

All Standard Patterns Reduced to 10c. and 15c.

Buttons Made to Match Your Dress Materials. Orders Taken for Plaiting.

A Two Hour's Sale of Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Waists Will Take Place on Tuesday Morning From Ten Until Twelve O'clock

They are the regular \$5.00 waists, but will be sold during these hours for \$2.91. Made from good heavy quality of pure Taffeta silk, very handsome styles, and all the waists are guaranteed to be perfect fitting. The sizes are 34 to 44. These cannot be allowed out on approbation during the sale, but can be tried on in our fitting room.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 59 Charlotte St

Blazed Trail Stories

... AND ...

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE PROSPECTOR

In the old mining days out west the law of the survival of the fittest held good, and he who survived had to be very fit indeed. There were a number of ways of not surviving. One of them was to die. And there were a number of ways of being very fit; such as hiding an accurate gun or an even temper, being blessed with industry or a vital tearing ambition, knowing the game thoroughly or understanding the great American expedient of bluff. In any case the man who survived must see his end clearly through that end's means. Whether it were gold, peker, or life, he must cling to his purpose with a bull-dog tenacity that no amount of distraction could loosen. Otherwise, as has been said, he died, or beggled, or robbed, or became a tramp, or committed the suicide of horse-stealing or just plain drifted back east broken—a shameful thing.

Why Peter lived on was patent enough to any one. He was hard, cold, un-natured, and, in the estimation of hard-horn men, just "quarer" enough to be a little pathetic. Anyone who once caught a fair look at his narrow, hatched face with the surprised blue eyes and the loose-falling sparse light hair; or had enjoyed his sweet, rare smile as he deprecatingly answered a remark before effacing himself; or had chanced on the fortune of asking him for some trifling favor to meet his eager and pleased readiness; or none of these hypothetical individuals, and that meant about everyone who came in contact with Peter at all, could have imagined anybody, let alone themselves, harming a hair of his head. But how he continued to be a prospector remained a puzzle. The life he led, full of privations, sown with difficulties, clamant for technical knowledge, exacting of physical strength, dependent on shrewdness and knowledge of the world, Peter had none of these, not even in the smallest degree. There was also, of course, the instinct. This Peter did possess. He could follow his leads of crumbling brown rock with that marvellous intuitive knowledge which is so important an element in the equipment of your true prospector. But it was only an element. By all the rules of the game Peter should have failed long since should have "cashed in" and quit some five years back; and still he grubbed away cheerfully at divers mountains and many ranges. He had not succeeded; still he had not failed. He had made his "strike".

Three times had he made his "strike". On the first of these three occasions he had gone in with two San Francisco men to develop the property. The San Francisco men had persuaded him to form a stock company of certain capitalists. In two deals they had "frozen out" Peter completely, and recognized on a basis which is paying them good dividends. Returning overwhelmed with sophistries and "explanations" from his expostulating interview, Peter decided to know more about quartz leads than about business and the degenerating of pigs, so he went over into Idaho to try again. There he found the famous Antelope Gap ledge. This time he determined to sell outright and have nothing more to do with the matter after the transfer of the property. He drew up the deeds, received a small amount down, and took notes for the balance. When the notes came due he could not collect them. The mine had been resold to third parties. Peter had no money to contest the affair; and probably would not have done so if he had. He knew too little—or too much—of law; but the instinct was his, so he moved one State farther east to Montana for his third trial. This resulted in the Eagle Ridge. And for the third time he was swindled by a persuasive man and a lying one-sided contract.

A sordid, silly enough little tale, is it not? but that is why men wondered at Peter's survival, marvelled at the recuperative force that made possible his fourth attempt. Apparently, by all the rules of the game Peter should have failed long since should have "cashed in" and quit some five years back; and still he grubbed away cheerfully at divers mountains and many ranges. He had not succeeded; still he had not failed. He had made his "strike".

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Cuts in 2 Days

girl. The house was low, white-painted, with green blinds and a broad stoop. Its front yard was fragrant with lilacs, noy with crickets, fluttering with butterflies of sulphur yellow. About it lay a stony, barren farm, but lovely with the glamour of home. The girl was not pretty, as we know girls; but she had straight steady eyes, a wide brow, smooth, naturally bands of hair, and a wholesome, homely New England character, sweet, yet with a tang to give it a flavor, like the apples on the tree near the old-fashioned, long-armed well. Peter could gain no competence from the stony farm, no consent from the girl. It was to win both that he became west.

In those days around the western curve of the earth, every outlook borrowed the tints of sunset. Nothing but the length of the journey stood between a man and his fortune.

"I love you dearly, Peter," she had said, both hands on his shoulders, "and I do not care for the money. But I have seen too much of it here—too much of the lethargies that come from debt, from poverty. Misery does not love the company of those it loves. Go make your fortune, Peter, bravely, and come back to me."

"I will," replied Peter, soberly. "I will, God help me. But it may be long. I don't know; I have not the knack; I am stupid about people, about men." She smiled, and leaned over to kiss his cheek. "People love you, Peter," she said, simply. "I love you, and I will wait. If it were fifty years, you will find me here ready when you come."

"Peter knew this to be true. And so to the unpeopled rooms of the little old Vermont farmhouse Peter's gentle thoughts ever swarmed, like humming bees. In his vision of it the lilac bush outside the wind always smiled of spring; she always sat there beside the open sash, waiting for him. What wonder that he survived when so many other went down? What wonder that he persevered? What wonder that his patient soul, comparing the eternity of love's happiness with the paltry years of love's waiting, saw nothing in the condition of affairs to ruffle his peaceful serenity? And yet to most the time would have seemed very, very long. Men may blunder against rich pockets or leads and wealthy say farewell to a day which they greeted as the poorest of the poor. So many men win fortunes on a turn of the wheat market. But the years of waiting, prospecting, then the other is business. True prospecting has only the normal percentage of uncertainties, the usual alloy of luck to brighten its toil with the hope of the unexpected. A man must know his business to succeed. A bit of rock, a twist of ledge, a dip of country, an abundance or an absence of dikes—these and many others are the symbols with which the prospector builds the formula that spells gold. And after the formula is made, it must be proved. It is the proving that bends the back, tries the patience, strains to the utmost the man's inherent instinct of the metal. For that is the work of the steel and the fire, the water and the powder of explosion. Until the proof is done to the Q.E.D., the man must draw for inspiration on his stock of faith. In the morning he sharpens his drills at a forge. In the afternoon he may, by the grace of labor, his Master, have accomplished a little round hole in the rock, which, being filled with powder and fired, will tear loose into a larger hole with debris. The debris must be removed by pick and shovel. After the hole has been sufficiently deepened, the debris must be hauled into a bucket, which must then be hauled to the surface of the ground and emptied. How long do you calculate the man will require to dig in this manner, fifty, a hundred feet? How long to sink one or two such shafts on each and every claim he has staked? How long to excavate the numerous lateral tunnels which the Proof demands?"

And besides this, from time to time the shaft must be elaborately timbered in order to prevent its caving in and burying work and workman together—a tedious job, requiring the skill alike of a woodman, a carpenter, a sailor, and a joiner. The man must make his trips to town for supplies. He must cook his meals. He must meet his fellows occasionally, or lose the power of speech. The years slip by rapidly. He numbers his days by what he has accomplished; and it is little. He measures time by his trips to camp; and they are few. It is no small thing to make three discoveries—and lose them. It is a great thing to find courage for a fourth attempt.

Ethel to Gladys, who has witnessed a game of football for the first time.—"Was Reggie the eleven?" Gladys—"Well, dear, from where I sat it looked as though the eleven were on him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Cuts in 2 Days

DISASTER IN THE CHANNEL

Steamer Hilda Founders and Over 100 Passengers Perish.

London, Nov. 19.—With passengers and crew numbering more than 100, the South-western Railway's cross channel steamer Hilda foundered this morning and the majority of the persons on board were drowned.

The Hilda left Southampton Friday night for St. Malo, on the north coast of France. Her passage was greatly delayed by a fog in the channel, and when nearing St. Malo she ran into a severe snow storm, apparently missed her course, and foundered on the rocks off Jardin lighthouse, three miles from St. Malo. The company's steamer Ada, outward from St. Malo, rescued five of the passengers and one of the crew. These were taken to the coast of Brittany and it is believed are the only survivors, though an unconfirmed report reached Paris that seventy had been saved. The crew numbered 26 and there were about a hundred passengers, all Frenchmen, the majority being onion dealers from St. Briac and neighborhood. A telegram from Servan, adjoining the town of St. Malo, gives the few particulars yet available. The Hilda was near St. Malo Saturday morning. She struck the rocks at 4 o'clock Sunday morning in the roadstead off the island of Cezembre. She had missed the tide owing to bad weather and fog. The majority of the crew and passengers were asleep at the time. Two boats were lowered, one of which contained five men, arrived at Servan. The second boat was picked up empty at St. Cast, where thirteen bodies were washed ashore. The top of the Hilda's funnel and her mast are visible at low tide, according to the telegram from Servan.

TROLLEY CARS IN FATAL CRASH

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 16.—Two cars of the Springfield and Hartford trolley line collided head-on at a curve in Long Meadow four miles below this city at 2:10 o'clock this afternoon. Motorcar G. A. Charon, of this city, received injuries which he died two hours later, and about thirty passengers were injured. Some of the cars were overturned. The crash occurred at a sharp curve in the road, where the cars were crowded with passengers, about 35 in all and many were standing in the aisles. When the crash came the south bound car plunged through the vestibule of the Hartford car and telescoped it, crushing the motorcar and sending the passengers in a mass of broken wood and glass.

The accident was said to have been due to the failure of the south bound car to take the switch at the south end of the Long Meadow crossing. The injured were taken into nearby houses and hurry calls were sent for doctors and ambulances to this city.

Motorcar Charon was crushed in the vestibule of his car and his legs were torn off below the knees. Motorcarman Eugene Kilburn, of the other car saved himself by jumping before the collision.

George Taylor, Thomonville, spine injured. Mrs. A. Cope, Thomonville, broken leg. Frances J. Tierney, Thomonville, eye cut. William Kuss, Thomonville, side hurt. Maggie Moore, Thomonville, head cut and badly bruised. John Wilson, Thomonville, head cut, chest bruised. Ernest Taylor, Thomonville, head badly injured. Corneilus Connor, Thomonville, head cut and stomach injured. Daniel Carey, Thomonville, head badly cut and knee bruised. James Shean, Thomonville, legs injured. Mrs. Arthur Goldthorpe, Thomonville, back injured. William Taylor, Thomonville, bruised and shaken up. Mrs. Wm. Taylor, back injured. Two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, eight and ten years of age, cut in head.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

Leicester, England, is one of the towns which the opponents of municipal trading leave out of their list when they speak or write of the advantages of private enterprise in the big business of cities.

The half yearly reports of the gas, electric light and water departments of Leicester have just been issued. From these it appears that the net profit on the gas undertaking for the last year after paying interest is \$130,000. Out of this has been paid the half year's amount of sinking fund, \$36,000, leaving a balance of \$114,000. Of this \$25,000 is to be carried over for the relief of the rates. Last year this department contributed \$200,000 in relief of rates. The electric lighting works shows a net profit, after paying interest of \$30,000, of which \$17,000 has to be set aside for the sinking fund. The water committee's net profit, after paying interest and sinking fund charges, is \$37,500. This as in the immediately previous year will be carried to the special fund of the Derwent valley scheme, which is a huge undertaking for the provision of water for Leicester, Sheffield, Nottingham and Derby. (From Victoria Times, Nov. 7.)

Miss Ethel M. Johnson, who has been visiting in the city returned Saturday to her home in New Jerusalem.

Don't say you can't iron

because your previous attempts have not been successful as you could wish. It is next to impossible to have gooey starching with poor starch, and there are many poor starches sold in the shops. Colman's Starch is a good starch, a starch that stands the ironing test.

COLMAN'S STARCH

Sold in Cardboard Boxes.

See that Colman's Name and the Bull's Head are on the box.

Large sample for request from your grocer or from Frank Magor & Co. 403 St. Paul Street Montreal.

ON APPLICATION TO E. A. SMITH, 10 Water Street, St. John

THE GROUPING OF CHURCHES

District Meeting of United Baptists Agrees With Rev. A. B. Cohoe's View.

The first district meeting of the United Baptists was held in Havelock last week. The meeting began on Thursday and closed on Friday evening. They were opened by long devotional service in which Rev. D. Long, Rev. W. Camp and Rev. D. Hutchinson took part. The election of officers resulted in Rev. B. H. Noble, of Sussex, being elected as chairman of the district; Rev. A. J. Prosser, secretary, and Mr. Flewelling, of Hampton, treasurer, and an executive consisting of Rev. D. Hutchinson as chairman, assisted by a committee of four.

Following the transaction of business came a sermon by Rev. Dr. G. O. Gates. The subject grew out of the words "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto me." The sermon was thoughtful and very much appreciated by the congregation.

On Friday morning Rev. Dr. Gates, in the absence of the chairman, filled the chair. The financial problems of the district were considered. The district as a whole was asked to raise \$2,000. This was apportioned to the several churches, the largest amount to the Main and German street Baptist churches, \$500 being allotted Main street and \$400 to German street.

In the afternoon session, in addition to the business, a very interesting sermon was preached by the Rev. J. J. Stackhouse on the Uniqueness of Christ. He pointed out several particulars in which Jesus filled the position of isolated grandeur from the rest of men. The sermon was well delivered and enjoyed.

The evening service was preceded by devotional exercises, after which came reports of committees. That on by-laws was submitted by Rev. A. J. Prosser and adopted. The committee on the grouping of churches reported through the chairman, Rev. D. Long. After discussion and amendments the report was adopted. The district recommended that in St. John city, the towns of Sussex and Petticoat that there should be, if possible, a readjustment of the churches made.

Following the receipt of the report came the closing sermon, preached by Rev. D. Hutchinson. His subject was Moral Glory and Worth of the Church. He combated the idea that Christianity was a failure and showed by reference to history that there have been decided advances. The church to arise and shine needed to preach the gospel that saves. The doctrine of Christian stewardship must be recognized and obeyed and there must also be an increased effort to present the Saviour's commandments to have the gospel preached to all nations.

After the sermon the benediction was delivered by several of the delegates and the first district meeting of the United Baptists closed with the benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. Gates.

PILOT BLAMES WHEELSMAN

Pilot LaChance, Who Was in Charge of the Bavarian at the Time of the Accident, Says Wheelsmen Disobeyed Orders.

Quebec, Nov. 18.—(Special)—Pilot LaChance, who was in charge of the Allan liner Bavarian when she ran ashore on Wye Rock, gave evidence Saturday. He stated that after the accident the officer or engineer who was in charge of the steering declared that he had by mistake steered contrary to the orders that he (the witness) had given.

He said that in his pilotage he has always used the gas buoy on St. Margaret's Shoal as one of the leading lights, as also the gas buoy on Grosse Ile. He stated that the light bearing "lights and buoys of the St. Lawrence River" is misleading in many of its descriptions and details.

RESIGNATIONS

(Sir Wilfrid Laurier makes as follows after reading Longfellow's immortal poem.)

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no cabinet, however defended,
But that could have stood for Blair.

J. Israel Tarte for a brief space got busy,
And thought to raise my crown;
I'll bet my hat it made J. Izzy dizzy
The way I turned him down!

Some severance cause me melancholy
As, for example, when
British Colman's brand I find July,
That price of gentlemen.

Sir Wilfrid, too—from that staunch friend
I parted,
With tenderest regret;
Broad-gauged, div-brained, high-thinking,
and great-hearted,
I wish I had him yet!

I speak of Sifton with a shade of feeling,
For he is yet addresser
That it was just the squarrest kind of dealing
To choose that way to quit.

Let me be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
They stimulate newspaper contradictions,
And Opposition lies.

They are, at least, a kind of advertising,
And that, at least, some loss;
Since they must put a stop to vain surmising,
If Laurier is boss.

Here still am I! My years may be declining,
—Time's a hard one to rob—
But notice, friends, while others are resigning,
That I stay with my job.
—Toronto Star.

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Here still am I! My years may be declining,
—Time's a hard one to rob—
But notice, friends, while others are resigning,
That I stay with my job.
—Toronto Star.

Backache, "The Blues"

Both Symptoms of Organic Derangement in Women—Thousands of Sufferers Find Relief.



How often do we hear women say: "It seems as though my back would break," or "Don't speak to me. I am all out of sorts?" These significant remarks prove that the system requires attention.

Backache and "the blues" are direct symptoms of an inward trouble which will sooner or later declare itself. It may be caused by diseased kidneys or some uterine derangement. Nature requires assistance and at once, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years and the ablest specialists agree that it is the most universally successful remedy for woman's ills known to medicine.

The following letters from Mrs. Oakes and Mrs. MacNamee are among the many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those whom she has relieved.

Mrs. J. P. Oakes of Prince of Wales Hotel, Head of St. Margaret's Bay, near Halifax, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Canada, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "After what your Vegetable Compound did for me, I am a firm believer that it is a wonderful medicine, and that any woman who is troubled with any of the ills we suffer from should try it and she will soon be convinced of its worth. Six bottles changed me from a peevish, despondent, stinky, ailing woman to a sweet tempered, healthy one, who rarely ever has a pain now, and who believes was rarely without one. As a regular strengthener and a tonic, I think it has no superior and I certainly endorse it."

Mrs. Anna R. MacNamee of corner Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Queen and Wellington Streets, Kingston, Ont., writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done all the good in the world for me. I suffered with irregularities, backache and severe pains all through my body, and was very nervous and blue. I think I used a dozen different kinds of medicines, some prescribed by the doctor and some recommended by friends, but one bottle of Vegetable Compound put me together. My general health began to improve as soon as I began to use the Compound, and in three weeks I was a perfectly well woman."

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN. Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham. If there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand, Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given.

McNISH'S DOCTOR'S SPECIAL SCOTCH WHISKY Challenges the world!

Safest Whisky to drink, because each bottle carries a Doctor's Certificate of purity.

Sold by JOHN O'REGAN, 17 and 19 Mill Street.

GEO. PERCIVAL & CO., Sole Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.

GLASGOW FIRE'S MANY VICTIMS

Thirty-nine Men Burned to Death and Thirty-two Injured in a Cheap Lodging House Fire.

Glasgow, Nov. 19.—The most terrible fire that has occurred in Great Britain for many years broke out here this morning in a cheap lodging house for men in Watson street, and resulted in the loss of thirty-nine lives and the severe injury of many others.

The flames were first noticed at 6 o'clock this morning on the fourth floor of the building, which was occupied by 330 men. An alarm was raised and the firemen were speedily in attendance, but flames and smoke were then issuing from most of the windows on the fourth floor. An extraordinary scene was created by a procession of almost naked men, issuing from the door of the building and against their frantic efforts to escape the firemen had actually to fight for admission. Reaching the upper floor the firemen found that the narrow passages were becoming congested with men who dropped to the floor overcome by smoke. Fortunately the fire was confined to the fourth floor, and as soon as the firemen were able to get to work, it was speedily extinguished. The flames had been fed by the wooden partitions of the cubicles which threw off volumes of smoke, resulting in the suffocation of the inmates. Many on being brought to the street rallied in a few minutes, but others had to be taken to the hospitals.

The dead were mostly workmen in the prime of life. They presented a horrible spectacle, their blackened faces bearing evidence of terrible struggles to escape. Many men were sleeping in the attic floor above the burning fourth floor and these had narrow escapes. The flames burst through the floor and it was impossible for the men to descend. The windows were securely fastened and the men had to look down, but saw a respectable citizen with his hat jammed over his eyes. The man, in tones of apprehension, asked: "Did the brick hit anyone down there?" The citizen, with great difficulty extricating himself from the extinguisher into which his hat had been transformed, replied, with considerable warmth: "Yes, sir, it did; it hit me."

"That's right!" exclaimed the man, in tones of undisguised admiration. "Noble man! I would rather have wasted a thousand bricks than have you told me a lie about it."—The Gladys.

Ethel to Gladys, who has witnessed a game of football for the first time.—"Was Reggie the eleven?" Gladys—"Well, dear, from where I sat it looked as though the eleven were on him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Always Remember the Full Name **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Cuts in 2 Days

Doan's Kidney Pills

Kidney disease comes on quietly, it may have been in the system for a long time before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as scanty deposit in urine, highly colored, brick or cloudy urine, high temperature, frequent urination, stone in bladder, etc.

Perhaps you did not know that these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept growing worse, until Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Dropsy, and worst of all, Bright's Disease have taken hold of your system.

Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of anything wrong. There is no other safe way, (plasters and liniments are useless), as the trouble must be eradicated from the system.

Doan's Kidney Pills go to the seat of the trouble, strengthen the kidneys, and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Smith's Falls, Ont., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with my kidneys, and my back got so lame I felt miserable all over. After taking five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was as well as ever." Price 50c per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.