SHOWERED WITH GOLD

Handfuls of Coin and Nuggets Thrown at a Turkish Dancer In the Klondike.

KLONDIKE BOUQUETS FOR FREDA MALOFF.

Freda Maloff, a fascinating Turkish dancer, has returned to Seattle from the Klondike with money to throw about the streets.

When Freda reached Dawson City, the shed back of the saloon known as Jack Smith's pavilion was the only "theater" in town. The miners hastily erected a rough platform to serve as a stage. Then began a search for properties. Some of the boys had dim recollections of the Turkish divans and the veiled houris of the Midway. With this in mind they fitted out the little stage with all the bits of tawdry color to be found in the camp.

There were no entrances or rises, so Freda had to envelop herself in a long, dark cloak, clamber on the stage and seat herself on the couch of skins. The little room was packed to the limit with the boys in their rough dress. Garnet and worn looked the faces of the gold seekers as the light of the torches flared up, but the eyes were eager with expectation. Freda's fame had preceded her.

Then on the silence rose the weird strains of oriental music, very weird there. Slowly the dancer rose from the pile of skins, the cloak fell back, an instant's pause, and then a howl of delight almost raised the roof of Mr. Smith's pavilion. The miners were wild with delight and showered the captivating dancer with gold coin and nuggets. A fortune of $62,000 was literally thrown at her.

Notwithstanding her remarkable success, however, Freda advises women to keep away from the Klondike.

"This is the advice of one who has been there. It's true I have made money—lots of it—but I suffered for every dollar I got. A year and a half away from all that makes life pleasant, with nothing that's fit to eat, nothing good to drink, no stores for shopping, with cold, mosquitoes and hundreds of other disadvantages—these are the Klondike's offerings. It almost makes me sick to recall all I've been through.

"After an eight weeks' engagement at Juneau I started for Dawson on April 5, 1897. I started alone, with a small outfit. I had to give that up and join a party before I got across Chilkoot pass. It took us three months to make the trip. With the exception of the leader of the party I was the only one who could steer our scow. I took it through White Horse rapids in safety, and farther down shot the Rink rapids. In the Thirty Mile river the scow struck a rock and we nearly lost our lives.

"On arriving at Dawson I began my career by dancing in Jack Smith's pavilion. A few weeks later I went to work at the Dawson Opera House. Wages then were from $150 to $175 a week, and we made more by selling refreshments. On these sales we got 25 per cent. Wages have fallen since then. Now the best performers get but $100 a week, and the percentage is down to [illegible]

"I stood in the photo [illegible] until my feet turned us out last winter. Then I got the running fever. Any old Klondiker told me of an unlocated patch he knew on Bonanza creek, and I managed to get hold of that. Then there was a stampede to Lovely creek, and I followed there and had got a good claim. On several other stampedes I was well in the lead, and I now have five claims. Once I went out on a stampede when it was 60 degrees below zero.

"There is nothing for the profession to do in Dawson. The saloons and dance halls are closed, and there is only the theater, so I can afford to leave. I would not think of telling any man or woman to come there. It costs you $400 a month for room rent alone. There are actresses in Dawson today who will starve this winter unless they get back to civilization. A number of the vaudeville women have already been married by rich Klondike men. I preferred to hunt a gold claim for myself instead of getting married."

A Fifteen to One Chance.

An amusing story is told of a patient in one of our London hospitals in whom the sporting instinct was well developed. His want was visited in the usual course by the surgeon with a retinue of 15 students. The surgeon described minutely the nature and extent of the disease from which the patient was suffering; then, turning to the first of the students, he asked:

"Now, Mr. Sawyer, would you operate in this case?"

"No, sir, I think not."

One after another the 15 students gave the same negative answer to the question.

"Well, gentlemen," said the surgeon, "I'm sorry to inform you that you are all wrong. I'm going to operate."

"Not if I know it, mister," said the invalid. "Fifteen to one agin it. No chance. 'Erv, miss, give me my togs—I'm orf."—London Standard.

The Original Tommy Atkins.

The question as to the origin of Tommy Atkins as the godfather in chief of the British army has been discussed in the columns of The Western News. The received version is that the name originally appeared in a model account form issued by the war office.

But it is asserted that a real Thomas Atkins was in the beginning of the century a gunner in the Royal artillery and kept a pay book in such a neat and orderly manner that it became a model for soldiers' account books in general, which took the name of their originator. Then by a process of substitution known to students of mythology the individual soldier took the place of the back, and the mythopoeic Tommy came into being.—Household Words.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

Dr. I. L. liver pills, 25 cts. a box at Sills'

X. L. Lung Balsam.

The well-known remedy for coughs, colds and all bronchial affections. McLeod's drug store. 25c.

Baker's dandruff shampoo, scap, 25 cts.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

HAVE CURED THOUSANDS--SOME OF THEM YOUR NEIGHBORS.

CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Alpheus Mott, an esteemed resident of Morewood, Ont., says: "For some years past I have suffered horribly with rheumatism. At times I was so bad that I was almost wholly deprived of the use of my legs, and could only go about with great difficulty. I had to give up farming entirely, and removed to Brockville, where I had the best of medical advice, but with no good results. I also tried many remedies said to be cures for rheumatism, but with no better results. Some of my friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so, and found they were doing me a great deal of good. I then moved to Morewood, where I still continued the use of the pills, steadily gaining in health and strength, until I could abandon the use of the cane, without the aid of which I could not before move about. Every ache and pain left me, and only those who have suffered the terrible pangs of rheumatism can understand the joy I feel at what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me."

A VICTIM OF SCIATICA.

Mrs. J. Palmer, now a resident of Forest, but for some thirty five years a resident of the adjacent township of Warwick, says: "I have for many years been a great sufferer from sciatic rheumatism, being at times so bad that I was not able to walk. I tried many remedies, and while I had temporary aid from some, I received nothing in the way of permanent relief. In fact, it seemed to be growing steadily worse and for nine months I was forced to use crutches. My sister urged me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have done me a wonderful amount of good. The crutches have been discarded. I can go about as easily and feel better than I have felt for years before. I think these Pills a grand medicine."

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mr. David R. McKay, the well-known baker, of Stellarton, N.S., writes: "I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was very badly run down, could not work and could not sleep at night. My appetite was poor and I was rapidly losing flesh. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was surprised at the rapidity with which they built me up. In a few weeks my weight increased from 130 to 149 pounds. My appetite returned, I could sleep well, and could do my work without feeling tired. I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those ailing."

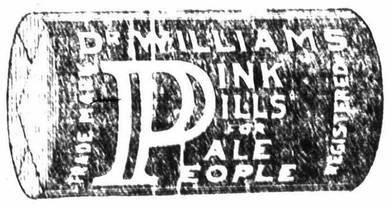
Autumn Medicine,

Change of season often affects the health more or less perceptibly. Prudent people take "Spring" medicine—but Autumn medicine is just as needful. The effect of the hot summer weather on the blood makes itself felt, now that the weather is changing; you feel bilious, dyspeptic and tired; there may be pimples or an eruption on the skin; the damp weather brings little twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, that give warning of the winter that is coming. If you want to be brisk and strong for the winter, it is NOW that you should build up the blood and give the nerves a little tonic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

will make you strong and stave off aches and pains for the winter if you take them now.

Prevention is better than cure. But it is only Dr Williams' Pink Pills that are of any use. If the full name isn't there it is a substitute—don't take it.



WEAK AND AMBITIONLESS.

Mrs. Geo. Annis, who resides near Orillia, Ont., says: "I thought at one time we were going to lose our eldest daughter. She was run down, weak, and had no ambition. She did not suffer any pain, but just appeared to be slowly wasting away. She was under treatment from two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit her, and for nearly two years this condition of affairs went on. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills constantly and highly recommended, we decided to try them. Two months' treatment worked wonders; she gained so much strength that she is now able to do any work about the house, and her cheeks, once so pallid, now present a rosy glow of health. I gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other mothers whose daughters may be feeble."

It is proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure

- Rheumatism,
- Sciatica,
- Locomotor Ataxia,
- Anaemia (lack of Blood),
- Heart Troubles,
- Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
- St. Vitus' Dance,
- Paralysis,
- Incipient Consumption,
- All Female Weakness,
- Dizziness and Headache,
- And all Troubles arising From Poor and Watery Blood

When buying ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

And refuse all substitutes. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HE TOOK PICTURES.

But Deceived the Girls Into Thinking He Was an Amateur.

It happened out at the camp when the men who had not had a chance to get to the armory were putting up the tents. Of course there were crowds watching them and among the people hosts of pretty girl who evidently were longing to go and speak to the gallant heroes, but hadn't the courage to do it unintroduced.

The state of affairs was taken in by a young man who was there taking pictures for his paper, and as he was on the look out for pretty or characteristic scenes he sauntered up to some boys who were lounging by a tent and remarked insinuatingly, "Don't you want your picture taken?"

To be sure they did. "Very well," went on the wicked photographer, "just you get some of these girls to come over here and talk to you, so I can take you together, you know, and I'll make some beauties."

The soldiers were in for fun as well as the photographer, but the girls dish, seem to run that way, and they had to wait for a good while. But at last a pair of very pretty ones put in their appearance, and, with smiles and bows, the gallant soldiers accosted them.

The girls were inclined to be insulted, especially when the picture taking part of the programme was unmasked to them, and they made remarks. But the photographer was correspondingly wily and sweet. He was only a poor, struggling young amateur—wouldn't they please sit still just a minute—so—just to see if he really did know enough to press the buttons—and so on, until the girls in desperation stood still, and the fatal deed was done.

No sooner was it over than, unfortunately for the photographer, a man who knew him turned up and revealed to the horrified young ladies his true character and the depths of his wickedness in asking them to pose. Then they opened the vials of their wrath upon his sinful head, but it was too late—the thing was done, and the sinner died.

And the picture? Oh, that was printed the next day, and a very good one it was too.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Swedish Philosophy.

Ay var tank ay var sorry ay
Ef ay var com ay vant more,
So ay var can get some kiss dat
Te boys vat yust com o'er.

Ef tak poorty gute nerve to mak' man believe hes vife got te cheapest dressmaker en town.

Van faller borry suit of clothes hae gotten married en. Ayr do not tank das bade sign of gute luck.

Ef ye could read older people's minds, Ayr tank ye could feel bashful lak dockens som tems ven ye var talkin' o 'em.

Yo' cannaw always tal vat salesy faller get by clothes hae yare. Som tems yo' can tal by lookin at hes vife's clothes.—Denver Times.

No Mistake.

"These," said the returned soldier, exhibiting a picture of a fine young man and one of a ragged scarecrow, "these are pictures of myself truly. You will notice that one is labeled 'Before Taking' and the other 'After Taking.'"

"You have either got the labels reversed from the usual order," said the young woman, "or it must have been awful medicine."

"There is no medicine in this exhibit. They stand for me before and after taking Doing Well.

"Did Signor Brilliani, the celebrated pianist, make a favorable impression at your musicale?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "He was a great success. Why, he got almost as much applause as the girl who sang 'I'm Going to Winter Carve a Coal Black Coon.'"—Washington Star.

Well Equipped.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, "George and I are two souls with but a single thought."

"Oh, well, don't let that discourage you," replied her father kindly. "That's one more than your mother and I had when we were married."—Brooklyn Life.

Can Be Hired.

"The Nulirich family are a living proof that you can't buy good manners."

"Yes, but their butler and coachman prove that you can hire plenty of them if you have the price."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One Sided.

Little Bobbie—Father!

Mr. Jones—Yes, son.

Little Bobbie—We all the time hearin 'bout the "high seas," but where's the low seas?—New York Journal.

Costly Ignorance.

"Thogson, did you ever see the play, 'Lend Me Five Shillings'?"

"Here's your 5 shillings, Dawson. What play were you about to ask me if I had ever seen?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Family Affair.

Young Mother—What in the world makes the baby cry so?

Young Father—I guess he heard me say I managed to get a little sleep last night.—New York Weekly.

Discouraging.

"There's no use trying to be funny with Kirby."

"Why?"

"He says my stories haven't any point."—Chicago Record.

The Hypnotist.

"Do you feel exhausted after a session?" asked the curious individual.

"Oh, no," said the hypnotist Pglitty, "it is all in the day's work."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dying Out.

"A medical man says bashfulness is a disease."

"He might have added that it is pretty nearly an extinct one."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Method In Keeping Him.

"Has he been your cashier long?" asked the friend.

"Well, yes," said the bank president—"that is, he has never been short."—Town Topics.

An Insulting Idea.

"Say, Jimmy, how long can yonse stay under water?"

"Wot's de matter wid yer? I ain't no Spaniard!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Utmost Exertions.

Patient—Oh, doctor, if I could only die!

Doctor—I'm doing my best for you.—Boston Courier.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a

HE POPPED.

And Popped a Little More Than the Question He Intended.

Seventy per cent of the young fellows who pop the question nowadays approach the point in such a matter of fact way and offer so much undisguised and serious deliberation that there's no more thrill in the thing so far as the girl is concerned than in the stage murder of a vile amateur Caesar. They have so carefully arranged all minor details beforehand that the important question itself dwindles down to a mere by the way inquiry.

Another 20 per cent pay too little attention to the solemn importance of the contract and fire off the proposal like telling a lie to an income tax commissioner. Five per cent are too nervous to know what they're doing at all, and 4 per cent more back themselves up for the ordeal with and nut alcoholic mixtures until they run their words into one another.

It is only 1 per cent of the whole lot that knows how to do the business, and Gilbert Joppingwithy Gaffinbrook made up his mind to represent that unit in the 1898 statistics. He would do a little acting. He would strike a pose when she came into his presence, as though he had never seen her looking so sweet than she did that night. Then, raising her right hand to his lips as if struck by a sudden happy thought, he would pressed, as though unable to restrain himself any longer, to throw himself at her feet.

She came.

At the 2nd twenty yards he appeared wholly absorbed in her approach.

She drew nearer—ten yards nearer.

He turned. His face lit up with joy, and he doffed away his hat. (N.—There was no chance of anybody seeing it. They were alone in her father's meadow.)

She was within a couple of feet of him, and she courtesied demurely.

Then it was that he cast himself at her feet.

A piercing yell rent the air.

"Oh! Oh! you clumsy brewer!" she shrieked—"you slap down on my only corn, and you put it half way through the seat of my pants!"

Gilbert Joppingwithy Gaffinbrook will try the thing again next week, but on the 3 per cent principle.—Ally Sloper.

Love's Limitations.

Smart Tramp—Plays room, folks say you sits a chair at the table for yer husband at every meal, yet he's been dead a year.

Widow—Yes. A medium told me if I did that his spirit would come and occupy it.

"That was some time ago, I guess."

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause an oldtimer told me only yistiday you was very foolish to keep up that custom, 'cause yer husband had met Queen Elizabeth and Helen of Troy and Cleopatra and—and Venus in the spirit world and married 'em all."

"The miserable brute! Come right in, and I'll give you all his clothes and his watch and everything he owed and left."—New York Weekly.

Awful Mistake.

"I beg your pardon, little girl, but you are riding pigeon toed. The habit, if persisted in, will make you bow-legged."

At this critical moment she turned her head and disclosed to the elderly wheelman who had been riding leisurely behind her the face of an undersized but mature woman of not less than 47.

"Sir!" she said.

"Madam," he stammered, touching his hat and falling further back, "you spoke just in time!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Same, Yet Different.

"Oh, I am going to love my wife!"
He cried in tones of glee.
"I'll spend the best part of my life
Upon the raging sea."

"Oh, I am going to sea, my wife!"
He told her the next day.
For he'd enough of sorrow and strife
And longed to get away.
—Pick Me Up.

Prudent.

She—You know I love you, but don't you think we had better not marry until you get an increase of salary.

He—Oh, we won't have to live entirely on my salary. I have been looking around a little, and I think I know where I can get you a position also.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Paradoxical.

A New York exchange says that the famous battle of Santiago "has inspired no note from a great lyre."

That's strange, for some of these very New York papers have been calling the late correspondents there great liars.—Atlanta Constitution.

Love's Tricolor.

Her teeth are rows of pearls; they're white.
This maiden so despiteful;
Her cheeks are red as roses bright,
So being spiteful;
She kicks she needs the azure hue,
And I, her lover, smitten,
Supply the shade; she's made me blue
By giving me the mitten.
—Town Topics.

No Wonder.

"Did you ever notice how particularly lovable Mr. Snagsby is to his wife on Saturdays?"

"Oh, yes! She always lets him have his spending money Saturday night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How It Started.

"I wonder what induced Miss Jubb to go on the stage?"

"Her parents started it by naming her Philomela."—Chicago Record.

A Dark Night's Murder.

"I'll have to kiss a soldier."
So said the girl with a yell.
For—[illegible] some one should guy me,
I'd kiss him after dark."
And so when all the shadows
In Dockless deep were blent
[illegible] poor Private Jackson
[illegible]
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy Road to Wealth.

If the average man should get rid of every useless thing he has around the house, he might have room enough to take boarders.—Somerville Journal.

Interesting.

The paper comes. I read it through,
And all the boys will read it, too;
[illegible]
Will [illegible] right in a
[illegible]
They can't a single dry page in it.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Her Health Wouldn't Matter.

If it were not for spoiling her shoes, any woman would rather have wet feet than to wear rubbers.—Lowell Citizen.

A Better Gift.

Ah, wad some power
The giftie gi'e us
To see our creditors

MERRY MOMENTS.

Talkin 'Bout Money.

You got to have the money
If you're livin here, my honey—
You got to have the money ev'ry day,
For all the Lord is givin,
It's the money makes the livin
An the best o' all the roses o' the May.

You got to have the money,
That's what they say, my honey,
An sometimes it's a-makin o' me sigh,
For whatever there is in it
It is only here a minute,
It only says "Howd mornin" an "Goodby!"

Oh, the shiny, shiny dollar!
When we hear that eagle holler
An we see him slip an sail around the sky,
It's thru, it's thru, my honey,
That I wish for weather sunny
An wings enough to follor him an fly!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Well, Why Is It?

"Why is it," he asked in his scornful, masculine way, "that a woman will wear a little poker chip with a few feathers in it and call it a hat?"

"Why is it," she replied, "that a man will wear a section of pipe painted black and polished, its length being from 1½ to 2 times its diameter, and think he has added to his appearance as a man?"

After mature reflection each gave up the other's question.—Chicago Post.

Effect of the War.

Mrs. Havricks—It says here in the paper, Silas, that this war has served to bring the people of our country closer together. Do you think there's any truth in it?

Mr. Havricks—Yes. When I looked into the parlor last night, Lieutenant Stripling and our Annie was settin a good deal closer together than I ever seen 'em afore he went away.—Exchange.

A Suggestion.

Gomez, Garcia, Aguinaldo—
What to do with them's the rub,
For each one would be a ruler,
And he doesn't want a sub.
Each is bound to have an island;
Each holds up his hands and swears
That there's going to be trouble
If he may not run affairs.

Why not buy a little island,
Some here far away at sea
And then make a present of it
Unto these disturbing three?
Let them all be placed upon it,
There to play at being kings,
And arrange it so that each may
Take a turn at running things.
—Chicago News.

Not Up to Grade.

"What I like about young Reckstuff is his manliness," said the father of the family. "There is nothing low or underhanded about him."

"No," remarked the youngest daughter, "nothing—except his handshake."

And then papa knew that his youngest had given young Mr. Reckstuff the shake.—Chicago Tribune.

Science on the Run.

Doctor—Troubled with insomnia, eh? Eat something before going to bed.

Patient—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.

Doctor (with dignity)—That, madam, was way back in 1893. Science has made great strides since then.—New York Weekly.

The Bay of Quinte Ry. new short line for Trenton, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points. Trains leave City Hall depot at 6:10 p.m. E. J. Wilson, G.P.A., Kingston.