

SHOES CAME BACK.

HOW MR. AND MRS. ALGERNON SMITH DISPOSED OF A NUISANCE.

They Couldn't Sell the Things, Couldn't Give Them Away and Were Not Permitted to Lose Them—Finally Smith Thought of the Furnace, and All Is Well.

A rag peddler was slowly passing Mrs. Algernon Smith's house when that good woman hailed him.

"How much for old shoes?"

"Helluv a cent a pound for wool an totton. I can't pay ole shoes."

"But won't you give me something for them?"

"Any iron or pottles you want to sell, lady? You want to sell dose t'ings vat you haf on? Helluv a cent a pound. I can no more gif. I want not dose shoes, not for nottings. Nottings else?"

Mrs. Smith indignantly closed the window. When her husband came home at night, she said:

"Algernon, I want you to take a lot of old shoes I've done up in a package and throw them away."

"Why don't you give them to the washerwoman?" asked Mr. Smith.

"She won't have them—says they're not her kind of shoes," was the answer.

"They are all either too large or too small, the heels are too high, and they are the wrong number. I offered them to a tramp, and he said when he went into the shoe business he would let me know—he wasn't buying misfits yet."

"I like his impudence. Where are they? I'll make short work of them," said Mr. Smith, and he took the big bundle his wife gave him and went out. In 15 minutes he was back.

"So you got rid of them," said his wife joyfully. "I think there was an accumulation of six years in that lot. Some of them I had given to people who were begging at the door, but I always found them again next day in the lot. Old shoes are like cats, if you send them away they always come back."

"The cat won't come back this time," said her husband. "I dumped them in a vacant lot and ran. After this when you buy a pair of new shoes leave your old ones at the store."

Next morning as Mrs. Smith was doing her housework the door bell rang.

"I guess maybe you've had a burglary," said the cheery voice of a man who stood on the steps and seemed in a hurry. "I found this bundle, with your name and address on it, when I was looking over my lot today."

Mrs. Smith took the bundle and feebly thanked him. When Algernon came home, she told him. He said there were more ways of killing a cat than of choking her with butter, and after supper he took up the bundle and went out.

He knew of a nice dark place down near a church where he could slide in and drop that load of shoes without being seen. He had taken the precaution to tear off the address and had changed the shape of the bundle. As he deposited it in the archway of this dark corner a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"No, you don't. No abandonment of the little innocent when you get tired of your own flesh and blood. Pick up the poor thing now or I'll club ye."

It was the new policeman on that beat, and he didn't know Mr. Smith. He listened to his explanation with a most aggressive and unbelieving air.

"Lemme see the kid," he demanded, and when the "kid" proved to be kid shoes he grew still angrier.

"I've a mind to run ye in for disturbing the peace and resisting an officer," he said, but finally permitted Smith to take his bundle and go home.

The next night a smudge came out of the Smiths' chimney, and the neighbors held their noses. About midnight a loud rapping was heard at the front door, and a light in the basement was hastily extinguished. Mr. Smith answered the summons, while Mrs. Smith hid in the coal cellar. A patrol wagon full of policemen was at the door. One of them was on the steps.

"Are you running a glue factory here without a license?" he demanded of Smith.

"Then what is that infernal odor? Your neighbors have telephoned that you were making yourself a nuisance and want you abated."

Smith took the crowd in and told his story—how they had put those shoes in the garbage box and had them turned out again and how they had tried to sell them or give them away and finally to lose them. Then he showed the police to the basement and opened the door of the furnace, where the shoes were being cremated. Then he produced some bottles with long necks that were sent for his birthday, and for half an hour he was busy pulling corks. After some time he released Mrs. Smith from the coal cellar.

"Are they gone?" she gasped.

"The police?"

"No, no; the shoes."

"Every scrap reduced to ashes."

They embraced, and happiness reigned in the Smith household. — Chicago Times-Herald.

A commercial and scientific expedition to the South Pole under Herr Borchgrevink will start from England next July. Inquiries are now being made for a suitable ship in Scotland or Norway. The object will be to reach Cape Adair, and proceed to the South Pole on snowshoes. The party will include several scientific men. Herr Borchgrevink will go to Norway at Christmas, and with some Norwegian friends will practise snowshoe running.

Health Strength and Happiness

FOLLOWS THE USE OF

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

We will pay a reward of

\$50.00

to any person who will furnish us with such information as will lead to the conviction of any person or persons who offer an imitation of our medicine, claiming that it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The information if desired, will be regarded as confidential. Address, The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Genuine as Advertised, bearing the full Name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on each Package. Accept no Substitute.

WORDS OF COMMENDATION FROM SOME OF THE CURED.

THE RESULTS OF A COLD.

Miss Lizzie Sewell, Newbury, Ont., says:—"I contracted a severe cold through getting my feet wet. My health failed so rapidly that I was subject to frequent fainting spells, my appetite failed, and my friends all thought that I was in decline. Doctors were consulted, but their treatment did not help me, and for nearly two years I was in this low condition. Finally my mother decided that I had better give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and the result that they have transformed me from a sick and despairing girl to one full of health and energy, and I shall ever speak of this great medicine in terms of the highest praise."

RHEUMATISM OF THE JOINTS.

Mr. Jules Gravel, farmer of St. Tites des Cable, Que., says:—"For upwards of five years I suffered from rheumatism of the joints. The attacks would occur periodically, sometimes keeping me in bed for several weeks. I tried a score of medicines without getting any benefit. Then I saw in a paper the statement of a sufferer similar to myself who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured some and began taking them, and by the time I had used my sixth box I was able to go to work in the fields, and I have not since that time experienced any further trouble from the rheumatism."

HEART TROUBLE CURED.

Mrs. John Sagar, wife of a prominent farmer living near Egan Creek, Ont., says:—"I am glad to have an opportunity to make known to other sufferers the wonder-working powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was very sick for over six months, and was unable to do work of any kind for that time. I was extremely weak, subject to dizziness, pain in the side and faint and smothering spells. The doctor pronounced my trouble heart disease, and nothing seemed to relieve me until a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon found benefit from them, and after the use of eleven boxes was as well and strong as ever I had been, and am now able to do my housework without any trouble. I can heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those troubled as I was."

TOLD BY A TEACHER.

Mr. P. McGuigan, teacher of the advanced department of the Fort Augustus, P. E. I., school, says:—"A few years ago I contracted a severe cold which resulted in hemorrhage. I did not recover my strength and my friends feared that I was doomed to an early death. I used an number of medicines but did not make any material progress. I then began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to them I owe my renewed health and activity. There are many

here who know how serious my illness was, and to those my restoration seems wonderful. I shall always warmly praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

DO YOU NEED A TONIC?

Are you easily tired, lack energy, feel weak in the back; do not care for food; cannot relish your work and take no interest in life; you are nervous and subject to headaches? If so, it is a tonic you need.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—the best tonic in the World—cannot harm the most delicate. They make people STRONG.

PAIN IN THE BACK.

Mr. G. H. J. Jordison, of Montegale, Hastings Co., writes:—"I am a farmer by occupation, but also follows the business of dehorning cattle to a large ex-

tent. While engaged in this pursuit in Renfrew country during the winter of 1896. I was attacked with a severe pain in my back and thought I would have to give up and return home. A friend at whose house I was stopping advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as he had received great benefit from their use. I procured a few boxes, and soon found myself completely restored to health. I had been periodically subject to these pains before I began the use of the Pills, but since then have not had single attack, and feel sure they have driven the trouble from my system."

ST. VITUS' DANCE CURED.

Mr. Jacob Snyder, Jr., of Bloomingdale, Ont., says:—"About three years ago Adeline Webber, aged eleven years, an orphan adopted by us, showed symptoms of St. Vitus' dance. At first we did not realize what the trouble was, but as she was growing worse we consulted a doctor, who told us what was the matter, but did not seem to help her. In fact she was growing worse and her limbs twitched and jerked terribly. We then consulted another doctor under whose care she remained for about a year, and although he was very attentive, she was steadily growing worse. Her limbs became so unsteady that she could not walk, and she had wasted away to a skeleton, and we had no hope of her recovery. One day while in conversation with Mr.

Martin Simpson, of Berlin, he told me that a daughter of his who had suffered in the same way had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and advised that they be tried. After she had used two boxes there was considerable improvement, and after the use of four boxes more all the symptoms of the disease had left her, and from that time she steadily regained her former strength. Her case seemed to us a desperate one, and we believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, she would not have recovered."

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Miss Lila Laughlin, a young lady who is teaching in the Fort Stewart public school, says:—"Some months ago I was suffering with a severe attack of dyspepsia. I procured some medicines from the doctor which seemed to help me for a time, then it apparently lost its effect and I became worse. I had a terrible pain in my stomach which caused me much distress. Then vomiting set in and continued until I was so weak I could scarcely stand, and at times my sight would seem to leave me. While in this state one of my friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a half dozen boxes. By the time I had used them I had fully recovered my health and I can recommend them to others similarly suffering."

PERSONAL CHATS.

Lord Charles Beresford is said to be the most popular man in the English navy.

String Beans runs a laundry in Phoenix, A. T. He has every indication of being a Chinaman.

William Turner, the champion chicken picker of the world, lives in the village of Lynbrook, N. Y., and as a test of his skill plucked the feathers from a large hen in 11 2-5 seconds.

Captain Francis Martin of Detroit claims to be the only living man who saw Napoleon's funeral. Captain Martin is 97 years old and has sailed into nearly every port on the globe.

Mme. Herrmann, the widow of the magician, has commissioned W. Parks, a Chicago sculptor, to execute a statue of her late husband. His model, which

was recently furnished, is pronounced unusually true to life.

Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M. P. for Oxford university, has just celebrated his golden wedding. Both his parents and grandparents lived to celebrate theirs, the common married life continuing in one case for 59 and in the other for 57 years.

Chief Inspector Jarvis, the head of the English detective department at Scotland Yard, has resigned from the force after 26 years' service. No British police officer is better known in the United States, and he served for a time on the New York force.

Professor Max Muller repeats in Cosmopolis the extraordinary story of Alexander von Humboldt's habits of sleep. "As I get old," Humboldt said to him, "I want more sleep—four hours at least. When I was young, two hours

of sleep were quite enough for me."

A number of Russian lady admirers of Dr. Nansen are, it is said, preparing for the arctic explorer a somewhat unique gift, consisting of a carpet with a map of the north pole regions embroidered in silks. The places visited by him in his famous voyage will be worked in silver and gold thread.

Joseph Jefferson, the veteran comedian, is now a great-grandfather. His great-grandson is the child of Mr. and Mrs. Glen MacDonough. Mr. MacDonough, who is well known as a dramatist, married Miss Margaret Jefferson, the daughter of Mr. Charles B. Jefferson, the actor's son, last September.

Henry Labouchere writes from Hamburg that taking the waters is "more or less bosh." He thinks he could cure most of the people there if permitted to "tie them up to a table with a string,

as you would a dog when he has got his stomach out of order, and keep them from eating and drinking for a week or two."

The late Senator Doolittle began his speech before the Springfield (Ills.) convention which nominated Lincoln as follows: "I believe in the God Almighty, and under him I believe in Abraham Lincoln, his integrity and patriotism." The cheers which greeted this were so tumultuous that he was forced to sit down.

Two Cities.

The following announcement is posted in the Boston street cars: "The board of health hereby adjudges that the deposit of 'sputum' in street cars is a public nuisance, a source of filth and cause of sickness, and hereby orders that spitting on the floor of any street car be and

hereby is prohibited." The following sign appears in the street cars of New York city: "Spitting on the floor of this car is positively prohibited." Gotham and the Hub have different ways of arriving at the same statement.—Electrical Review.

The best theaters in Australia are usually built on English plans, but are managed more like American playhouses. The prices charged are much less than those cheerfully paid in England. Dress circle seats or "stalls," which bring \$2.50 in London, will not sell for more than \$1.25 in Melbourne or Sydney.

Selling more dress goods every day; the more you know of our dress goods department—the surer we are of your trade.—Moore & McLeod.