

MUNYON'S



I will guarantee that my Rheumatism Cure will relieve lumbago, sciatica and all rheumatic pains in two or three hours, and cure in a few days.

MUNYON.

At all druggists, 25c a vial. Guide to Health and medical advice free. 1505 Arch st., Phila.

RHEUMATISM

War Pictures War Pictures

Call at our office and see a series of most interesting pictures connected with South Africa and the war.

These pictures are issued in weekly parts price ten cents each part.

If you're interested call and see; they're well worth the money. Only a limited number received each week. The complete series will make a valuable book when bound.

Explanatory reading matter accompanies each picture.

The Examiner Pub. Co.

NEW HATS

NEW HATS

New Caps

New Caps

OPENING TO-DAY 5 Cases

Newest Styles in Men's and Boys' Hats & Caps

J B McDonlad & Co

Redeem The Time,

Now is your time to purchase a nice Oak or Walnut Clock, as we are selling them at a big discount, at the Modern Jewellery and Fancy Goods Store, Sunnyside.

Jury & Co

A beautiful Calendar given free with every clock.

Visit our Store

Where you will find a large stock of the following to select from.

WATCHES in gold, silver and nickel. JEWELRY in rings, chains, brooches to.

CLOCKS in marble, wood and gilt.

Silverware

In the optical line, spectacles, eye asses, opera glasses, etc.

J H TAYLOR

Sunnyside, Queen Square.

BOLD HOTHOUSE FLOWER

A Story of Woman's Pluck After the War in the South.

Three persons were sitting around a table in a large down town cafe, two men and one woman. Two were New Yorkers. The fair man was a southerner.

"Women as a rule," the woman remarked, "seem to think it attractive to appear as incompetent as possible, especially when they are out with men. At a lunch counter yesterday I heard a woman say, 'Thank you very much,' to a bullying waiter who threw a charlotte russe on the counter before her. There wasn't a twinge of sarcasm about her. She looked grateful after waiting 15 minutes. 'Thank you very much,' mimicked the woman.

The southerner laughed. "I thought this wasn't an age in which women were accused of lack of independence."

"They're pretty bad," replied the woman decidedly, "but what they must have been in your part of the country when they married at 16 and were treated like hothouse flowers is beyond imagination. Even now southern men are full of sentiment, aren't they? They'll work like dogs to keep a woman from earning her living. Why are you anxious to make us dependent creatures?"

"Shall I tell what one of these 'hothouse' flowers did in a case of life and death and property?" asked the fair man, smiling. "She was the wife of my uncle. He married her before she was 20, but she was a bold hothouse flower. Her husband died at the close of the war, and she ran his plantation herself. This was in Louisiana. The plantation house was near Bayou Sara creek, in a thinly settled part of the country. In busy times she was afield by 6 o'clock. All the workmen were former slaves. Her husband had been popular with them; he was an easy man. Whenever they had lacked a half holiday or their rations had been curtailed, 'This is some of Miss Anna's doin's, yo' kin be bound,' was the comment passed. She never sought to be a popular mistress.

"In the house with her slept her two children and a great, masculine, beautiful mulatto woman named Victorine, who had been Aunt Anna's maid since her marriage. She adored Aunt Anna, but they were both violent spirits, and my mother says she has heard them fill the house with their quarreling, like two fishmongers' wives. My aunt had generated the raising of three rice crops on the plantation when it began to be whispered that the Louisiana ex-slaves were just awakening to the indignity of their former state and were planning to revenge themselves for that period by killing the planters in Bayou Sara parish, taking possession of their property and installing themselves masters of the soil. This Aunt Anna heard with constitutional indifference to 'niggers' whims.' Some of her neighbors advised her, but neither she nor Victorine listened.

"One afternoon Aunt Anna's household—that is, herself, Victorine and the children—drove ten miles to make a call. It was dark when they started home, and Pompey, the coachman, stood up to wrap his blanket about his knees, saying positively:

"Best go home by de high road 'cross de bridge, Miss Anna. 'Tis shorter fur de horses."

"This was sufficient to make Aunt Anna reply obstinately:

"We'll go by the lower road. It's safer on a dark night."

"'Tis powerful hard on de horses," ventured Pompey. Aunt Anna, deigning no further remark, made a sign to Victorine, and that peremptory person, settling herself in the seat opposite Aunt Anna, with little Caroline in her arms, cautioned him to 'shut up and drive on.' Pompey turned and gave Victorine's back such a look as caused Aunt Anna to cry out sharply:

"Pompey!"

"My aunt's willfulness saved their lives, for by this time the plantation darkies had loosened the railing that guarded the bridge and were waiting to assist Pompey to drive the carriage over the edge.

"Halt a mile away from these operations Aunt Anna's carriage passed at about midnight, Victorine on the front seat with Caroline curled up in her arms and Aunt Anna on the back with Elizabeth's head in her lap, talking and quarreling as they went. Arrived at the house, Pompey's wife screamed when she saw the carriage and stood on the kitchen steps saying:

"Bless de Lord!"

"Why are you not in bed, Chloe?"

"Chloe trembled and cried.

"I'ze staid up to see my old man."

"Aunt Anna looked at Chloe and at Pompey. She remembered his daring look at Victorine, and she watched Chloe kiss the sleeping Caroline, whom she took in her arms.

"Pompey," she said, 'put up the horses and come into the kitchen. Chloe'll give yo' something to eat. Chloe, open a box of sardines for Pompey.' Pompey was very fond of sardines.

"Later, when Aunt Anna went into the kitchen, Pompey was sitting at the kitchen table in his driving cloak, his shoulders hunched over his plate. Chloe stood away from him sullenly. Aunt Anna went to the sink under pretext of getting a drink of water and, with her back turned to both of them, remarked:

"I hear there's an uprising of some sort planned among the darkies. Mr. Ellison told me this afternoon that I should take precaution. He said, 'You are the most unprotected woman in Louisiana.' I told him that for that very reason the eye of every white man from Bayou Sara to New Orleans would be turned upon this plantation the moment trouble arose, and the darkies who harmed a lonely woman would receive terrible punishment. She drank her glass of water and turned around. She was very tall.

"Basides, I'll shoot the first man who

behaves suspiciously. I am prepared to do that.' Before she closed the kitchen door she said, cheerily: 'Good night, Chloe. Good night, Pompey.'

"The next morning Aunt Anna staid in the kitchen a good deal. The plantation hands were at work, and Pompey had ridden to Bayou Sara village for the mail. Suddenly she turned to Chloe:

"Haven't yo' something to say to me, Chloe? Chloe dropped into a chair, her apron over her face.

"Fo de Lord, Miss Anna, 'fo de Lord."

"Are you going to kill me, Chloe?"

"Not me, Miss Anna, Gawd knows, but Pompey's that set to bring it on."

"He tried to last night somehow; will he try tonight?" Chloe stood against the door and sobbed in a whisper:

"They's go in to come up to de front do' an ax fo' yo', an if yo' come out they'll shoot yo', an if yo' don't, then they'll set fire to the house. They means to shoot Victorine an Miss Lizzie an Miss Carrie.' Her lips turned white as she spoke the names of the children.

"When, tonight?"

"Tomorrow night."

"What are they waiting for?"

"Cause yo' sent Henry Mose over to Rosale to sell de mule, an dey wants him wid dem."

"Tomorrow night," repeated Aunt Anna, and she went up stairs and told Victorine.

"They'd better kill me when they're killin the whites," said Victorine. 'I'm none of them.'

"Chloe says they watch us, so we can't inform anybody," said Aunt Anna. 'If either of us made a move they would shoot us on the spot. We haven't a reliable pistol in the house.' Aunt Anna looked out of the window. 'What time does the moon rise, Victorine?'

"Ten o'clock last night, ma'am; 11 o'clock tonight."

"I'll start at 10," said Aunt Anna, and take the lower road to Ellison's.

Chloe will help me.' That night Chloe harnessed Aunt Anna's horse.

"Pompey's drunk asleep wid some whisky he got in town. He don't know wedder I'ze here or there," she explained. Aunt Anna rode the dark ten miles and hitched her horse near the Ellison house. When the door was opened, Aunt Anna, standing on the steps disguised in an old dress of Chloe's and wearing a draggled sunbonnet, told Mr. Ellison's butler, whom she mistrusted, that Lucinda Cotton's sister wanted to see him. Lucinda was a well known beggar.

"I don't know yo', but we knows Lucindy too well. De las' time she come here she was drunk. Yo' kin pack, yo' po' trash," Aunt Anna dropped her head and murmured, 'Lucindy's dead.'

"In dat event I'll notify de boss," said the darky, afraid to take too much responsibility. When Mr. Ellison came and saw her raise her head, he suddenly reached back and shut the hall door. They stood in the dark and talked in whispers. Aunt Anna would not have the plot disturbed.

"If you'll get five men into my house secretly, we'll meet them," she said. "Tomorrow I'll get Pompey out of the way by going to drive at noon, and at the same hour Chloe will take the dinner for the hands to the ginhouse. Slip in then, and Victorine will hide you. Walk; you can't risk tethering horses about."

"Mr. Ellison looked at my valiant aunt. They may precipitate their plans. How can you trust yourself to drive with Pompey tomorrow?"

"Lend me a pistol," replied Aunt Anna. He got her one, and she put it in her pocket. They won't change their plans. They're afraid to face me in the light. Good night." He called aloud:

"Good night, Mary Cotton," and shut the door. By 1 o'clock Aunt Anna's horse was in his stall.

"The next morning while she took her drive behind Pompey, carrying Mr. Ellison's pistol in her muff, Victorine receiv-

Nervous Debility

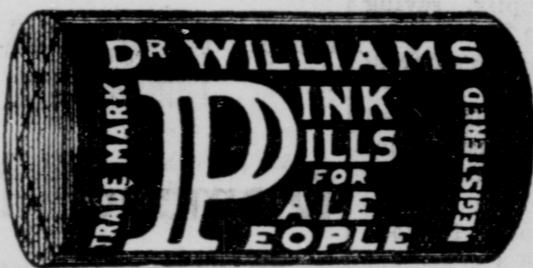
may be caused by over-work, worry, mental strain, or excesses of almost any nature. Very frequently it is one of the distressing after effects of la grippe. But whatever the cause a debilitated, nervous system means that the nerves lack nutrition. Feed the tired and jaded nerves and life will renew its joys for you.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

is the best nerve food and most valuable tonic known to science. Merit, and merit alone, has given these pills a larger sale than any other medicine in the world. Through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills hundreds of thousands of tired, and jaded, despondent men and women have been made bright, active, work-loving people. But you must get the genuine—imitations are always a source of disappointment, and a waste of money.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N. S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise as follows:—"During the last winter, owing I suppose to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired and nervous all the time, had no appetite and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue, and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work will know what this means. Those who are not well will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.



Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, are not Dr. Williams'.

The genuine are put up in packages resembling the engraving on the left, with wrapper printed in red.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

ed a party of gentlemen, who industriously fell to work drilling holes in and about Aunt Anna's front door. Henry Mose returned from Rosale during the afternoon. At 10 o'clock he stood before Pompey's door. Pompey came out. Immediately every house in the quarters opened a sly door, and figures moved between the narrow lane of houses toward the driveway. The plantation house was lighted as usual, its shutters drawn, its hall lamp swung above the transom. A faint glow flowed from an upper room, where the children slept. Seated inside, Aunt Anna was saying, 'I shouldn't wonder if the fools waited until after moonrise.'

"At that instant young Ellison gave a signal from the hall. Everybody went out there and stood around the door. Each put an eye to one hole, a pistol to another. Aunt Anna, too.

"When Pompey stepped on to the piazza, he got five shots and fell back on the others, who began to yell and push down the steps. Henry Mose was sent sprawling with a ball in his leg. The frightened darkies believed they had been struck by the wrath of heaven and ran, leaving their leaders, one dead, the other disabled, on the porch. None of them ever knew that Aunt Anna had assistance from outside. They regarded her and Victorine as a terrible pair. Aunt Anna managed the plantation until she was 35, then she began to get rich and lazy, and she hired an overseer."

The young man took up his glass and smiled at the large woman.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Everybody Has a Donkey.

In this whole poverty stricken kingdom of Portugal there is not a peasant so desperately impoverished as to be without his donkey. Every human being in the district seems to own from one to a score. Even the multitudinous beggars who accost you for alms at every step on the highway are mounted, such as Sancho Panza may have been. In front of every church, in every place or square and huddled in every crumbling archway are dozens of shaggy little donkeys, each caparisoned with a rope around its neck in lieu of halter or bridle, and a huge wooden saddle upon its back, and most of them are, unhappily, accompanied by barefooted drivers, also mounted, armed with iron pointed goads, long as hoe handles. They are called into requisition for the most trifling errands. The servant rides to market, the mechanic to his day's labor.—Exchange.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the present session thereof, for an Act to incorporate a company to be called the Acadia Mortgage Corporation for the purpose of carrying on the business of a Loan Company with powers to loan money on real estate and on certain classes of debentures and stocks and with power to borrow money on debentures, to receive deposits, to issue debenture stock, and with other powers granted to Loan Companies.
Dated Halifax the 14th February, 1900.
Alfred Whitman,
Solicitor of Applicants,
23 Bedford Row, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

WANTED.—\$2.00 per day sure, gentleman or ladies; special work; position permanent; reliable firm, with best references; experience unnecessary. Address, S. M. Fry, Field Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

BOARDERS.—Two boarders can be comfortably accommodated, no children in the family. A good chance for students. Apply to P. O. Box 194.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.