Father Morrissey's medicine. It has cured me so I am able to do my work and find I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours truly,

JOHN CRAWFORD.

Rheumatism is caused by sluggish kidneys failing to take the Uric Acid out of the blood. The whole system becomes loaded with poison, which gathers in joints and muscles, causing agony at every movement.

"Father Morrissey's No. 7" Tablets act directly on the kidneys, stimulating them to vigorous work. They dissolve the Uric Acid in the blood and free the whole system of the poison. Then, of course, the Rheumatism leaves. Price 50 cents at your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

A BOOM AT JOHANNESBURG.

People Greatly Excited Over Mining Stocks and Prices Go Up.

Johannesburg is in the throes of a "boom" writes a correspondent of the London Daily Mail. If you have ever lived through a Johannesburg "boom" it is unnecessary to read any further. The mere announcement of the fact will conjure up the scene.

But if you have never seen Johannesburg, and never lived through a genuine hall-marked "boom" the matter becomes one of some difficulty. Some years ago there was a ping-pong craze in Britain. Now, suppose that instead of being played in one house in four, ping-pong had been played in every house, and imagine that the income of the householders depended upon their proficiency in ping-pong, and that their deadly earnestness was such that they went to the table at 6 a. m. and strove desperately till midnight, only snatching a few brief intervals for refreshments, and try to conceive this enthusiasm lasting for weeks at a time, to the exclusion of all other interests in life—well that would be a "boom" a Johannesburg "boom" in ping-pong.

A Johannesburg "boom" is a remarkable manifestation of the concentration of the mind of an entire community upon one subject, to the exclusion of all others. There is nothing else in the wide world quite like it. The interest India takes in the moonson reports from Colombo during the first week in June, the single mindedness of Melbourne on Cup Day, the state of mind of Chicago during the progress of a record-breaking wheat "corner"—these are but feeble imitations of the concentration of Johannesburg upon the share market price list during a "boom."

JOHANNESBURG'S ONE TOPIC.

If you walked the whole length of Commissioner street today and asked every decently dressed man you met to tell you the present position of the closer motion movement in South Africa, or the name of the Prime Minister of England, or whether the Sultan was still upon the throne of Constantinople, not half a dozen could give you the slightest information. If you told them the British Ministry had been defeated, none would express sorrow, or delight, or even indifference—unless it struck them that the news might affect the share market. But if you told them that Fortstar Consolidated were being bought heavily by the stable, or that Vreldorp Deeds would probably strike the reef at 2,000 feet in a few days, one and all would welcome you as a lifelong friend and a benefactor of the human race.

For in "boom" times only one subject on earth has the faintest interest for Johannesburg, and that is the share market. Other topics may gain a slight reflected glory by being in some remote way associated with the share market, but that is all. We look forth upon the world through the windows of a stockbroker's office. With eyes glued on a price list, men forget whether they are employed or out of work, rich or poor, married or single. They cannot remember yesterday's weather, or where they slept last night, or whether they lunched at home or at the club. The only thing they are capable of realizing is that Tuppency Tins which they bought at 12s. 6d. are now at 32s. 3d. and still raising.

I do not say that so far the "boom" can be compared to that of 1895, which according to the stories current today beat everything seen since the days of the South Sea Bubble.

Of course, some people say it will not last, and that in the end the public will once more be left to "nurse the baby." But while, no doubt, many people may be buying on the "ticker," snatching principle, many more are purchasing for investment, not for speculation.

People are beginning to see that the Rand is a sound proposition. The gold is here, right enough. You can always get a fair price for a bar or two of pure gold. The gold is here—millions and millions of pounds' worth of it.

So, after all, the "boom" is not a mad gamble at bottom, even though a great many local people may regard it simply as an opportunity for intense and frantic speculation. The Rand goldfield is a permanent industry (it is good for a great deal more than another century, anyway), and not simple a gamble. What amounts simply to betting on scrip does the 1895, which according to the stories current today beat everything seen since the days of the South Sea Bubble.

THE HIGHWAY ACT.

A Ratepayer Who Is Not Much In Love With The Measure.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Sir: I notice that Mr. Rolison informed the councillors in session that those "stupid" letters that Mr. Bliss addressed to him were intended to enlighten the tax payers from a legal standpoint in things pertaining to the new road law. But the taxpayers think they were intended to belabor the government and Mr. Rolison should know that the taxpayers have intelligence enough to know law from politics.

Said Mr. Bliss to Mr. Rolison (see Gleaner June 18th). "The people of the province demand in the most emphatic manner municipal control of the highways. The new act meets this demand completely; in fact it goes one better for it places the entire control in the hands of the individual parishes." This certainly caused Mr. Rolison to smile for this M. P. had helped to appoint a partisan for each parish in York county long ere those letters were written. He also knew that

those partisan treasurers were entirely under government control and had just as much authority in directing the money and appointing officers as the councillors had. In fact they went one better, for they had full control of the cash boxes.

Mr. Bliss politely throws out some government feelers. He would like to see the poll tax put back to the two dollar mark. Well, when the Tories canvassed for Cricket they promised to lower the poll tax and we intend to hold them to their bargain. He also hinted we should try and get along this year without any government road money. The truth is we never expected any road money since the Chief Commissioner acknowledged on the floors of the Legislative halls that the government squandered about \$10,000 in the interests of the Tory candidates in the federal elections last October.

Yours truly,

TAXPAYER.

Stanley, July 19, 1909.

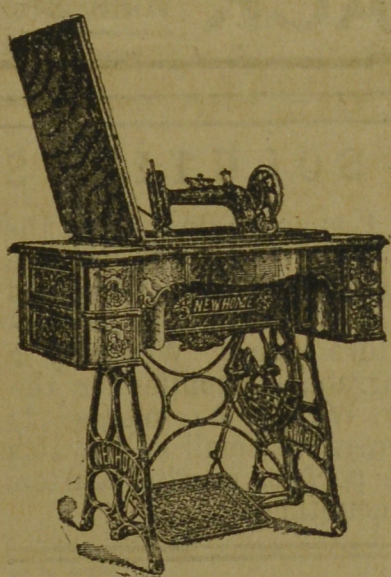
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