MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving Healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC

1910 Aug.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Tide High	Tide Low
15—Mon.	5.33	7.24	7.23	1.24

The time used is Atlantic Standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Saturday.

Stmr Governor Dingley, 2858, Mitchell, Boston via Eastport, W G Lee, pass and mdse.

Schr John J. Hanson (Am) 559, Hardy, from Washington, C M Kerrison, with 511 tons paving stones for Hassam Paving Co.

Schr Lucia Porter (Am), 284, Spragg, New York, Peter McIntyre, with 464 tons hard coal for R P & W F Starr.

Gas stmr Lillian, 15, Hartford, from Eastport, for fish, and cld.

Gas stmr Mildred, 9, Tucker, from Eastport for fish, and cld.

Schr Harry Miller, 246, Barton, New York, A W Adams, with 475 tons hard coal for R P and W F Starr.

Coastwise—Rose Georgina, 35, Saulnier, Meteghan.

Arrived Sunday.

Sch Energy, from Sydney (CB), coal.

Cleared Saturday.

Schr Abbie C Stubbs (Am) 295, McLean, for New York, R R Reid, 1200 pcs piling.

Stmr Trongate, 1597, Hunter, for Havana, Wm Thomson and Co, general cargo.

Schr E Mayfield, 74, Merriam, for North Lubec, 1200 sacks salt, Andrew Malcolm.

Coastwise—Schr Clara A Benner, French, St Andrews.

Sailed Sunday.

Str Manchester Exchange, 2649, Adamson, for Manchester via Philadelphia, Wm. Thomson & Co.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Sld, Aug 11—Stmrs Lakonia, Glasgow; Fremona, Leith.

Halifax, Aug 14—Ard 13th, stmr Ocamo, West Indies via St John.

Sld 13th—Stmrs Siberian, Philadelphia; Amanda (Nor) Jamaica.

Sld 14th—Schr Edyth, New York.

Montreal, Aug 14—Ard, stmrs Lake Manitoba, Liverpool; Megantic, do; Hesperian, Glasgow.

Sld—Stmrs Montfort, London; Canada, Liverpool.

BRITISH PORTS.

Swansea, Aug 11—Ard, stmr Kingston, St John via Louisburg (CB)

Liverpool, Aug 13—Ard, stmr Laurentic, Montreal, Str Dominion, Morehead.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Portland, Me, Aug 14—Ard, schrs G H Perry, St. John for Boston.

Bombay Harbor, Aug. 14—Ard, schr Glyndon, St John.

Boston, Aug 14—Ard, schr Fanny, St John.

Vineyard Haven, Aug 14—Ard, schrs Minnie, Isaacs Harbor for New York; Helen G King, St John for New Bedford; Laella, Stonehaven (NS) for New Haven; Hunter, St John for orders.

Perth Amboy, Aug 13—Cld, schr Flora M, Windsor; R Bowers, Charlottetown.

Vineyard Haven, Aug 13—Ard and sld, schr Virginian, Maitland (NS) for New York.

Ard—Schr Conrad S, Eatonville (NS) for do.

City Island, Aug 14—Bound south, stmr Diana, Windsor for Newburg; schr Eddie Theriault, Tusket (NS)

Portland, Aug 13—Ard, schr Romeo, Nova Scotia.

New York, Aug 13—Sld, schr Freedom, Charlottetown.

City Island, Aug 13—Bound south, stmr Cecilia, Cheverie via Boston for New York; John G Walter, Apple River for do; Cheslie, St John for do.

Bound east—Florizel, New York for Halifax and St Johns (NF); Trinidad, New York for Halifax and Quebec.

Philadelphia, Aug 13—Ard, stmr Patria, Port Wade (NS)

MARINE NEWS

The Battle liner Sellasia, Captain Grady, from Hopewell Cape, with deals, passed in the canal at Manchester Saturday. The Pandosia, of the same line, from Cardiff, arrived at Pernambuco Saturday.

Canada's Eggs

Vice-Consul-General Gorman of Montreal states that last year the Dominion of Canada exported 562,850 dozen eggs, while there were imported from the United States, Russia, China and Japan 1,136,120 dozen. It is estimated that with an average of 75 birds to a farm or 60,000,000 for the whole of Canada, there would be a profit of $60,000,000 a year. At present there are said to be less than 25,000,000 fowls in the country. In fact wheat and cheese appear to be driving meat produce off the farms.

LORD BRASSEY IN CANADA

Venerable Owner of the Noted Sunbeam Talks of England and Some of Her Problems

"I am here to interest myself in Canada, and practically in colonization. I have been president of Dr. Barnardo's homes for twenty years and they have sent out 21,164 children here. I am also president of the East London Emigration Society. I want to see if all this colonization is a good business or not for this country."

These were the first words from the lips of the venerable Lord Brassey to a representative at the shipping office in Quebec in an interview on his arrival on his yacht Sunbeam last week. As advancing years creep on, the famous Sunbeam owner grows more picturesque. The voice is less powerful than of old, but the silvery hair frames a face of rugged, tanned strength and wonderful kindness. He is now seventy-four years old, but his enthusiasm waxed strongly as he dwelt on the vast depth of the relationship binding England to Canada.

"I want to see these people who have been sent out to Ontario—how they have got on. Then I will go back either to encourage the work in England or administer criticism. I think I am in a position to compare the past with the present, for I have been here before, in 1903. Upon that occasion I came to Montreal in my capacity as president of the London Chamber of Commerce. The conference was more in the nature of preventing a schism on the fiscal question, and we passed what might be termed colorless resolutions to that effect. We got, however, the support of many eminent men in Canada, including the prime minister and Lord Strathcona. It is with pleasure then that I visit Canada today, for that conference looks large on my past and leaves a glorious memory of the things I saw and the men I met."

With remarkable acumen and vigor, Lord Brassey continued:—"I do not think that it is best for the old land to increase the number of the population. I think it best for the old land to find a means of making more room for those there. I live in Sussex and I have seen that while intensive cultivation would make it possible to support a very much greater population there now, I see there are very grave problems facing that; above all there is the problem of water. I quite believe the land capable of supporting a greater number, but then there is the grevious shortage of water. You find wells are dry and diphtheria more or less ensues in the agricultural districts. England could support a population twice as great as at the present, but then there is the fear of the drought.

The young lands are important places for the spread of population. I have a kind of warm feeling for Canada." Here the venerable speaker, with a softer tone in his voice, said: "For when a man comes from the Old Land he constitutes a bit of a link with it. There is a great moral strength in our all standing shoulder to shoulder." At this stage the speaker dwelt on the recent treaty making power of Canada throwing upon it the freshness of a new view. "We have very wisely given Canada the right of a treaty-making power. A weight attaches to an engagement in proportion to the sanction which stands behind the written engagement. But the treaty made by an empire is much greater than when made by smaller countries."

THE WORLD LOOKS DARK

To the Dyspeptic. How to Make It Bright.

Father Morriscy, the learned priest-physician, realized that many of the difficulties and troubles of the world are due to indigestion. He believed that to get a proper mental and spiritual attitude, a normal digestive apparatus is very helpful. The good Father therefore gave much study to the important question of the stomach.

His famous prescription "No. 11," for dyspepsia and indigestion, consists of simple tablets which are compounded from the materials in Nature's laboratory. Each tablet will perfectly digest a full meal of 1¾ pounds of food.

Father Morriscy's "No. 11" has brought ease and continued health to thousands of sufferers who had previously tried other remedies in vain. It instantly relieves and in due time restores the stomach to full vigor.

If you suffer at times or regularly from a sick, sour, dyspeptic stomach, try No. 11, and see how quickly you can again enjoy hearty meals, and how bright the world looks once more.

In convenient flat boxes at 50c. each. Get a box from your dealer, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 91

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY

By Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus)

Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), born at Eatonton, Ga., Dec. 9, 1848. Apprenticed to a printer in 1860; later he became an editorial writer. His first negro dialect stories were published in the Atlanta Constitution. His published books include "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings"; "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War"; "The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann," and many others. He died at Atlanta, Ga., July 3, 1908.

"DIDN'T the fox never catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next morning.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you born—brer fox did. One day after brer rabbit fool him wid dat calamus root, brer fox went ter work en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun what he call a tar-baby, en he tuck dish here tar-baby en he shot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see what de news wuz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kase bimeby here come brer rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay bird. Brer fox he lay low. Brer rabbit come prancin' long twel he spy de tar-baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De tar-baby, she sot dar, she did, en brer fox, he lay low.

"'Mawnin'!' sez brer rabbit, sezee; 'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en brer fox, he lay low.

"'How does yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?' sez brer rabbit, sezee.

"Brer fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'How you come on den? Is you deaf? sez brer rabbit, sezee; 'kase if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

"'Youer stuck up, dat's what you is,' says brer rabbit, sezee, 'en I'm gwinter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm gwineter do,' sezee.

"Brer fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but tar-baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'spectfull fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez brer rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me "howdy," I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

Tar-baby stay still, en brer fox, he lay low.

"Brer rabbit keep on axin' him, en de tar-baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin' twel presently brer rabbit drew back wid his fis', en blip he tuck her side er de head. Right dar's where he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt him.

"But tar-baby she stay still, en brer fox he lay low.

"'Ef you don't lemme loose I'll knock you again,' sez brer rabbit sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder hand, en dat stuck. Tar-baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin', en brer fox, he lay low.

"'Tu'n me loose fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez brer rabbit, sezee, but de tar-baby she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den brer rabbit lose de use of his feet in de same way.

"'Brer fox he lay low. Den brer rabbit squall out dat ef de tar-baby don't tu'n him loose he butt her cranksided. En den he butted en his head got stuck. Den brer fox he sauntered fort', lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, brer rabbit,' sez brer fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he rolled on de ground en laft twel he couldn't laff no more. I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, brer rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez brer fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come along en loosed 'im—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run along.

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

BY LOUIS TRACY

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CHAPTER IX.

A Montmartre Romance.

The exterior of the Carbaret Noir belied its name.

Originally, no doubt, it was one of the vilest dens in a vile locality, but the fairy hand of the brewer had touched the familiar wineshop, and it glistened today in much mahogany, more brass, and a dazzling collection of mirrors.

Brett was surprised when the driver of their cab pulled up in front of such an ornate establishment. Somehow, he expected the Carbaret Noir to be a different place. Not so Fairholme, accustomed only to the glaring exterior of London tied houses.

"Here we are," said his lordship cheerfully. Let's take them by surprise and run over the whole show before any one can stop us."

"No," said Brett: "this is Paris, and the police here have ways even more mysterious than those of Scotland Yard. We will gain nothing by drastic measures. Indeed, had I known the sort of place we were coming to I would have visited it tonight and in disguise. As it is, we have been seen already by any one interested in our movements, and it would be useless to adopt any pretence, so follow me."

He boldly entered through the main door, and found himself in a light, airy room, filled, in three-fourths of its area, with little marble-topped tables surrounded by diminutive chairs, whilst a bar counter was partitioned off in a corner.

The attendant in charge was a dreary-eyed waiter, who seemed to think that the presence of a couple of sight-seeing Englishmen at such an hour was another testimony to the lunatic propensities of the Anglo-Saxon race. He welcomed them volubly, assuring them that the establishment kept the best Scotch whisky in stock, and guaranteed that roast beef would be ready in ten minutes.

"This is the Cabaret Noir?" questioned Brett.

"But yes, monsieur."

"There is no other of the same name in Montmartre?"

"But no, monsieur."

"A gentleman, a friend of mine, came here a few minutes ago in a fiacre. He was small, slight, so high"—illustrating the stature by his hand. "He was dressed in dark blue clothes with shiny boots. He was—"

Brett's eager description was cut short by the appearance of a new character. Through a narrow door leading into the bar came a handsome dark-eyed woman, aged perhaps twenty-five, well dressed, shapely, and carrying herself with the easy grace of a born Parisienne.

Her hair was jet blacfl. Her large dark eyes were recessed beneath arched and strongly pencilled eyebrows. Her skin had that peculiar tint of porcelain-white often seen in women of southern blood.

Yet there was nothing delicate in this lady's appearance or manner. A rich color suffused her cheeks, and her language was remarkably free both in volume and style. She addressed a few observations to the waiter in the common vernacular of Montmartre, the only translatable portion being the question why he was standing about the floor like the ears of a donkey when there was work to be done.

Her manner changed somewhat as she addressed herself to Brett and his companion. There was sufficient of the lady in her demeanor when she said, "And what would messieurs be pleased to command?"

Now, if there was one type of femininity more than another which Brett thoroughly understood it was the saucy, quick-witted, handsome adventuress. He knew that the woman scrutinizing him so coolly came well within this category.

He could not tell, of course, in what way she might be associated with the gang whose proceedings contained the explanation of Talbot's fate, but he instantly resolved to adopt a determined position with the lady who half-petulantly, half-curiously, was awaiting his reply.

He came nearer to her.

"I am glad," he said, "that I have met you."

The woman looked him boldly in the eyes. "Was it for the happiness of seeing me that Monsieur has visited the house?"

"That might well serve as the reason, but the pleasure is all the greater since it was unexpected."

"You are pleased to be facetious," she replied. "Will you not tell me your business? I have affairs to occupy me."

Assuredly. I have driven here as quickly as possible from No. 11 Rue Barbette."

This attack, so direct and uncompromising, did not fail to have its effect. A ready mask of suspicion fell across the woman's impudent pretty face.

There was just at stage of stage laughter in her tone when she cried: "Really, how interesting! And whence is the Rue Barbette, monsieur? In what way am I concerned with—No. 11, did you say?"

Brett well knew how to conduct the attack upon this lady. His voice fell to a determined note, his eyes looked gravely into hers as he answered—"It is useless to pretend that you do not understand me. You are losing moments worth gold, perhaps diamonds! Within a few minutes the police will be here, and then it will be too late. Help me first, and I will let the police take care of themselves. Refuse me your assistance, and I will leave you and your friends to the mercy of the district commissaire."

A dangerous light leaped into the woman's eyes at this direct challenge.

"Monsieur is pleased to speak in riddles," she said. "This is a restaurant. We can execute your orders, but we are not skilled in acting charades. You will find better performers in the booths out there;" and she swept her hands scornfully towards the boulevard, with its medley of tents, stalls, and merry-go-rounds.

Brett smiled. "You are a stupid woman," he said. "You think you are serving your friends by adopting this tone. In effect you are bringing them to the guillotine. Now listen. If I leave you without further words you do not see me again. You will know nothing of what is going on until the police have lodged you in a cell. Neither you nor your associates can escape. I promise nothing, but perhaps if you tell what I want to know there may be a chance for you. Otherwise there is none. Shall I go?"

And he turned as if to approach the door.

For an instant the woman hesitated, and Brett thought that he had scored.

"Wait," she said, lowering her voice, though there was still the menace of subdued passion in her accents. "Who is your friend?"

A gentleman whose identity in no way concerns you. You must deal with me, and it will be better if you ask who I am."

"I know," she said, laconically. "Come this way, both of you."

She raised a flap-door located at one side of the counter. Brett followed her in a passage behind the doorway that led into the bar. Fairholme succeeded him.

The trio passed rapidly through a door at the end of the passage, and quickly found themselves in a long, low room, usually devoted to billiards. The place was dark and smelled evilly of stale tobacco. Daylight penetrated but feebly through the red blinds that blocked up the windows on one side. The woman drew two of these blinds, and thus illuminated the interior. The windows opened on to a yard, and the place was thoroughly shut off from all observation from the street.

"Now," she said. "I will show you something."

She walked towards the fireplace at the end of the room. On the mantelpiece was a square of iron sheeting, painted white, and studded with curious-looking spikes in circulars, triangles, and straight lines. From a box close at hand she took half a dozen small glass bulbs, red and blue. She placed them in a line on some of the spikes at intervals of two inches. Then she retired to that side of the room where they had entered. The distance was perhaps 30 feet.

Before Brett or Fairholme could vaguely guess her intention she whipped a revolver out of her pocket. It would be idle to deny that they were startled, but the woman paid not the least attention to them.

She steadily levelled the weapon and fired twice, smashing the two outer balls of the six. Then she transferred the pistol to her left hand and smashed another pair. Then she turned her back to the target, adjusted a small mirrow attached to the butt of the revolver, and smashed both of the remaining bulbs by firing over her left shoulder. Sweeping round with a triumphant smile towards the barrister, she said, "I can do that in fifty other ways, but six will suffice."

"It is very clever, madame," he said. "May I ask why I am indebted to you for this display?"

She placed the revolver in her pocket. "It is my answer to your question, Monsieur," she said. "That is the way I and my friends often talk to people who annoy us; and now I shall wish you good-day. You will find other sights in Montmartre to interest you."

Brett laughed easily, and bowed low. "Believe me," he said, "I will find few performers so expert and, may I add, so discreet. We will meet again, and perhaps test your skill."

Without another word the party returned to the front room of the restaurant, and Brett and Fairholme passed into the street where their cab was waiting.

"I suppose she meant," said Fairholme, "that if we were not jolly careful she would put a bullet through our hearts as easily as through those glass bulbs."

"Such was her intention," said Brett, dryly. "But women never have true dramatic genius. That was a piece of melodrama which might suffice with many of her class. It amused me, but it was a waste of time on her part."

"Anyhow, we shall not get much out of her in the way of information."

"Oh, yes, we will. She will tell us every thing. She has told me a great deal already."

"What?" cried his lordship. "Did that shooting affair convey anything more to you than what I have said?"

"Of course. What need was there for such a trick? In the first place it is very simple. You or I could do it after ten minutes' practice with an expanding charge and a slow pistol. Secondly, she admitted that the Carbaret Noir is a centre of operations for the gang in whom we are interested. By the way, I should like to know her name."

He directed the driver to wait for them at a street corner some little distance further on. Close to where they stood an itinerant vendor was selling some mechanical toys.

Brett bought one. The piece was twenty sous. He gave the man a two-franc piece and refused the change.

"Do you know," he said, "who is the proprietor of the Carbaret Noir?"

"Certainly, monsieur," replied the gutter-merchant; "It is Gros Jean. His name is Beaucaire."

"Ah! And the lady who lives there, a dark pretty woman with white skin. Who is she?" "That is his daughter," said the man. "She is known as La Belle Chasseuse."

"She is known as La Belle Chasseuse."

"Why such a name?"

"Because she is clever with firearms. She used to be in a circus, but she left the profession a year ago."

"And does she live here constantly?"

"I cannot say, I think she goes away a great deal. She was travelling recently; she came back—let me see—last Tuesday night."

"Thank you," said Brett. The two reentered their cab, and Brett told the driver to proceed as rapidly as possible to the Rue St. Honore.

"I hope to goodness," he said to Fairholme, "that Captain Gaultier has not left Paris already; these Foreign Office messengers are liable to be despatched to the other end of the earth at a moment's notice."

"Why do you wish to see him?" said Fairholme.

"Simply to obtain definite confirmation of my theory. La belle Chasseuse was the woman who accompanied the man made up to work like Jack Talbot during his journey from London. If Gaultier can see her and assure me I am right, I will be convinced concerning that which I already know to be true."

"By Jove!" cried Fairholme, "that never occurred to me. I wonder if it is so?"

"Mademoiselle Beaucaire is quite an adept in two things; she cant break tiny glass bulbs and she can flirt. She chose to exhibit the first of these accomplishments to us, and convey what was intended to be a warning; in reality, she gave us some valuable information."

(To be continued.)

TO THE MEN!

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CANADIAN COAL CORPORATION

THE EXCLUSION OF LIQUOR DEALERS BY THE C. M. B. A.

Decision Applies Only to Those Directly Engaged in Sale—Cutting Down Convention Expenses

Of the decision of the C. M. B. A., to exclude from membership all who make their living by the liquor business the Montreal Gazette's Ottawa despatch says:

"Amid cheers and by a unanimous vote, the C. M. B. A., convention, after a session lasting till after midnight, decided to amend the constitution so that no one in future be admitted to membership who gains his livelihood from the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor.

"Rev. Father McNeil, of Nova Scotia, one of the best known advocates of temperance in the Catholic Church of Canada, swayed the convention with a masterly appeal for temperance, pleading that the association be made a pillar of the church.

"Dr. Ryan, chief medical adviser, in reply to a question, stated that the expectancy of life among those engaged in the sale of liquor was not as good as those otherwise employed.

"It was explained that the resolution does not apply to those laboring men in breweries, etc., but to those directly engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors

The report of the law committee of the C. M. B. A. convention has brought up an important question for the consideration of the delegates, that of limiting the cost of holding the triennial convention. The association has grown so rapidly within the past few years that under the present constitution the number of delegates eligible to attend has become very large. The expense entailed in bringing the delegates, which is borne by the association as a whole and does not come out of the individual branches, has become alarming in the opinion of the committee. This year there are 500 delegates to the convention, and as they come from all points between the Atlantic and the Pacific coast the cost is considerable. The last convention held in Montreal resulted in an expense of nearly $20,000, and it is expected the present meeting will be fully as costly. It is understood the committee has some changes to offer to the constitution and a plan of decreasing the number of delegates, which they consider will make the convention more wieldly, as well as a better legislative body.

WEDDINGS

Nagle-Desmond.

W. J. Nagle jr., New Brunswick travelling representative of Brock & Paterson, and eldest son of Wm. J. Nagle, furniture dealer of Charles street, and Miss Frances Gertrude Desmond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Desmond of Hampton, were married in New York on August 6, and have returned to St. John to make their home here.

Pointed Paragraphs

(From the Chicago News.)

Money may be tainted, even after a man has cleaned up a lot of it in a business transaction.

When a woman tells a man her age she always expects him to say: 'Well, you certainly don't look it."

Nothing shatters a girl's fond delusions like the discovery that her engagement ring was purchased on the instalment plan.

An optimist is a man who never misses an opportunity to invest in a gold brick.

Marshmallows or dividends, they just get eaten up.

A bald head will go around pluming himself that he isn't bowlegged.

A wife will stand more fault-finding than the cook, because she is more used to it.

Pain in Heart

"For two years I had pain in my heart, back and left side. Could not draw a deep breath or lie on left side, and any little exertion would cause palpitation. Under advice I took Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Nervine. I took about thirteen bottles, am in better health than I ever was, and have gained 14 pounds."

MRS. LILLIE THOMAS, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

For many years Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy has been very successful in the treatment of heart troubles, because of its tonic effect upon the heart nerves and muscles. Even in severe cases of long standing it has frequently prolonged life for many years after doctors had given up all hope, as proven by thousands of letters we have received from grateful people.

Price $1.00 at your druggist. He should supply you. If he does not, send price to us, we forward prepaid.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

FOR COLIC

The best means of preventing this disorder, is to invigorate and gently stimulate the system with frequent doses of the Ready Relief diluted with water, taken internally. Constipation is dangerous to those who come in contact with metallic poisons; therefore keep bowels free with the Regulating Pills.

Ask for Radway's and Take No Substitutes

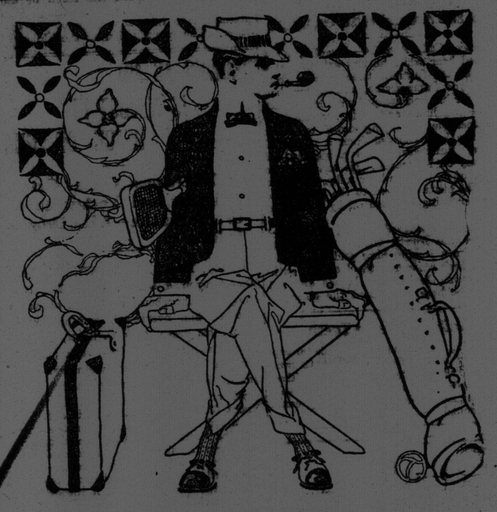
Sickness is usually caused by the accumulation of waste matter and impurities within the body.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

enable the bowels, the kidneys, the lungs and the pores of the skin to throw off these impurities. Thus they prevent or cure disease. 12

25c. a box.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



UNIQUENESS WANTED

Where is the out-of-town resort
Where men are so extremely short—
Or scarce? I'd like a true report—
Authentic information.

Find a summer girl.
I'd like to know where maidens fair
Find that condition hard to bear,
I'd like to save them from despair
Through my two weeks vacation.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE

Lower left hand corner down, in foliage.