## Free Treatment for Sick Kidneys

WRITE FOR GIN PILLS

If you have suffered for years with kidney trouble—if you know your kidneys are sick, but have not been able to find anything that will help you—or if you suspect that you have kidney disease, write for a sample of GIN PILLS, the pills that cure. We don't ask you to spend a single penny, or promise to spend any. Simply take the box of pills which we send you free of charge. We leave it to you whether or not you will take any more after the sample box is gone.

RAT PORTAGE, October, 1905

I was troubled for about two years with kidney trouble, so common among railway men. I doctored in the regular way and took a great deal of medicine, but received no benefit. My fireman recommended Gin Pills, and I am pleased to state that after taking the first box I got relief, and while I am not taking them regularly, if I feel any indications of a return of the trouble, a few doses puts me all right again.

CHAS. SIMMONS, C.P.R. Engineer.

This letter is the experience of hundreds. They try doctors and drugs without relief, but they find the cure for their trouble in GIN PILLS. Take advantage of our generous offer. Mention in what paper you saw this, with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free of charge, a sample box of GIN PILLS. They are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50.

THE DOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

## WERE ADRIFT ON AN ICEBERG

### CREW OF WRECKED SHIP MADE THEIR CAMP ON IT.

**Not Unpleasant Until the Ice Began to Melt.**

(Seattle Post-Intelligencer.)

Sea captains have all strange experiences, but that of Captain Harry Turner, port captain of the Pioneer Tug Company, of Seattle, is unique in many respects.

Wrecked in the north, the whole ship's company drifted for three weeks in boats and on an iceberg, and during that time a dainty romance was developed and later consummated when the castaways were rescued. The experience of the captain differs from almost any other story of the deep, in that not one of the many people on board were lost or injured.

For the last few years the captain has been on the Sound, and there are few men better known in shipping circles than he is.

"I was second mate of the British barque 'Sunderland,', owned by Cawdle Forbes & Co., of London. She was chartered by a Montreal firm to carry a load of cement to Quebec, Canada. On this voyage the captain was accompanied by his young wife, and a girl friend of hers. The young lady's name was Mary Anstruther, and she was one of the most beautiful girls that I ever laid my eyes on. We were all in love with her as soon as she set foot on deck. She was making the voyage for her health, as she was on the verge of nervous prostration, or something like that, caused by too many parties, balls and pink teas.

"Twenty days from London we struck a fog bank, and then our troubles began. We were anxious to make a quick passage, but the fog meant reduced speed. Day after day went by, and still no sign of a letup in the gray mist that enveloped us like a pall. Twelve days went by, and during that time we never caught a glimpse of the sun or the stars, and of course could not get an observation. In the two weeks that we were in the fog the captain aged ten years, for he was constantly thinking of his wife and her friend. He was on the bridge most of the time, and seldom left except for an hour or two of sleep and a bite to eat.

"In the morning of the thirteenth day in the fog I was on the bridge, when I smelled ice. I at once sent a boy to call the captain, who had just turned in, and when he came on deck he too noticed it. That rendered our position more perilous than before, but all we could do was to keep even a better lookout than ever. While we were on the fo'c'sle head right before us loomed a white wall that sparkled and glimmered in the dim light. Before we could shout to the man at the wheel to put her hard down the crash came. We were then making eight knots, and the force of the collision was such that it stove in the vessel's bow clear up to the heel of the foremast. Both the captain and myself only escaped by springing.

BACK LIKE A SHOT.

"The vessel was a total wreck and had only a few minutes to live. The scene on her decks was terrible; the masts had fallen, and confusion reigned. Cries from the women, curses and yells from the crew, and above all the roar of the surf against the berg made a chaotic scene never to be forgotten. The captain was the only cool one on board. The accident seemed to have lifted a weight from his shoulders. Men can often face a real danger much easier than they can anticipate one.

"He took command of a few of the men and soon had the long boat, which had been secretly prepared for any such contingency, launched, and the women were hustled in like a flash. I was given command and told to shove off but the captain's wife would not leave him, and we had to wait until the other boats were launched and every one safe from the vessel before the captain would come in and allow us to shove off. We were not more than fifty yards from the vessel when she threw up her stern and went down, nose first.

"We were, of course, cast down, but soon started to look ahead and try to figure out what would become of us. There were ten of us in the long boat, two women, the captain, myself and six sailors. We had three hogsheads of water and quite a large amount of food, so had no fear of starving.

"What did hurt us, though, was the fact that no more than three hours after the ship struck the fog cleared and from that time we saw scarcely any. But the sight that we did see caused us to wonder how we had escaped so long, for we were in a perfect field of ice. There were seven large bergs within the radius of a quarter of a mile, and we were in the centre. It was a mystery how we escaped striking before. Of course it was cold, so cold, in fact, that we had to row to keep warm. The little boat seemed awfully cramped after the big vessel, but we made out as well as could be expected. The women bore up remarkably well, but I could see the captain's wife had a hard struggle to keep back the tears. We drifted all that night, and by morning were so cold and stiff that we were ready for anything.

"Finally one of the men suggested that we try to climb the berg that had sunk our vessel. The suggestion was no sooner made that we were all eager to try it. But climbing it was more difficult than we thought. The sides were almost smooth, and after seeking in vain for a sloping face we gave it up and pulled to another smaller one about two miles off. That one had a long wheer to the water and we had no difficulty whatever in getting on board. We piled all the quilts and blankets on the ice and made a tent for the women, which at first they refused to occupy, stating that they would take their chances with the rest of us, and would not have anything

BETTER THAN THE REST.

"But a few hours in the cold made the little tent with its warm blankets look more welcome, and they finally crawled in. We got all the stores up from the boat and piled them safely on the berg. The top of the berg was flat and made a beautiful roof garden. Anyway, it was a welcome retreat for us, and it gave us a chance to stretch our legs and exercise enough to keep the blood circulating.

"We had a small alcohol stove, and over that the women cooked our first supper. It tasted fine. It was only fried ham and biscuit, washed down with a small amount of black coffee, but never in my life did anything taste better. The hot coffee was particularly fine. After getting things straightened up we arranged for watches, so as to be sure never to miss any passing vessel. I had the first watch, and to tell you the truth I enjoyed it. The top of the berg was 100 feet above the water, and as the night was fine and clear a beautiful view was to be had.

"The ice itself shone and sparkled in the moonlight, and at its foot the waves broke into silvery sheets of foam, while the sea all around glimmered from the light of the moon, which bathed everything in a radiance that to me is far more beautiful than the more brilliant light of the sun. I paced up and down and tried to figure out some method of escape. But I knew as well as any of the rest that the only chance was to be picked up by some passing vessel. I did not think much of the plight of myself and the other men, but the position of the women worried me considerably. However, all any of us could do was to grin and bear it.

"In the morning breakfast was served, as was supper the previous night, and we all enjoyed it immensely. I started to help Miss Mary, but the first mate hurried up, and, pushing me aside, helped her himself. I saw right away that he was sailing close to the winds in that direction, and that unless he dashed his hopes against

AN UNFORSEEN ROCK,

I would surely dance the hornpipe at a wedding if we ever got ashore. Seeing the lay of the land I let them alone and gave the tip to the men to get away from them whenever they were promenading on the berg, which happened quite frequently. Morgan was a fine young man and bright as they make them. He belonged to a good family in England, but had been a little wild at one time, and they shipped him as an apprentice in order to keep him out of mischief. He liked the life and soon rose.

"Well, we all had great sport watching this wooing on an iceberg and wondering if it wasn't rather cold work. But, judging from the way he went about it, ice does not cut much figure when it comes to a sailor making love. Before we were on the berg ten days they were cooing like a couple of Mother Carey's chickens that had lost their ma.

"As we drifted further south the ice gradually melted and became honey-combed until it was unsafe. We then had to take to the boats once again and strike out for the track of the Atlantic vessels. Two days after leaving the berg we saw smoke on the horizon. Then we began to pull. We pulled until our arms were almost pulled out of the sockets, but we got close enough to make ourselves seen. We were picked up by the steamer "Nottingham" and taken to Liverpool.

"Of course, they made much of us, and wondered how we had survived the "terrible experience" on the ice, but to tell you the truth I doubt if I ever had a more pleasant outing in all my life. No one was killed, injured or even sick, and the best of it was that the sailors were all intelligent young fellows that knew how to obey orders and not make themselves obnoxious. Then, too, with the little romance to enliven things a bit, I really had a fine time.

"Three weeks after reaching London Morgan and Miss Mary were married, and we all attended the ceremony. Of course, her parents at first objected strenuously to the match, but you know how these things adjust themselves."

**For Adoption.**

A baby boy, six months' old, healthy. For particulars apply to Dr. White, President, or E. E. Sharpe, Secretary of C. A. Society.—dw1.

**Danger next door**

Perhaps its diphtheria or scarlet fever. Keep your own home free from the germs of these diseases. Prevent your children from having them. You can do it with our Vapo-Cresolene. Put some Cresolene in our vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the vapor fill the sleeping room. Have the children sleep in the room every night, for it's perfectly safe, yet not a single disease germ can live in this vapor. Ask your doctor about it. 6s

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including a bottle of Cresolene complete, $1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. LEEMING, MILES CO., Ltd., Agents, 382 St James St., Montreal.

## Uncle Hewitt's Highwayman

Lulu Linton in Youth's Companion.

Down the path toward the barn trudged Uncle Hewitt, his lantern casting splashes of light out into the darkness of that hour which comes just before daybreak.

The wagon had been loaded with produce the night before, so that when he had harnessed old Bets he would be ready to start on his drive of twenty miles to the city. He was congratulating himself upon his early start when the kitchen door opened with a creak, and Aunt Mandy called in cautious tones, "Hewitt, O Hewitt, you'll be careful on the way home, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be careful," he called back cheerily.

"And don't forget to put your money in the sack and pin it inside your vest with that safety pin I gave you."

"I won't forget," he answered, still walking on.

The kitchen door closed, then opened quickly with a decided squeak, and Aunt Mandy called, in an exaggerated stage whisper, "Hewit, O Hewitt!" and the whisper reached him down the length of the yard, "What you want?" he asked, a trifle crossly, for he did not like to be detained.

"Are you sure you've got the pistol?"

"Yes, I'm just as sure of it as I've been every time I've started to the city for the last fifteen years, and just as sure I won't have any use for it, and I'll say right now that this is the last time I ever intend to carry the old thing along."

He shut the yard gate with a bang that put a stop to all further warnings from the kitchen door.

Out upon the road he started old Bets at a brisk trot, meaning to cover a good part of the drive before the sun came up.

His lantern cast shadows upon each side of the familiar road, making it look strange and ghostly.

"Taint much wonder Mandy worries and feels uneasy about me," he mused. "As many trips as I make before day and after night, it does seem a bit risky, and always coming home with money, too, but as for that highway man of hers that she's always conjuring up that's too ridiculous for any use. I guess the day's past for highwaymen in this civilized country, leastways about here," and he chuckled as he thought of the many times he had listened to his wife's admonition from the crack of the kitchen door.

The sun rose upon a glorious autumn morning, and Uncle Hewitt jogged into the city in time for early market. The load of produce sold unusually well, and by a little after noon Uncle Hewitt was ready for the return trip.

After he had passed the city limits he stopped old Bets by the roadside, and put the proceeds of his sales into the little bag stitched by Aunt Mandy's careful fingers for this purpose. He pinned the bag inside his vest with a safety pin and then started again on the homeward trip.

When about half way home he saw in the road just ahead of him a dapper young man, who walked with a slight limp. As Uncle Hewitt drew up even with him, the stranger looked up and asked, with a pleasant smile, "Could you give a fellow a lift for a few miles?"

"Well, now, I reckon I can, if you think riding behind old Bets will be any quicker way of getting over the road than walking," Uncle Hewitt responded.

"It may not be any quicker, but it will certainly be easier for one who is slightly crippled, and I'm sure I am very grateful to you."

"This ain't a stylish rig," Uncle Hewitt said, as he moved over to make room on the seat for his passenger. "It's just my market-wagon, but it's a good one, and has hauled many a paying load for me."

The young man proved a good listener, and as Uncle Hewitt liked nothing better than a good listener, he waxed eloquent in his description of the market business and the management of a paying truck-farm.

The young man asked such very intelligent questions at such opportune times that Uncle Hewitt's heart warmed toward him and he was soon telling him with the utmost freedom of his success of the day, of the early selling out, and of the round sum the produce had brought him.

The talk continued on various lines of farm work, until in the midst of a dissertation on the value of rotten wood used as a fertilizer to start sweet potato beds properly, Uncle Hewitt was interrupted by the young man exclaiming, "O what is that? Over there just behind the big tree! Look quick!"

Uncle Hewitt looked, but saw nothing unusual. When he turned again toward his companion he saw something very unusual—the muzzle of a shining revolver confronting him!

The young man was smiling, and said pleasantly "I was out looking for game, and I am very lucky in finding you on one of your most successful days. No, you needn't make any disturbance. I happen to know that the country is not thickly settled just here and you can't obtain help. Just hand me the proceeds for today, please, and you may keep your watch and other valuables."

Uncle Hewitt started to open his mouth, but the look in the young man's eyes and a little click near his own eyes caused him to open his vest instead, and hand over the little bag containing the precious funds.

The young man bowed politely; then, as he climbed from the wagon, he said, "I wish to thank you for your kindness, and in return let me give you a bit of advice. Don't make it a custom to take in strange passengers and give them your confidence. Good-bye, Mr. Hayseed!"

And he started back toward the city with no sign of a limp.

That appellation of "Mr. Hayseed" was the last straw added to Uncle Hewitt's blazing temper. It was bad enough to lose so much of one's hard earnings, but to be ridiculed afterward was intolerable. He allowed old Bets to plod on, but he reached down, and groping under the seat, brought out the old horse-pistol, and slipping out over the tailboard of the wagon, he started in pursuit of his former passenger. The rattle of the wagon and the thud of old Bets' feet drowned the sound of his approach as he gained on the fellow. He came up behind him and shouted suddenly:

"Halt! Throw up your hands, or you'll be a-limping in earnest in about a second."

Turning suddenly the young man felt the cold touch of the pistol against his forehead, and, taken so completely by surprise, he obeyed orders fully as promptly as had his victim of a few moments earlier. The old pistol was certainly a most formidable-looking weapon and the persistency with which Uncle Hewitt pressed it to his forehead was terrifying, to say the least.

"I'll take your revolver first," Uncle Hewitt said, firmly, "and you needn't make any resistance, for I know how to use this old-fashioned kind all right." The shining revolver was transferred without delay from the young man's pocket to Uncle Hewitt's pocket.

"Now I'll trouble you for that little sack of mine," and the sack changed pockets. Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, Uncle Hewitt said:

"Thank you for your kindness. You may keep your watch; it's a bit slow." He raised the shining revolver on a level with the young man's eyes, and, with his finger on the trigger, asked:

"Shall I try this thing, to see if it is in working order."

The young man's face grew ashy white. "For heaven's sake, don't!" he pleaded.

"Oh, that's all right, I won't. I just wanted to know if it would work. Mine won't. It hasn't been loaded for more than ten years, and it couldn't be loaded, for the insides are out of repair. I just carry it to satisfy my wife, but hereafter I'll feel the need of a good one. I'll be more generous with you than you were with me; I'll exchange weapons. I want to keep this shiny pistol as a little souvenir of our pleasant acquaintance. Good-bye, Mr. Bunco!"

Uncle Hewitt started on a clumsy run down the hill, overtook the slow-moving wagon, climbed in over the tailboard and chirruped to old Bets, who had not missed him. The young man, when he had looked dazedly after the wagon, threw the heavy old pistol as far as he could send it into the bushes by the roadside.

Aunt Mandy listened with wide eyes to the story of Uncle Hewitt's adventure, and at its close she said in somewhat shaky tones, into which there crept a distinct note of satisfaction, however:

"Hewitt, you know I always warned you to be careful, and I always told you there was danger of meeting a highwayman. Maybe you'll pay more heed to my warnings after this"

"Highwayman! He wasn't none of them highwaymen like you're always been warning me about!" snorted Uncle Hewitt. "Didn't I tell you he was dressed like a gentleman, and was just as pleasant as pie? And as for your warnings, I guess I proved I'm able to take care of myself." Then he added, triumphantly, "I told you I'd never carry that old horse-pistol with me again, and I won't."

SURPRISE

is pure hard soap made of the finest grade material by the best available skill with the latest and most approved type of machinery, and is sold at the same price as ordinary soap.

## FISH POACHER CONVICTED.

**Wm. McPherson, of Omemee, Fined for Snaring in Pigeon River.**

Last Friday Police Magistrate McSweyn held court in Omemee, when it was represented that William McPherson had been doing illegal fishing at different times for some years past. Further disregard of the law in this respect will likely receive a setback, as other offenders will not like paying heavy fines for their illegal amusement.

The complaint was lodged by Fishery Inspector Toole, who is fulfilling Mr. Geo. Fitzgerald's duties, the latter being on the sick list. It seems that McPherson had been using a wire snare and a decoy through a hole in the ice on Pigeon river. When the case came up yesterday the defendant pleaded guilty, and was fined $8 and costs, or $12.10 in all.

**Dangers of a Cold and How to Avoid Them.**

More fatalities have their origin in or result from a cold than from any other cause. This fact alone should make people more careful as there is no danger whatever from a cold when properly treated in the beginning. For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been recognized as the most prompt and effectual medicine in use for this disease. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

## DOWN ON THE OCEAN'S BED.

### AWFUL PANORAMAS OF DEATH AND DISASTER.

**Gold by the Ton Known to be There, But is Not Recoverable.**

An Italian engineer, who has developed a means of protection by the aid of which he can descend to a great depth, in discussing his experience on the ocean floor, says:

"One curious fact attending these submarine explorations is afforded by the light, which forms a strange blend of green and violet, the color being a little similar to that of the caverns which are to be seen in icebergs. At a depth of thirty-five yards the light begins to get more and more diffused, and the sun viewed through the mass of superincumbent water appears like a reddish opaque globe, but—and this is somewhat strange—when sheltered from the rays of the sun (behind a rock, for instance) the stars become visible even at midday.

"One day, just about noon, I saw a never to be forgotten sight at a depth of 129 feet. The sun was right at the zenith. The bottom upon which I stood consisted of white sand, and the reflection of the light upon the snowy carpet gave me the impression of standing upon a plain of molten gold. At a depth of 220 feet the obscurity is complete; at 327 feet the darkness is impenterable, and it is necessary to have resource to electricity for purposes of vision. I use electric lamps of 10,000 candle-power, but even these cannot diffuse their light beyond a radius of ninety feet. A most tragic spectacle is then presented by sunken vessels, broken boats, splintered hulls, gaping decks and broken masts."

No scene of horror can be surpassed by the awful panoramas of death and disaster which have been witnessed by Engineer de Piury in the course of his professional experience as a diver.

"In the vicinity of Ostend," he relates, "I was requested once to examine the wreck of a vessel which had sunk not long before. This was the occasion upon which I was assailed by a veritable horde of those giant crabs of which I have already spoken. They were at the time busy devouring the corpses of the dead sailors. One of these monsters seized me by the leg, which would have been crushed, as it squeezed by jaws of steel had it not been protected by the powerful armoring of my diving dress. I had a kind of sword in my hand, with which I succeeded in killing two of these monsters; the shells I still possess.

"All objects at the bottom of the sea are covered with a kind of curious powder, and a terrible gloom and silence prevails. What a scene of melancholy! The floor of the ocean is strewn with bones, not a few of them of human origin. A very singular fact which I have observed is that the sea for a certain period of time keeps bodies in a perfect state of preservation. I once visited the hull of a vessel which had gone down with all hands.

"The crew were mostly asleep at the moment when the disaster occurred, and had thus practically passed instantaneously from sleep to death. So far they had not been bitten or gnawed by any fish, as most of the hatchways were closed. The men still appeared as if asleep. There they lay, wrapped in a calm and mysterious slumber. I approached, and climbing down to the hatchways, touched one of the corpses with one hand; the flesh seemed to dissolve and vanish under my hand, leaving nothing but a grinning skeleton!

"And the treasures of the seas! Millions alone are engulfed not far from Vigo. Personally, I have never been there, but one of my men once went down there clad in the old diving dress. The unhappy man died almost directly he reached the surface again, but he had had time to see several galleons lying at the bottom, with the masts still standing and the timber-work still sound. These, of course, were some of the famous treasure ships, but I do not think it would be possible to recover them. All metals would have been destroyed by rust by now, as they have been below water ever since 1707.

"I have seen personally the vessel which, about 1808, was conveying Napoleon's treasures to Holland, but it was wrecked en route and sank with 100,000,000 of gold on board. Of these, 55,000,000 have been recovered, but the remainder, as I have said, is still in the bottom of the ocean. The Prince of Monaco states that he has found near Cyprus a galley still full of objects of art at the bottom of the ocean. This is where submarine boats will have such a great future before them, as, by their aid, we shall one day be able to explore unknown deep sea grottoes, rich in unknown forms of life, vaults full of untold wealth, and the tomb of many a poor sailor."

**Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Absolutely Harmless.**

Every mother should know that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly safe for children to take, as it contains nothing harmful. For sale by all druggists.

**The Childless Rich.**

Andrew Carnegie has no son and only one daughter, so his hundreds of millions will start no line of Carnegie kings. Russell Sage has neither son nor daughter, and his fortune will be scattered among strangers. Leland Stanford had only one son, and he died. C. P. Huntingdon had no children. Percy Belmont has no children. And three of the younger Rockefellers, although married for ten years or more, have no children. So we might go on through the list of millionaires, and while we should meet with some exceptions, like Wm. H. Vanderbilt with eight children, George Gould with six and J. P. Morgan with four, we should quickly establish the fact that the average number of children in our very rich American families is far below the general average; instead of approaching four it would probably not reach two. And I have it on the authority of Dr. Guilfoy, registran of vital statistics in New York, that the Fifth avenue residence section, where our multi-millionaires live, shows by far the lowest birth rate of any section in the city.

## Scarecrows.

The term is almost a misnomer, nowadays. For the "century-living crow" has been schooled by experience. The scarecrow doesn't scare him. Investigating ornithologists say that he can tell a gun from a stick and can count up to seven. Evidently the crow has progressed from the ignorance of his ancestry.

The crow is in some things in advance of the human family. There are scarecrows which scared our grandfathers, and which are just as fearsome to us. In spite of the fact that some scientific investigators say, "There's nothing to be afraid of. A scarecrow can't hurt you," the bulk of men and women still believe the scarecrow is a powerful and destroying fetish.

This attitude is most marked in relation to certain forms of disease. In diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs, for instance, it is the custom to assume that there is no cure for the cough, no help for the hemorrhage, no healing for the lungs. The scarecrow, *Consumption*, is set up, often taking the form of some inexperienced and unskillful practitioner who denies hope or help to the victim of disease.

Yet the records go to show that stubborn coughs have been cured, that persistent hemorrhages have been stopped, and that weak lungs have been made strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

**TESTIMONY TALKS.**

All the claims in the world for the curative virtues of a medicine will not equal one testimony to the actual fact of cure. Thousands of testimonials like the following have been received from persons cured of lung "troubles," bronchitis, hemorrhage, obstinate coughs, etc., by "Golden Medical Discovery:"

"I was very sick indeed," writes Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Delaware, "and our family doctor said I had consumption. I thought I must die soon, for I felt so awfully bad. Had a bad cough, spit blood, was very short of breath; in fact, could hardly get my breath at all sometimes. I had pains in my chest and right lung, also had dyspepsia. Before I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' I was so weak I could not sweep a room, and now I can do a small washing. I worked in the canning factory this fall, and I feel like a new person. I thank the good Lord, and also Dr. Pierce for making this good medicine. I believe that the Lord and your medicine have saved my life. I was sick over two years. I took thirteen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and four vials of Doctor Pierce's Pellets."

There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Sometimes a dealer will offer a substitute for the "Discovery," claiming it to be "just as good." The substitute pays him more profit, that's why. Protect yourself from unscrupulous dealers by insisting on Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

**31 CENTS' WORTH**

Of knowledge wouldn't amount to much, you'd think. But for just 31 cents invested in one-cent stamps (to pay expense of mailing *only*), you can obtain knowledge which it has taken hundreds of years and millions of money to acquire. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser covers the field of medicine and hygiene from the day of Galen to the present hour. The 1008 pages of this great work are full of facts vital to human health and happiness. The book is given away, being sent entirely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers or 50 stamps for the cloth bound book. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## NINE POSTULANTS TOOK THE VEIL.

**Impressive Ceremony at Mount St. Joseph Peterboro.**

A most impressive service took place at the chapel of Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro, on the morning of the 6th when nine postulants received the holy habit. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor conducted the solemn ceremony. A large number of friends of the young ladies were present. Rev. Dr. O'Brien delivered a forcible and eloquent sermon, and music appropriate to the occasion was rendered by the choir of Mount St. Joseph. Following are the nine postulants:

Miss Susie McDonald, Belleville, in religion Sister Mary Louise.

Miss Teresa Turcotte, Quebec, in religion Sister Mary Faustina.

Miss Frances Whittaker, Montreal, in religion Sister Mary Anselm.

Miss Helen Conway, North Bay, in religion Sister Mary Clare.

Miss Nellie Greenan, Lindsay, in religion Sister Helen of the Cross.

Miss Marion Carveth, Peterboro, in religion Sister Mary Gabriel

Miss Loretta Guiry, Ennismore, in religion Sister Mary Ethelreda.

Miss Katharine Costella, Ennismore, in religion Sister Mary St. Roch.

Miss Florence Dillon, Montreal, in religion Sister Mary Bertille.

In addition to His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, the following clergy were present: Archdeacon Casey, Lindsay; Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Rev. Father McColl, Rev. Father Galvin, Rev. Father Kelly, Peterborough; Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Ennismore; Rev. Father McGuire, Downeyville; Rev. Father Bretherton, Hastings; Rev. Father Phelan, Young's Point; Rev. Fahter Crowley, Sturgeon Falls. —Review.

**Took Their Breath Away.**

Smart Set.

"Here!" shouted the depot official, "what do you mean by throwing those trunks around like that?" The baggageman gasped in astonishment, and several travellers pinched themselves to make sure it was real. Then the official spoke again to the baggageman. "Dont you see that you're making big dents in this concrete platform?"

## McLennan & Co.

Carvers
Knives
Scissors
Razors
Guns
Rifles
Air Guns
Skates
Winter Mitts
Carpet Sweepers
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Bread Mixers
Clothes Wringers
Axes
Saws
Cow Chains
Weather Strip
Fancy Tea and Coffee Pots
Tinware and Graniteware.

## McLennan & Co.

Hardware, Coal and Iron.

**AUCTION SALE.**

The Subscriber is again prepared to conduct Auction Sales of all kinds that he may be favored with. CHARGES MODERATE

ELIAS BOWES,
Auctioneer

THE NAME
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We have still a choice assortment of Calendars suitable for New Year's Gifts, which we are going to sell at exactly half price.

Calendars that were 50c, now 25c
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Come early for they won't last long.

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Laides' long Hair Switches, 1st quality, 3 strands, always in stock.

Hair Combings made up into Switches at shortest notice.

Hair Brushes, Combs of all kinds, Hair Pins, etc.

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