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"Davis' Perfection," 10c Cigar

With Song and Story

an evening around the camp fire passes pleasantly, especially if there is a box of "Davis' Perfection" Cigars.

It certainly makes an early fishing trip more enjoyable if you take along a goodly supply of this popular brand. As a mild Havana domestic cigar, it has the full, rich taste generally found only in pure Havanas.

For half a century we have been specializing on fine cigars, and our experts have produced in "DAVIS' PERFECTION" a blend that will appeal to discriminating smokers.

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2 for a quarter Cigar.

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CANADIAN COAL CORPORATION

WORLD OF SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

1910 July	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Tide. High	Tide. Low
6 Wed	4.49	8.08	11.09	5.22
7 Thurs	4.50	8.07	12.00	6.14
8 Fri.	4.51	8.07	0.20	7.03
9 Sat.	4.52	8.06	1.10	7.51

The time used is Atlantic Standard.

VESSELS BOUND TO ST. JOHN.

Steamers.

Barlby, 1599, Newport, May 25.
Bitterley, 1979, Huelva, June.
Indrani, 2339, Glasgow, June 3.
Riojano, 3556, chartered.
Westonby, 2475, chartered.

Barks.

Yuba, 1427, Saritos, May 26.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Stmr Governor Dingley, 2856, Mitchell, from Boston via Maine ports, W G Lee, pass and mdse.

Cleared.

Schr Charles C. Lister (Am), 266, Robinson, for New York, R R Reid, 978 pcs spruce piling.

Schr Beulah, 80, Prichard, for Quency (Mass), Stetson Cutler & Co, 82,653 feet spruce boards.

Sailed.

Stmr Kings Town, 803, Foley, for Port Morien (NS)

BRITISH PORTS.

Manchester, July 4—Ard, stmr Louisana, St. John.

Tuskar, July 5—Passed, stmr Arumentia, St John for ——.

Liverpool, July 5—Ard, stmr Lusitania, New York.

Liverpool, July 3—Ard stmr Lake Manitoba, Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Calais, July 5—Ard, schr Sarah A Reed, Boston.

Boston, July 5—Ard, schrs Abbie Keast, Bridgewater (NS); Helen G King, St John; Flyaway, do; A K Woodward, Meteghan (NS)

Sld—Schrs Orizimbo, St John; Oriole, Tenny Cape (NS); John D Colwell, Dalhousie (NB); Nellie Eaton (from St John) Lynn.

Vineyard Haven, July 5—Ard and sld, schr Emily Anderson, Maitland (NS) for Philadelphia.

Ard—Schr St Bernard, Bridgeport for Five Islands.

City Island, July 5—Bound south, schr Lavonia, St John for New York.

BY WIRELESS.

8.20 a. m.—Oceanic, 155 miles southeast of Cape Sable, bound New York.

MARINE NEWS.

The crack steam yacht Surf is expected at Halifax today from New York. From there she will proceed to Labrador. The schooner Virginia, Captain Publicover, left Halifax last night for Labrador, with bunker coal for the yacht Surf.

Yesterday Halifax Chronicle says:—The crew of the shipwrecked steamer Heimday, numbering twelve, arrived in Halifax at 5 o'clock Sunday morning on the steamer Aberdeen.

The steamer Heimdal, Captain Gabrielson, in ballast from Santos, bound to Campbellton, struck on Sable Island, fourteen days ago Saturday. The members of the crew state that the steamer is high and dry on the island with no possible chance of floating her, as outside where she is stranded there is only a few feet of water. Her apartments have nine feet of water in them and two feet in her fore part.

The Captain and officers of the steamer are still on board and will remain there until all hopes of floating the steamer are abandoned.

Two tugs are at the scene of the wreck endeavoring to float the big liner.

(Additional shipping on page 3)

A BAD BACK IS A BAD HANDICAP

Few of us can afford to be idle, and to those whoe work, a sound, strong back is a necessity. A bad back prevents rest sleep, and aches all day with a dull, d throb.

on't think because sharp twinges strike you when you lift, or twist about, or reach, that your work is too hard for you. Bad backs are common in every occupation. Those aches and twinges are only Nature's warnings that the kidneys need help.

It is easy to tell if the kidneys are sick, and are not thoroughly doing their work of filtering the blood. Backache is an early warning. Headache, dizzy spells, puffy swelling under the eyes or in the ankles and legs, nervousness, irritability, rheumatic pain and tired feelings also tell of kidney ills.

Examine the urine. If it is extremely pale and light, the kidneys are not getting out all of the uric poison. If it is dark colored and thick, passages too frequent, or too scanty, if there is any sediment deposited when it stands, if passages burn or pain, that is proof enough that the kidneys need attention.

Booth's Kidney Pills have given strong, sound backs to thousands. This remedy cures backache and urinary troubles by removing the cause, by curing the kidneys.

St John Testimony

Mrs. A. Walace, of No. 13 Clarence Street, St John, N. B., says:

"For years I had been a sufferer from kidney trouble in many different forms. I tried numerous remedies and prescriptions but found nothing more than temporary relief. The least change of weather would bring on a cold that seemed to always settle across my back in the region of the kidneys. I would be unable to stoop or bend myself in bed. My night's rest did not refresh me and I often felt more tired in the morning than on going to bed. I was nervous and restless and had lost much weight and my appetite was poor. My druggist advised me to try Booth's Kidney Pills, which I did. I found they benefited me from the first few days' treatment and with the use of three boxes I found complete cure. I am well and strong again and can only thank Booth's Kidney Pills."

Sold by leading druggist everywhere.

BOOTH'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers, Price 50 Cents. THE R. T. BOOTH CO., LIMITED, Fort Erie, Ont., Can.

Fashion Hints for Times Readers

AN IDEALLY GRACEFUL NEGLIGEE

Grace is the chief requisite of the negligee grament, which may or may not be made of expensive material; but must have grace and charm. This beautiful room gown is made of very pale pink silk cashmere and the trimming is dyed in exactly the same delicate shade. The scarf, of pink satin passes through buckles covering with the same material and heavy fringe weights the scarf ends. This negligee is cut on the loose raglan lines now prevailing in garments of this kind, and the fullness of the sleeves is held at the elbow with narrow ribbons run through a casing.

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS

Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII—(Continued).

At nine o'clock Beth was asleep beneath the stars, dreaming of her meeting with Van.

At daylight all were up, and in the chill of the rarified mountain air were walking stiffly to the car. The chauffeur, who had slept in his machine, promised breakfast by eight at Mrs. Dick's. He tore up the road and he tore away, their breath, but he came into Goldite half an hour ahead of time, and claimed he had driven "pretty slow."

Meantime, the night in the mining-camp had brought no untoward excitment. Van, at his tent, with the covered figure lying on the earth, had welcomed his partners at midnight with the news that a "homeless and worn-out pilgrim of the desert" had come desiring rest. He was sleeping hard; he was not to be disturbed. In the morning he was scheduled to depart.

Tired to utter unconcern, the three old worthies made their beds with Van beside the man at peace. And the whole five slept with a trust and abandon to nature that balanced the living and the dead.

Van was out, had eaten his breakfast, and was waiting for the sheriff when Beth and her party returned. He beheld them, felt his heart lift upward like a lever in his breast, at sight of Beth in her male attire, and grimly shut his jaws.

Christler, the sheriff, arrived a little after eight, bringing in a wounded deputy. Barger had shot him in the thigh. Van did not wait for his man to eat, but urged him home to his bachelor shack and sat him down to a drink of something strong, with a cracker to munch for a meal.

Christler was tired. He was somewhat stout; he had been in the saddle almost constantly for weeks, and now, as a victim of chagrin and disappointment, he was utterly dejected and done.

"Good Lord, Van, ain't a man to breathe—ain't he got no rights to live, whatsoever?" he inquired. "You'd chase me up, or somebody would, if I was in my grave."

"You'd break out of your grave," Van told him, "if you knew what's going on."

Christler looked dubious, draining at his glass.

"Well, I dunno. It 'ud have to be something pretty rich."

"Bill," said Van, "you're going to stand in and work with me as you haven't worked for a year. It's going to be worth it. Opal McCoppet, and one Searle Bostwick, of New York, have stolen my claim by corrupting Lawrence for twenty thousand dollars, running a false reservation line, and maybe putting Culver out of the way because he was square in his business."

Christler paused in the act of biting his cracker.

"What!"

"There's going to be something doing, Bill," Van added, leaning forward on the table. "I'm going to round up all this gang to-day, if it kills you to keep on the trail."

Christler still sat staring.

"By the Lord Harry," he said. "By the Lord—but, Van, I didn't come home to rest. I've got Barger going, somewhere, shot to a sieve. But he's some disappeared. If that ain't just my luck!—my pride—my professional pride—not to mention that little old reward! I admit I want that money. Van. I reckon, I'ce pretty near."

"Yes, you've earned it," Van interrupted. "I'm going to see that you get it, Bill, but first you get busy with me."

"You'll see that I get——" Christler put the cracker in his mouth. "Don't talk to a genuine friend like that. I'm tired already."

"Are you?" said Van. "Let's see. Barger is here—in camp."

Up shot the sheriff as if from the force of a blast.

"What!" he shrilled. "Barger! Van, I'll——" Van grinned.

"Don't forget you're tired, Bill. Matt won't get away."

"Good Lord, boy—tell me where's he at" cried Christler, dancing on the floor as he strapped his guns upon him. "Me a-thinkin' I had shot him up and all this time."

"You shot him enough, poor devil," Van inttrupted quietly. "He's dead in my tent on the hill."

The sheriff paused with one hand held in the air.

"Dead! Crawled all the way to Goldite!" He started for the door.

"Hold on," said the horseman, blocking his path. "I told you Matt can't get away. We're going out to get Lawrence first, and then McCoppet and his friend."

CHAPTER XLIV.

The Engines of Climax.

McCopper was in town. He had come to camp at midnight of the previous day, duly followed by his friend Larry Trimmer. The lumberman had waxed impatient. Fully two thousand dollars of the money he had "earned" was still unpaid—and hard to get. He had gone to the "Laughing Water" claim, in vain, and a surly heat was rising in his veins.

Bostwick was due, in his car, at nine o'clock. His visit to Goldite was not entirely one of business. He had grown alarmed at the lack of news from Beth. His letters had been ignored. He not only feared for the fate of his affairs of the heart, but perhaps even more for what she might have done with respect to the money she had asked him to return, a very small proportion of which he was now prepared to repay.

Meantime, Beth, her brother, and Pratt had gratified their most crying needs on Algy's cooking, much to that worthy Celestial's delight. There were two things Beth intended to perform: report the results of her labors to Van, and attack Mr. Lawrence in his den.

Precisely what she meant to say or do to the Government representative she did not or could not determine. Some vague idea of making him confess to an infamy practiced at Bostwick's instance was the most she had in mind. If half the success already achieved could be expected here, she would have a report worth while to make when Van should be presently encountered.

Impetuous, eager to hasten with her work, she insisted upon an immediate advance. Glenmore readily supported her position. Pratt developed shyness. His forte was hiking over desert hills, lugging a transit, running lines or levels; he felt out of place as a fighter, or even an accuser Nevertheless, he went, for Beth insisted.

Aready the streets were crowded full of life, as the three proceeded down the thoroughfare. A mining camp is a restless thing; its peoples lives in the streets. From this [illegible] flowing currents of men, chains of dusty mules, disordered cargoes on the sidewalks, and a couple of automobiles were glaringly cut out from their shadows, as the sunlight poured upon them. Sunlight and motion, false-fronted buildings, tents, and mountains, and fever—that is the camp on the desert.

With excitement increasing upon her at every step, Beth glanced at the crowds in a rapid search for Van. He was not to be seen. In all the throng, where old men and youths, pale and swarthy, lazy and alert were circulating like the blood of Goldite's arteries, there was not a face that she knew.

They came to the office where Lawrence presided just as a stranger was departing. Lawrence was alone. He occupied the inner department, as Culver had done, but the door was standing open.

It was Beth who knocked and entered first as the man called out his invitation. She had never in her life appeared more beautiful. Color was flaming in her cheeks as on a rose. Her eyes were exceptionally bright and brown. The exquisite coral of her lips was delicately tremulous with all her short, quick breathing.

Lawrence arose, as she and the others appeared in the door, and removed his hat. He was a short, florid person, with a beard of fiery red. His eyes were of the lightest gray; and they were shifting.

"Goodmorning," he said, in undisguised astonishment, beholding Beth. "You—pardon me—you——"

"At your service." Lawrence bowed. "I rarely expect—in my line of work—my business, Miss —Miss——"

"Miss Kent," said Glenmore, interrupting. "And my name is Kent. I suppose you're wise to Mr. Pratt."

Lawrence continued to bow.

"I'm very happy to—how are you, Pratt? How are you? Won't you have a chair, Miss Kent?"

Pratt nodded and murmured a greeting. He was decidedly uneasy. Beth always moved by impulse. It hastened her now to the issue. She sat down and faced their man.

"Mr. Lawrence," she said, "I believe you ran the reservation line, not long ago, and gave Mr. Bostwick and a friend of his the 'Laughing Water' claim."

Lawrence looked alive.

"I certainly ran the line," he said. "Instructions came from—from headquarters, to ascertain the precise limitations of the reservation. The results gave the 'Laughing Water' claim to its present owners, by right of prior location, after the opening hour, as the claim was included in the tract." He had uttered this speech before. It fell very glibly from his tongue.

"Yes, we know all that—so far as it's true," said Beth with startling candor, "but we know it isn't true at all, and you've got to confess that you made some ridiculous blunder or else that you were bribed."

She had not intended to plump it out so bluntly, so badly, but a certain indignation in her breast had been rapidly increasing, and her impulse was not to be stayed.

"Gee!" murmured Glen, "that's going some!"

Lawrence turned white, whether with anger or fright could not have been determined.

"Miss Kent!" he said. "You—you're making a very serious——"

"Oh, I know!" she interrupted. "I expect you to deny it. But a great deal of money—my money—has been used, and Mr. Pratt has run the line—with myself and my brother—yesterday—so we know that you've either been fooled or you've cheated.

Lawrence had risen. His face was scarlet.

"Upon my word!" he said. "Pratt, you and your friend I can order from the office! The lady——"

"You can't order anything!—not a thing!" said Beth. "Glen! Mr. Pratt!—you've got to stay and help! I know the truth—and it's got to be confessed! Mr. Van Buren——"

"I can leave myself, since you insist upon remaining," interrupted Lawrence, taking his hat and striding towards the door, in a panic to get to McCoppet for much-needed aid. "Such an utterly unheard of affront as this——"

"Glen! run and find Mr. Van Buren! Beth broke in excitedly. "Don't let him go, Mr. Pratt!"

Lawrence had reached his outer office and was almost at the door. Beth was hastening after, with Glen at her heels. All were abruptly salted.

Van and the sheriff appeared in the door, before which idlers were passing. Beth was wild with joy.

"Van," she cried, "Oh, Mr. Van Buren, I'm sure this man has cheated you out of your claim! We ran the line ourselves—my brother, Mr. Pratt, and I—yesterday—we finished yesterday! We found the claim is not inside the reservation! My money was used—I'm sure for bribery! But they've got to give you back your claim, if it takes every penny I've got! I was sending Glen to let you know. I asked Mr. Lawrence to confess! You won't let him go! You mustn't let him go! I am sure there's something dreadful going on!"

It was a swift, impassioned speech, clear, ringing, honest in every word. It thrilled Van wonderously, despite the things that had been—her letter, and subsequent events. He all but lost track of the business in hand, in the light of her sudden revelations. He did not answer readily, and Lawrence broke out in protestation

"It's infamous!" he cried. "If anyone here except a woman had charged—had been guilty of all these outragious lies——"

(To be Continued.)

Arthur Hilyard, who left for his home in Bathurst last evening after spending several days here, states that lumbering conditions on the North Shore are bright both in fact and in prospect. The entire cut, he states, has been ordered by English firms and shipments are heavy in spite of the usual mid-summer slackness. He considers the prices of the English market very satisfactory and the prospects good of their remaining so, as the English stocks have been greatly reduced.

Some men carry a sandbag because they are too proud to beg.

HOUSE FLIES are hatched in manure and rot in filth. Scientists have proved that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc. Every package of

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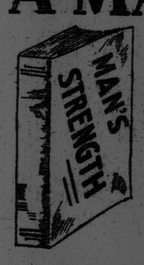

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If you need new strength, this wonderful appliance must appeal to you. It generates a pleasant, exhilarating current instantly felt, though it can be made any degree of strength from mild to strong by simply turning the needle of the current regulator. Warm nights while you are sleeping, it pours quantities of health giving, soothing electricity into your sick, weak nerves; you get up mornings feeling bright, strong, full of courage and ambition; it takes all tiredness and pain out of your back; it is a great remedy for kidneys, bladder, stomach, liver and other vital organs; it cures rheumatism in all parts of the body; it is a courage-giver of the highest order; it brings new strength where weakness exists; it will restore to you the vim, vigor and true manhood as sure as night follows day; it makes you feel young and look young; you will live longer for its use; you can throw away all drugs and commence to live as Nature intended you should—a man among men, healthy, happy and vigorous. I can send you thousands of testimonials if you care to see them. Here is a sample cure.

"Your Health Belt cured me of Nervous Debility, and general prostration of the whole system after all else failed."

J. GRUNDY, YORK, Sea View, St. John Co., N.B.

In all instances I concentrate the full positive current at small of back; it thus enters the system at the nerve and vital centre.

centre, passing thence through the different weakened organs, giving them new life and force. You can get the Belt

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Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your book, as advertised, free.
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Three Judges Appointed

Ottawa, July 5—At today's concluding meeting of the cabinet council prior to the departure of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. George P. Graham on their two months tour of western Canada, the three new additional judges provided for at the last session of parliament for the superior court in Montreal district were appointed. They are Robert E. Greenshields, K. C., and C. Laurendeau, K. C., of Montreal, and Judge Demers, of Sherbrooke, who is transferred to Montreal.

Arthur Globensky, K. C., of Montreal, legal agent of the Quebec government, is appointed judge of the superior court at Sherbrooke in place of Judge Demers.

Judge J. A. Cannon, now of Three Rivers, is promoted to be judge of the superior court of Quebec district; Judge Tourigny, of Arthabaskaville, is transferred from Arthabaskaville to Three Rivers, and J. Camille Pouliot, K. C., of Fraserville, is appointed judge of the superior court for the district of Arthabaskaville.

The Artillery Band gave a very delightful concert at the King square band stand last night. The music was enjoyed by a large crowd.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

IN THE DARK

The poor little cat shrieked "Miaow!"
When he trod on her tail. That was haouw
His wife learned that he
Got home tipsy at three
And she made than the cat a worse raouw

Find his wife.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upper left corner down, nose against girl's chin.