

Sporting. The Ring.

CASH ONLY FOR OLD JOHN L.

"I am getting ready—never you mind, son, about the date for the opening," said John L. Sullivan in New York Wednesday. "When my wife awakes the doors wide, there will be things doing from your truly. Will I do a cash business? Well, I guess."

"I am going to say to the old boys who are there with the glad mind and some little change that they are good and my friends as long as the change lasts. But they must remember I am now out for the long green. I have quit being a philanthropist on the Bowery. My roll won't stand it. Maybe if I had the dough Rockefeller and the other Standard Oil fellows have in their pockets, I'd turn him loose again. But, son, yours truly is in no condition to furnish booze, beds and beefsteaks for all the has-beens that will come my way."

"Mind you, I don't say that if a good one comes along without the coin and tells me he is just a minute ahead of a fit and that the fit'll catch him if he don't have spirits to throw it off the track, that I won't set out a glass. Any man who would throw one of these sort down ain't my kind."

"How much did I lose in my that venture? What's it to you? Somebody has it. It's not out of circulation, because I haven't heard of that Shaw man, or square man, or whatever you are mind to call the Iowa chap who took Li Gage's job at Washington, robbing and currency, have you?"

"You can't never tell about these things that sneak up to the bar before the cold grey dawn of the morning gives way to watermelon peddlers and gaudy hand organs. Member one time a chap blows in on me and says he's Bob Purdy of Dallas, Tex. 'Well,' I says, 'I don't say you want't Purdy, did it? What you have?'"

"He was a Bob Purdy, all right," of Dan Stuart; that he was in town with no more home than a rabbit, and hungry. "Would I take him out for breakfast?"

"His nerve won me and I took him by the hand and walked to a restaurant where napkins stood up on end and the waiters talked like English funkies. The first roll out of the box from Mr. Purdy calls for a quart bottle. Then, picking up the bill of fare like it was a sportsman's extra, he says, slowly like, 'that's a Nittenberger steak, with truffles, French peas, young corn, a pint of coffee and another quart bottle would off the bill.'"

"When I went to sleep at New Orleans I did not feel as daisy as when Bob Purdy put down the bill of fare and asked if that was too strong for my pile. It wasn't, and I told him so. If he had gone a hundred I'd have stood for it."

"His nerve—Bob Purdy, stranger—was the finest that ever happened along New York way. It did me good to look at him and when he had finished and lit a cigar that was billed at a dollar, he said that he liked it was a sportsman's extra, he says, slowly like, 'that's a Nittenberger steak, with truffles, French peas, young corn, a pint of coffee and another quart bottle would off the bill.'"

"When we parted I had no idea. I would ever see him. But along about noon the next day, when business was on the bum, who should walk in but Purdy. First glance at him and I knew he was traveling with coin."

"Shaking my hand like a long lost brother, he handed me a century spot and told me to give the change to some charity organization. Then he commenced to buy wine, and before midnight I had sold all the white stuff I had and that I could borrow from my neighbors."

"For four days Purdy looked about my place, and in that time I should say he spent a couple of thousand. He wouldn't let any one that came in spend a cent."

"He was a Bob Purdy, alright."

"YOUNG CORBETT" VS. "KID STEIN."

Young Corbett's showing against "Kid" Stein, at the National Athletic Club, Philadelphia, was very disappointing to the crowd that assembled to witness the fight. The champion was in no condition to do himself justice, being too fat, and his movements were very slow as compared with his other bouts in this city. Corbett tried his best to rattle Stein, and went so far as to drop his hands in the sixth round and ask Stein to come to him just once. Stein did not appear a bit nervous when they shook hands for the first round, and went right to the champion and staggered him with a right hander on the ear, and a few moments later sent Corbett reeling across the ring from a left. As the round progressed Stein gained more confidence, and gave Corbett as good as he received. The champion was cool, however, and tried to hook Stein with his left, but the latter's physical make-up enabled him to crouch away low, consequently the blows went flying through the air. Corbett then assumed a crouching attitude and seemed to gauge his blows better, and got home several good ones on Stein's body and nose. The "Kid" knocked several hard ones aimed at his jaw, that had they landed would have ended the bout.

Corbett was painfully slow in the third, evidently laying for an opening but the local boy was on the lookout and did not receive any damaging blows. The fourth and fifth were uneventful except that Stein was a bit more aggressive and took advantage of Corbett not trying his best, hitting the champion in the clinches, much to the delight of his friends.

Corbett tried to do a little better in the sixth and last round and went after Stein right and left, trying to hook over his left for the jaw and his right on the ribs. He got home several rib-roasters that must have hurt Stein, but the latter never flinched; Stein did not for a moment leave himself open for a punch.

Corbett undoubtedly have won with a knockout had he been in shape, but as it was he had all he could do to win on points.

THE WALCOTT-CARTER FIGHT.

Joe Walcott, of Boston, the "black demon," added new laurels to his already long list Tuesday evening, when, at the opening of the new Criterion A. C. in the presence of nearly 5,000 spectators, he won the decision, after 15 of the fastest rounds ever fought in this city, from Kid Carter of Brooklyn. The win for the Boston fighter is his crowning glory, on account of the fact that Carter has two wins to his credit from

business-like manner, and if he fails it is not because he has failed to do his best.

FITZ DIDN'T KNOCK OUT GRIM.

Bob Fitzsimmons Wednesday night in Philadelphia failed to knock out Joe Grim in the scheduled six rounds. The plucky Italian who has met many good fighters and never been knocked out, was given severe punishment by Fitzsimmons and was knocked down probably a dozen times, but was on his feet at the end of the bout.

Grim was down twenty times all told, including one accidental fall, one slip out of the ring and some half dozen falls to avoid punishment. The others were square knock downs and it must be said to Grim's credit that very few other boxers could have taken these blows and shown so little effect from them.

MAKING OF CLAY PIPE.

It is Claimed There is Quite a Trick in the Making of the Material.

Among the little things seen in daily life about which most people know very little, is the common, ordinary clay pipe. In almost every clear shop window, in the mouth of every third laborer, and even in the nursery, this snow-white little instrument of comfort and amusement may be seen, yet few know for instance, that most of the clay pipes sold in this city of domestic make are manufactured over in New Jersey. Woodbridge is the name of the queer little town given over to this old manufacture, and a trip through one of the factories of that settlement, to follow the pipe from the time it is dug as clay to the time it appears ready for the market is interesting.

Looking at the chunks and lumps of clay as they are transported from the banks to the factories one would hardly believe that the snowy, cheap little article could have been manufactured from material so different in color. The color of this clay, before it is pressed, is a dark grey, like cement. Nor is the process of manufacturing one of these pipes as simple as might be imagined from the absurdly low price.

As the clay comes into the factory it is divided finely and put to soak in water for ten or twelve hours. This soaking is to divide the clay to its smallest possible particles, so that in the ensuing process it will not cake or lump, and work smoothly and evenly.

This attained, the clay is put into a "pug" mill, where it is stirred by machinery until it gets stiff and stiffer, until finally it becomes stiff as dough. In this state the clay is roughly moulded into lumps and distributed among the pipe-makers, who begin the first step in the life of the humble creation.

Grasping a small chunk of clay in each hand, the artist begins work to fashion roughly two pipes at the same time. Rolling one pipe in the palm of his hand, he quickly produces two carrot-shaped and pointed rolls that bear little or no resemblance to the incredible speed the fashioning of these little when it is finished.

Next, the pipe-maker, the expert in the problem of manufacturing something like seventy-five gross of pipes within the week. Then the rolls are put away to dry somewhat, and for ten or twelve hours they will not readily dry to pieces. After that the clay is ready for moulding.

The ordinary mold consists of two pieces of iron hinged on the side and opening like a sewing machine. Most of the little factories have numerous molds from the common, unadorned sort of elaborate patterns that come in six or eight pieces and are made of brass and intended to fashion pipes in imitation of wooden models that happen to be of the desired shape. The pipe-maker seizes one of the shapable rolls, tucks the fat end upwards—which at once gives the suggestion of a pipe—and runs a wire through the pointed end, out of which the stem is to be pressed. The roughly fashioned clay is then put into the mold, which is jammed shut, while at the same time a plunger is pressed to enter the mold and to press out the clay so as to form the bowl. With a little knife the pipe-maker ed out the side of the mold is shaved by a single lightning stroke by the expert, and then once more there must be a drying process, this time in a room heated to about 55 degrees, where, as before, the pipe is kept for twelve hours. The pipe is then of its original grey color and soft and supplied with the "bumps" where the molded ends are joined, it is now practically finished.

Then comes the process of shaving off the bumps. At this stage the pipe still retains considerable dampness, so that the clay may be cut smoothly, while at the same time a wire is again drawn through the stem, so as to insure proper draught. All is now ready for the pipe in its final shape, except that it needs to be burned.

For this purpose it is put into a cylindrical vessel twelve inches high and as much in diameter. This is known as a "sagger." Set one against the other, the pipes are adjusted solidly in the sagger, which will hold something like a gross of pipes solidly packed. If the pipes consist of the more fancy designs—that is, merely the pipe bowls that are to be provided with mouthpieces of wood or rubber—the sagger will hold as many as two gross of pipes. Nine of these saggars filled with pipes are known as a stand, and a medium-sized kiln will hold twenty-one stands and will burn them all at the same time. For five hours the heat in the kiln is kept at a moderate temperature. After that it is allowed to run up, until at the end of twelve or fourteen hours it is driven to a white heat, which gives the pipes their spotless white finish.—New York Times.

CORBETT ANXIOUS TO MEET FITZ

ONCE MORE.

Although convinced that there is little chance for him to ever regain the heavyweight championship, so long as Jim Jeffries is alive, Jim Corbett still has an ambition and that is to defeat Ben Fitzsimmons, the man who wrested the title from him at Carson City, six years ago.

Corbett frankly admits that Jeffries is in a class all by himself, while he believes that he and Fitzsimmons are pretty nearly matched and should fight it out. Corbett has never been satisfied with the result of his last battle with the Cornishman, and it is his desire to wipe out this defeat. The victory over Fitzsimmons, however, accorded him cuts more than both of Jeffries' victories because Gentleman Jim is confident that he can defeat Lanky Bob, while on the other hand he takes his hat off to Jeffries.

In anticipation of a match with Fitzsimmons, Corbett is taking good care of himself, and in a couple of weeks he will begin a course of training that will put him in shape for a match with his erstwhile rival.

Corbett says that the battle will not take place for several months, but at the same time he intends to utilize all of the time building up his system. He is in excellent shape, when he meets Jeffries and he is sure that he had met Fitzsimmons that same night instead of the champion he would have been returned the winner.

Corbett is living an outdoor life at his home at Bayville, L. I. Fond of outdoor sports, he can be found any fine day playing tennis, handball or driving along the roads behind a fast stopper. Whenever Corbett sets his mind on anything he is likely to accomplish it. He goes about it in a

THE FASCINATING MONKEY MAN.

Lots of Instances to Show the Girls Like Him Best.

Like Miss Best.

Maybe there was as much truth as boasting in the statement of John Wilkes, the famous London alderman, "Ugly as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start, I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the street with any woman."

Of Wilkes' abnormal ugliness there was never any question. "The very children in the street ran away at the sight of him!" And yet his powers of fascination were so great that women of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while handsome men of all courtly graces were neglected.

It was said that there were few beauties of the day whose hands Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win. He married one of the richest and loveliest women of his time.

"Beauty and the Beast," they call us," Wilkes once said to a friend, "and I cannot honestly find fault with the description."

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly dowered with physical charms have fallen in love with men of most repulsive appearance.

Queen Wilhelmina is an example of a charming and attractive young woman choosing an ugly man. Fat and plain of face, and, for a royal person, distinctly poverty stricken, Prince Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has had great fascination for womankind. Gossips whispered that the young duke was taken by surprise when the little queen of Holland showed her preference for him, and yet it was not the first time that he had been admired and courted by women of high rank.

When Princess Helena of Russia suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden it was believed it was because she hoped to persuade her parents to let her marry the stout blond dukeling Heinrich, and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh also loved the young duke, though in vain. In fact Prince Heinrich was a good deal of the lady killer, and he knew it.

Neipperg, an ugly creature, with small abilities and yet smaller fortune, was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affection of Marie Louise, who fell furiously in love with him. With everything to lose and nothing to gain by his encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French emperor to become the wife of an Austrian count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the woman who ran after the ugly Duke de Richelieu.

When Richelieu was shut up in the Bastille, crowds of women, old and young, and rich and poor, used to collect every day at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapet, and adore him from a distance, deploring the incarceration of so adorable a person.

Theodore Hook was another ugly man who seemed to be irresistible. When Lant was an old man with a long white beard, he was the object of adoration to his ugly henchmen and raved over him as though he were Adonis himself. Dozens of school girls and countesses who worshipped at his shrine cared not a pin for his music, nor understood a note of it, but were kept alive to the charm of his personality.

There were few plainer men of his generation than the great Lord Brougham, and as few who took so little trouble to ingratiate themselves into the hearts of women. He might have picked and chosen among the fairest of society beauties. To a question where Lord Brougham was, the answer was once given: "Where the ladies are the thickest." By following that simple guide he was generally run to earth.

Perhaps the reason of the "attractiveness" of the plain man is that he is not vain. He can't be, of his face at any rate.

A pretty man is a nuisance," one girl was overheard to say. "I mean the man whose hair curls, whose cheeks are red and poses in public places where he may be easily seen, and who always wears a sleek smile on his thoughtless face. He is a nuisance because of his conceit. Girls grow weary of looking at him, but he still keeps in the way, believing he is giving them a treat."

The body of Percy T. W. Barrows, a boy killed by lightning, was discovered by a perfect maidenhair fern outlined on the boy's side, and supposedly imprinted by the stroke of lightning. Such a circumstance has been reported before in cases of death by lightning. The outline was perfect, and was only slightly smaller than a natural leaf. There were no ferns in the immediate neighborhood of the point where the lightning struck. "It is a very large number of men and boys who were running from the ball grounds to shelter from the storm, and killing young Barrows."

NEW MONSTER FOUND.

Extinct Arctotherium of Africa Was a Quaker Beast.

"The great western desert of Egypt, the rainless, sandy region which extends for hundreds of miles beyond the Fayum, consists of deposits of sand raised in places to form ridges or cliffs some hundreds of feet thick," says the London Sphere.

"These sands are of marine and estuarine origin. They belong to the earlier Tertiary period—the Eocene and Lower Miocene. When the sands of the desert of the Fayum were deposited there was an African continent south of Egypt (of a very different shape from that which we know today) and a great estuary corresponding more or less to the Upper Nile Valley. On this land lived creatures extraordinarily unlike anything at present living."

"The animals living in the Africa of Eocene times included the ancestors of all elephants, creatures with long snouts and lower jaws also as long as the snout was upheld, and could not hang down as the trunk, as it came to do later in the mastodons and elephants of Miocene and Pliocene times. There were also huge beasts like the manatee and dugong in the shallow waters, a coney or hyrax as big as a donkey, and great carnivorous animals unpowered than their modern descendants."

A huge python, twice as large as the biggest now alive, and many tortoises of large size have also been found.

"These and the wonderful arctotherium have all been discovered in the last two years. Travellers had reported that fragments of bone were occasionally to be seen sticking out of the wind swept, dry sand of the Fayum desert, but it was not until the officers of the Geological Survey of Egypt, under Captain Lyons, made a special expedition to this region in 1901, that any specimens in a good condition were obtained and their nature ascertained by expert osteologists. Fortunately, Dr. Andrews, of the department of geology at the British Museum, happened to be in Egypt at the time, and accompanied the party sent by the Egyptian survey into the Fayum desert at the invitation of Captain Lyons. Even the short stay of a couple of weeks enabled the survey party to collect a number of bones and skulls, which were recognized by Dr. Andrews as being absolutely unlike any previously known fossils and of the greatest interest."

"Last year Mr. Beadnell, of the Egyptian Geological Survey, discovered what is perhaps the most astonishing of all the monsters unearthed in the Fayum. It is as big as a large rhinoceros, and at first sight the skull suggests an affinity with the animal. It has two enormous horns growing from the nasal bone, but these are not, as in the rhinoceros, horns of a horny, fibrous material, they are actual bony outgrowths covered in life with blood vessels and skin. The horns are as the horns of the giraffe. Possibly the tips of these two great horns may have been protected by a sheath of horny matter, like a cow's horn."

"To this monster Mr. Beadnell has given the name of arctotherium, in honor of the Egyptian queen Arctonoe, who had a palace in the Fayum in a region near Lake Moeris, which was larger in those days and surrounded by a fertile silt, degenerated into sand wastes since the time of Rameses as Queen Arctonoe seems to us in human history, her date is to that of the monster named after her as one hour ago is to the day when Cheops ruled in Egypt."

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Miss Catchum—Did you knock at the door when you came tonight, George? George—Yes, Amy. Why do you ask? Miss Catchum (shyly)—I thought, perhaps, you had come with a ring.—Comic Cuts.

Harry (fortently)—You are the only girl I ever loved last night? Carrie—Really? What a lot of fun you have ahead of you.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

First American Heiress—I suppose you saw a great many old ruins while in Europe? Second Ditty—Yes, indeed; several of them proposed marriage to me.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

Gussie—What did you say when you told her I was sorry for having made a fool of myself last night? Gertie—Oh, she said she noticed nothing unusual.

Iowa is now considering the question of equipping all her school children with rubber heels in order to obtain greater quiet in the school-room. Similar heels for the teachers might also enable them to improve the discipline.

Mrs. Goodart—See here! If I give you some money I don't want you to spend it in that saloon over there. Thirsty Tim—All right, lady. If you're tonight for some dinner I'll be glad to patronize it.—Philadelphia Press.

"Well, what did he say?" asked the head of the firm. "He just said, 'come around the latter part of the week and I'll pay that little bill of yours,'" replied the collector. "He did, eh? Well, you keep hot on his trail, or he'll get away from you. If he really meant to pay that bill he wouldn't call it 'little.'"—Philadelphia Press.

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WARNING TO DEER HUNTERS.

One Rule That Would Save Many Lives of Hunters in the Woods.

(New York Sun).

The season is at hand when inexperienced or rash persons going into the woods with high power rifles, in their hands see something brown moving between the trees, right at it, fire, hear it fall and thrash around among the leaves, and, going forward to cut the throat of a deer, find a dead man. It is remarked by guides that whereas an inexperienced person shooting at a deer under such circumstances will miss it 99 times out of 100, he will plug a human being every time, making a cent's shot. There is a long list of these deplorable accidents last autumn, and there is little sign that they will be any fewer this year.

Various remedies have been proposed, but none of them has proved effective. There is, however, one rule which should be impressed upon the attention of these folks and impressed again. It is: Never shoot until you know absolutely what you are shooting at.

That rule should be posted in every camp of the Adirondacks and in the woods everywhere. It should be repeated to the guides night and morning. By dint of much repetition it might come in time to work the needed reform. It seems to the man in the city that a deer does not look enough like a human being to render homicide possible, but it is different in the woods. There the moving object is seen a hundred yards away, going slowly. Branches and bushes intervene. At best, only a glimpse is caught. That glimpse shows a square of brown six inches across. It may be the hide of a deer or a section of a canvas shooting coat. The man does not live who can tell one from the other at that distance and under these conditions. He has a sense he will wait until the moving object comes into clearer view. If it is going away from him he will prefer to let it escape rather than risk killing a fellow being.

The watcher will not have long to wait. Whether the moving thing be man or deer it will come into plain

view or go out of sight in a second or two. It is inability to wait this second or two that has cost so many human lives. Wonderful tricks are played by the nerves and the imagination on raw hunters wrought up by the prospect of killing a deer. Last season in the Adirondacks a man shot a woman who was sitting by a trail in plain view. She had on a brown hunting gown, and that did the business.

In the Wisconsin woods a man left his friend on the trail and started to make a circle and drive a deer down the runway, saying that he would be back in half an hour, and, when fifty yards from the place, his friend shot him through the stomach.

Only a few days ago a man placed on a stand in the Adirondack shot and killed his guide, who was coming down the lake in a boat. He saw the moving brown form through the bushes, did not see the boat, and let drive.

In Minnesota last year a man out hunting deer came to a stream. Two hundred yards down the stream and in its middle a little boy was sitting on a rock. The hunter killed the child.

If the man on the runway keeps still the moving brown object will never see him. It will go on the noiseless floor of its way and give him every chance to determine what it is.

The trouble with deer shooting now is that the rifles carry too far and the men behind them do not see clearly enough. One of these weapons at 200 yards will throw through a 15-inch hemlock, and if a man were behind the tree it would not protect him.

Because of the reckless shooting of good many old deer hunters are staying at home when the season opens. Some who go out wear a bright crimson cap, in imitation of the Indians, who binds a crimson handkerchief about his brows; but this does not do much good. If the view is clear enough to see the cap the watcher is not apt to shoot. All danger might be avoided if a man were a suit of crimson from head to foot. But while he would be safe, he would not see any deer, though many of them would see him.

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BABY IS KILLED.

GREETING FATHER.

Three-Year-Old Boy Tumbles in Front of a Car and is Crushed to Death.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—In his eagerness to meet his father returning from work Joseph Bustowski, three years old, of No. 635 East Tenth street, toddled in front of an Eighth and Christopher street car last night at avenue B and Tenth street and was crushed to death.

His mother, who had been leading him and carrying a baby in her arms, bent over to pick him up, and it required the strength of several men to restrain her from taking her own life in a drug store where they led her after the accident.

The woman reached for bottles, struggled to leap through the plate glass windows and shrieked until her cries were heard for several blocks. Bustowski is a tailor employed in the neighborhood of Tomkins square, and it was the custom of his wife and children to meet him on his way from work. Last night when the little boy espied his father he broke away from his mother and attempted to cross the track in front of the car.

The motorman exerted every effort to check its speed, but the fender knocked the child down and then rolled him under the front wheels. The motorman was arrested, but the testimony of scores of witnesses showed that he had done all in his power to avert the accident.

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S LINIMENT to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

ADVICE FOR MEAT BUYERS.

The inexperienced housekeeper, and even those who think they are too successful to need advice will do well to remember these simple rules, when buying beef, mutton or poultry. To test beef, press it down with the thumb. If it rises quickly the meat is good.

Beef should be fine grained, of a bright red color, with streaks of clean, white looking fat. The meat will be tough unless there is plenty of fat.

Mutton should be dark colored, with the fat a clear white. Veal should be fat.

Soup meat should have as little fat as possible and come from the round; and also meat intended for beef tea.

In buying fish the gills should be red. Poultry should have smooth legs and short spurs, with the feet bending easily and the eyes bright. If the fowl has begun to turn blue it is not good.

Grouse and quail both have white flesh; the pinioned grouse, however, has dark flesh.

Birds with white meat take about ten minutes longer to cook than those with dark meat.

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