

arms for Sale.

the north side of Belle Long Point, known as wooded, has yielded over 1000 bushels of wheat...

School, Office and Church Furniture Manufacturer. J. B. LORDLY, manager of the Loyal Furniture Manufacturing Company, Ltd.

WANTED. We Have Just Issued Household Manual and Ladies' Directory...

Reliable Men in every locality throughout Canada to introduce, looking up show cards on trees, long roads and all conspicuous...

FOR SALE. Fifty copies of the book 'The Shepherd Boy' in first-class binding...

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THE GREATEST COUGH CORE OF THE AGE



Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry. THE SUREST COUGH AND COLD CURE. Be Sure and Get Hawker's. All Druggists Sell It.

H. A. McKEOWN, M. P. P. St. John, N. B. says: 'I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry for the last eight years, and consider it the best cough cure I ever used.'

REV. GEORGE M. CAMPBELL. Pastor of Centenary Methodist Church, St. John, N. B. says: 'Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry has been in use in my family for several years for colds and throat affections, with results so satisfactory that I have confidently recommended it to my friends.'

REV. J. J. TRASDALE. Pastor of Frederick Methodist Church, writes: 'I have bronchial trouble for years, and have used Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry for the last eight years, and consider it the best cough cure I ever used.'

THOMAS MAVITT, ESQ. St. John, N. B. writes: 'I have great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry for the last eight years, and consider it the best cough cure I ever used.'

GEORGE PHILIPS. I. C. R. Ticket Agent and Exchange Broker, St. John, N. B. says: 'I was completely cured of an influenza cold by a bottle of Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry.'

Price 25 Cents Per Bottle. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD., ST. JOHN. Sole proprietors for the famous Hawker Remedies. Hawker's Catarrh Cure Will Cure Any Cold in the Head.

MARRIAGES. ARMOUR-FAIRIS-On the 12th November, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. E. Fairis, by the Rev. George Stiel, Thomas A. Armour to Maude Lee Fairis, both of St. John, N. B.

DEATHS. LOVETT-On the 9th November, at Truro, Nova Scotia, Annie M. Lovett, widow of the late John Lovett, in the 84th year of her age, leaving four sons and four daughters to mourn their loss.

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived. Tuesday, Nov. 12. St. John, 1064, from Boston via Portland and Eastport, W. G. Lee.

FOREIGN PORTS. Boston, Nov. 12-13, stmr Anglian, from London; Iberian, from London; Mytic, from London; Bonavita, from Halifax.

CANADIAN PORTS. Annapolis, Nov. 11-Ard, brg Carrie L. Smith, Chatham, from Liverpool, to load for South America.

TO WEAK MEN-A valuable book, about health. It explains every-thing illustrated the way of treat-ment for all obstacles to marriage, all men who suffer from the effects of drains on the system, excess, improper habits, worry sent by mail in plain sealed envelopes, and 2 cent Canadian stamps. Ad-visor, F. Clarke, Detroit, Mich.

Phoenix, for Windsor, N. S.; Clayola, for St. John; Stmr Vincenzo, for Portland, Me. Oct 11-12-Ard, stmr Mavorick, from Philadelphia for St. John, N. B., to- day, with cargo of coal; from Philadelphia for Boston (for harbor).

SPOKEN. Ship Charles, for United Kingdom, Oct 21, from St. John; ship Ardamurohan, from Cardiff for Santa Rosa.

LIST OF VESSELS BOUND TO ST. JOHN. Steamer. Nominad, at Liverpool, Nov. 14. Onward, from Cape Town via Newport News, Oct 12.

OBITUARY. Mrs. Wm. Hammond. Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 12-(Special)- Mrs. Wm. Hammond, 70 years of age, who for some years has been an invalid, died at the residence of J. Chipman Hartley this morning of dropsy.

Mrs. Samuel McGirr. Word was received yesterday of the death of Mrs. Samuel McGirr, which took place at Boston Monday afternoon after a brief illness. Mrs. McGirr is well-known here, having resided in the city for a number of years before removing to the States.

Mrs. Whitfield Parsons. Riverside, Albert county, Nov. 12-Mrs. Whitfield Parsons died quite suddenly at her home alone, on Thursday last, of inflammation of the lungs. She was aged 43 years. The deceased lady was apparently in good health and able to attend to her household duties a few days before her death.

Willard Bray. Hopewell Hall, Nov. 12-Willard Bray, carpenter and contractor, of Hillsboro, died on Friday night, after three weeks illness of fever. He was about 50 years of age and was unmarried. He was a man of many good qualities and was highly esteemed. The funeral took place on Sunday and was largely attended.

Daniel Kelleher, British Veteran. Halifax, Nov. 13-(Special)-The death occurred last evening of Daniel Kelleher, a well-known veteran of the British army. Mr. Kelleher had not been in real good health for a few weeks, his death was totally unexpected last evening. He was a non-commissioned officer in the imperial army and was while on service in India that his health was affected. He was 65 years of age and leaves a widow, two daughters and a son.

Rev. M. C. O'Brien. Bangor, Me., Nov. 12-Rev. Michael C. O'Brien, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, Bangor, Me., vice general of the diocese of Maine under Bishop Healy, and later administrator of the diocese, died at Bangor this morning. He was a man of failing health eight months. Rev. O'Brien was born in County Kerry, Ireland, October 20, 1842. One of his pastorates was at Oldtown and Orono, in 1883 Bishop Healy appointed him vice general of the diocese.

Dr. Geo. T. Orton, Ex-M. P. Winnipeg, Nov. 14-(Special)-Dr. Geo. T. Orton, ex-M. P. for Centre Wellington, died here this morning of pneumonia of the brain as the result of an accident several weeks ago while on a hunting trip. Dr. Orton was born in Guelph, Ont., 64 years ago and was educated at Dalhousie and St. Andrews, Scotland. He came west in 1883 and resided in this city ever since. He was a Conservative in politics and was first elected to parliament in 1874. He leaves his wife and two daughters.

Dr. Samuel Ashurst. Philadelphia, Nov. 14-News was received today of the death in London yesterday of Dr. Samuel Ashurst, of Philadelphia. Dr. Ashurst was the editor of the Recorder, a religious publication, and a member of the board of the American Sunday School Union.

Col. J. H. Mapleson. London, Nov. 14-Col. J. H. Mapleson, father of Col. Henry Mapleson, the operative impressario, died in London today of blood poisoning supervening upon Bright's disease, having been ill about a fortnight.

Deaths of Truro People. Truro, N. S., Nov. 12-A nonagenarian of this place, Samuel McNeil, passed peacefully away Saturday and the funeral was one of the most largely attended seen in Greenfield, where the interment took place.

Shipping Notes. The Empress of China arrived at Vancouver Wednesday morning. The Athenian arrived at Hong Kong on Thursday. The Purples line steamer Evangeline sailed from Halifax yesterday morning at 6 o'clock and is expected here this morning to discharge cargo and take it in for London.

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Norfolk for this port with a cargo of coal, has been advanced to 15 per cent. Among the deep sea sailing vessels daily expected to reach this port are the French barque Olivier de Clisson, Capt. Lambert, 160 tons, from Cardiff, with a cargo of coal; the Italian barque S. O. Co No. 5, from Philadelphia for Boston (for harbor).

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The Three Calls.

By Mabel Robins.

"And do you find many changes?" The girl was leaning back in her chair thoughtfully regarding the man she had not seen for ten years.

"No, I can't say I do." "You are changed." "Am I?" "You are changed both outwardly and inwardly. Then you were no one, now you are someone."

She looked at him for a moment in silence. "I wonder," she said at last, "if you find me so much changed as I do you?" He took advantage of the opportunity she gave him, and looked long at her fair face. He ignored her remark altogether. "Why have you never married?" he asked.

She clasped her hands at the back of her charming head with a little yawn. "I have been unfortunate, she said. "All the men who wanted to marry me I did not care for, and all the men I cared for did not want to marry me! It is this general 'casualness' of Fate," she finished with a low laugh.

"I think it is due more to the general 'casualness' of your own nature," he answered gravely. Her dark eyes twinkled. "I am afraid you are out of practice," she said, "in making pretty speeches. And what are you going to do now, you are home again?" "I haven't decided about my future—except in one respect. I hope to marry."

She turned to him in surprise. "Are you engaged, then?" she asked. He shook his head. "I want to know if you will be my wife?" A little color crept into her cheeks. "I wish you wouldn't," she said. "You should remember that you were always one of the men I did not want to marry."

"That was in the old days,"—quietly. "Why should there be any difference now? One could not change one's opinion during an hour's call." "No," he said; "it was not so much any change in me that I thought would make you give me a different answer than you did ten years ago, as the change in yourself and your circumstances."

"My circumstances are unaltered," she said wonderingly, "and as to myself—'You are a good deal older than you were ten years ago.'"

"She finished. "Then if you think I have aged so much," she cried sarcastically, "why do you want to marry me?" "I never said I wanted to marry you," coolly. "But occasionally one's sympathies become aroused and carry one away with them in spite of oneself."

"I don't know exactly, but somehow I always feel sorry for girls like you, who have to give way to a younger generation." Her hands fell to her sides. The enormity of his words seemed to stun her. "You are very kind," she cried ironically, "but will you please remember that I do not require your compassion though I can never properly express my gratitude for your disinterestedness in asking me to marry you to save me from such an end!"

"Not at all"—calmly. "I may be old and past, she said as he rose, "but I have not sunk quite so low as to require your charity. There are at least four men who would marry me tomorrow if I consented—men who really want to marry me."

"I don't doubt it," he said gravely, "and I hope you will forgive me if I have said anything which wounded you. One's sympathies are often misplaced. You will let me come again, won't you?" "I shall be charmed to see you," with frigid formality, and then she placed a listless hand in his.

"But when he had gone she went and peered in the mirror. "It's I look so clear!" she cried with a catch in her breath, but she looked for wrinkles and grey hairs in vain.

"When I refused him before," she said reflectively; "he cried, 'To-day—he laughed,' and she sighed as she turned away."

"It is a long while since you came to see me," she said, as she sat down in her chair after receiving him. "Yes; a long while. But have had so much to do that I really haven't had time."

"Not she smiled, but her fingers were beating an impatient tattoo on the arm of her chair. "I saw you at Hurlingham on Saturday," she went on. "We were walking about with one girl the whole afternoon. Who is she?"

"Oh, you must mean little Milly Danvers. Did you notice her? Did you ever see such a pretty girl?" "Just up from the country, I suppose." "Yes. Anyone could tell that at once with the fresh color in her face."

"It was not her face that made me think so"—soothingly. "It was her hat." "Her hat?" he repeated, blankly. "Yes, and the way she had put it on. Instead of the hat being on her head, her head was rammed inside her hat. By their hats ye shall know them."—scoffingly. He shook his head in a mystified way.

"Men don't notice such things," he said. "Don't they?"—sceptically. "I think they know pretty well if a woman looks smart or not."

"Smart? Oh, I dare say. But then one would never associate such a word with little Milly Danvers. Sweet simplicity is her style." She tossed her head contentedly. "You called me old the other day," she said, "and now I have discovered that it is you who have aged most. It is only old men who discover charms just out of the nursery."

"Milly has left school some months," trying to defend himself, but she only tapped her foot on the ground with some irritability. "Don't you think we have talked enough about Miss Danvers?" she said. "Let us start a topic of some interest."

"Then we will talk about you"—promptly. She smiled faintly. "I don't think that will be an absorbing subject either," she said. "Besides, it might tempt you to be as uncomplimentary as you were last time, and you would not be so amusing twice."

"Did I amuse you, then?" "You always amused me—even in the old days when—with unnecessary emphasis—"You and I were young. Do you remember how you cried then?"

"And did that amuse you? I will cry now if it will give you any pleasure." "No! I don't believe you could cry now if you chose. I wonder—"

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