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Wm. H. Dunn, Agent, Montreal.

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued)

"The first person to reach the Sans Souci after yourself was the Portuguese land-pirate I mentioned to you yesterday. He was accompanied by three chiefs of the men of Oku. Do you recollect my description of the mask on the gourd?"

She uttered a startled little cry.

"Are you in earnest?" was all she could find to say.

"I was in deadly earnest about eight o'clock last evening, I assure you. Had it not been for a most amazing intervention you would certainly have heard me demanding your instant appearance on deck."

"Then what happened?"

"I must begin by admitting that I was worried about you. I got into the dinghy, intending to see you on some pretext. A launch containing this precious gang crossed by bows, and I returned to the Nancy to—to secure Peter's assistance. We were near the Sans Souci on the second trip when another launch arrived, and there stepped on board the yacht a gentleman whose presence assured me that you, at least, were safe enough. You will credit that element in a strained situation when I tell you that the latest arrival was the emperor."

"The Emperor!" she almost gasped. "Do you mean——"

"Sh-s-s-h! No names. If walls have ears, we are surrounded by listeners. But I am not mistaken. I saw him clearly. I heard Baumgartner's humble greeting. And the really remarkable fact is that Peter and you and I share a very important state secret."

"I—I don't understand," she said, bewildered.

"Of course you don't. Not many people could guess why the most powerful monarch on the Continent of Europe should wish to confer with four of the ripest scoundrels that the West African hinterland can produce. Nevertheless, it is true."

"Then that is why Mrs. Baumgartner kept me closeted in her state-room nearly two hours?"

"Yes. By the way, has she engaged you?"

"Yes. She was exceedingly kind. The terms and conditions are most generous. I rejoin the yacht and meet her daughter at Milford next Wednesday. Then we go to Scotland for some shooting, and the Sans Souci returns to Portsmouth to be refitted for a cruise to Madeira and the Canaries during the winter months. Altogether, she sketched a very agreeable programme. But you have excited my curiosity almost beyond bounds by your description of the goings-on last night. My share of the important state secret you spoke of is very slight. It consists in being wholly ignorant of it. Can you enlighten me?"

"There is no reason why I should not. It will invest the Baumgartners with a romantic nimbus which, judging solely from observations, might otherwise be lacking."

The girl laughed.

"They are pleasant people, but rather commonplace," she said.

"Well, we can talk freely in the train."

"You are not leaving Cowes this morning on my account?"

Perhaps her voice showed a degree of restrain. Though she was beginning to like Captain Arthur Warden more than she cared to admit even to herself, he must not be allowed to believe that their friendship could go to extremes.

"If you don't mind enduring my company as far as Portsmouth, I propose to inflict it on you," he explained good-humoredly. "Circumstances compel me to visit London today. Chris is now waiting at the station with my bag. I would have left the island by the first train had I not been lucky enough to see you earlier and interpret your signal correctly."

"I only intended to tell you——"

"The time you would come ashore. Exactly. Why are you vexed because we are fellow-travelers till midday?"

"I am not vexed. I am delighted."

"You expressed your delight with the warmth of an iceberg."

"Now you are angry with me."

"Furious. But please give me your well-balanced opinion. If peaches are good in the afternoon should they not be better in the morning?"

"I could eat a peach," she admitted.

Figuero, who did not fail to pick up the newspaper thrown aside by Warden, followed them without any difficulty. When they stopped at a shop in the main street he took the opportunity to buy a copy of the torn newspaper. Mingling with the crowd at the station, he saw them enter a first-class carriage. His acquaintance with the English language was practically confined to the trader's tongue spoken all along the West African coast, and he had little knowledge of English ways. But he was shrewd and tactful, and his keen wits were at their utmost tension. Hence, he was not at a loss how to act when he found that a ticket examiner was visiting each compartment. Seizing a chance that presented itself, he asked the man if he could inform him where the pretty girl in blue and the tall gentleman in the yachtsman's clothes were going, and a tip of five shillings unlocked the official lips.

"The lady has a return ticket to Langton in Oxfordshise, and the gentleman a single to loondon" said the man.

Figuero did not trust his memory. He asked the name of the first-named town again, and how to spell it. Then he wrote something in a note-book and hurried back to the harbor. It was essential that he should find out what vessels these two people came from, for the presence of a Southern Nigeria Deputy Commissioner in Cowes was not a coincidence to be treated lightly.

Seated in a tiny boat in the harbor was a rotund, jolly-looking personage of seafaring aspect. He and the boat were there when the larger craft which brought the girl ashore came to the quay, but Figuero had taken no notice of Evelyn then, because he had not the least notion that Warden was awaiting her. Possibly the sailor-like individual in the small boat could slake his thirst for knowledge.

So he hailed him.

"You lib for know Capt'n Varden?" he asked, with an ingratiating smile and a hand suggestively feeling for a florin.

"I wot," said the stout man, poking out a wooden leg as he swung round to face the questioner.

"You savvy—you know Capt'n Varden, a mister who walk here one-time—just now—for long minute."

"There's no one of that name in these parts," replied Peter, who thought he identified this swarthy-faced inquirer.

"Den p'raps you tell name of young lady—very beautiful young lady—who lib for here in ship-boat not much time past? She wear blue dress an' brown hat an' brown boots."

"Oh, everybody knows her," grinned Peter. "She's Miss Polly Perkins, of Paddington Green."

"You write 'im name, an' I dash you two shillin,'" said Figuero eagerly.

Peter was about to replay that if any dashing was to be done he could take a hand in the game himself, but he thought better of it. Taking the proffered note-book and pencil, he wrote the words laboriously, and pocketed his reward with an easy conscience.

"When Chris heaves in sight I'll send him back for two pounds of steak," he communed. "It was honestly earned, an' I figure on the Captain bein' arf tickled to death when I tell 'im how the Portygee played me for a sucker."

Figuero hastened to the hotel, saw that his sable friends were well supplied with gin and cigarettes, bade them lie perdu till he came back, and made his way to the quay again. Peter was still there, apparently without occupation.

"You lib for take me to yacht Sans Souci an' I dash you five shillin'?" he said.

"Right-o, jump in," cried Peter, but he added under his breath, "Sink me if he don't use a queer lingo, but money talks."

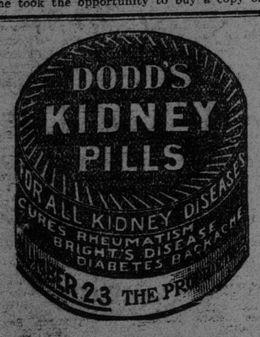
He used all his artifices to get Figuero to discuss his business in Cowes, but he met a man who could turn aside such conversational arrows without effort. At any rate, Peter was now sure he was not mistaken in believing that his fare was the "Portuguese slave-trader and gin-runner," spoken of by Warden, and he had not failed to notice the hotel which Figuero had visited so hurriedly.

There was a check at the yacht. Mr. Baumgartner had gone ashore, but would return for luncheon. So Peter demanded an extra half crown for the return journey, and met a wondering Chris with a broad smile.

"You're goin' shoppin' sonny,' he exclaimed. "I've been earnin' good money today. Sheer off for 'arf an hour, an' I'll tie up the dinghy. I've got a notion that a pint would be a treat."

Thus it came to pass that while Senor Miguel Figuero was puzzling, even alarming the millionaire yacht-owner with his broken talk of Captain Varden, Dep'ty Commissioner and leader of bush expeditions—alarming him so thoroughly that he never dreamed of associating Miss Evelyn Dane with the Polly Perkins of Peter's juvenile memories—Arthur Warden himself was driving in a hansom from Waterloo to the Foreign Office, and wondering what new phase of existence would open up before him when his news became known to the men who control the destines of Outer Britain.

(To Be Continued)



MARTIAL LAW IN SPAIN

Madrid, July 27—The cabinet held a long session today and decided that the situation in Catalonia is so grave that it necessitated the proclaiming of martial law at Tarragona and Gerona in addition to Barcelona. King Alfonso was not present at the meeting, he having returned to San Sebastin from Ferrol.

Turn about isn't fair play when the peroxide blonde becomes a brunette again.

THOUSANDS KISS ST. ANNE RELICS

Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, Crowded, While Vast Throng Overflows Into Streets —Many Crutches Discarded.

(New York Herald.)

Thousands of worshippers, incidding hundreds with ills and infirmities, yesterday attended the feast of St. Anne in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, No. 159 East Seventy-sixth street.

The feast of yesterday had been preceded by the annual novena, or nine days of preparation. Throughout this time, as well as on the feast day, a wrist bone and part of a finger bone, relics of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary, were exposed for veneration and were applied by priests to the ill.

Yesterday crowds were waiting in the street for the opening of the church at six in the morning, and throughout the day a constant procession was kept up. Almost all day the church was filled to overflowing, and a long line was waiting outside. Down the side aisles were passed the cripples and sick, while down the centre went a stream in health to kiss there the glass covering the relics and to receive the blessings of the priests.

Waiting out the side doors were found lame and aged women, exhausted with the efforts of reaching that far, resting alongside mothers with children, bemoaning that because of this multitude, they could not get in.

In the panegyric on St. Anne, Father A. Letellier said that many had told of benefit received, physical as well as spiritual. Father L. Estevenor, superior general, of Rome, Italy, head of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, the order which has charge of the church, took part in the services.

Many stories of cures were told in the crowd and crutches and traces were left behind in the church. boy wearing a brace as a support for his spine left the brace in the church and was able to walk out without it. A little girl, who used a steel appliance to support her leg, left the apparatus beside the boy's.

Speaking of the cures, Father Letellier said to a Herald reporter that no record was kept. People often came to the fathers and told them of benefits received, but no attempt was made to keep an account of them or to follow them up.

DOCTOR GAVE HIM UP.

A Terrible Experience With Kidney Disease and Dragging Backache.

Expected Death Any Day.

To get well and keep well after being pronounced incurable by his physician, was the wonderful experience of Mr. A. P. Chapman, who was snatched from the very jaws of death by the timely use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For two years I had suffered from advanced kidney disease, was stooped, back-weary, hollow-eyed and completely played out. On Saturday night I was seized by an acute attack and became so sick I had to call in my physician. For a week he attended me, constantly, but I grew weaker and sicker every day. The pains in my back, the blinding headaches, the awful weakness from which I suffered almost killed me — the doctor saw it was hopeless.

"As a last hope I was persuaded to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They brought back my strength, aided my stomach, created new appetite, cleaned my blood and gave me relief from pain. After I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills for a month I was like a new man. I continued the treatment for three months and was cured."

Surely there is an obvious moral and lesson here for all men and women. If you are suffering from any derangement of the system, if you are tortured and distressed by indigestion, if you are weakened by the ravages of constipation, kidney, liver or bladder complaint,—if your blood is weak and your system run down, —then use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, take them continually till you are fully restored to health again.

Give Dr. Hamilton's Pills an immediate and thorough trial, your faith in them will not be disappointed, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00 at all dealers or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

LITTLE SADIE FOSTER DIED FROM INJURIES

Girl Who Was So Severely Burned, Died at Her Home Millidgeville Avenue.

The death of Sadie F. Foster, the thirteen year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Foster, occurred last evening at her parents' residence, Millidgeville avenue. The little girl, it will be remembered, was badly burned on July 9 in her home. Her apron caught fire and she rushed out of doors in a mass of flames. Neighbors seeing her plight threw her into a brook that flows near the house and Dr. Case was summoned as soon as possible. He found that she was severely burned about the arms, legs and body, while the hair on her head was nearly all burned off. All that was possible was done to relieve her sufferings and for a time there were hopes held for her recovery.

The combined burns and shock, however, proved to be too much and after lingering for more than two weeks she died early last evening.

Much sympathy is felt for her parents. Besides her father and mother she is survived by three brothers—one older and two younger. The funeral will be held on Thursday at 1 o'clock from her parents' residence, Millidgeville avenue. Burial will take place at Whitehead, Kings county.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in $1.00 as 50c. size. Is Not a Dye.

$1 and 50c. bottles, at druggists

Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Hair." Phile Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

Hay's Herbina Soap cures Pimples, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft. 25c. druggists. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Skin."

E. CLINTON BROWN

E. CLINTON BROWN, COR. UNION AND WATERLOO STREETS.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

LITTLE MAID'S BONNET OF WHITE LAWN.

This enchanting bonnet, which comes from Paris, represents very little expense in the material—which is only white hemstitched lawn—but a deal of cleverness in the fashioning, which is distinctly Paris market. Many yards of the snowy lawn are used for both the full puffed crown and pleated brim and the frills are so arranged on cords that when the bonnet is laundered it may be taken apart and put together again very easily.

NEW BEDFORD WHALERS HAD A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

Lost in an Open Boat Off the African Coast They Return After Being Given up For Dead—Picked up By Passing Vessel After Hope Had Been Abandoned

(New York Herald.)

Lost off the coast of Africa in an open boat, drifting more than five hundred miles before being picked up by a passing vessel for a whole week without food and water, that is the tale of suffering of six Bay State fishermen who have recently reached their home port after having been given up for dead by their relatives and friends.

Haggard from exposure, mere shadows of their former selves, they declare that used as they are to the dangers of the sea, their experiences were such as to weaken the courage of the bravest man.

Three months ago New Bedford was stirred by the report that Antone Pena, a well known local whaling man, and five others, John Almeda, Narciso Dagrola, Antonio Francesco, Justino Fortes and Alfredo Cabarello, sailors, had been lost off the coast of Africa.

Two sailors who had shipped with them on the brig Sullivan returned and told of the sad event.

Days and weeks passed, and then one day the men, whose tragic fate still continued a topic of discussion, suddenly appeared themselves, bringing a tale seldom heard among sailors used to all sorts of danger.

Here is the story of the voyage as told by Antone Pena, the third mate of the Sullivan:—

"It was on January 17th, 1908, that the brig Sullivan left New Bedford. From the start almost the whaling was good, and during the trip down the coast we had good winds and few storms. The cold was the only trouble we had, and as the brig worked further south the weather grew warm so quickly that by the first of March it was summer weather for the Sullivan.

"Early in March we sold 500 barrels of oil in Sierra Leone and had then gone down off St. Paul de Loanda, when, on the morning of the 10th we sighted three schools of whales.

"We lowered at once four boats. I with five men was in boat No. 3, which with two dead whales in tow drifted about two miles to windward.

"A gale was blowing when we put away from the ship, and it was getting worse all the time. It blew harder and harder as it grew dark. Then it was we saw the ship run down and begin picking up the boats. She picked up two of them and swung down further after the third one, we thought. An hour went by, but they didn't come after us.

"The gale carried us further to windward when it grew dark. We lost sight of the Sullivan. Then I saw the men were getting afraid. They would row a little and then stop. Every time the boat ran up on a big wave all hands would drop oars and look around. Then they would row again. Just the same, I had to keep shouting at them all the time. The two dead whales were tied to the boat and rolling along with us in the dark.

"We lit torches and up to midnight we rowed and shouted, but we couldn't see any sign of the ship, and at last gave it up. The wind, too, went down a little and then the men got quieter. Most of them went to sleep. All of them were very quiet. I couldn't go to sleep because I was angry thinking about the way we had been left.

"When it came light the next morning we saw what had happened. It was clear weather and there was no boat in sight. We had with us a rusty compass that was no good, six cakes of pilot bread, a gallon of fresh water and a little tobacco.

I gave out about a tablespoonful of water a day to each man. During the morning there was a little mist and the dampness made the men feel good. But toward noon it got very hot. Their clothes steamed and the boat got hot.

"Bad weather came up and smashed our steering oar and another one. I then decided to give up looking for the brig and head for land, about five hundred miles away.

"Then began the worst three days I ever passed through. It was like a bad dream. The sun beat down all the time during the day. For three or four hours in the middle of the day sharks swam around the boat. They played in the water and bumped against the boat. This scared the men, the two or three that seemed to know anything, because they thought it was a bad sign.

"I'll never forget the night of the sixth day. It was hot all day, but toward the last of the afternoon big clouds came up. They hid the sun. But just before dark the sun broke through the clouds way down low on the water. It was red, just like blood, and it made the boat and the men all red, just like paint. The sky and the water were red.

"About two hours after that I saw smoke off toward the west, and I roused the men. I yelled at them and struck them with my oar and told them to row. It seemed to put life into them, and three of them picked up their oars and began to row. I took some of the sailcloth, wound it around my oar and set it afire.

"After about an hour I could make out a steamer. I was sure from the way she was running that we had been seen by some one on the bridge. She bore down close to us and signalled that we come alongside."

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady in Baraboo, writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago, my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source, I would soon be a physical wreck.

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls of dry bread.

"We concluded that coffee was slowly poisoning us, and stopped it and used hot water. We felt somewhat better, but it wasn't satisfactory.

"Finally, we saw Postum advertised, and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, allowing it to boil twenty minutes after it came to the boiling point, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since.

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and now feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything." "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

LOANS AND DEPOSITS IN BRANCH BANKS OF ST. JOHN IN FOUR YEARS

The average amounts of loans and deposits of the branch banks in the city of St. John for the years ended April 30, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, as compiled from the statements as published by the assessors are as follows:

	1906	1907	1908	1909
British	$2,804,000	$3,302,600	$3,478,800	$3,194,400
Montreal	2,654,000	2,602,800	2,538,400	2,196,000
Nova Scotia	1,435,000	1,418,400	1,552,800	1,713,600
Royal	1,229,000	1,736,800	1,561,000	1,468,800
Union	1,152,000	1,468,800	1,446,000	1,371,600
Commerce	372,000	403,200	343,200	356,400

HENRY HILYARD HEADS TOBIQUE DAM COMMITTEE

The committee of the board of trade appointed to consider the proposition to dam the Tobique River held a meeting yesterday and elected Henry Hilyard chairman.

The committee will meet from time to time and study the information given on the subject before the last session of the legislature. They will also secure expert evidence on the matter and from these sources will form a resolution which will ultimately be submitted to the local legislature.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

SIMPLY WONDERFUL

is the work which GOLD DUST accomplishes. All labors look alike to the Gold Dust Twins. They clean floors and doors, sinks and chinks—go from cellar to attic—and leave only brightness behind. Get acquainted with

Gold Dust Washing Powder

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST | Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleansing bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES OF THE NEW CIVIC ASSESSMENT

The Levy Has Been Very Largely Increased, Valuations Have Been Added to, While Income Assessment is Lower—How Taxes Have Steadily Risen in the Last Seven Years.

St. John taxpayers will have to pay this year at the rate of $1.98 on the $100, an increase of twelve cents over last year. The city wants to raise $613,617.15 to carry on the services, an increase of $54,289.06 over last year. The assessors have increased valuations in a good many instances. In five years the valuation has increased by nearly $1,750,000, some of which means growth, but the greater part, it is taken, means higher assessment valuation.

In real estate there is an increase of $806,000 for 1909 over 1908 and personal property shows more than $430,000 increase. Income shows a reduction from $3,320,200 to $3,609,600, a decrease of $1,710,600, due to the recent legislation for reduction of taxation on incomes. The assessments for the last seven years show:

Year.	Real Estate.	Personal Estate.	Income.	Total.
1903	$13,440,700	$8,174,300	$4,127,500	$25,742,500
1904	13,692,600	7,716,700	3,244,900	25,653,800
1905	13,840,200	7,758,200	4,367,000	26,065,400
1906	14,125,500	7,506,300	4,606,900	26,242,700
1907	14,492,200	8,053,200	4,861,600	27,407,000
1908	14,874,700	8,494,000	5,320,200	28,688,900
1909	15,681,300	8,931,400	3,609,600	28,222,100

The levy in the same period each year is:

1903	$478,468
1904	478,469
1905	497,977
1906	534,299
1907	576,774
1908	579,328
1909	613,617

The tax rate has gone up since 1903 from $1.62 to $1.71, then $1.75, $1.90, $1.93, $1.86 and now $1.98 for this year. The number of taxpayers this year is 12,833, an increase of 142 over last year.

The principal matters to be provided for by the assessment are:

	1908.	1909.
Streets	$ 87,061.00	$ 87,261.00
Fire	60,942.00	68,220.00
Police	41,621.00	46,267.00
Light	28,895.00	27,814.17
Schools	125,174.00	141,510.00
Libraries	6,258.00	6,272.00
St. John City Debentures	33,546.00	69,377.00
Sewer and water debentures	19,042.00	30,329.00
Widening streets debentures	3,403.00	3,845.00
Restoration debentures (1st series)	5,185.00	5,192.00
Restoration debentures (2nd series)	1,329.00	1,233.00
Ferry purposes	8,967.00	11,344.00
Sewerage maintenance	.....	13,089.00
County contingencies	23,106.04	26,491.17
Support of poor	20,022.00	21,433.29
Board of Health	7,033.00	6,124.24
G. P. Hospital	31,144.00	31,847.01
Interest on debentures	6,526.00	4,898.40
Schools (county)	16,390.00	16,641.86

Citizens and firms and corporations who contribute the largest sums to the city treasury are:

Individuals.

W. Malcolm Mackay	$3,150
Robert Thomson	2,849
T. H. Estabrooks	2,626
Charles M. Bostwick	2,273
W. H. Thorne	2,249
Joseph Allison	2,120
James F. Robertson	1,943
James E. White	1,766
Joseph A. Likely	1,621
Ann Ferguson	1,574
Thomas Gilbert	1,383
Francis E. Williams	1,340
Susan Gillis	1,322
Eliza Wilson	1,183
James Walker	1,182
Silas Alward	1,100
Margaret Hanzard	1,099
Henry A. Doherty	1,071

Firms and Corporations.

Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd.	$12,673
St. John Railway Co.	10,434
Turnbull Real Estate Co.	5,963
T. McAvity & Sons	5,300
Dominion Coal Co.	3,367
N. B. Telephone Co.	3,089
W. H. Thorne & Co.	3,039
Trinity Church	2,623
National Drug Co.	2,277
Vassie & Co.	1,880
Simeon Jones	1,840
Macaulay Bros. & Co.	1,801
James Pender & Co.	1,782
S. Hayward Co.	1,782
N. B. Real Estate Co.	1,495
Maritime Dredging Co.	1,485
Roman Catholic Bishop	1,843
F. E. Sayre Co.	1,445
C. H. Peters Sons	1,441
J. M. Humphrey & Co.	1,267
James Robertson Co.	1,267
St. John Real Estate Co.	1,191
Geo. E. Barbour & Co.	1,188
R. P. & W. F. Starr	1,128
James Holden Co	1,069
Brock & Paterson	1,069
Portland Rolling Mills	1,069
Emerson & Fisher	1,049
Baird & Peters	1,029
T. S. Simms Co.	1,029

Estates.

W. H. Murray Estate	$3,069
John H. Thomson Estate	2,863
Lacy G. DeBury Estate	2,227
Francis R. Hazen Estate	1,445
Gideon Prescott Estate	1,211
James Reynolds Estate	1,029

Banks.

Bank of N. B.	$3,497
Bank of B. N. A.	3,058
Bank of Montreal	3,037
Royal Bank of Canada	3,006
Bank of Nova Scotia	2,623
Union Bank of Halifax	1,146
Canadian Bank of Commerce	391

Tight Money Pinching Many.

Thousands more are being squeezed by aching corns which can be cured quickly with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Being free from caustics, Putnam's is painless. Used successfully for fifty years. Use no other.

ST. JOHN DELEGATES TO ROYAL ARCANUM

The seventh annual session of the grand council of the Royal Arcanum of the maritime provinces will be convened in Halifax on Wednesday, August 4, at 11 a. m., in the assembly room, Queen Hotel.

Teh finance committee will meet at 3 p. m. on Tuesday at the headquarters. The executive committee will meet at 3 p. m. Delegates from St. John will be Dr. W. A. Christie, Geo. D. Martin, T. H. Belyea, H. B. White and M. D. Brown. Te St. John delegates will leave on Tuesday morning, August 3.

LOSS OF APPETITE is commonly gradual; one dish after another is set aside. It is one of the first indications that the system is running down, and there is nothing else so good for it as Hood's Sarsaparilla—the best of all tonics

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

The sum of one plus fifty, plus fifty, equals a word meaning sick. Can you add them up?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down, head against man.