

Catarrh

Is a Constitutional Disease

Whatever organ or passage of the body it affects, and requires a constitutional remedy for its radical and permanent cure.

It depends on an impure, impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood, which keeps the mucous membrane of the affected organ or passage in a state of inflammation, and causes an excessive, debilitating and generally offensive discharge; also ringing noises, headaches, partial deafness and weak eyes.

These are facts, not mere theories, and impress the importance of careful attention to this disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. By its purifying, enriching and revitalizing effect upon the blood, it allays inflammation and establishes healthy action of all the mucous membranes, removes the cause and effects radical and permanent cures of all forms of catarrh.

This is the testimony of thousands.

At the same time this medicine strengthens and tones the stomach, perfects digestion, and builds up the whole system. It combines the best specifics for Catarrh with the best stomach tonics, appetizers and digestives.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a Constitutional Remedy

Sold by druggists everywhere. 100 doses one dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Mig. Chemists, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

The most common and easily developed form of catarrh is nasal catarrh or catarrh of the head, which is greatly aggravated by the sudden changes of weather at this time of year. In the treatment of this catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla is greatly

aided by the antiseptic tablets, Anticapsules or Catarrhlets, a solution of which is snuffed up the nose and affords prompt relief, deodorizes the discharge and sweetens the breath. Price 50c. of druggists or promptly by mail.

C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

GREAT VALUES IN

Men's AND Boys' Overcoats

Men's Black and Grey Overcoats

regular price \$7.50, sale price **\$4.69**

Men's Overcoats, assorted patterns, reg. \$9 value, sale price

6.90

Boys' Overcoats, sizes 28 to 32, sale price

3.29

English Worsted One-Finger Gloves 12 1-2c.

a pair or two pairs for 25c.

Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

How Jimmy Got His Way.

Jimmy Franklin was a born electrician, devoting all his spare time to the study of his father and mother laughed at Jimmy's enthusiasm; but Jimmy declared that some day he would become a second Edison. His room—away up stairs, and separated by a hall from the other upstairs rooms—was a sight to behold. Wires and little work tables and tools were everywhere. A small telegraph instrument occupied a prominent place near one window of the room, and this could be heard to click, click by the hour at a time. Jimmy had a telephone wire of his own "contraption" (to use his boyish expression) connecting his room, and the room of his chum, Ted Jones, who lived several blocks away. Jimmy had also contrived a wireless telegraphic instrument, which was his pet for a long time and which had been in a measure surprisingly successful. But all the time that Jimmy worked, his parents—though indulgent—laughed at him.

One morning at the breakfast table, Mr. Franklin, while looking over the paper said suddenly: "Well, what do you think? The house right down at the corner—where the doctor lives—was burglarized last night!"

"Oh, and right in our block!" cried Mrs. Franklin, excited and apprehensive. "The next thing we'll be awakened in the

night with a gun in our faces and an order from a masked ruffian to hold up our hands! Oh, how mortally afraid I am of house-breakers! I'd rather meet a wild bull on the country road, without a chance to get away, than to have a burglar get into our house. He'd scare me to death, even though he did not touch me."

Mr. Franklin laughed at his wife's fears saying, that since the block had been so recently visited by a burglar they need not look for another attack in the immediate neighborhood for some time.

Jimmy sat silent, thinking. That day at school his mind wandered many times from his lessons, and when, during his history recitation, the teacher asked him to name the commander-in-chief of the American forces during the Revolutionary War, he quickly spoke up, saying:

"Edison, ma'am."

"What are you thinking about?" asked the teacher, trying to hide a smile. She had heard of Jimmy's devotion to electricity, and had heard his school comrades refer to him as Edison Jr. "What has Edison to do with the Revolutionary War, James?" she inquired dryly.

Jimmy's face crimsoned, and he muttered some sort of excuse for having made such a mistake in names. Then giving the correct answer to the question he felt like shaking himself for having

been so absent-minded, or rather for being so preoccupied with his own pet scheme. But, nevertheless, he found it just as difficult to keep his mind on other recitations that day, and during the arithmetic lesson, he made such inexcusable blunders that the teacher lost all patience with him, and, with a sharp scolding, bade him to remain after school hours that evening, when he might be able to get his mind on his books instead of allowing it to "fly about the world on an electric wire."

"Why, teacher," corrected Jimmy innocently, "a person's mind could not go about on an electric wire; it's only signals—"

"Never mind, James," said teacher severely. "We do not have time today for a lecture on the subject of electricity. You remain in after school and see if you can get that arithmetic problem through your head as easily as you seem to get an electric current."

And that afternoon, poor Jimmy, wishing so much to be at home—in his old workshop, among his wires and his tools—sat pouring over cube root and the father of our country, George Washington.

But there is an end to all things, even to a long school day. And at last, just as the shadows of night began to gather, Jimmy bounded into his own home, just in time for a good hot supper which he declared made amends for all he had been obliged to learn that day.

At table his father asked him what he had been inventing lately.

"Nothing of any size—except a scheme," replied Jimmy. "But if my scheme is O. K., I'll have no complaints to make, sir."

"And do you mind sharing the secret of your scheme?" his father asked, smiling at the pride of his little son.

"I'd rather not, sir," replied Jimmy. "You see, it's this way, papa. Suppose the scheme should fall through with—well, then I'd be embarrassed, you see. I'd feel sorry that I had said anything about it."

"All right, go ahead with your scheme in secret," replied his father. "When you are ready to tell your mother and me about it we shall be very glad to hear."

So the week wore away. Jimmy put in every waking moment—when not in school—in his workshop.

Then followed a strenuous Saturday for his mother who was asked to absent herself from the house for a few hours. She willingly complied, giving Jimmy the place to himself of all the afternoon when she returned in the afternoon she was met at the door by Jimmy who begged her to remain away a few hours longer.

"My dear son," remonstrated Mrs. Franklin, "I cannot stay out all day. And what are you doing?—wiring the house, I'm afraid."

"There'll be no live wires about for you to step on," promised Jimmy. "So trust me—for I know electricity from long handling of it."

There was such pride in Jimmy's voice and importance in his manner that his fond mother was forced to submit to his plan, and went to make a prolonged call upon some friends, leaving Jimmy in full control of the house again.

And that evening when Jimmy's parents came home for supper they found a very excited and happy boy. He was radiant, laughing and chatting. His long task—both of mind and body—was completed, and he came out of his meditative mood, finding tongue to talk about anything and everything.

"Well, I wonder what is going to happen," jested his mother, walking about on tip-toe, lest she tread upon some concealed wire.

"I'm almost afraid to step or to breathe," Jimmy is so full of anticipation that I'm expectant, and a bit—yes, I'll admit it—a bit apprehensive lest his wires should become entangled about us and cause a—"

"A short circuit, Mama," suggested Jimmy, laughing at his mother's ignorance of things electrical.

"And would that burn out a fuse?" his mother asked, glancing a bit uneasily toward the electric light fixtures in the room.

"Yes, or burn off a—well, a person's head," said Jimmy with mock gravity.

"Oh, child, don't jest so ruthlessly," cried his mother, throwing up her hands in horror; whereupon Jimmy and his father had a good laugh at her expense.

And then supper was announced, and the three forgot for the time being the subject of electricity. That is to say, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin had other things in their mind; but even as he ate a hearty meal Jimmy's mind kept wandering from the subjects of conversation to the development of his great "scheme."

At 9 o'clock Jimmy put away his books, for he had been endeavoring to study his lessons for Monday, and said good night to his father and mother. But he could not sleep for a very long time after going to bed, he was so full of his "scheme."

"What if it wouldn't work?" he asked himself. "I would be the laughing stock of the house. But it worked all right when I tested it from the basement and kitchen windows. It made enough racket to rouse a neighborhood, so it did."

But towards midnight exhausted nature succumbed, and Jimmy fell into a deep slumber. As he slept he dreamed that a terrible ringing of bells, followed by a melody of excited voices, was disturbing the usual quiet of the night. Then his dream turned into a sort of nightmare, for he dreamed that he was fighting with a burglar who had crept into his room to steal a handsome gold watch which his father had presented to him on his last birthday.

"Come, Jimmy, wake up, son!" It was Jimmy's father's voice; and Jimmy was roused from his nightmare by it. Also, alas, father was shaking him by the shoulder, and repeating: "Come, sonny, wake up!"

Jimmy sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Just at the moment his mind was a blank. "Yes, papa," he said, thinking it was morning, "I'll get out in a few minutes. What time is it anyway?" Why it's still dark! Jimmy had just realized that the electric light was burning in his room.

"Well, Jimmy, you'd better get awake and come down stairs. Your mother is waiting to congratulate you on having so successfully wired the house with burglar alarms. What do you think? A burglar attempted the basement door and the alarm went off under my bed. I jumped up, got my revolver and ran into the hall just in time to cover a housebreaker. He was standing at the glass-ash in the door, trying to open the lock. He had gotten in through a side window—where you had not placed a wire—and had filled a bag with the silver and other valuables and was making off by the back door in the basement when he, unaware, set off the alarm. As it did not sound in the basement—but went off lower than a can—beneath my bed—I had the advantage of the fellow. I held him with my revolver till your mother could recover strength enough from the shock to phone for the police. They have just taken the fellow off, and I came to notify the Great Electrician that his work is perfectly satisfactory, and I'm ready to sign a cheque for any reasonable amount he asks for."

Jimmy sat up and drank in the news, now wholly wide awake. So his work had been successful! A great pride overcame him, and for a moment he could not speak for his emotion. Then he asked in a calm voice:

"When you heard the noise beneath

your bed, Dad, what did you think it was?"

"At first I was dazed; then I remembered how busy you had been in the house all day, working at your 'contraption,' and instantly I knew the noise must be an alarm set off by a house-breaker. I told your mother my supposition, and she ran to the head of the stairs to receive orders from me should my surmise be correct. And it was true. There, in the basement, I got my burglar."

"Well, all I ask, Dad, is to be allowed to study electricity," said Jimmy, drawing on his clothes, for he was too excited and proud of his success to think of going to bed again that night.

"And you shall have your way, my son," answered his proud father. "You shall yet be 'Edison, Jr.,' mark my words."

And the two hurried downstairs to talk the matter over with Jimmy's mother, who was waiting for them, feeling in her nervous way that Jimmy had really saved their lives that night through the successful workings of his clever "contraption."

BADLY RUN DOWN

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue After Doctors Treatment Failed.

The life of any constant traveller is always a hard one, but those whose work compels them to take long tiresome drives over rough roads, exposed to all conditions of weather, are in constant danger of losing their health. The extreme heat of summer or the piercing winds of winter sap their strength, the kidneys become diseased or rheumatism sets in. What is needed to withstand this hardship is rich red blood—the pure blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone can make. These pills are the travellers never-failing friend.

Concerning them Mr. George Dalpe, of St. Eloi, Que., says: "I am a grain dealer and am obliged to make frequent trips, sometimes very tiring. I returned home from one of these trips last summer very much fatigued. I was overhated and tried to cool and rest myself by lounging on the verandah till late at night. I caught cold and the next day I did not feel at all well. I had a headache, pains in my stomach and was very weak."

I went to see a doctor but he said I would be all right in a day or so, so I started on another trip. I had not gone far before I felt very ill and had to return home and go to bed. I had chills, headache, pains in my stomach and kidneys. The doctor came to see me and he said I was overworked. He treated me for several months but instead of improving I continually grew worse. I wasted away almost to a skeleton and really thought I was going to die. One day my wife returned from the village with a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She urged me to take them, as she said they had been very highly recommended to her. I did so, and by the time I had taken four boxes I felt enough benefit to decide me to continue them and I took about a dozen boxes. They fully cured me and today I am able to go about my work without feeling fatigued."

Fatigue, on the least exertion is a sign that the blood is poor. Remember the red blood with good blood and labor will be a pleasure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, red blood. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, heart palpitation and the nerve-racking ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Co., Brockville, Ont.

WESLEY J. BAKER HURT

Carleton Stevedore Had His Ankle Broken at Sand Point Yesterday Afternoon.

Wesley J. Baker, a Carleton stevedore, had his leg badly broken above the ankle and narrowly escaped being killed while working in the hold of a bark at Sand Point yesterday afternoon.

Baker had a deal on his shoulder and was about to put it on a tier when a wing of dead piled in the side of the hold fell. One of the deal skinned his head and another struck him on the leg, breaking it above the ankle. He was carried out of the hold by the crew and driven to his home in Winslow street, where Dr. Day attended him.

The special price of a handsome cut glass pitcher offered by Mrs. J. V. McLellan for the best decorated stall at the recent bench show, was won by Mrs. W. H. Car-nall.

WESLEY J. BAKER HURT

Carleton Stevedore Had His Ankle Broken at Sand Point Yesterday Afternoon.

Wesley J. Baker, a Carleton stevedore, had his leg badly broken above the ankle and narrowly escaped being killed while working in the hold of a bark at Sand Point yesterday afternoon.

Baker had a deal on his shoulder and was about to put it on a tier when a wing of dead piled in the side of the hold fell. One of the deal skinned his head and another struck him on the leg, breaking it above the ankle. He was carried out of the hold by the crew and driven to his home in Winslow street, where Dr. Day attended him.

The special price of a handsome cut glass pitcher offered by Mrs. J. V. McLellan for the best decorated stall at the recent bench show, was won by Mrs. W. H. Car-nall.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 1/4-lb. and 1/2-lb. Tins.

Persian Lamb Coats.

We have a few Persian Lamb Coats on hand—Canadian Mink trimmed, made of fine, bright whole skins of Persian Lamb. These are our Traveller's Samples, and in order to clear them out we are prepared to offer them individually at the low price of

\$155.

Made in the Russian Blouse style, lined with heavy broadened silk.

We will alter them to fit purchasers, free of charge.

A. J. ALEXANDOR,

Manufacture of Fine Furs, 504-506 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Read and Profit

—BY—

WILCOX BROS.

OFFERINGS

—FOR—

THURSDAY,

FRIDAY

—AND—

SATURDAY.

120 DOZ. MEN'S 15c. LINEN COLLARS. Sale price 3 for 25c.
48 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.25 MOCHA GLOVES. Sale price 98c.
60 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.00 ALL WOOL BLACK SWEATERS. Sale price 69c.
25 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.50 ALL WOOL SWEATERS, all colors. Sale price 88c.
10 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.50 ALL WOOL CARDIGAN JACKETS. Sale price 98c.
75 DOZ. MEN'S 65c. WHITE DRESS SHIRTS. Sale price 42c.
63 DOZ. MEN'S 65c. STRIPE DUCK SHIRTS. Sale price 48c.
12 DOZ. MEN'S \$1.00 JERSEY FLEECE TOP SHIRTS. Sale price 75c.
20 DOZ. MEN'S 75c. WHITE DUCK OVERALLS, with Bibs. Sale price 42c.
300 PAIRS MEN'S 75c. BLUE DRILL OVERALLS, with Bibs. Sale price 42c.
MEN'S 35c. TIES. Sale price 25c.
MEN'S 35c. BRACES. Sale price 19c.
120 DOZ. MEN'S WHITE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. 3c. each.
MEN'S \$3.00 HEWSON TWEED PANTS \$1.98
MEN'S \$2.00 OXFORD TWEED PANTS 1.48
MEN'S \$8.00 BLACK FLEECE OVERCOATS 5.98
MEN'S \$12.00 BLACK BEAVER OVERCOATS. \$9.98
MEN'S \$18.00 BLACK MELTON OVERCOATS, Double lap seams. 12.48
MEN'S \$10.00 REEFERS, All Wool Frieze, Fur Lined. 6.48
MEN'S \$5.00 REEFERS, All Wool Frieze. 3.48
BOYS' \$3.00 REEFERS, Storm Collar. 1.98
BOYS' SUITS from \$2.25 to \$6.48
MEN'S \$18.00 OVERCOATS, English and Scotch Tweeds. 11.98
MEN'S \$3.00 KING HATS. 1.08
MEN'S \$4.00 SHOES. 2.98
500 Pairs MEN'S FELT SLIPPERS.028

75 Ladies' Sample Coats, no Two Alike.

LADIES' \$16.00 SAMPLE COATS, Fancy Plaids, Sale Price. \$12.98
LADIES' \$14.00 FANCY PLAIDS AND TWEED COATS, Sale Price. 8.98
LADIES' \$10.00 FANCY PLAIDS AND TWEED COATS, Sale Price 6.98
LADIES' \$30.00 ENGLISH BEAVER COATS, Black or Blue. 25.00
LADIES' \$18.00 ENGLISH BEAVER COATS, Black or Blue. 12.98
LADIES' \$14.00 ENGLISH BEAVER COATS, Black or Blue. 9.98
LADIES' \$8.00 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price. \$5.98
LADIES' \$6.50 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price \$5.00
LADIES' \$5.50 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price \$3.98
LADIES' \$3.75 SILK WAISTS, Latest fashionable cut. Sale Price. \$2.48
LADIES' \$1.50 ALL WOOL CLOUDS, all desirable shades. Sale Price. \$1.10
LADIES' \$1.25 ALL WOOL CLOUDS, all desirable shades. Sale Price.98
LADIES' .75c. ALL WOOL CLOUDS, all desirable shades. Sale Price.48c.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' .50c. ALL WOOL TOQUES. Sale Price.38c.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' .35c. ALL WOOL TOQUES. Sale Price.22c.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' \$2.25 ALL WOOL GOLF VEST, Sale Price \$1.65
CHILDREN'S \$2.00 WHITE BEAR SETS. Sale Price. \$1.48
CHILDREN'S \$1.50 WHITE BEAR SET S. Sale Price.98c.

Ladies, Get Your Corsets.

LADIES' \$1.25 P. C. CORSETS. Sale Price. 98c.
LADIES' \$1.00 P. C. CORSETS. Sale Price. 78c.
LADIES' .75c. P. C. CORSETS. Sale Price. 48c.
LADIES' .40c. TAPE GIRDLE CORSETS. Sale Price. 25c.
LADIES' \$1.25 D and A. CORSETS. Sale Price 98c.
LADIES' .75c. D and A. CORSETS. Sale Price.58
LADIES' .50c. D and A. CORSETS. Sale Price 39c.
25 LADIES' SHORT BOX COATS \$3.98 to \$9.00.
LADIES' SKIRTS, all desirable patterns. Fashionable cut, \$2.98 to \$10.00.
\$7.00 ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Sale price 5.48
\$6.00 ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Sale price 4.48
\$5.00 ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Sale price 3.98
SHAKER BLANKETS. Sale price \$1.25 to \$2.00 per pair.

\$5,000 WORTH OF

Ladies' Fashionable Furs!

To be sold at a discount of

20 PER CENT.

All are up-to-date Mink, Grey Squirrel, Muskrat, Sable and many others too numerous to mention.

Remember these prices are for

Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Try and supply your wants at our prices.

WILCOX BROS.

Dock Street and Market Square

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it is

It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

What it does

We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

What we do

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money. Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle \$1.00