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No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangements of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. The torture so bravely endured completely upset the nervous system. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism.

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If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 31 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing *only*, and he will send you a *free* copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, AUG. 30.

	A.M.		P.M.
Sun Rises	5.48	Sun Sets	7.00
High Tide	7.44	Low Tide	2 00

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Governor Cobb, 1 556, Allan, from Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass, and c'd.

Stmr Morien, 490, Burchell, from Port Morien, N S, R P & W F Starr, coal.

Cleared Yesterday.

Schr John J Hanson, Hardy, for Parrsboro, C M Kerrison, to load lumber for New York.

Schr Lucia Porter (Am) 384, Spragg, for Vineyard Haven for orders, J H Scammell & Co, 1,760,000 spruce laths.

Sailed Yesterday.

Schr Roger Drury, Cook, for Bridgeport (Conn.), Stetson, Cutler & Co.

Stmr Moeris, 2192, Stewart, for Brow Head for orders, deals.

Schr Georgia Pearl, 118, Berryman, for Stonington, Conn, lumber.

Schr Flyaway (Am), 131, Britt, for Boston, cedar shingles.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Yarmouth, N S, Aug 29—Ard schr Eddie Theirault, from Perth Amboy; stmr Prince George, from Boston; schr Constance, from Weymouth.

Cld—Schr Willena Gertrude, for Windsor.

Halifax, N S, Aug 29—Ard stmrs Trinidad, from New York and sailed for Quebec; Florizel, from New York; Bornu, from St John's (Nfld); Minia, cable, from sea; schr Collector, from New York.

Montreal, Aug 29—Ard stmrs Lake Champlain, from Liverpool; Grampian, from Liverpool.

Quebec, Aug 29—Ard stmr Mount Temple, from London.

BRITISH PORTS.

Lizard, Aug 29—Passed stmr Kiora, from Cardiff, Aug 27—Ard stmr Inon, from St John.

Liverpool, Aug 27—Ard stmr Almeriand, from St John and Halifax.

Liverpool, Aug 28—Ard stmr Cedric, from New York.

Sld 27th—Stmr Carthaginian, for St John's (Nfld), Halifax and Philadelphia.

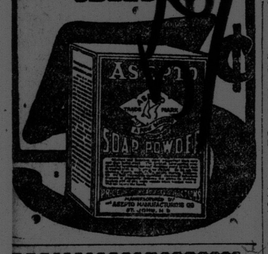
FOREIGN PORTS.

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Aug 29—Ard and sailed, schr Victoria, from Lahave (N S), for New York.

Ard—Schrs Laura, from New York for Bridgewater (N S); W H Waters, from Pawtucket for St John.

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER sweetens the home

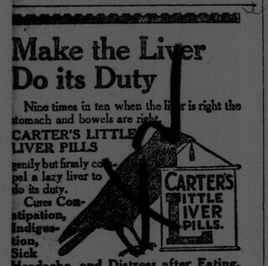
YOUR GROCER SELLS IT



Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.



Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents SEA SICKNESS

Take the Relief as a preventive and remedy. It is a pure diffusive stimulant and this is what is chiefly needed. The Pills may be given also, to promote free discharges by the natural channel. On account of the marvelous and unparalled effects of the Relief in stopping pain and inflammation, it is invaluable in railway and steamboat accidents. Never travel without it, as accidents are continually happening.

Ask for Radway's and Take No Substitute

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of Wm. Martin (registered without which none are genuine). Ladies should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores.

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

Cotton yesterday sold at 20 cents a pound in New York, the highest price asked since the civil war. Not a great many bales changed hands on the advance from 16.82, the closing price of Saturday, to 20 cents for August yesterday.

Mrs. Catherine Fogarty, and her little child, of Jamaica Plain, were drowned yesterday in a pond near Boston, and in an effort to save them an old man sixty years of age was also drowned. Another child of Mrs. Fogarty also fell into the pond, but was saved by Miss Laura Daley. The bodies were recovered.

On arriving in New York yesterday from the old country, Mrs. J. R. Adriance, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was found to have in her possession more than $100,000 worth of jewelry, which she claimed was owned by her and her daughter, and a travelling companion, Mary H. Doughty. They were released on $7,500 bail, but the jewels are being held.

In Montreal yesterday, Bishop Archambault warned Roman Catholics, under penalty of excommunication, from joining the Free Masons, declaring that that body aimed to destroy the Catholic faith.

Toronto, Aug. 29—(Special)—Rev. Frank Powell, of London, and lately of Assumption College, Sandwich, has been appointed principal of St. Michael's R. C. College here to succeed Rev. N. Roche, who has gone to Chatham (N. B.), to take charge of the new Basilican College there.

Sydney, N. S., Aug. 29—(Special)—J. R. Blackett, formerly chief auditor of the Dominion Coal Company, has been appointed controller of the Halifax Tramway Company, and left for Halifax today. Mr. Blackett will take up his new duties at once.

Chatham, Mass., Aug. 29—Her cargo of lime catching fire from the water entering her hold, after she struck on Shovelful Shoal, the two masted schooner Ada Ames, bound from Rockland (Me.), for New York, was totalled destroyed by fire on the shoal this afternoon.

MARINE NEWS

Chatham, Mass., Aug. 29—Her cargo of lime catching fire from the water entering her hold, after she struck on Shovelful Shoal, the two masted schooner Ada Ames, bound from Rockland (Me.), for New York, was totally destroyed by fire on the shoal this afternoon.

A false alarm from box 135 called out the north end fire department last night.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

By Edward Everett

From a Speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Oct. 27, 1852.

AMONG the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed forever, the most remarkable are those which have been quoted by a previous speaker,—"I still live." They attest the serene composure of his mind; the Christian heroism with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon himself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage (dark to us, but to him, we trust, already lighted from above), which connects this world with the world to come. But I know not what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving—"I still live." This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which it was taken, but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose service I have consecrated my days. "I still live."

The icy hand of death is already laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend. In the long and honored career of our lamented friend, there are efforts and triumphs which will hereafter fill one of the brightest pages of our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene—the height of the religious sublime—does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene of which we shall not readily find the parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the king of terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation; the thoughtfulness for the public business, when the sands were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife and children and kindred and friends and family, down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster should cease to exist!" the dimly-recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray; the last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly-murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayers. Oh; my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed ages after the glories of the forum and the senate are forgotten.

His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

BY LOUIS TRACY

Copyright 1904 by R. F. Fenno & Co.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued)

'Certainly,' cried Edith, instantly resolving to pursue the tactics of the penny novelette. "I have been deserted. My lover has been taken away from me by another woman—at least, that is what I am informed. I do not wish to make any trouble about it. There are plenty as good men as he left in the world; but, on the other hand, I must not act unjustly. I have been told that he lives in this house—that he is living with her here at this moment, in fact. If I can make sure of it, I will go away and never set eyes on him again unless by chance, and then you may be sure I will take no notice of him. I am not one of those silly girls who break their hearts over a faithless sweetheart."

Marie was reassured.

"I should think not," she said, with a sympathetic and defiant sniff. "I had the very same experience last Sunday, when Phillippe—the grocer's boy at the corner, you know—walked along the Corniche Road with a chit of a girl out of a shop. She thinks herself better than we are because she stands behind a counter, and I am sure she made eyes at Phillippe one day when his master sent him there on an errand."

"Phillippe must have bad taste," broke in Edith. "But I am sorry I must hasten away. If you girls will tell me quickly all the other people that live in that house I will give you two francs each. That is all the money I have got."

She produced the coins, which she easily distinguished from the gold in her pocket by the size. She knew that to appear too well supplied with money in that neighborhood was to court danger, if not disaster, to her undertaking.

Both girls eagerly seized the forty sous pieces.

"Oh, on the second floor," said Marie, "I am afraid you will find your young man. They are a funny couple that live here. They only came here on Monday. When did your young man leave you?"

"I saw him on Saturday."

"Where?"

This was a poser, but Miss Talbot answered desperately:

"At Lyon."

"What is he like?"

Another haphazard shot.

"He is tall and dark, and, oh so good-looking, with a beautifully white skin and a pink complexion."

"That is he!" cried both girls together.

"The scoundrel! But tell me," went on Edith, whose excitement was readily construed as the pangs of jealousy, "who is the creature that lives with him?"

"We think she is a music-hall artiste," replied Marie. "At least, that is what the people say. I have not heard yet what hall she appears in. They say she is very pretty. Are you going to throw vitrol over her?"

"Not I," said Edith, with a fine scorn. "Do they live there alone?"

"Yes, quite alone. They rent the place from Pere Didon. He owns most of the houses in the street, you know, and is a regular skinflint. He won't let anyone get behind with their rent for an hour. He is old, so old that you would not think that he could live another week, yet he is that keen after his francs you would imagine he was a young man anxious to get money for a gay life. You ought to have heard the row here last Saturday when he turned the people out from their rooms where your lover now lives. There was a poor woman with two sick children."

How much further the revelations as to Pere Didon's iniquity might have gone, Miss Talbot could not say, but at that moment there came an interruption.

From the opposite doorway appeared the figure of Mlle. Beaucaire, carrying a small bag. She was followed by a man, tall slight, and closely muffled up, who shouldered a larger portmanteau. Edith grabbed both the girls, and pulled them close to her against the closed door behind them.

"It is he!" she whispered tragically. "Silence! Let us watch them!"

The man darted a suspicious glance up and down the street. There was no one whom even the clever Henri Dubois could construe as an enemy—no one save some chattering Marseillais loitering around their doorsteps, and three girls huddled together in close conclave directly opposite.

Thus reassured he strode after La Belle Chasseuse, who cried out impatiently:

"Come quick, Henri; what are you waiting for?"

"Is his name Henri?" whispered the awe-stricken Marie.

"Yes, Isn't he a villain?" I wonder where they are going now!"

"Let us follow them and see," chimed in the other one, who delighted in the nocturnal romance. It was a veritable page out of one of Paul de Kock's novels.

The programme suited Miss Talbot exceedingly well.

They strolled off down the street, nestling together, Edith in the centre; and keeping the shrouded couple in front well in sight. This time, when Mademoiselle Beaucaire and her companion reached the point where the street emerged on to the harbor, they did not cross over towards the broad and brilliantly-lighted Cannebiere, but hurried on through the darkness in the direction of a cluster of fishing smacks that lay alongside the Quai de Rive Neuve.

"My faith, Eugenie!" cried Marie, "they must be going on board one of the vessels"

"What a lark!" was the answer. "I suppose they fear you," she added, turning her sharp eyes on Edith. "What is your name"

"Lucille," came the answer on the spur of the moment.

"Lucille what."

"My gracious!" cried Eugenie, "what a swell name!"

"Oh, let us hurry," interrupted Miss Talbot desperately. "You girls know everybody. You must know all the vessels. If they are going on a boat and you find out the name and number for me I will give each of you a whole louis. I will give them to you now I mean, that is, if you will walk with me afterwards to my lodgings."

Even amidst the exciting circumstances surrounding her, Edith recognized the absolute necessity there was to maintain the credibility of her previous narrative.

Unquestionably Dubois and the lady intended to embark on one of the fishing boats. They hastened to the further end of the harbor, through whose tiny entrance Edith could now see the dark waters of the bay beyond, for the night was beautifully clear and fine, and the bright stars of the south lent some radiance to the scene, when the girls quitted the deep shadow of the houses.

A solitary boat, a decked fishing smack of some forty tons, was lying by the side of the quay, apart from the others. Edith, who knew something about yachting, recognized that her gearing was not fastened in the trim manner suggestive of a craft laid by for the night. At the same instant, too, she caught sight of a third form—that of a man who had been seated on a fixed capstan, and who now strode forward to peer at the newcomers.

Some few words passed between the three, but it was impossible for the girls to hear a syllable. Instantly the sailor assisted Dubois and Mademoiselle Beaucaire to step down from the quay on board the smack. He followed them, and three other men, who appeared out of the chaos of sails and ropes, commenced to labor with a large pole in order to shove the sturdy vessel out into the harbor.

"Quick!" murmured Edith, in an agony lest the opportunity should slip., "Tell me what vessel it is."

"I think," said Marie, "it is the Belles Saeurs. Anyhow, we can easily make certain. All we have to do is to go back around the top of the harbor, walk down the Quai du Port, and watch her as she passes under the lighthouse of the Fort St. Jean. They will hoist her sail then and we shall see her number."

"Oh, come," cried Edith, "lest us run!"

"We can run if you like," replied Marie coolly, "but there is no need. They have to get out by using the sweeps, and we will be underneath the lighthouse at least a minute or two before they pass, even if we walk slowly."

Whilst they were talking the three girls put their words into practice, and Edith found herself battling with a logical dilemma. Dubois was evidently escaping from France—making out from Marseilles at this late hour on a vessel capable of sailing to almost any point of the Mediterranean.

What could she do? Was it possible to invoke the aid of a policeman and get some authority to hail the craft and order her to return, or was there time to take a cab in the Cannebiere and drive furiously to the hotel, where Brett, Fairholme and her brother must be anxiopsly awaiting her return?

Rapidly as these alternatives suggested themselves, she dismissed them. It was best to fall in with Marie's suggestion and ascertain beyond doubt the identity of the fishing smack. Then, at any rate, Brett would have a tangible and definite clue.

So she hastened with her companions along the three sides of the now almost deserted quay, and, in accordance with the prediction of her youthful guides, she reached the promenade beyond the small lighthouse of the inner port before the vessel had quitted the harbor. To move a forty-ton boat with oars is a slow matter at the best.

As the craft came creeping steadily through the narrow channel Edith saw, to her great relief, that two of the men drew in their sweeps, and commenced to haul upon the ropes whilst the clanking and groaning of pulleys heralded the slow rising of the mainsail.

She thought the sail would never climb up in time, but as it began to yield to the steady pull of the men it mounted more and more rapidly, and at last, feeling the influence of a gentle breeze blowing off the land, it shook out its cumbrous folds and the number stood clearly revealed in huge white letters on the dark brown canvas.

At first, in her eagerness, she could hardly discern it, save a big "M" and an "R."

"There!" cried Eugenie, bubbling over with excitement. "There it is! 'M. R. 107.' Marseilles, No. 107, you know. Why, isn't that Jacques le Bon's boat?" she demanded from her companion.

"Yes, it is," said Marie; "and there is Jacques himself standing by the tiller."

Edith's eyes were now becoming accustomed to the night and the dancing water.

"Where are the others?" she said. "I cannot see them. There is no one standing on the deck but the sailors."

"Oh, they have gone below, I expect," said the practical Marie. "They will be in the way of the sails, you know. There is not much room for people who don't work on the deck of a small ship like that. Besides, they don't want to be seen. If a customs officer or a harbor official were to notice the boat now he would think that Le Bon was going out fishing for the night, but he would be sure to wonder what was happening if he caught sight of a woman on board. Funny, isn't it," she rattled on, "that Jacques should be called 'Le Bon,' for he is the worst man in Marseilles? They say that his ugly grin when he draws a knife would frighten anybody!"

(To be continued.)

The Holy Ghosters' bark Kingdon is still ashore at Mud Island, off Yarmouth, N. S. It is being patched up.

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DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient), "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

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CANADIAN COAL CORPORATION

PRESENT WATERWAY PROJECT TO PREMIER

Great Plan for Opening of Columbia River by Canada and the United States

Nelson, B. C., Aug. 29—The creation of new international waterways of commerce was the big project presented to Sir Wilfrid Laurier today by the Nelson and Revelstoke boards of trade, reinforced by the Associated British Columbia chambers of commerce and a delegation from Oregon and Washington states, headed by United States Senator Chamberlain.

They seek to open the British Columbia river from its source to the ocean with a view of opening a canal to create a route of commerce on a water rate basis from the heart of the Rockies to London, New York and the markets of the world.

The proposed route will cover 750 miles of railway from Kootenay and Okanagan districts to Portland, 150 miles being on Canadian territory.

The United States has already taken action, for some distance, under appropriations by the national and state governments.

The Canadian project contemplates a considerable dredging and the building of three, and possibly, four locks.

Sir Wilfrid and Hon. Messrs. Graham and Templeman conferred with the large delegation on the data and proposals. Replying, the premier stated that much of what had been presented appealed to him. How the opening of a navigation route north and south would have the full desired effect on railway tariffs running east and west, he was not prepared to say without further information.

"But," said the premier. "Anything which goes to develop trade and encourage better relations between Canada and the United States appeals to me. Our relations are becoming more friendly every day, which means better civilization and the welfare of the world. On this ground alone the government has a call to look into the project with favor.

"It will be my duty and pleasure," said the premier, "to ask the minister of public works to have a survey made from Lake Windermere to the boundary and determine what is required and what it will cost."

Sir Wilfrid pointed out that the Canadian and United States governments could deal with the projects in two ways. Each government could approach it independently of the other.

"But," he added, "if it is possible it seems to me the better method would be to come to an understanding on the work, secure surveys, approximate cost and decide upon a united plan of action by both countries.

"I cannot emphasize too strongly the conviction that anything which tends to develop transportation between the two countries and encourage better relations would always receive favorable consideration from the government of Canada."

The preliminary hearing of Paul Boyce, the fourteen year old Boston boy, charged with stealing several articles at Digby, was ended yesterday with his being committed for trial.

Nervous Women will find that Nature responds promptly to the gentle laxative effect and the helpful tonic action of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

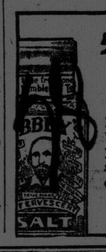
Nyal's FAMILY REMEDIES

Look for the Dandelion Colored Package

Sold and Guaranteed by all good Druggists

They know the formulas

One for each everyday ailment



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25c and 60c.

Sold everywhere. 58

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

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The rustic log in country lane
Looks pleasant and inviting.
But its allurements are in vain—
Mosquitoes there are biting.

Find a farmer.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down, against head.

BRAIN WORKERS

who get little exercise, feel better all round for an occasional dose of

"NA-DRU-CO" Laxatives

They tone up the liver, move the bowels gently but freely, cleanse the system and clear the brain. A new, pleasant and reliable laxative, prepared by a reliable firm, and worthy of the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

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