

**25 Corns Removed Every Minute**

Five million corns every year—every minute—are being removed by Blue-jay.

Blue-jay for the corns ends the pain instantly. The bit of B & B is gently pressed on the corn. The plaster is applied in two days you lift it out. No pain. The plaster is applied so comfortable that you almost forget it. One is foolish indeed to suffer from corns when there is such an easy way to get rid of them.

**Blue-jay Corn Plasters**

At All Druggists 15c and 25c per Package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Beane & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

**FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE**

IS THIS MAN A CHATTEL?

By Wendell Phillips

From an address on "Slave Hunting in Massachusetts" before the legislative committee on federal relations, state house, Boston, Feb. 17, 1850.

IT IS no answer to my request to say that you will grant a jury trial, that you will hedge the citizens with such safeguards that some but a regular legislative can be delivered up. That is not the Massachusetts we want, and not the Massachusetts worthy of its ancient name. Give us a state that is not disgraced by the trial in the nineteenth century, in the midst of so-called Christian churches, of the issue, "Is this man a chattel?" We will not rest until it is decided as the law of the commonwealth, that a human being, immortal, created by the hand of God, shall not be put on trial in the commonwealth and required to prove that he is not property. It shall not be competent for the courts of the commonwealth to hamper the civilization of the nineteenth century, by asking that question or making it the subject of evidence and proof. Give us a law tantamount to this; the moment a man sets his foot in Massachusetts he is free against the world.

Can the image of God be owned and sold? What a question for a Christian republic to try! Decree that no court sitting in Massachusetts shall ever entertain the question whether a human being can be property. He is a man, therefore, he is free. Provide not only that no court which you set up shall entertain that question, but that no court sitting on your soil shall handle heaven by trying such an issue. What your own judges may not do shall not be any man done within your limits. We read, gentlemen, of days when to say, "I am a Roman citizen," opened prison doors and disarmed lawless power. Earn for our commonwealth a nobler fame. Let history tell that on our soil to say, "I am a man!" looked every chain and shivered unholy parchment to atoms, while and required to prove that he is not property. It shall not be competent for the courts of the commonwealth to hamper the civilization of the nineteenth century, by asking that question or making it the subject of evidence and proof. Give us a law tantamount to this; the moment a man sets his foot in Massachusetts he is free against the world.

**Rheumatism**

It manifests itself in local aches and pains—inflicting pain and stiff muscles—but it can be cured by local application of Hood's Sassaaparilla.

Hood's Sassaaparilla which corrects the condition of the blood and builds up the system. Get it today.

It cures Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Eczema, Scald Head, Ringworm, and all other skin diseases. Dose One Dollar.

You had better try it. Mr. Osborne must be released forthwith.

"Where to?"

"At Vine Street, I think," muttered Winter in Farnoux's ear.

"No, here, Ernest; we must strike now. We must realize that we have no case to give her time to gather her energies and we shall never secure a conviction."

"Winter looked the necessity of terrifying a woman, but he yielded, since he saw no help for it. This time they had not long to wait. Soon they heard a rapid, confident tread on the stairs, and Hylda Prout was with them in the library. Both men, who had been seated, rose when she entered.

"Well," she said jauntily, "are you convinced?"

"Folly," said Winter.

"She turned to Farnoux.

"You, little man, what do you say?"

"I have never needed to be convinced," she answered. "I have known the truth since the day when we first met."

Something in his manner seemed to trouble her, but those golden brows eyed sweet on him in a species of scornful amusement.

"Why, then, have you liberated James and his sister?" she demanded.

"Because they are innocent."

"She laughed a nervous, unmitigated laugh.

"But there only remains Mr. Osborne," she protested.

"There is one other, the murderer," he said. "Even while she gazed at him in wonder he had come quite near. His right hand shot out and grasped her arm.

"But fate could not more devoutly and strangely than Hylda Prout. It could bring about the meeting of Osborne and Hylda Prout, otherwise known as Rose de Jersey, at Fiddaman Mansions, on the night of July 3d."

She looked at him in a panic to which she tried vainly to give a semblance of incredulity. Even in that moment of terror a new thought throbbled in her dazed brain.

"Mirabel Farnoux!" she managed to say.

"Yes, my wife. You committed a needless crime, Hylda Prout. She had never done, nor ever could have done, you any injury. But it is my duty to warn you that everything you now say will be taken down in writing, and may be used in evidence against you."

She tried to wrench herself free, but his fingers clung to her like a steel trap. Winter started at the apparent collusion of the man.

"This is rather fresh-fried," he whispered. "Reminds one of the reconstructed crime method of the judge d'instarment. But I have had good, sound, British evidence."

"There is nothing good, or sound, or British about this affair," said Farnoux. "It is French from beginning to end—French in its method, French in its spirit, French in its result, and I am free."

"Where is it safely held?" he asked.

"In the wardrobe of the dressing-room, I shall resign, clear off, but I will not let my weakness be known to any other class."

"Don't be an ass, Farnoux!"

"I have no choice, my dear boy. I'm a bit French, too, you know. No Englishman could have handled Osborne so gracefully."

"You have done merely to gratify my notions of what was due to the memory of the man, and to the satisfaction of this man's upstairs as a cat plays with a mouse. I wouldn't have done that, if I had my way. If he were here, I would face, she ought to have spared that. Therein was a tiger rather than a man."

Not Rose, but Mirabel! His thoughts had bridged the years. He murmured the words in a curiously unemotional tone, but Winter was no longer deceived. It would be many a day, if ever before, that he would be so much pleased by his own speech.

And now there was an opening of the curtains, which showed the pale light of the kitchen. A man's figure appeared behind the rails of the upper landing, a man attired in a gray frock-coat and wearing a silk hat. Mrs. Bates uttered a slight scream.

"What is there?" she asked.

"That you did, Ernest," urged Farnoux, instantly alert. "You see now that you might be mistaken when you say that you were on the verge of catching Osborne."

"Oh, yes, sir; if that is Miss Prout's the very thing. Now, who would have believed this?"

"You did," prompted Farnoux again.

"That time you must be more careful. Tell us now who it was you saw on the stairs, your master, or his secretary made up to represent him?"

Mrs. Bates began to cry.

"I wouldn't have said such a thing for a mist of money, sir. It was called to do a poor woman so, real cruel it is. Of course, it was Miss Prout I saw."

"Well, here! What a horrid creature to behave in that way!"

"No comment, please," said Farnoux sternly.

Throughout he was gazing at Hylda Prout with eyes that scintillated. She was standing now on the half-landing, and her face had lost some of its striking resemblance to Osborne's because of the expression of mocking triumph that gleamed through his make-up.

"What do you think of that, Miss Prout?" he said. "Now, will you kindly walk slowly up again, remembering, as I do, you were on the verge of collapse after undergoing a tremendous strain."

A choked cry, or groan, followed by a scuffle, came from the curtained doorway, and Hylda turned abruptly.

"What is there?" she demanded, in a sort of quick alarm that contrasted oddly with her previous air of complete self-possession.

"Mirabel," she said, "I suppose, he has run away. 'Anyhow, he has run away. You need not wait any longer. Miss Prout. Kindly change your clothing as quickly as possible and come with us."

**DON'T FORGET**

to come to Corbet's for your

**ALL WOOL COAT SWEATERS**

Regular \$1.25, Sale price 89 cts.

AT

**CORBET'S**

196 Union Street

**SHIPPING**

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, FEB. 13.

A.M. . . . . Sun Sets . . . . . P.M.

High Tide . . . . . 11:44 Low Tide . . . . . 5:58

The time used is Atlantic standard.

**PORT OF ST. JOHN.**

Sailed Saturday.

Star Manchester Shipper, Perry, Savannah, Wm. Thomson & Co.

Star Manchester Engineer, Spencer, Philadelphia, Wm. Thomson & Co.

Arrived Sunday.

Star Tunisian, Fairall, Liverpool via Halifax, Wm. Thomson & Co. mdac and pass.

Star Manchester Corporation, Cabot, Philadelphia, Wm. Thomson & Co.

**CANADIAN PORTS.**

Halifax, N.S. Feb. 12—Ard, stmr Ionian Glasgow.

**BRITISH PORTS.**

St. Helen, Feb. 11—Passed, stmr Waken, St. John for Melbourne.

Queensdown, Feb. 12, 7 a.m.—Sld, stmr Montserrat, Liverpool for London.

Laurentie, Liverpool of New York.

**FOREIGN PORTS.**

Vinograd, Havana, Mass. Feb. 12—Ard, Rebecca Q. Whidden, Perth Amboy for Calais (Morrison) Arthur M. Gibson, New York for St. John.

Eastport, Me. Feb. 12—Ard, stmr Samuel Castner, Jr. Calais (Me); Lucia New York.

New York, Feb. 12—Sld, stmr Florizel, Halifax.

Halifax, Feb. 12—Sld, stmr Win. Wignace, Eastport (Me); Moana, St. John; Aloha, Halifax.

Portland, Me. Feb. 12—Sld, stmr Otis, Liverpool; Cermona, London; stmr Annie & Eva Fay, from St. John for New York; stmr Roger Drury, St. John for New York; stmr Eva A. Dunsborough, from Calais for New York; stmr Helen G. Lang, from Paris for New York.

**MARINE NEWS.**

The British ship "Comet," Capt. Balfour, was to sail from Boston on Friday for the river Delta with a big lumber cargo. Stowed in the ship's hold were 1,200 feet of lumber, consigned for Buenos Ayres. The schooner Cordina arrived in Halifax yesterday after a tempestuous voyage from Harbord (Breton Nfld). The vessel was eighteen days on the trip and lost a deck-load of berries.

The Allan liner Tunisian, Captain Fairall, reached port yesterday from Liverpool. She reports a good trip, making the voyage to Halifax in seven days. She carried 480 passengers.

**THE DE BERCY AFFAIR**

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A Mystery of the Past," "The Mystery of the Future," etc.

(Copyright by McMillan & Allen, Toronto)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Some of the difficulties ahead, a whole troupe of fantastic imaginations from the past, crowded in on Farnoux's mind as he stood there in the hall with Farnoux. What a story it would make if published as he had told it! He had actually lived eight years ago at a fete champetre in Jersey. Then came a brief delirium of wedded bliss in the life of the city, and his wife's flight and reappearance at a notable dinner. Osborne came on the scene, and was in contact with him in a relations which he had actually lived in the absence of both the Saracen dagger and the cell, already paroled for their deed the night he had gone to Fiddaman Mansions.

During a heart-breaking scene with his wife he had foregone from her solemn promise to tell Osborne who she could not marry him, and then to leave Farnoux, the unhappy woman had written the last word in her diary when Farnoux was announced.

"It was a nothing good, or sound, or British about this affair," said Farnoux. "It is French from beginning to end—French in its method, French in its spirit, French in its result, and I am free."

"Where is it safely held?" he asked.

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**Regulate the Bowels**

"I have been troubled with constipation for several years, and have tried a great many kinds of pills, as well as medicine from the doctor. Nothing seemed to help me until I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. I found the little pills very effective, and I am thankful that I have a reliable medicine."

MR. W. M. JUNKIN, LeRoy, Ill.

**Nerve and Liver Pills**

simply ease the bowels to move in a normal manner, and without the gripping effects of cathartics and purgatives. That's why they are so universally used by women and children. The longer they are taken the less are needed. Natural conditions gradually being restored.

Price 25c at your druggist. He should supply you. If he does not, send price to us, we forward prepaid.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO.

**NOW TO CONGRESS**

Reciprocity Agreement Favorably Reported on By Ways and Means Committee

Washington, Feb. 11.—The Canadian reciprocity agreement was reported favorably, 12 to 7, to the House today by the committee on ways and means.

The committee adopted an amendment proposed by Mr. Mann, of Illinois, providing that wool produced in Canada may be brought into the United States free and that products of wool, as specified in that bill up to a valuation of four cents a pound, may be brought in free.

The seven members of the committee who opposed the bill as the committee's final session were given permission to file a minority report next week. Representatives Gaines, of West Virginia, asked for specific permission to file that statement next Wednesday. While the house agreed to this, Mr. McCall declared he would not be bound by such action to delay the bill until that time.

A motion will be made Monday afternoon to bring the bill up for a vote. Mr. McCall, to take up the measure for immediate discussion and final action. It is hoped that the matter will be settled that day.

**ARCHBISHOP RYAN DEAD**

A Great Prelate of the Catholic Church in America Passes Away Saturday—Was 80 Years Old

Philadelphia, Feb. 11.—Serene and prepared to meet his God, whom he had served with the most devoted fidelity, John Ryan, D. D., LL. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia and Metropolitan of Pennsylvania, and one of the great archbishops in the American continent, passed peacefully into eternity at 4:08 o'clock this afternoon at the archiepiscopal residence, adjoining the Cathedral in Logan Square.

For weeks the distinguished prelate, who had been 80 years old had been ill. He died at 10:30 a. m. after a long illness, which he had borne with a calmness and resignation that were characteristic of his high office. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on Feb. 12, 1830.

The news of the archbishop's death was flashed to all parts of the city, and in every parish the bells of the Roman Catholic churches were tolled. His death created genuine sorrow among all classes of people, without regard to creed or nationality. For years he had been a prominent figure in the life of the city, and his death, although not unexpected, came with a shock to even those who did not come in contact with him in a relations which he had actually lived in the absence of both the Saracen dagger and the cell, already paroled for their deed the night he had gone to Fiddaman Mansions.

During a heart-breaking scene with his wife he had foregone from her solemn promise to tell Osborne who she could not marry him, and then to leave Farnoux, the unhappy woman had written the last word in her diary when Farnoux was announced.

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**DO YOU ENJOY YOUR MEALS?**

One of the Most Important Questions to Consider in the Search for Happiness and Health.

The burning question to you is, "Are you getting out of life all the pleasure and health that it is capable of?"

No matter whether every organ and every cell of your body is in a sound state of health and strength, if your stomach is not doing its duty, you are not getting the most out of life. You are going to be worried, out-of-sorts, nervous or sulky. You are going to be ailing, and your condition is not your fault, and people will naturally pity you.

The world wants to smile and be cheerful, and unless you are cheerful and smiling, at least occasionally, you will have few friends, and few opportunities, no success, and you will go down in defeat—defeated by dyspepsia and a bad stomach.

Food you eat is not just food, it is a wonderful reaction upon the brain. You must have noticed it many times, for the brain and stomach are as intimately connected as a needle and its thread, one can hardly be used to advantage without the other. If your stomach is slow and lazy in digesting your food, it will produce food for your brain. Mark it! If your stomach has absolutely no power, and fermentation is poisoning your vital as a result, surely your brain is going to be sluggish and correspondingly depressed. No one need tell you that.

But why continue to suffer all the misery and torment that a diseased stomach brings you?

If if your stomach can not digest your food, what will it do with the bile? Where's the bile?

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, the all-time stomach trouble and indigestion and heart-ache, and all the troubles that these little Dyspepsia Tablets are able to thoroughly and completely cure. 3,000,000 cases of any kind of food, don't it seem to you that these little Dyspepsia Tablets are going to do for you all the good and pleasure that you can get without having to use the stomach for it. And Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a scientific discovery. They digest and digest thoroughly, and what, anything and everything you eat.

So, if your stomach refuses to work or can't work, and you suffer from crickets, flat, heat, fermentation, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn, irritation, indigestion, or dyspepsia of whatever form, just take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and see the difference. It doesn't cost you much to prove it. Then you can eat all you want, what you want, whenever you want, and you will be healthy, and you can look the whole world in the face with a smiling eye and you will have the pleasure of a pleasant and vigorous body and a clear mind and memory and everything will look and feel as if it were new to you.

Get a package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at any drug store, or write for one to Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, 100 West 42nd Street, New York City.

**SEAMAN'S INSTITUTE DEBT**

At a conference held on Saturday evening of members of the board of directors of the Seaman's Institute, together with some other citizens interested in the welfare of this institute, it was decided to make an effort to wipe out the debt, which is quite a burden.

An effort was made to raise \$4,000. Lord Strathcona has offered to give \$1,000, if the other \$3,000 is contributed.

It was pointed out at Saturday evening's conference that the burden of this debt pressing upon the institute, which is a public institution, is a heavy one.

**SHE WAS SURPRISED**

When Dr. Moore's Indian Root Pills Cured Her Chronic Liver Complaint

Mrs. A. Smith, of Waukegan, Ill., tells an interesting story of relief from almost intolerable suffering.

"I can hardly tell you how great my suffering was during the last year. I was constantly complaining of biliousness, and I was unable to eat anything. I was so weak that I could not get up stairs. I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I was so tired that I could not do anything. I was so miserable that I thought I was going to die."

Dr. Moore's Indian Root Pills cured her. She is now healthy and happy.

**MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRE**

Five cases will be tried at the next session of the divorce court, which will open in Fredericton on the 29th. Among the number are the following: Evans vs. Evans, Bathurst; Cullen vs. Cullen, Carleton county; Tower vs. Tower, Kent county.

David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, returned to England yesterday from Naples. He is considerably improved in health but will rest for a time at Brighton.

On Saturday evening a prominent woman, aged about 70, who was visiting relatives in Newcastle, was attacked by a young man on the public street and quite seriously injured. Her assailant escaped. The light-house at Grandstone Island was destroyed by fire a few days ago and a jettison of new being used as a light, pending the rebuilding of the structure. The fire was caused by an explosion. Joseph Phillips, aged 47, and Michael McLaughlin, aged 47, were burned to death in a fire in a boarding house in Montreal yesterday. Several others had narrow escapes.

London, Feb. 12.—The Sunday Times understands that General Louis Bolla, premier of the Union of South Africa, will announce at the Imperial Conference that South Africa will abolish the preference extended to British manufacturers.

**FATHER DUKE'S C. M. B. A. COURSE LECTURE**

The C. M. B. A. hall in Union street would not hold all who gathered last evening to hear the closing lecture of the winter Sunday evening course.

Rev. Father Duke, rector of St. Peter's, was the lecturer and his subject, "Longevity." He traced the people's life from his birth in Portland (Me.), in 1807 to his death in Cambridge in 1882, touching on his graduation at Bowdoin College in 1829, his acceptance of the position of professor of modern languages there and his three and a half years of touring Europe before taking up his work. From Bowdoin he went to Harvard as modern languages professor and all his life thereafter he spent in Cambridge.

The sad death of his wife, and the declining years of the poet were told of his character was the subject of a beautiful pen picture and a careful analysis of his works added to the interest in Father Duke's lecture.

Selections from several of his writings were read by the speaker and at the close Miss Emma Conroy recited "Wreck of the Hesperus" and Miss Genevieve Dever "The Village Blacksmith," while the Bridge was sung by Miss Marie McLaughlin, accompanied by Miss May Mullin. This feature added much to the pleasure of the evening.

On motion of Joseph Harrington, seconded by R. O'Brien, a hearty vote of appreciation and thanks to Father Duke and the young ladies was passed.

On next Sunday evening a sacred concert will be given in the hall under the C. M. B. A. auspices.

**TALKS ON SOCIALISM**

A large audience yesterday afternoon listened with close attention to Wm. Sheehan, principal of St. Peter's Boys' school, in an address on "Socialism" given in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. at St. Peter's, Douglas avenue. He traced the advance of socialism and spoke of its characteristics. It was a mistaken idea, he said, that the church was opposed to socialism in its entirety or as an economic doctrine, but the church was certainly against some features or outcroppings of the movement. The system of socialism, he said, would, if it were adopted generally, abolish private enterprise and destroy individuality, essential features of the advance of modern industry.

A. P. Delaney, president of St. Peter's, occupied the chair and at the close tendered the speaker a hearty vote of thanks, moved by Frederick Condon and seconded by F. J. Doherty.

"Why I Become a Socialist," was the subject of an interesting address last night in the socialist hall, Mill street, by J. Taylor, J. W. Eastwood, in introducing the speaker, criticized the remarks by Wm. Sheehan at a lecture in the afternoon. He said it was an object of socialism to develop individuality and encourage enterprise. Mr. Taylor said he became a socialist because he believed that socialism offered salvation for the people.

**BEWIDDED WOMAN WELL IN TWO MONTHS**

Less than two months ago I was practically bedridden as a result of a severe cold, and today I am able to do my own work and to go with my family. I was suffering from inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, and I had no relief until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I am now well and happy.

Yours sincerely,  
Mrs. Frank Arnold,  
Springville, N. Y.

Letter to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidney and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the St. John Evening Times. For sale 75c.

**GREAT CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY**

Everybody in reach of this Store should share in the Bargain Opportunities offered by this SWEEP-OUT SALE.

REGULAR PRICE	REGULAR PRICE	SALE PRICE
30c. Men's Heavy Knitted Mitts 15c.	30c. Factory Cotton . . . . . 50c.	
30c. Men's Heavy Wool Socks, 15c.	10c. Factory Cotton . . . . . 7 1/2c.	
30c. Men's Wool Undergarments 15c.	12c. Factory Cotton . . . . . 9 1/2c.	
60c. Men's Dark Top Shirts . . . 30c.	10c. White Cotton . . . . . 7 1/2c.	
50c. Women's Rubbers . . . . . 40c.	14c. White Cotton . . . . . 10c.	
60c. Girls' Rubbers . . . . . 45c.	14c. Fine Lisle of Good Print 9 1/2c.	
30c. Child's Rubbers . . . . . 25c.	Shaker Flannel . 6 1/2, 8 1/2, 11c.	
1 1/2 Doz. Strong Boots . . . . . 98c.	and hundred other bargains; space does not allow us to mention	
Men's Boots . . . . . \$1.25 up	Girls' Boots . . . . . 80c. up	

**N. J. LAHOOD,** 283 Brasenose Street, Cor. Hanover.

**WILCOX'S White Wear Sales**

Are worth your attention, if you are looking for anything in that line, call and see for yourself before buying elsewhere

Ladies' Underskirts, - - -	From 75c to \$6.50
Ladies' Corset Covers, - -	From 19c to \$2.50
Ladies' Nightgowns, - - -	From 59c to \$4.50
Ladies' Drawers, - - - - -	From 25c to \$1.75
Ladies' Lawn Shirtwaists, -	From 59c to \$4.00

Our \$1.00 White Lawn Shirtwaist has no equal

**WILCOX'S,** Market Square