

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?



Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow. Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

LAME BACK.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, back, dist or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, occasional headache, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, wormed feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is also evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to secure a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read the generous offer in the St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 75c, and \$1.25 size bottles at drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

JEROME BLOCKS ACTION AGAINST GEO. W. PERKINS

New York, April 29.—The grand jury for April, upon the completion of its term today, returned a presentment to Recorder Goff, in which it declared that it had failed to investigate political contributions by insurance officials, because District Attorney Jerome had advised the jury not to do so.

The jury stated also that it had asked Mr. Jerome for the evidence against the insurance officials, and that he had opposed action because he desired first to secure an opinion from the appellate division of the supreme court of New York on the question whether political contributions constituted larceny. Justice Greenbaum, the district-attorney informed the jury, had already decided that the contributions were larceny, but Mr. Jerome expressed his doubts whether this ruling would be sustained by the appellate division.

"It is our duty not to indict in order to conform to what we assume to be public demand for an indictment," said Mr. Jerome. "Nor is an indictment simply an accusation in the eyes of the public. Whatever is done with that indictment it remains and always will remain an indelible stain."

Recorder Goff accepted the presentment and discharged the jury, but intimated that it had not done its full duty, although it rendered a signal service in accentuating the "unequivocal responsibility which now rests upon the district-attorney."

The jury, in its presentment, reported that on April 23 it had called upon Mr. Jerome to present the insurance matter which he had presented to the previous jury.

Jerome Wants Delay.

Mr. Jerome then advised the jury to let the matter go over to the special grand jury in May, and the jury assented.

Attached to the presentment was District Attorney Jerome's argument, asking that action be withheld. In it Mr. Jerome reviewed his action and that of the March grand jury in asking the court for a ruling as to whether political contributions were criminal. Mr. Jerome said the court's ruling was such that the March jury could not comprehend it.

"The court's instructions," Mr. Jerome said, "were that to steal is to steal a proposition tolerably elementary."

"The court not being willing to make a definite ruling," said he, "I was unwilling to present to another grand jury the questions involved in the contributions to political funds until we had an authoritative and definite ruling by a court."

Mr. Jerome then recited the arrest of George W. Perkins and said that as a result Justice Greenbaum ruled "that if a trustee of a corporation, especially a life insurance corporation, contributed its funds to a political party, that constituted larceny."

"That was the ruling of one judge," said Mr. Jerome, "It is not a clear and simple proposition of law. A lawyer as eminent as ex-Judge Tracy, who does not represent any insurance company or any per-

son connected with an insurance company, says that it is perfectly plain that it does not constitute larceny. Among others I may mention Governor Polk, of Missouri, Governor Dineen, of Illinois, from both of whom it has been possible to get their opinion."

The district-attorney's argument recited the appeal taken from Justice Greenbaum's decision, and continued:

"If Judge Greenbaum's decision is upheld, it will at once become necessary to call such people as Cornelius N. Bliss and George B. Cortelyou, men like that, who were connected with the political campaign without the state limitations, have them produce their books, see from what corporations they received contributions, and promptly proceed forthwith to indict the officers of these corporations. Are you thoroughly aware that would mean the indictment of a large portion of the financial officers of every large financial institution in the city of New York?"

Against "Absurd Haste."

"Now, why this absurd haste and desire when, by May 1, this thing is to be passed upon by five judges. The last grand jury, by a careful investigation and canvass on my part, satisfied me that I need not have got one vote out of the whole grand jury to indict on the evidence in regard to political contributions. I do understand that there are strange forces of character moving on the face of the waters at times in this city; and such a course as that, this eager, burning desire to force matters into a grand jury room before an authoritative ruling of a court is had, to my mind, to say the least, is peculiar."

"My personal opinions or decisions are not to be laid before you, gentlemen, but you understand perfectly well that there is a bitter conflict between the Morgan and the Harriman interests, and you know that that has been going on for some time. You know that the most prominent person in connection with the whole matter of contributions in the public eye is George W. Perkins, a partner of Pierpont Morgan, but as a matter of fact it would involve the chief financial officers practically of every great financial institution in the country."

If the jury insisted, he said, he would submit the evidence.

The jury did not insist.

Commenting on the presentment, Recorder Goff said the jury had acted within its authority and it was the duty of the district-attorney to have submitted the evidence.

Said the recorder: "It would not be the truth for me to say that you performed your whole duty. Nevertheless, you have rendered a signal service in accentuating the unequivocal responsibilities which now rests upon the district-attorney. I appreciate fully the difficulty which would be set an investigation of this character by the grand jury, unless you were aided earnestly by the co-operation of the district-attorney, your legal adviser, whose duty it is to prefer evidence formulated and presented to the grand jury."

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A GAELIC CHIEFTAIN'S WOOING

BY EDWARD S. HOLLOWAY.

Not only had Torcell no love in his heart for Ardanna, princess of the Fells of Erin, but there had entered him the whisper of another name, and when Orlaf, his father over-lord in Erin of the men of Lochlann, had again urged Ardanna upon him, he turned away in distaste as soon as he might, grasped his weapons and sped away to the chase.

Yet here he was, his back to a rowan tree, his eyes unseeing, while he murmured over and over one name: "Breast of Light, Breast of Light, An Uchd Solais." Haco the page had brought to his ears that name and the renown of her beauty, and last night Torcell had not slept.

Two birds fluttered from the tree to the lark gress before him, twittering mating. He threw back his head. "Even the birds have their choice and shall not I?"

That the choice did not seem easily within his reach did not trouble Torcell. His face lit up as he thought of the daughter of King Garaidh, the Celt, the bitterest enemy of the men of Lochlann. Well, he would look into her eyes.

"To the dun, Haco, and fetch two Celtic garments secretly, and two horses from the byre, the fleeces there, and food. We have a journey. We must be far away as the sun drops into the west."

An hour later two Gaels, or so they seemed, sat upon their horses. Two days later as the sun set, they forded with difficulty a madly rushing river.

"What dour churl is that?" laughed Torcell softly, as they reached the brink. Dour indeed he seemed as he scowled up at the two travel-stained men from his seat beneath the willows.

"Hast no fair word for fellow travelers?" asked Torcell, as they halted. It seemed that he had none at all.

Torcell's quick blood mounted to his cheek. Where bound I say? he sidled his horse toward him, and pricked him with his sword.

The man shrunk back, and Torcell's eyes were upon his face. "To the dun at Garaidh. What will he be to you?"

Torcell answered shortly "It may be much." He pointed to the harp which lay at the other's side. "Is there a feast?"

The harper looked derisively at the two dusty steeds, at the two men, unkempt, lest they should seem of too great importance.

"And will you be guests?"

"We shall," said Torcell quickly, "and let Garaidh should have as harper a churl with no fair word, I myself have a fancy to that harp of thine, and to that kilt which thou wearst so badly."

No sooner said than done. Torcell dropped from his horse. The harper was a child in Torcell's hands. Over his head came the kilt.

"And now," chuckled Torcell, "to cool your wrath." Seven times he soured the harper in the green, and then with his immense strength he lifted him above his head. "Grow not my path again. Now, swim for it." He hurled him into the stream.

In the black darkness outside the hall of Garaidh stood Torcell alone. A near as might be, in a hollow hidden by dense foliage, lurked Haco with the horses.

From within came the heavy step of warriors, the clash of weapons and of tankards, the din of many voices. Torcell pressed close to the wall of the dun.

"Where is Domhnall the harper?" came the deep voice of Garaidh—and Torcell laughed. He stepped forward to the entrance, unslung his harp from his shoulder. He passed within, bowed low.

"Will King Garaidh accept me in his stead? The last I saw of that dour fellow he was brooding the outside of the stream. I put him there to get a civil tongue."

Garaidh laughed a mighty laugh. He took in Torcell's great figure as he stood before him and laughed again with relish. "A sword would seem a better weapon in your hand than harp. Let us hope that you can play a mighty strain."

Bowing again, Torcell sat down upon the steps of the dais and struck his fingers across the strings. The firm chords filled the hall. And then Torcell opened his lips and sang—a moving ballad-romance of the Gaels.

As Torcell sang his eyes roved first about the hall.

Planked by his under-lords sat Garaidh. Near him, surrounded by her maidens, rested a figure all in white. Torcell let his gaze rest full upon her.

An instant the music faltered, then quickly sank into a sweeter strain. He turned his eyes away. Yet now he sang for one alone—for Breast of Light.

There was silence in the great hall, broken only by the clang of the spear of Garaidh, as it slipped from his armor-bearer's hand. He stopped to regain it. "Let be," said the king, impatiently, but now the strains died away in a cascade of faint, rippling notes.

King Garaidh voiced his thanks, and applause rang down the hall. Breast of Light with her maidens rose to retire. As the girl passed she looked up at Torcell towering above her and smiled enigmatically. "It is a mighty harper, indeed," Torcell stirred restively, and drew a sack among the men. In the nest of enemies his every sense was alert. A tankard was brought him and he quenched his thirst.

Again came the call for music, and Torcell stepped before the dais. Raising his harp, he glanced about him.

At the doorway stood Domhnall, the harper.

He came forward with dark, triumphant face. Seated waiting to approach the dais he threw toward Torcell an accusing hand. "I thought I had seen his face. Now, for all his disguises, I know him. It is Torcell of Lochlann."

"Lochlann! Gaill!" With hoarse cries the throng was on its feet and at him. Torcell dashed into the harper's face his own harp. Domhnall fell. From their sockets he wrenched the two huge beacons, hurled them about the room, and then the flaming brands struck among them. In the murky, smoky darkness a melee of men struggled, cursing.

"Guard the door," rang the voice of Garaidh.

noise of battle came along the passage, up the low stair. She stood trembling.

There was a sound at the window behind her. She turned. A great figure sprang into the room, dashed out the feeble light, stood, breathing deeply.

Breast of Light sprang back, her palms against the wall.

"I am Torcell of Lochlann, son of Ilafr. Denounce me, if you will."

Now the girl gave a low cry. "The harper?"

"The same."

"First disguised, and now seeking refuge with a woman?"

Torcell leaned back, laughing softly. Though his enemies swarmed about him, he seemed in no haste now.

"Refuge! I am liking that."

"What then," she asked curiously. "I came to take you for wife."

She drew up proudly.

"Listen," he said, in soft, sweet, Gaelic (made, was it not? for words of love): "There was a sound at the window behind her. She turned. A great figure sprang into the room, dashed out the feeble light, stood, breathing deeply."

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In brief, he finds the work thoroughly satisfactory and a first class job in all respects. The committee have drafted a recommendation on the lines of Mr. Jones' report and it will probably be submitted to the new council today.

Ald. Holder occupied the chair, and Ald. Pickett, McArthur, Sproul and McGoldrick were present, with the common clerk and city hall stenographer. The proceedings were private.

It was learned that Mr. Jones completed his inspection on Saturday. A series of questions had been submitted to him, and the answers were handed to the committee for their consideration. He stated that he had inspected all four cribs, which are now under construction. Numbers 3 and 4, which were started since the inquiry was opened, he found according to specification in every respect. With regard to cribs 1 and 2, Mr. Jones reported finding less than five sticks under 12x12 with wane, and very little butting except a certain amount in No. 2, which he specified, and on the ballast floors. Mr. Jones mentioned that the structure of the wharf was not in any way weakened by the changes which had been made, and he gave the opinion that the work was a first class job.

The committee expressed themselves as well satisfied with the way Mr. Jones had done his work. He had been over every stick in the cribs in spite of the recent bad weather, and the fact that he was in indifferent health.

It will probably be found when the report is made public that no particular reference will be made to any individuals who were prominent in connection with the holding of the investigation, as the committee are said to consider that the report of the expert will speak for itself as to how the work was done and if anyone was to blame.

ALDERMEN TRY TO STILL BE RETICENT

Not Willing to Admit Published Report if Caucus was Correct, but It Was—The Choosing of the Deputy Mayor—Council Meeting This Morning.

The members of the new council, or at least some of them, were going about yesterday with a pained expression on their faces. They were evidently concealing something they would fain disclose. It was all the result of that secret caucus on Saturday. Ald. Tilley came in for many hearty handshakes on having attained the new dignity of deputy mayor, and the alderman, by his manner, led his friends to believe it was the first he'd heard of it.

Ald. Vanwart appeared hardly to know if there would be a safety board in the new council, so indifferent was he to congratulations on being elected chairman. He was heard to remark privately that the idea of keeping the whole thing quiet was a piece of nonsense. It is recalled in connection with his appointment that some little time ago Ald. Vanwart openly criticized the head of the fire department.

Ald. Bullock was not at the eventful meeting, having been himself to Westfield for the day, so his inability to say whether he was still chairman of the treasury board was excusable. Mr. Sears was discovered in the common clerk's office, making enquiries as to the authority vested in the judges of the Supreme court to arbitrate in the matter of claims on the water extension, but that could hardly in itself be taken to indicate that the new mayor will be the next chairman of the water board. Notwithstanding, however, the air of mystery which surrounds City Hall, the forecast in yesterday's Telegraph that these gentlemen will preside over the boards mentioned is absolutely correct. The water board will, as foretold, be found to consist of but seven aldermen, with the mayor. Six names were given in the Telegraph yesterday: Ald. Baxter, Pickett, Bullock, Willet, Lockhart and Lantlam; the seventh is Ald. W. A. Christie. The selection is said to have caused quite a contest to secure places. Everybody wanted to be a member of the board that would handle the water extension problem, which are looming up. The surprising result arrived at is that only three of the old Aldermen remain on the board.

T. R. Wren, of St. Andrews, is at the Royal.

Guernsey, Channel Islands, April 30.—The passenger steamer Courier, with a crew of nine men, and carrying about twenty excursionists, foundered today off Sark soon after leaving the island, and sank immediately. Three members of the crew and one passenger were drowned, all the others being rescued. There is no explanation of the disaster.

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"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is now recognized as the standard from which the quality of other brands is judged.

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