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PREVENT ALL SUMMER BOWEL TROUBLES

CAREER RUINED BY HIS CRIME

Sculptor Slays His Wife When Fame Had Come to Him.

Rome, Sept. 11. — Seldom has Italy been so stupefied by a tragic event as this country is at present over the murder of his wife by Filippo Cifariello, the sculptor.

Cifariello, who is one of the foremost men of his line in Italy, has been rising steadily for years, but recently reached the zenith of his career when he executed the monument to King Humbert, unveiled at Bari by the present King of Italy. The striking qualities of the work aroused intense enthusiasm. The King personally congratulated the sculptor, who was carried shoulder high by the crowd amid ringing cheers.

It is probable, however, that his hour of triumph was poisoned to its hero by the domestic bitterness which has ruined his life for so many years, and which has now ended in a shocking tragedy.

Cifariello shot his wife, who had been unfaithful to him, at the Pension Mascotte, situated at Posilippo, the famous suburb of Naples, which is the center of one of the most beautiful regions in the world.

Signora Cifariello, who was possessed of rare beauty, was a singer in a French cafe concert at the time when the Italian sculptor fell in love with and married her. That was twelve years ago.

Cifariello was passionately in love with his wife, whose maiden name was Marie de Brahon, and a portrait bust which he made of her is one of his finest works. Infidelity after infidelity, however, was committed by Signora Cifariello, the affair which led her husband to kill her having been with one of the sculptor's intimate friends.

Cifariello had had his suspicions for some time, which had grown more definite within the last fortnight at the beginning of which he left Rome, where he has his studio, and went for a holiday to the Pension Mascotte, near Naples. There he was joined by his wife almost immediately.

A few days after, however, Cifariello went on to the Vesuvius hermitage for a few days, when his wife remained behind, for the express purpose, it is believed, of carrying on the intrigue in which she was engaged.

Cifariello, however, returned unexpectedly and surprised the pair. An angry scene followed, after which the lover fled to Rome. Signora Cifariello vowed to follow him by the earliest train, and in the meanwhile bought a small revolver.

At 4 in the morning several pistol shots were heard in the room occupied in the Pension Mascotte by the sculptor and his wife, and when the door was forced the woman was found dead with three bullet wounds in her breast and one in her arm.

At her feet was the small revolver she had bought, of which all the chambers were loaded, and further off lay another with which the deed had been committed. Signor Cifariello, in a frenzy, was calling for medical aid and declaring that it was he who had shot his wife.

"But she wished it," he said; "she forced me to it."

On learning that his wife was dead the sculptor made for the window with the intention of flinging himself out. But was seized by the hotel servants and held until the appearance of police.

Are Good Looks Valuable?

If nature had her way every complexion would be clear and delightful. But many allow their blood to become weak—hence pimples, sallow skin, dark circles under the eyes. To have a beautiful complexion use Ferrozone regularly. It brings a rich, ruddy glow to the cheeks, nourishes the blood, and thereby destroys humors and pimples. For beauty, health and good spirits, use Ferrozone. Your appearance will improve a hundredfold. Fifty cents buys a box of 50 chocolate-coated Ferrozone Tablets. Don't put off—get Ferrozone today.

U. S. Delivery Wagons Stoned.

New York, Sept. 11.—Under guard of policemen and occasionally showered with sticks and stones, the United States delivery wagons, the operation of which is threatened by 300 striking drivers, carried the mails without delay. During the night four drivers were hurt on wagons passing through east side streets, by missiles from upper floors of tenement houses.

HOW SCRUBWOMAN FILCHED FORTUNE

Worked in a Pawnshop and Got Away With $15,000 Worth of Jewels.

New York, Sept. 11.—While employed as scrub-woman, Mary Drennan, an aged widow, is accused of having acquired in the last month jewelry valued at $15,000 from a large pawnshop in Brooklyn. Her nephew, 20 years old, is alleged to have been used in disposing of the plunder. Both were arrested last night, the police stating that they have confessed, and that about one-third of the property has been recovered. A pawnbroker, through whom the nephew disposed of considerable jewelry, also is under arrest.

During her work of scrubbing, Mrs. Drennan, the police say, managed to secure a great quantity of small but valuable gems and gold. So secretly was the work conducted, that it was only detected by accident.

About a week ago a patron of the pawnshop applied for the redemption of a diamond ring, valued at $350, which he had pawned for $200. When the manager endeavored to find the ring it was missing. Subsequent investigation disclosed the heavy loss noted.

GIANT NEARLY STARVED

Loses His Popularity and Collapses on the Street.

Hamburg Sept. 11.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed in the streets here this week, when Kappoff, the Kirghese giant, who until recently was the chief attraction at local exhibitions throughout Germany, collapsed on the pavement for want of food. Kappoff, who measures a little less than Machnow, the Russian giant, has, since the latter's advent, entirely lost his popularity, and with it his means of engagement. Unable to obtain a fresh engagement, he applied, when half starved, at the workhouse for indoor relief, promising to pay for his keeping as soon as he should succeed in procuring a fresh engagement.

The workhouse authorities, however, were somewhat aghast at the idea of being burdened with a giant, and reluctantly declined to give him hospitality. Thus the wretched giant wandered aimlessly about from street to street, followed by troops of jeering children, until at last he was overcome with sheer weakness.

Kappoff was finally assisted by a party of agricultural laborers just returned from harvesting, who, having revived him with brandy, escorted him to a restaurant, where he partook of a meal consisting of three plates of soup, four pounds of beefsteak, three portions of ham and eggs, two heaped-up plates of potatoes and cabbage, and fourteen apple tarts, the whole washed down with six pints of beer.

The harvesters were somewhat aghast at the amount of food consumed by the giant. When the bill was presented to them it swallowed a considerable portion of the money that they had made in harvesting.

Later, followed by a band of noisy children bearing lighted torches, he was escorted to the outlying camping ground of the agriculturists and provided with a bed for the night.

TRAINLOAD OF LUNATICS

Ten Carloads of Unfortunates Taken to Long Island.

New York, Sept. 11.—Eight hundred lunatics reached Long Island City on a special train from the State Asylum at King's Park, and were put aboard the steamboat Wanderer for passage to the State Hospital at Kingston. There were ten carloads of the unfortunates, who were in charge of 25 nurses and attendants.

Superintendent Kinkman, of the Long Island Railroad police force, had twenty of his men at the station and, assisted by a few regular policemen, they kept a path open from the station to the pier, so that the patients and their keepers were not interfered with by the big crowd of curious persons that had gathered to see the procession.

The patients were mostly old men and women, and all behaved very quietly and gave no trouble, so that the transfer from the train to the boat was accomplished without difficulty.

A revival of the harp as the favorite "society instrument" is impending in London.

Ayers Cherry Pectoral. Doctors have prescribed this medicine for over sixty years. They heartily endorse it for all diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ANDREW CARNEGIE HIT BY GEO. ADE

Ironmaster and His Libraries Get Some Hard Jolts.

BUMPS FOR PHILANTHROPIST

Evil of Misdirected Gifts by the Rich Forms Subject of "The Bad Samaritan."

New York, Sept. 11.—Andrew Carnegie has fallen a victim to George Ade's satire. The Laird of Skibo Castle unwittingly has furnished material for the humorist's new play, "The Bad Samaritan," which had its first presentation at Washington. Mr. Carnegie's free library was not welcome in some communities whose inhabitants paused long enough to figure the cost of eternal maintenance, and the clever playwright has used the free library scheme to turn a point in his satire on misdirected philanthropy.

Would you ever suspect Mr. Ade of writing a "problem" play and undertaking to solve a great social question with jests and jokes? That is exactly what he has done in "The Bad Samaritan," and the answer is, "What's the use; does it pay?"

"Uncle Ike" Gridley is the "Bad Samaritan," and for the part Richard Golden has been selected. In order to get even with his relatives, who have tried to get ahead of him, he becomes an almoner to a whole community and takes the people along with him to the city, where he spends his time in writing checks to make them happy. He considers himself a good Samaritan but this is not true, if the answer in the book is right.

Do the beneficiaries of "Uncle Ike's" bounty thank him? Not at all. He has cast his bread upon the waters, and it has returned to him as sponge cake, and all the chronic sponges are sore because they are jealous of all the other chronic sponges.

It is at Nirvana-by-the-Sea that "Uncle Ike" makes up and resolves that he will no longer be a good thing for a bad lot.

Nirvana-by-the-Sea is a dramatic production of Atlantic City, and realism is so rife that it rides along the board walk in chairs originally used at the sea shore, and is given voice by a regular Ballyhoo, imported for the occasion.

When "Uncle Ike" comes to himself he calls around him the whole mob of Harold Skimpoles and declares that the free lunch wagon has ceased to roll and that his checkbook has the sulks.

Then everybody knocks "Uncle Ike," especially the crowd in his native village of New Boston, where he had first set himself up as an easy mark. He plots revenge and finally is seized with the diabolic thought of giving the town a public free library.

Now, if there is any one thing more than another that New Boston doesn't need it is a public library, and there is real danger of the citizens arising in their wrath and using tar and feathers on the donor when he comes to lay the corner stone; but he perseveres. Moreover, he rubs it in by forcing the people to listen to a speech before they are permitted to feed free at a barbecue which he has provided for the occasion. Then he arranges to marry the only unselfish person he has met in 40 years, and lives happily ever after.

Summed up, "The Bad Samaritan" is a satire on misapplied philanthropy, and a clever "roast" of that portion of the society which "leans" instead of "lifts."

Incidentally Mr. Ade has undertaken to reform the stage conception of the farmer.

"I'm no longer a playwright; I'm just a plain barber; that's what I am," remarked Mr. Ade at the Garden Theater, as he instigated the elimination of three more sets of whiskers from the caste of "The Bad Samaritan."

The play was in rehearsal, and nearly all the actor folk in town were present to see how it went.

Heretofore Mr. Ade has expressed himself upon the subject of whiskers and the urban idea of a "rube." A farmer's face is not an asparagus bed from his point of view, and he sees no affinity between hair and hayseed.

Mr. Ade himself is a farmer and smooth shaven, and he ought to know.

When "The Bad Samaritan" first went into rehearsal every supernumerary in the company cast for a "jay" role forged a set of whiskers and riveted it on his face with bent wire. This displeased the author, and he began his work of demolition. He finished his reform by banishing three sets of whiskers at the dress rehearsal.

But, after all, the joke was on Mr. Ade, for only yesterday he received half a dozen letters from persons of whom he had never heard before. They all begged for money, "having read that he had ten plays from which he derived royalties, and that his income was $200,000 a year."

CARRYING HER DEAD BABY

Mother Takes a Long Journey to Her Husband's New Home.

Stockton, Cal., Sept. 11. — With the dead body of her 18-months-old baby clasped in her arms as though it were a living child, Mrs. Abraham Coulter, traveled from Reno, Nev., to Carters, Tuolumne County, this state, keeping back the tears as best she could, and sharing with no one the fact that her child had died on the train.

Mrs. Coulter feared that if the conductor of the train on which she was coming west from her old home in Wisconsin should learn of the little one's death, he would take the body from her. Accordingly she resolved to tell no one the facts, and took care of her other two children, who were with her, while holding the tiny corpse. She arrived at Carter's yesterday, where her husband, who had gone there several months ago from Wisconsin, has made a home for her.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Lost Seventeen of Her Crew.

Charleston, S. C., Sept. 11.—Twenty-eight days overdue from the north coast of Chile, and with seventeen members of her crew missing as a result of the struggle with wind and waves, the British steamer Tropic has arrived here. She was stranded for a time in a gale near Putu.

A Shining Mark

CHAPTER XXVII.

Kate, as the door of the house in Park Lane closed after her, drew a long breath of relief. For the present, at any rate, she was free. For the moment one purpose predominated in her mind, one object stood out clearly: it was her duty to right a cruel wrong; Clifford Raven was Desmond Carr-Lyon, the lawful earl, and it was her duty to acquaint him with the fact.

All thought, all remembrance of her love for him, the love that had sprung into existence on the night of her first meeting wtih him, was overwhelmed by the desire to do him justice.

He was and could be nothing to her. She was married to the impostor, Arthur Carr-Lyon, was his wife in the eyes of the law; and if she were not, she told herself, she could be nothing to Clifford Raven, who had deceived her, and was doubtless in love with the blue-eyed girl she had seen by his side at Lydcote.

But if she had hated instead of loved him, her duty was still plain before her. He had been robbed of his inheritance by her father and her husband, and it was in her power to restore to him the title and estate of which he had been defrauded.

She knew that there was a mid-day train to Sandford, and that if she could reach the station, and travel by it unprevented, she should in little more than four hours have executed her mission. What became of her afterwards she cared little. To reach Clifford Raven and tell him with her own lips that he was the Earl of Carr-Lyon, that was her burning and overwhelming desire.

She called a cab and told the man to drive to Waterloo, and arrived a few minutes before the train started. Fortunately she had remembered to put her purse in her pocket; but that she might attract less attention, she took a third-class ticket, and drew her veil close over her face as she entered the train.

While the train remained at the station, she endured agonies of suspense and fear. Every moment she pictured her father's or her husband's appearance on the platform, and she drew back in the corner of the carriage shivering and trembling, but resolved that nothing but physical force should make her renounce her purpose.

The bell rang, and the train started. Fortune so far favored her that it was an express, and at half-past three she reached Sandford.

As the train drew up at the familiar station, a pang shot through her heart. She had left it yesterday a bride, without love for her husband, it is true, but with a firm resolution to do her duty; and now she had returned, a fugitive, a wife only in name, and with the purpose of denouncing the man to whom she was tied by all the laws of God and man.

Many a woman would have broken down under the strain; but Kate was no ordinary woman. She had been tricked and deceived, but, more than tha—she had been deemed vile enough to assist those who had tricked and deceived her into robbing an innocent and injured man, and it stung her into strength.

In the disguise which her maid's clothes and the thick veil afforded, no one recognized her, and she left the station, and walked hurriedly towards the cliff.

It was a lovely afternoon — one of those winter afternoons in which Devonshire manages to simulate the spring—and the sun turned the sea to a plain of opal, and lent the fields the glory of the emerald.

With quick and resolute step Kate made her way along the path to the quarry. And, as she went, she thought of her ruined life, and of the dark and dismal future before her!

The Kate Meddon who had so often tripped along this very road had ceased to exist, and in her place was the deceived and injured wife of the impostor, Arthur Carr-Lyon.

Once, twice, she stopped and looked over the edge of the cliff with a weary wistful gaze. Would it not be as well if, after executing her purpose, she were to throw herself into the smiling sea, and so make an end of her wasted life? At any rate, there would be peace and rest.

But she put the awful thought from her, and reached the steep path to the quarry.

She looked down, with her hand pressed against her heart. All was still and quiet; the men had finished their day's work and gone, and the only signs of life were the gulls that flitted to and fro, and the smoke that rose from the chimney of the cottage.

Slowly, for she was tired, she made her way down the steep path, and was crossing the quarry when she stopped suddenly, and her heart seemed to stand still also, for, seated on a huge fragment of rock, was the man for whom she was in search.

He was sitting with his head resting on his hands, his eyes fixed on the sea, so lost in thought and motionless that he seemed part of the rock on which he sat. She saw that his face was pale and thin, that his hands were white, and when she stole a glance at the dark eyes a wave of pity passed over her heart: they were the saddest eyes she had ever seen in all her life.

She began to tremble as she stood and looked, and for the first time her courage failed her; but after a moment or two of indecision, she drew nearer to him, slowly, doubtingly.

He did not hear her, so rapt was he in the sorrowful musing, until she was close upon him, then he let his hand fall and turned his head towards her. For a moment it seemed as if he doubted the evidence of his senses, then his face grew white and he put out his hand as if to detain her.

"Kate!" he breathed.

Then he rose, but sank down again, and she saw that he was trembling. He struggled for composure, and after a moment or two gained it sufficiently to enable him to rise and remove his hat.

As for her, she could not speak, could do nothing but stand with downcast eyes and quivering lips before the man to whom she had given her heart, but between whom and herself she had dug a gulf which death alone could bridge. He had called her Kate, and his voice rang in her ears like sweet music; for the tone in which he had spoken her name was like a revelation.

"Forgive me, Lady Carr-Lyon," he said, with a little catch in his voice as if he were striving to make it commonplace and respectfully conventional. "Your appearance was so unexpected—I had thought that you were miles away—I did not know—" the poor fellow stopped and made a gesture almost pitiful: how could he tell her that he had been thinking of her at that moment; that his bruised and aching heart had been dwelling upon her; and that her sudden appearance had completely unnerved him? "I thought you were in London," he went on, venturing to glance at her — just glance at her. "Is there anything the matter—your father?" he asked, with swift apprehension.

"My father is well," she said, and her voice sounded hollow and forced.

"He is with you here—or your—your husband?" he said, looking around as if he expected to see them.

"No. I am alone," she replied.

He started and looked at her fixedly, with a troubled gathering together of the brows.

"Alone! Here at Sandford, and alone!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Why—what is the meaning—"

[To be Continued.]

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK HEADACHE yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD ACHE they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all such head

ACHE is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BIG G. Trade Mark. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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Beautiful Dress Trimmings

The Dress Trimmings should not be overlooked when you visit this store—especially ***now*** when we are exhibiting some new and exceptionally beautiful ideas in this line of women's adornment. Particularly handsome novelties are the ***Bullion Worked Braids***—bands about 1½ inches in width, in fancy spot designs in combinations of gold with cardinal spots, dark olive with sky and gold spots, royal blue with white and gold spots, cardinal with green and gold spots, tobacco brown with white and gold spots, and sky blue with fawn and gold spots. All we ask for these trimmings is, yard.....**65c**

Another way to give the dress a touch of elegance is to have it trimmed with the new ***Persian Effects.*** These are Velvet Ribbons, 1 inch wide, with a novel Persian design worked on colors of cardinal, reseda, sky blue, delf blue, brown, olive, myrtle and heliotrope. Don't miss these. Yard.....**22c**

Another collection of those popular silk embroidered ***Anchors*** has arrived. Included with them are a variety of ***Star*** designs. These are especially effective trimmings for Shirtwaist Suits. .....***Anchors*** are each ***8½c, Stars*** each ***5c***

Our stock of ***Plain Velvet Ribbons*** is very complete. Widths, ¼ to 3 inches. Prices, yard .....***5c to 55c***

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Our gloves are bought by experts who know how to procure the best quality gloves at the best possible prices. Are you a judge of gloves and values? The better judge you are the more you will appreciate the following splendid values. If you're not it will pay you to come to a store where the chance of getting a poor pair of gloves is reduced to a minimum.

THE PEARL KID GLOVE, made by one of the best French makers, pique sewn, self and white stitching, 1 large clasp, colors beaver, tan and brown; sizes 5 3-4 to 7 1-4. A special for Fair week at **75c**

THE BOULEVARD FRTNCH KID GLOVE, made by Jouvin, which is in itself a guarantee of excellence, self and white stitching, over seam, 2 kid clasps, colors tan, brown, beaver, castor, black, and white. This glove is sold by us exclusively. The best value we have ever offered at **$1 00**

PERRIN'S P. X. M. CAPE GLOVE, made of heavy quality lambskin, pique sewn, Paris points, 1 large bone clasp; colors, English tans, grays and white. This glove is especially adapted to wear driving, automobiling, golfing, walking, etc. Unexcelled for long wearing qualities. All sizes at **$1 25**

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TINTED CENTERPIECES, for polished tables, in a variety of pretty floral designs, such as roses, poppies, sunflowers and clovers; also Oriental and conventional designs. Prices range from, each, 40c to **$2 50**

CENTERS IN SCRIM CANVAS, in Hardanger and cross-stitch designs. The worked designs at from, each, $1 75 to **$2 50**
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NEW PATTERNS IN WHITE LINEN CENTERS, for the dining-table; English eyelet, Mountmellick, French laid work and Queen Anne darning designs, each, 30c to **75c**

We have a complete range of Belding & Paul's also Brainerd & Armstrong's embroidery silks; mercerized white threads in Crosheen, Peri, Lusta and silk finished crochet, which may be washed and boiled without losing their luster.

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When visiting the London Exhibition we will esteem it a kindness to have you call and examine our display of Heintzman & Co. Pianos in the Main Building, where we have the finest assortment and display ever exhibited in London, including some very Special Designs, such as "Ionic," "Louis XII," "Chippendale," "Classic" and other Special Styles, in fancy Spanish and San Domingo Mahogany, Fancy French Burls, English Brown Oak and other handsome and costly woods. These Pianos have all been personally selected by the manager at our immense factories, having been specially made for exhibition, of the most costly materials and expert workmanship, for which Heintzman & Co. are so well known. Therefore, "anyone" desirous of purchasing the Most Perfect Piano built today, should not fail to call and examine the Heintzman & Co. exhibit. As an "art lesson" it will be interesting and instructive, and the manager, with a courteous staff of assistants, will be only too pleased to show you the Mechanism and the Many Superior Points of Excellence of this great Canadian Piano, and, considering the Quality, you will find Our Prices and Terms liberal. Full value will be allowed for other instruments taken in exchange, and special inducements will be offered during Fair Week. A duplicate stock will also be carried in our warehouse, 217 Dundas street, corner Clarence, London.

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WATERMELON DROPSY CURE

New York Physician Discovers a Unique Remedy.

York, Pa., Sept. 9.—A prominent local physician, who will not permit his name to be used at this time, has announced here that he has discovered a cure for the dreaded disease, dropsy, and that the compound used is taken from the common or garden watermelon.

The discovery came about by one of the physician's patients who had been critically ill from dropsy craving for watermelon. It was denied him, and when the nurse saw that the man was about to die, gave him some, and much to the surprise of all, he recovered. The physician has since prescribed the same fruit to other patients, one of whom is a prominent citizen, and whose case was considered to be serious. The latter is recovering and his other patients are doing well. As the melons cannot be had the year round, the doctor is experimenting in order that he may produce a compound which can be kept on hand always.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time. 30

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