

When You Feel Played Out

There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. Take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy

For Run-down Conditions

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by all druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

The grey-haired woman set a chair beside the table, laid pen and ink before him. He drew a well-filled note-case from one pocket, and opening that to get his check-book out, found, as he had known he would, that he might more conveniently pay cash for his new purchase. The woman looked well pleased when he explained that to her, and sat down in his place, as soon as he had counted out the necessary bills, to write him a receipt. When she had handed him that, it would have appeared that he had no excuse for lingering, but he had yet one more card to play.

"On second thoughts," he remarked as he moved toward the door, "I'll ask you to keep the small car for me till tomorrow, if you'll be so good."

"It was a simple enough request, but seemed to perplex her awhile."

"Will you come for it yourself, or send?" she asked quickly.

"I'll come."

"At what time?"

"Whenever it is most convenient to you."

"At this hour, then, and not later than tomorrow," she agreed readily.

"It is not that I would be disobliging," she added in haste, "but—"

"You have placed me under an obligation," Quaintance assured her. "I shall be punctual—at this hour, tomorrow."

He bowed, and, as he stepped down from the porch, she closed the door from within. He could hear a bolt shot behind him, and was glad that he had not waited to watch him go. Half way down the track, and well out of sight of trees, he motor carefully into the thicket between two trees which allowed him space and no more for that purpose, drew the green screen close again to conceal it, and went on toward the road again.

Appearing his conscience by means of such reasoning, he turned along the road, to his left, and followed it for a short quarter-mile, when he once more took to the road, turning left again toward the sea, threading his way through the tangle of undergrowth in the thick belt of trees which he had just left behind him.

He would find that never sufficiently to be commended bangle for her if he should have to spend the rest of his life there. He had already sat down, was untying his shoes.

"There's a bridge not very far up," she advised him gratefully, but he was dead to the hint. His way was clear to him again, and he had all his wits about him again.

"I know," he replied. "I came across it an hour ago. I was on my way to the bungalow on this side, to look at a motor."

He considered a moment, wondering whether he dared, and he did. "It's yours, isn't it?" he asked courageously, rising.

"She nodded careless assent, but corrected herself in words.

"Mrs. Smith's," she asserted indifferently. She was waiting until he should go on his way, to resume her search.

"Whereabouts did you drop the bracelet?" he questioned, but she shook her head.

"Oh, I can easily find it myself," she murmured. "You mustn't trouble about it. I thought you were merely going to cross the creek."

He turned and entered the water, leaving shoes and socks behind him. His purpose was sufficiently evident. He had conveyed to her that protest would be superfluous. She had no option but to acquiesce, and did so with a little more, half petulant, half amused. Which he did not see, since his back was toward her now.

"I've no idea where it may be," she warned him contradictorily. "I only noticed its loss when I sat down to pull on my shoes when I returned to this side."

"Don't fret," he answered cheerfully. "I'll find it for you."

She smiled again, half pleased, half displeased. He was so big and strong—so self-confident. A woman's intuition had told her that she must trust him. She prized the missing ornament for much more than its intrinsic value. As soon as she should have found it—and she had already spent a full half-hour on such quest—she would thank him properly, and proceed to do so as the first must first resume her discarded foot-gear.

For fifty years Nerviline has been a standard household remedy all over America. Many doctors and druggists use it in their own families because it is the strongest, most penetrating liniment made.

Beware of the unscrupulous dealer that endeavors, because of the extra profit on an inferior article, to induce you to take anything in place of NERVILINE. Large 25c. bottles at all dealers.

CULTURED.
"Is he a cultured gentleman?"
"Yes, indeed. No matter how pretty the servant girl may be, if he's your guest at dinner, he never notices her."

COLDS BRING HEADACHE.
LAXATIVE BRONNE Quinine, the world wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature, E. W. Brown.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



LINGERIE COSTUME SEEN AT PALM BEACH.

The summer girl was out in all her glory in the Southern summerland, and almost invariably her dainty afternoon frock in lingerie style was made of embroidery. The eyellet patterns are more popular, and such a pattern has been used here, the frock having the long lines and the fitted hip yoke, which will be universal this summer. The parafol is one of the new Parisian squares, with two pieces of Persian silk placed one over the other so that the eight corners come on the eight ribs of the frame.

CULTURE REQUIRES FEW BOOKS

(Mail and Empire.)

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that when he retires from the great university, whose head he has been for many years, there is one great task awaiting him. He is going to build a little shelf, three feet, or at most, five feet long, and range upon it all the books that anyone needs to read. Furthermore, he adds, that no one need read any of these books more than ten minutes a day in order to gain a place among men and women of cultivation. Coming from an educationist like President Eliot, whose knowledge of books must be inferior to that of no other man in the United States, a statement that consigns to the junk heap so many thousands of books, must attract general attention. Later on, perhaps, the names of the selected books may be given to the public, and the reason for President Eliot's somewhat revolutionary opinion debated.

The idea of a ten-minute a day cultivation is not new, however, and a writer in the New Orleans *Pleavine* points out that some of the most cultured of men have devoted only a few minutes daily to the reading that has elevated them. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, is a great believer in the culture derived from Greek and Latin classics. He has found it easier to remember Homer in the original Greek than to commit Milton's English to memory. Only a few moments a day Mr. Bryce devotes to this reading, but there are a few in the United States who have a better knowledge of the classics.

Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was a tremendous reader, but he told his equal, a celebrated cousin, Joseph, that "all that is worth while that has been written by Englishmen is contained in Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and Edmund Burke." Their writings he advised Joseph to study in his spare time, and he would after a while have mastered all the literature, outside his professional reading, that any lawyer needed to know. Homer, Virgil, Horace and Lucretius were always upon Choate's table, and he read them while dressing.

Governor Marcy, of New York, who, while a Senator, coined the famous epigram, "To the Victors belong the Spoils," was found dead with Plato clasped in his hands. James A. Garfield, the most cultured of American Presidents, used to read the classics while dressing in the morning. His days and nights were so fully occupied that he had to match a few moments when he could, if he was to

keep up the reading that was one of the delights of his life.

Mention of Macaulay and Roosevelt in the same breath provokes a smile, but one faculty they possessed in common. Macaulay had a wonderful gift of mastering a page at a glance, and a book of many pages in an hour. He would walk along the crowded streets of London, book in hand, recognizing acquaintances and avoiding collisions, and at the end of his walk he would have absorbed all that was worth knowing in the author's mind. Roosevelt could do much the same thing. So could Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun, who could read a newspaper, it was said, in ten minutes. Dana's favorite book was a treatise on botany. The late Thomas B. Reed, celebrated for his brilliancy, used to find a few minutes each day for reading one or other of the masters of English prose. In reply to a question he once said that the finest passage in English fiction was Thackeray's description of Rawden Crawley wrapping the banknote which Lord Steyne had given to Becky Sharp around the bullet with which he expected to end Steyne's life in the duel.

Joseph Chamberlain has told of how in a British Cabinet crisis Gladstone could not be found; and a long search revealed him in a "literary" drawing-room discussing with some cultivated Italian the recent translation into their tongue of Watt's lyrics. Gladstone, of course, was a great reader, but it is difficult to avoid the impression that he was something of a poseur, and anxious to display his scholarship, which was very superficial in some departments at least. Roscoe Conklin, a remarkable American politician thirty years ago, at a critical moment of his career was found absorbed in a book. Both he and Senator Hoar followed their literary style on that of Hooker, the best scholar in a handful of old authors, but a much smaller library than that desired by President Eliot would meet his needs. He carries a classic in his pocket, and reads whenever he has a spare moment. He finds in a handful of old authors not only a delight and an ideal recreation from political life, but a stimulus for greater effort. His veto messages are about the best written public documents of the day; and it is interesting as well as instructive to compare them with some of the deliverances of ex-President Roosevelt.

The yak is a native of the plains of central Asia. It is a species of cow or bullock. Its neck, flanks and the outside part of its legs are covered with long, flowing hair. Its tail is very luscious, being unlike that of the ordinary cow.

Mr. Seton-Thompson's office was accorded and five of these animals were placed on board the C. P. R. steamer *Montezuma*, Captain Potter, which left London on April 3, and Antwerp on April 8, arriving here yesterday afternoon.

The *Montezuma* also brought 44 steerage passengers—Belgians, Galicians and Austrians, all for western points. The voyage across was uneventful. No stormy weather was met with. The steamer followed the southern route and encountered no ice.

The *Montezuma* brought a good general cargo of between 3,000 and 4,000 tons. She had two excellent shire horses consigned to a gentleman in the west. None of the passengers were disembarked last night.

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SALOONS DOWNED IN THREE WARDS

Local Option Carried in Dukes, Victoria and Lorne Wards Yesterday

Dukes, Victoria and Lorne wards voted yesterday against the saloons and Lorne-down, by a small majority, voted for license. In Dukes the vote was 208 against license and 221 for license. In Victoria, 304 against, 230 for. In Lorne, 425 against, 277 for, and in Lansdowne, 212 against and 225 for.

There are eleven liquor saloons affected by yesterday's vote, as follows:

Dukes ward—John J. Connors, 276 Prince William street; John T. Power, 45 St. Andrews street.

Lorne ward—John McCann, 94 Bridge street; M. L. Day, 15 Hammond street; Wm. L. Savage, 205 Main street; Patrick Sullivan, 141 Douglas avenue; James H. Dalton, 112 Bridge street.

Victoria ward—Robert Conlon, 65 West-land road; Catherine Bradley, 91 West-land road; George Casca, 41 Marsh road; George Minge, 177 City road.

In Lansdowne the late 58 six was in jeopardy. M. J. Nugent, 132 Douglas avenue; W. G. Carver, 203 Main street; E. McBeath, 491 Main street; Robert Farrell, 89 Simonds; Peter Mahoney, 407 Main street; James McDonald, 285 Main street.

There was a rumor after the result of the vote became known yesterday that the liquor dealers purposed to contest the election on the question of the legality of the petitions.

TURN OVER TIME

When Nature Hints About the Food

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good then it is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work, much of it being office work of a trying nature."

My times were our busiest part of the day. Eating too much and too quickly of food such as is commonly served in hotels and restaurants, together with the sedentary habits were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

There was little relish in any food and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the thinner I got and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me along, strong and with satisfied appetite, until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape-Nuts, with complete satisfaction and much improvement in health and brain power."

"American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion and therefore need a food that is predigested and concentrated for nourishment." "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

LOW PRICES FOR ONTARIO BOOKS

Contract for New School Readers goes to the T. Eaton Company at 39 1-5 cents for the Complete Series

Toronto, April 20.—T. Eaton Company has secured the contract from the provincial government for printing and publishing the new school readers. The price of the complete series is thirty-nine and one-fifth cents, against \$1.15 before 1907, and fifty-nine cents the reduced price since that date. The Eatons are strong Liberals.

PROMISED SENSATION WILL NOT MATERIALIZE IN THE KINRADE CASE

Hamilton, Ont., April 20.—The Kinrade murder inquest will not furnish the sensation hinted at by some people, as the prominent man who it was thought might introduce remarkable evidence will not be called. Pinkerton detectives employed by the attorney-general interviewed the man for three hours and at the end they concluded that he knew nothing.

Pinkerton officers admit that, although they ran down every possible clue and covered a big area of territory, they had been unable to find any trace of Col. Warburton or his wife, Marion Elliott. The inquest will adjourn about 2 o'clock until Monday night.

ANANIAS CLUB NOTE

"I ain't insulins' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, and yer are one!" Friendly relations resumed.—Punch.

RETURNED TO WORK IN A WEEK

Mr. P. M. Shannon Cured of Catarrh by one Single Treatment of "Father Morrissey's No. 26"

St. John's, N. B., Nov. 23, 1908. FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD. For three years I had suffered from Catarrh in the head until March, 1903, when I had to leave my work, then in shipping sails, after trying a different-so-called catarrh cures, and two doctors who claimed there was no cure. One single treatment of Father Morrissey's prescription cured me and I returned to work in a week after starting to take the treatment, and have never had so much as a cold in the head since.

P. M. SHANNON. We have plenty of letters like this proving positively that "Father Morrissey's No. 26" Combined Treatment has cured hundreds of cases of Catarrh, generally after other treatments had failed. Why shouldn't it cure you? In justice to yourself give it a trial. Combined Treatment (Tablets and Salve) too. At your dealer, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N. B.

ABOUT THOSE FURS

With summer "just around the corner"—Warm days already here it's time to think of storing your furs.

In this connection it behooves us to say that our facilities for storing valuable furs are second to none.

You may still believe in the old method of Moth Balls, Cedar Chest etc., but you overlook the other potent factors—Fire and Burglary.

Your furs with us are safe from all danger and always at your disposal or for inspection.

The charge is only 3 per cent of your own valuation, and includes insurance. With such a small charge, security considered, we should hear from you today.

Call up Main 1023 or 1024 and Talk It Over

New Brunswick Cold Storage Co., Ltd. 672-690 MAIN ST.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS

The most reliable makes and in a great variety of styles and prices

Special Attention Given to the Repairing and Adjusting of High Grade Watches

FERGUSON & PAGE

Diamond Importers and Jewelers 41 KING STREET

OLDER BOYS' CLASS DINE AT WHITE'S

The Older Boys' class of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church Sunday school held their second annual supper at White's last evening. About thirty-five were present and, after partaking of a bountiful repast, the following programme was carried out:

Toast, The King; song, Ken. Bonnell; toast, St. Stephen's Church and Sunday School, proposed by Geo. Barton, responded to by Douglas McArthur; banjo duet, Messrs Hoyt and Paxon; toast, The Class, proposed by E. J. Robertson, responded to by Roy Barton and R. Hawker, vice-presidents; solo, Elting Brown; reading, Ken Bonnell; toast, Our Honorary Members and Friends, proposed by Roy Russell, responded to by Robt. McQuarrie and Ken Bonnell; toast, The Ladies, proposed by Arthur Ellis, responded to by H. Lordly, H. Lawton and W. Paterson.

Robt. Hawker, vice-president of the class, was chairman and toast master. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all present. A telegram from Rev. G. Dickie expressing his regret at his unavoidable absence, was read.

WILL BAR PRIZE FIGHTS

Seattle, W. N., April 20.—When asked about the proposal to hold the Jeffries and Johnson fight in Seattle this summer, President Colburn, of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, declared he would permit no prize fighting at the fair and that under the state law he could prevent such exhibitions. The sheriff declared that fighting would not be permitted in King county, and Mayor Miller made a similar declaration concerning Seattle.

SPRING TIREDNESS VITOL

or spring fever—is only natural. It simply means that you want an invigorator—something to brace you up after the rigors of winter.

VITOL will do the trick every time. Vitol will make a NEW MAN or a NEW WOMAN OF YOU. 50 cents a box, or a dozen for \$5.00. For sale at all druggists.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR MOST SOLID PLANK IN THE CONSERVATIVE PLATFORM

At the dinner of the Montreal Reform Club, Saturday, Hon. Mr. Graham, in proposing the health of the president, Mr. Jos. Lamarche, said: "The most solid plank of the Conservative platform is the typographical error."

The Gazette of the morning, said Mr. Graham, had announced that by a typographical error the report of the commission of inquiry into the Central Railway makes the stock distributed among the founders of the line \$430,000, while it should be only \$43,000. Typographical error.

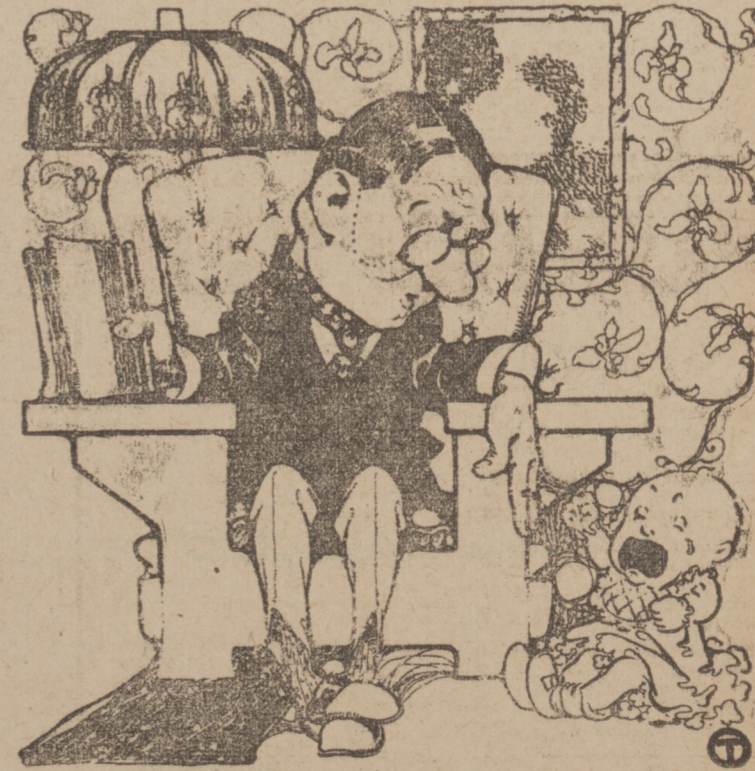
The Colonist of Victoria publishes a false telegram from Mr. R. L. Borden. Typographical error.

The Mayes affidavit gives the date 1907 instead of 1905. Typographical error.

The report of the Landry commission prints \$430,000 instead of \$43,000. Typographical error.

It is a singular thing that these typographical errors never occur except to the detriment of the adversaries of those who commit them, and the worst of it is that these gentlemen do not give the same publicity to the correction as they do to the error.—Montreal Herald, April 20.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



"I ain't insulins' of yer—I tell yer I'm simply callin' of yer a liar, and yer are one!" Friendly relations resumed.—Punch.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. Left side down, in mud.

