ate woman bakes with a

## nous Active Range

has thermometer on Thermometer tells

heat of oven, also reliable. in any respect-has

s, sectional covers,

rom local agent or

# VINNIPEG,

ST. CROIX RIVER Are Unable to Operfor President Kinley.

9.-The marriage of electrical engineer of ctric Light Company, ll, daughter of Frank ity, is to take place the home of the

was rung in Sunday ght blaze in Ward 2 the "all out" was fter.

t. Croix is very low mills are unable to ctric Light Company of both their steam

v. Frank W. Padel-A. J. Padelford, det sermon, which was ated as young Mr. d in Haverhill. Mass. ly, the pastor, gave ich was beautifully tion's attitude in its g President McKin-

the churches in Calthose on the Canadal prayers for Presiwere offered. There nley is the most popu-th all nations that we

uction in the working hington County railtaking place all along en have been dismiss-E. McAllister, E. C. ke and Thomas Maxown in this city. At the crew has also

of this city has asthe school at Crawfall term. of partridge is very en is to be one of the rer had.

Eastport, was a visday and Monday. er for the steamer is expected to arrive

slight frost Sunday

en and Milltown comian Volunteer Infanhments of the 71st in their battalion in Tuesday, for two

or Headache Powders ite. It is better to be and you may be sure are the best.

nuine rter's iver Pills

le Wrapper Below

FOR HEADAGHE. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN: FOR THE GOMPLEXION HADIO CHAPTURE

K HEADAGHE

[To Correspondents—Write on one side of the paper only. Send your name, not neces-sarily for publication, with your communi-cation. The Sun does not undertake to re-turn rejected manuscripts. All unsigned

THE TEACHERS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir-In your issue of Sept. 4th an article by Fair Play headed A Teacher's Reasons drew my attention. In his article he has mentioned a few reasons why the pupil of today does not get as practical an education as the pupil of ten years ago. But the difficulties which he enumerates are only

which the teacher of today labors. The curriculum of today is unsuited to the needs of the average pupil attending a country school. In country districts a pupil has but a short time to attend school, yet while he does he is obliged to learn subjects which he will have no need for in after life, while he will get but an indifferent knowledge of the subjects which he will have daily use for.

a few out of a long list under which

Another factor to be taken into con sideration is the attendance. A pupil will come two days out of the week and stay at home the other three. Many and varied are the causes of this, but perhaps the principal one is the hatred of school developed in the pupil by the school room itself. enter a school room and what do we The room bare and unattrac tive, oftimes ill-ventilated; furniture rickety and uncomfortable, children sitting on benches with their legs dangling in the air on account of the seat being too high to allow them to rest them on the floor, walls which have not seen a coast of paint since the school house was built, ceilings black with dust and smoke, blackboards in name only. How then can we expect a pupil to like school life amid such surroundings. And it is surprising to see how readily the ratepayers of school districts owning such schools will spend money for luxuries for their homes yet will not vote one cent to make the school more attractive to their children. Anything is good enough for a school house is their

Regarding text books, they are no as efficient as they should be. Better ones could easily be found. In our Acadian schools the text books in reading are worse than none; they are French is but a mere translation with out any effort at grading. At the united teachers' institute held at Bathurst, Gloucester county, in Oct. 1900, attention was called to the necessity of having new text books pre scribed, yet no steps have been taker in the matter, nor are there hopes of any for a long while to come. The teaching profession is the most

ill-paid of all the professions. Many school trustees do not look at the qualifications of the teacher, but at qualifications of the teacher, but at the whole Wad in Cousin Chester's livestment Company, which was qualifications of the teacher, but at he whole was livestment Company, which was couches and stretchers and bath chairs. It was heartrending.

So the Man closed all Deals and put there, and a dimple he'll find you still further to bind you; And he's two little teeth lately out from their shall about the couches and stretchers and bath chairs. It was heartrending. the amount of dollars and cents which they have to pay at the end of the term, yet they will ask why have we not more efficient schools? The profession is losing its best members simply because their abilities can command higher salaries elsewhere, and most of those that remain are

teaching for charity. The teaching profession is a nobl The cultivating of the infant mind, the making the youth of today into noble-minded men and women and the moulding of future states and leaders of men, is no light task. Yet the majority of the people look upon this important duty, and upor those into whose care it is entrusted. as less than their clerks or servants. judging from the remuneration they

Now let us consider the remedies at our disposal. "In unity there is strength." Let us unite and begin crusade for our rights. All other pro-fessions are united but ours. Why should we be an exception? As long as there is no union we may, individ-ually, strive in vain. Competition among teachers is becoming too fre-quent, and is bringing disgrace upon the profession. Let us unite and all competition will cease. We will then be a force to be taken into consideration when any blow is aimed at ou

education to secure perfection under our present system. We hear much about the prosperity of our country; no doubt we have good grounds for it. Then if our country is prosperous surely everyone can afford to give their children a good education. It is their birthright and they should have it, and if the parent tries to rob the child of this the government should the child what will be more precious to him than wealth or fame a good obtain this; each one can aid. Let our voices be heard and be not silent until a clause is inserted in our school law

making compulsory education an ac-complished fact.

We should also strive to have the attention of the government directed to the necessity of superannuation of teachers. Civil servants are super-annuated, and why should not we' Are we not rendering as much service to the province as the civil servants. It would help to keep our best teach ers in the profession, who after giving their youth and energy to the educa-tion of the young find that they have

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to enter some other profession to en-LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE when their powers will fall.

Now a parting word to my profes-sional brethren. We have been too long silent. Let our voices be uplifted. Let each one strive with word and pen to create a new era in the history of the profession in this province. Let us through the aid of the journals impress our needs upon the minds of the ratepayers and governstrive to bring about a union, and if we succeed a better day will have dawned for the profession.

I have to thank you, Mr. Editor, for

your valuable space, and hope to other teachers give their views upon the question brought up.

THE TERM BLUENOSE. To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir-I note your remarks in a late issue regarding the term "Blu and in connection with this subject

desire to offer a few remarks.

The "Bluenoses" in Boston have given considerable attention to looking up this matter, and the unanimou clusion arrived at is quite different from the generally accepted opinion and that to which you give precedence

in your article. The subject was most entertainingly discussed by Chas. G. D. Roberts at the Canadian Club banquet here last May. He stated that the genuine 'Bluenose' comes from Nova Scotia, the "Buckwheat Bluenose" from New Brunswick and the "Red Feet Blue nose" from Prince Edward Island This on account of the red soil. The sub-divisions were new to us, and I think, also, will be to the average

If inquiry is made of the oldest inhabitant he will confirm that fifty years ago, and, in fact, up to the ab rogation of the reciprocity treaty, Boston was the great produce market for the maritime provinces and particularly potatoes. Great numbers of schooners in those days lined T wharf. especially, loaded down with a variety of potatoes known as the "Blueno potato." In such great quantities did this variety of potato arrive here that its name became, in time, attached to

carried down to the provinces, and the nickname became conferred upon the people living there. I personally remember twenty years ago that my father in Nova Scotia raised this variety of potato. It had one end, the smaller end, blue, hence

persons handling them, and so was

I suppose, its name. lete as far as reflecting in any disparaging way on the people from the provinces. Not many years ago it was considered a synonym of provincialism, but since the people of the provinces have become better known to the people of New England, chiefly through tourists visiting them, and the prominence in business and social life to which many provincialists have attained here, it is now regarded in the same manner as the term "Yankee" is applied to New England-

entitled to credit for perpetuating this phrase. The all rail line has the "Flying Yankee" and the Dominion railway the nose." and as these terms are par excellence in transportation accomm dation, it therefore necessarily fol-lows that the term "Bluenose" is raised to a high plane of artistic

The idea of the term relating to prominent part of features on account rroneous. The fact that the variety of potato known as the "Bluenos the provinces, at least to any great extent, leaves of course to the average person no explanation but the

BLUENOSE. Boston, Sept. 7.

TWO AMERICAN CITIZENS. (N. Y. Mail.)

Czolgosz, the man who shot the president, is the son of Russian Poles who left a land where their lives were hedged in by bars of caste and repressive law, and came to this land of freedom. Here they found personal liberty, equal law and unbounded oppertunity for the son whom they brought into the world, to curse America and make it regret the optimis tic faith it cherished in mankind. This young man, beneath the mask of good will and under the sacred shelter of hospitality, approached the president with outstretched hand and shot him down with as little compunction as one would shoot a dumb animal at the

Harper, the man who seized the assassin with a strangle hold and knocked the weapon from his hand as he was about to fire a third time, was only a negro. He had been born in slavery and he had been emancipated by Lincoln. In Buffalo he held the the humble post of waiter. He, too, had the memory of wrongs his race had suffered—not in some foreign land whence they had sought asylum here but in America. But he was only a negro and he was grateful to the na-tion that freed him. So he risked his life to save, if he could, the success

It is possible in the whirliging of time that some of the relatives or descendants of Czolgosz who have located in the Georgia city whence Harper sprang at the polls, the relatives of the brave ple-hearted negro. And they may talk louder than any of their fel-lows concerning the sacredness of the "white supremacy" they represent.

"Supposing I give you your supper," said the tired-looking woman, "what will you do to earn it?" "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'll give you de opportunity of seein' a man go troo a whole meal wit'out findin' fault wit a single t'ing." The woman thought a minute, and then teld him to come in and she'd set the table.—

To cure Headache in ten minutes use mfort Headache Powders.

CANADIAN NURSE

Miss Maud Mohan, Brockville, Nurse in Charge of President McKinley.

A Brockville, Ont., despatch of last Saturday says:-"The fact that a Brockville young lady, Miss Maud Mohan, is the nurse in charge of President McKinley, gives the terrible tragedy even added interest. Miss Mohan only left here yesterday at noon, after spending three weeks' holidays. She would reach Buffalo last night at 7.30. The fact that she has been selected to fill that important position is an evidence that her ability as a nurse is fully recognized in Buf-falo. She graduated from the Buffalo general hospital three years ago and has since been associated with Dr. Roswell Park, one of the leading surgeons of the United States, and one of those in attendance on the president. this morning by Mrs. Mohan, from her laughter:-

"BUFFALO, Sept. 7, 1901. 'President resting quietly. I am

ourse in charge. MATTO MOHAN! "When Miss Mohan reached Buffalo that night a carriage was in waiting to convey her to the Milburn residence, to which President McKinley had been removed. She is intimately acquainted with Senator Milburn's family, having nursed his daughter through a very serious illness."

A MODERN FABLE.

By George Ade.

Once there was a man who began making Mind Bets on the Stock Mar-He would buy 1,000 imaginary Shares of a certain Stock and hold it for a

When Quotations were sky-high he would close out and figure what his Profits would have been if he had used Real Money.

Some months he figured himself

\$60,000 to the Soft Side.
As soon as he learned that he could call the Turn he decided to place a few Orders. He put his Ammunition into a Pyramid and began to fight the

His Friends tore his Clothes trying to save him from Destruction. They told him that the Greenhorn had no more chance than a Chicken at a Camp Meeting. Every Lamb had the Clippers laid on him, sooner or later. It was no use bucking the Game, unless you stood in with the Cabal that egulated the whirl of the Little Ball. His Cousin Chester, who was a Pious Boy with dark Brown Skilligans and White Tie, said that Wealth obtained by Gambling always took wings

The Speculator happened to get on some Railroads that went ballooning and the first thing he knew he had \$84,000 on Paper. Cousin Chester begged him, with Tears in his Voice, to pull it out and

and Flew. Cousin Chet was a Pro-

Plant it. If he stayed in long enough he would be Skun, sure.
So the Man closed all Deals and put rectors lived in a Suburb where there

Next Year the Cousin played Angel for a Patent Fire Escape and settled at 7 cents on the Dollar. The Safe Player advertised for a Job on the Road. Salary no Object.

MORAL.—It is difficult to leave off taking Chances.

THE REWARD OF HOSPITALITY.

(N. Y. Mail and Express.) "President McKinley is shot." called out some one in Indianapolis Friday "From a near-by crowd," according to the press report, "some one answered with a strong foreign accent. "Good!"

Zorn at Utica, when the attack on the president was announced. This man was born in Cologne, Germany. "The shooting will have a good effect," said Michael Meyer, a German socialist domiciled in Detroit. Aren't we Americans a little too hos

AN UNNECESSARY MAN.

The other day a man undertook to swim across the English Channel from Calais to Dover. No doubt he was inspired by the aquatic habit of the magnificently advertised quatic habit of the magnificently advertised eamers which carry travellers between ease two interesting points. As we all low, these vessels take a header at Dover Calais, as the case may be, and come up lipping and pale on the other side. But he human couldn't do what the boats dide e couldn't stay under water so long. He but waterlogged, was picked up by his tener, and was carried ashore in a wretched ate of health. And now it is advertised at a Boston man intends to swim to New ork. He reckons that he can do it in thirstate of health. And now it is advertised that a Boston man intends to swim to New York. He reekons that he can do it in thirty days. Perhaps he can; but if he can, I hope that he will marry a mermaid and retire to his own element. He isn't needed on land; we have, both here and in Boston, a sufficiency of liquor saloons kept by men who have performed abnormal feats, who are standing temptations to young men whose families require their services, and who, therefore, ought not to be risking their lives by indulging in attempts to beat the long-distance swimmer or the bridge-jumper or the glass-swallower or the man who can drink ink or any other poison. If this swimmer is so constructed that he can live in the water for thirty days without becoming waterlogged, he will be a nuisance and the occasion of deprayity all the rest of his days.—The Observer, in Harper's Weekly.

APPLES NOT SO SCARCE.

etters indicating that the scarcity of apples will not be as great as owners of orchards have claimed. The southwestern crop is heavier than anticipated. An abundant yield is promised in Kansas and Ohio. A Cincinnati let ter says the estimates made at the last apple convention will be increased 10 to 20 per cent., and that growers are beginning to look for buyers. Florida will yield 2,000,000 boxes of oranges, and California will have more than year. This will make oranges cheap, and if apples are high priced they will go slow. This writer says: "There will be plenty of apples to go around

HALIFAX EXHIBITION.

On Saturday next, September 14, the fifth Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition will be open at Halifax, and will be continued until the following Saturday.

CURES AT LOURDES THIS YEAR Remarkable Case of a Crippled Lad-Scenes of Singular Faith or

Credulity. Lourdes, which for ten months out of the twelve has a population of some 1,500, has had its inhabitants increased to 18,000, and soon some 25,000 rsons will be gathered in this little Basque village under the beetling brows of the Pyrenees which towe

We are all watching anxiously for miracles, and since, we left Paris in the "white train" on Saturday our talk has been of little else. were 500 of us in the long "white rain," of whom 300 odd were sick and three were dying when we started. Now one of the latter is dead and if report is to be believed three of the sick were oured miraculously.

I saw none of these miracles but those who did declare that a crippled

lad threw away his crutches, and a consumptive girl, who rose from a stretcher and walked out of the Church of the Radegonde, at Poitiers, had both been sick almost to leath some hours before.

since we left Paris, I seem to have been moving amid the sick and dying inexpressibly pathetic. All through the hot day and two stifling nights

irrepressible cries of our sick passen-gers as it joited slowly on.

Alt each stopping place—and they were very frequent—sweet-faced, gen-tle-handed nuns, of whom there were two to every three carriage loads of pilgrims, darted here and there with water, soup or milk for the patients. White and black robed priests of the Order of the Assumption hurried along the trains praying with one sick passenger, talking cheerfully with another, comforting here, exhorting

there-helpful always. No drugs of any kind are allowed to the passengers. Whatever may be thought of the humanity of trundling sick and dying people so many hunculous recovery, the faith and cheerfulnesss of these poor souls were in

themselves a miracle. I spoke with many of them on the way, including a man who eventually died. He was in a state of loathsom decay from the waist downward though only 22 years old, and one leg had been amputated at the thigh before he started.

started," he said, "and if the Holy Virgin does not cure me I hope to die at Lourdes." The poor fellow's last visit was doomed to disappointment He died Thursday an hour before w left Poitiers.

At the tomb of Ste. Radegonde at Poitiers, and also at the Grotto hereto which all the sick are carried immediately the trains arrive and at the passage of the host among the sick, which took place amid great pomp Thrusday afternoon, there was frenzied eagerness among the crippled and impotent worshippers to get nearer. All hoped against hope for a

the singing of the huge crowd, which formed an immense oval—above the owerful voices of the preachers, and bove the stentorian supplications of Father Marie-rose the whimpering of

a crippled idiot boy. They were drowned suddenly by tremendous roar at the conclusion of the ceremony as a crippled lad, who is for many years, dragged himself from the friendly arms which had been sup porting him, and ran. Was he really paralyzed? Will he be so tomorrow There are four doctors here, of whom one is an Englishman, and they be-

lieve that miracles do occur. Tonight the church and the cross "I'm glad he is shot; he ought to on the hillside present a fairy-like have been killed," shouted Henry van spectacle, and as I despatch this message a torchlight procession number ing many thousands of persons is wind-ing along the pathway on the moun-

MEN OF THE DAY.

Captain Colenbrander, the officer commanding Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, is the subject of an article by Sidney Lambert in The Daily Express, Mr. Lambert's description of the hunter scout is picturesque:

"As I write I have in my mind's eye a mental picture of the man as I last saw him on the stoop of his newly built house in Buluwayo, back in 1897—a close-knit, wiry figure of a man, something under middle height, habited in serviceable Tautz breeches, with a thin, silk-spun shirt above, open wide at the neck, the sleeves turned back over sinewy forearms bare to the elbow, a dark, close-cropped beard ringing a face burnt to a dull manogany by long exposure to the fierce African sun; a pair of restless, piercing grey eyes, incessantly roving; a square-set, resolute mouth, opening in a rare smile to show two regular rows of small, gleaming teeth.

"Johann (the name Colenbrander is known by in South Africa) was one of the first white men to travel in the country which is now Rhodesia under a special permit from the king (Lo Bengula). His intrepid wife accompanied him everywhere Many a time, when the king's permit failed to appease some hostile induna, the pair had to get themselves out of a scrape by their own resourcefulness and the straightness of their shooting. Mrs. Colenbrander could hold a rifle with the best men shots of her day.

"His marvellous fluency in the Kaffir language is one of Johann's varied accomplishments. He can speak at least three dialects so as to deceive a nigger. On ohe occasion, when Lo Ben was lying asleep in his royal hut, Johann happened to pass and say something to a Kaffir. The king jumped up in a rage and ordered his guards to go out and kill the black slave who had dared to disturb his rest.

"In the negotiations between the Charter-ed Commany and Lo Ben the king relied

out and kill the black stave who had dared to disturb his rest.

"In the negotiations between the Chartered Company and Lo Ben the king relied greatly on Johann for advice. 'If Johann says it is true, it is true' was one of his

they met he would kill him. They did meet.

"But Johann's qualifications for leading
Kitchener's Scouts are not merely his experience and achievements in Rhodesia.
There is no man in South Africa who knows
the country and its methods better than he.

"He has hunted in Swaziland, shot big
game in Zululand, traded and trapped in
Bechvanaland, and warred with Kaffirs
everywhere. Indeed, he has served on many
expeditions with Boers, and has even commanded some. The Boers do not trust a
man to lead them till they are quite sure of
him. Possibly there is not very much in
tactics which Johann has to learn from Dewet.

Personally as brave as a hungry leopard he has that rare quality of inspiring courage in others. I have heard a man say he would not go lion shooting for a fortune unless he had Johann with him, and then he would go for the sport of the thing."

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braide Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs—
Emerald twilights—
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the

whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the
green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sandbeach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn.

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon day fireday fire—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arrars of leaves—
Cells for the passionate pleasures of prayer
to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints
through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of all with
good; good; like to the greatness of God is the greatness within range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh; lo, out of his plenty of sea

Pours fast; full soon the time of the floodtide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost
creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million
veins,

veins, That like as with rosy and silvery essence In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun! .
The creeks overflow; a thousand rivule run
'Twixt the roots and the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;

Passeth, and all is still; and the currents

163 GERWAIN STREET cease to run; And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be! How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at its highest height;
And it is night.
And now from the Vast of the Lord will th
waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes tha

The forms that creep creep.

Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

—Sidney Lanler.

THE WEE ONE (Martha Burr Banks, in Outlook.)

Down at our house is a wee one, his feet
To the soft, fluffy down on the top of his
crown;
Oh, the hue of his eyes is the blue of the To the skies,
And the guile of his smile like the laugh
of the day,
Merry and winning and gladsome and While his cheeks are like clover, with pink flushing over.
From the break of the dawn to the set the sun,
There is nothing you'll see that is faire
than be,
Our own little, dear little wee one!

Two fat little fists has the wee one, And he always can show you a free one, To tear at your hair and to make havon

Ah, many a friend has the wet one, And he knows if you happen to be one He'll gurgle and coo and he'll frolic w you, stretch out his arms with his pretti He'll hoax you and coax you and cut his capers, You have to attend him, you have to be friend him. who can help loving that bundle of

DAYS GONE BY. Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gon

In the days gone by, when my naked fee And the tilting snipe-stood, fearless of the truants wayward cry.

And the splashing of the swimmer in the days gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! Oh, the days gone sic of the laughing lip, the lustre The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,
When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh, the olden, golden glory of the days gon

THE SOUL'S DISCOVERY.

I have heard Thy voice, Not in the pauses of a priestly prayer, But in the tender whitspering of the le And in the daily breathings of the air.

But in the deep solitude of des Then wast Thou very gentle child!

I have seen Thy face,
Not only in the great light of the cross,
But through the darkness of forgotte
graves
And in the dawning recompense of loss.

MONEY TO LOAM.

MONEY TO LOAN on city, town, villagor country property in amounts to suit low rate of interest. H. H. PICKETT, Scilicitor, 50 Princess street, St. John 1007

WANTED.

WANTED—A capable plain cook for the Old Ladies Home. Apply to the MATRON, 147 Broad Street, St. John.

# APIOL STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Coehia, Penny-royal, &c. Order of all chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal and Toronto; Canada, and Victoria, British Columbia, or MARTIN, Pharmaceu-tical Chemist, Southampton, England.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That the Co-partnership heretofore existing betten Erb & Sharp, Commission Merchants, was dissolved by mutual consent on November 1st, last.

The business will be continued by Geo. N. Erb, at the old stand, Stall A, City Market, where he will be pleased to receive consignments of Country Produce to sell, and guarantees to make prompt returns at the best possible prices.

GEO, N. ERB. Stall A, City Market.

## DR J. H. MORRISON

**PROFESSIONAL** 

HAS RESUMED HIS PRACTICE.

163 GERMAIN STREET.

# DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Sept. 26, 1895, says:

"If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE, I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple aliments forms its best recommendation."

### DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR Diarrhoa, Dysentery, Cholera

CAUTION.—Genuine Chlorodyne. Every bottle of this well known remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS. DIARRHOEA, etc., bears on the Government Stamp the name of the inventor.—

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE

Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 114d., Sc. bd., and 4s. 6d. Sole manufactures. J.T DAVENPORT



Only vegetable oils-and no coarse animal fatsare used in making

"Baby's Own

> Soap" Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing. Doctors recommend it for Nursery and Tollet use Beware of Imitations.

Albert Toilet Soap, Mfrs., Montreal.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* There's a hush and stillness caim and deep, For the waves have woosd all the winds to sleep. In the shadow of headlands hold and steep; And some gracious spirit has taken the cup Of the crystal sky and filled it up With amber wine, and in it afar. Has dissolved the pearl of the morning star

A ship is sailing beyond the bar, Bound to a land that is fair and far, And those who wait and those who go are brave and hopeful, for well they ke Fortune and favor the ship shall win That crosses the bar when the dawn of

The guardian hills the bay enfold, in purple raiment are hooded and stoled And smit on the brows with fire and gold; And in the distance the wide white sea is a thing of glamor and witchery.

With its wild heart stilled to a passing rest, and the sunrise cradled upon its breast.

Washington Star.