POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

IRISH ENVOYS AT OTTAWA.

Premier at Luncheon Given Mr. Redmond and Colleagues—Resolution by Irishmen of the Capital.

Ottawa, Nov. 21—(Special)—Ottawa Irishmen gave a cordial welcome today to John Redmond, Thos. O'Donnell and P. A. McHugh, the Irish Nationalists. The visitors were met by a couple hundred Irishmen.

Speaking about his welcome in Canada and the States, Mr. Redmond says it has been most hearty. "He had a great crowd in Montreal last night," remarked Mr. D'Arcy Scott, president of St. Patrick's Society, "and there were many French people in the audience who cheered him heartily."

"You don't expect much more than cheers from French-Canadians, do you Mr. Redmond," one of the reporters asked. "Why not," said Mr. Redmond. "The French and the Irish are Celts, and they have always been friendly. The French of old France are heartily in sympathy with us, and why should not the French in Canada?"

When asked if the Irish had as much independence as Canadians have they would have cause for rebellion, Mr. Redmond said: "They would have as much cause as you have in Canada, and I do not think you have any."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. R. W. Scott attended the luncheon given to Mr. Redmond and his colleagues at the Russell today.

The following resolution was drawn up for presentation to the visitors:

"That the Irishmen of Ottawa, represented by St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society and Ancient Order of Hibernians, in joint meeting assembled, tender to John E. Redmond and his colleagues a cordial welcome to the capital of the Dominion of Canada, a land blessed in the fullest measure with liberties and freedom, and pledge them our sympathy and support in their constitutional efforts to obtain the long sought blessing of home rule for Ireland."

Mr. Redmond lectured to a large audience tonight in the Russell Theatre.

IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and the discharge of mucous from the head constantly poisons this. Then the very contractions of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is in this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds.

Great numbers of persons disregard cough at first, and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a well-known remedy, and it is the surest and quickest cough cure known today. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. 25 cents. Be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Many a man who desires to turn back the hand of time to correct mistakes goes right on in the old way.

DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHANCE. You may need to use Kendrick's Liniment at any time in the house, or perhaps in the stable. Always have a bottle or two on hand.

Forcing an issue, practically, is nothing more than having your own way.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY, October 21, 1901 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Halifax and Campbellton.. 7.00
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.. .. .. 12.15
Express for Sussex 16.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05
Express for Halifax and Sydney.....22.30

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 6.05
Express from Sussex 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....12.40
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....16.00
Express from Halifax 19.15
Express from Moncton (Saturday only)..23.50

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time Twenty-four hour notation.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager

Moncton, N. B., October 16, 1901.
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.

City Ticket Office:
1 King Street, St. John, N. B

THANKS-GIVING DAY, NOV. 28.

Will sell Round Trip Tickets for 1 ST CLASS ONE WAY FARE (made to end in 0 or 5.) GOING NOV. 27th and 28th Returning until Dec. 2, 1901.

To east, West, to the system and to points Detroit Port Huron, Salt Ste Marie, and stations on points on Prince Edward Island and Dominion Atlantic Railways.

Kerr's Bookkeeping.

Fourth (enlarged) Edition just published. Joint Stock Accounts a prominent feature. Mailed for retail price, $1.
Send for our Catalogue, containing terms, etc., for our Business and Shorthand courses of study.
Now is the time to enter.

THE St. John Business College

S Kerr & Son
Odd Fellows' Hall

BoneGrinders

Portable Forges, Drilling Machines Manufactured. Mill and Steamboat Repairs.
JOSEPH THOMPSON'S MACHINE WORKS,
48-53 Smythe Street, St. John, N. B.
Tel. 962.

AN EGGS-TRAORDINARY CAT-ASTROPHE.

New Glasgow Grocer's Clerk, A Barrel Stave, a Cat and Fifty Dozen Eggs in a Mix.

New Glasgow, N. S., Nov. 17—A New Glasgow man who is in the grocery trade, sent to the "tight little island" for a shipment of eggs. In order to display them to advantage, he placed them in his window, four or five tiers deep, where they were the admiration of lovers of hen fruit, and the envy of dealers who could not produce them in as great style or quantity. Hungry pedestrians looked longingly on their profile, smelt ham and eggs and omelets every time they passed that way. The energetic proprietor was complimented on the enormous display at a time when the feathered producers of this sort of delicacy were supposed to be on strike or at least not working as energetically as they do when the days are longer and the weather more salubrious. Visions of profits careened through the fertile brain of the pushing proprietor, and he blessed the day that hens were civilized and became an integral part of the empire and gave hustlers a chance to speculate on the fruit of their industry.

But the sword of Damocles hung over those eggs as it often does over more animate objects. Everything about the establishment was running smoothly, not a shadow of danger was thrown on their screen of destiny. Matters were going on the even tenor of their way utterly oblivious of coming events. No shadow betokened the coming of an evil day and serenity swathed the surroundings, when a large, grey cat, of the Thomas variety, slid in at the back door of the shop. The lynx-eyed proprietor was absent, but the clerk, ever mindful of the interests of his employer, eyed that cat, and, securing a barrel stave, undertook to drive the intruder out or die in the attempt. Now the cat only having nine lies to lose, took leg bail for security and, crossing the shop, dashed up on the window of eggs and commenced to clamber against the plate glass, but fell back with a crash among the eggs. Every time he fell he jumped up with more frantic efforts to escape, and the higher he jumped the more force he fell with, and the more he got coated with eggs, until he knew not what kind of a cat he was. Then he grew wild and scrambled and scooped up eggs with every rush, the boy beating wildly all the time with the barrel stave, and every time he missed the cat he smashed a dozen eggs. The boy, seeing that he was losing all the eggs, lost his head and jumped into the window, determined to catch that cat or die in the attempt. A frenzied cat is no easy thing to catch at best, but a cat swathed in white of eggs is a formidable thing to tackle single handed; so the boy called for help, and several small boys responded and a general melee resulted, with continued disastrous results to both the cat and the eggs; and when finally the battle ended 50 dozen eggs and one cat lay dead on the field. The true inwardness of the thing was apparent when the eggs oozed through and worked a passage across the sidewalk until the gutters ran a golden yellow. Egg crates are now in demand and no amount of persuasion will ever make that man display his eggs with such an utter abandon of financial results.

PORTLAND, ME., NEGRO SHOOTS A WOMAN.

Mrs. Jennie McNulty Dangerously Wounded by Isaac Ayers.

Portland, Me., Nov. 20—Early this evening Isaac E. Ayres, a negro with a police record, shot and dangerously wounded Mrs. Jennie McNulty, a white woman. Mrs. McNulty is at the hospital with a bullet in her left breast with the result of the wound in doubt. Ayres was some time since arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill and has been regarded by the police as a dangerous man. His victim on the present occasion is a respectable woman to whom he made improper proposals which were repulsed and the attempt to kill her followed.

Ayres was later captured by the police.

THREE RUNAWAY BOYS.

Amherst in a State of Excitement—Three Hundred Factory Hands Form Search Parties—The Lads Found.

Amherst, N.S., Nov. 19—(Special)—Three lads, aged 9, 11 and 13, kept Amherst in a fever of excitement for over 24 hours. Yesterday at 1 o'clock Wilfred and Zoel Babineau, aged 13 and 9, respectively, and Edmund Landry, aged 11, left for school. Not returning at dusk their parents became anxious and found on inquiry that they had been seen going towards the woods. About 30 men spent the night in searching. Today about 300 men from the factories organized a party and tramped throughout the day, but until 5 p. m. no tidings from were heard. Then parties from Tidnish reported that three boys stopped all night at Doyle's mills, about 11 miles from Amherst. They were given food and a bed by Albert Garveth, who urged them to return home, but they stated they were ill-used and were afraid to return. The next heard of them they were near Bay DeVerte, 17 miles from home, and were being detained until the arrival of their friends. The boys all have comfortable homes and kind parents, their story of ill treatment being an excuse for their escapade.

Trial of Mrs Bonine.

Washington, Nov. 20—At a few minutes past 3 o'clock today, the jury which is to try Mrs. Ida Bonine on the charge of murdering James Seymour Ayres, jr., the young census clerk, was completed and the court adjourned until 10 o'clock tomorrow, when a presentation of the case on behalf of the government will be made by the district attorney.

Laval Liberals Nominate Chas. A Wilson.

Montreal, Nov. 20—(Special)—Laval county Liberals, in convention at Back River today, unanimously nominated Charles A. Wilson, advocate at Montreal, as their candidate to succeed Justice Fortin in the dominion house.

ALL CHEERING HOPE

No Better Medicine Did a Man Ever Take Than This.

IT KEYS MEN UP TO DO AND DARE

The Hope Brought Into Men's Lives by the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ of Is the Divinest Kind—Its Great Expectation Succinctly Stated—The Perfect Life to Come.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 190 , by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, Nov. 17.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage would lift people out of despondency and bring something of future joy into earthly depression. The text is Hebrews vi, 19, "Which hope."

There is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach and take two words. We all have favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence, words that easily find their way from brain to lip, words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dewdrops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of those angels who has done so much for us that we wish throughout all time and eternity to celebrate it—the angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the centre of a group of three, saying, "Now abideth faith, hope, charity." And though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of lustre from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text, "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world, when in a Bethlehem caravansary the Infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness when Christian hope is born. There will be chanting in the skies and a star pointing to the Nativity. I will not bother you with the husk of a definition and tell you what hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "pure hope"; Peter calls it a "lively hope"; Paul styles it a "good hope," a "sure hope," a "rejoicing hope." And all up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

No better medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a catholicon. Thousands of people long ago departed this life would have been living to-day but for the reason they let hope slip their grasp. I have known people to live on hope after one lung was gone and disease had seemed to lay hold of every nerve and muscle and artery and bone.

Alexander the Great, starting for the wars in Persia, divided his property among the Macedonians. He gave a village to one, a port to another, a field to another and all his estate to his friends. Then Perdiccas asked, "What have you kept for yourself?" He answered triumphantly, "Hope." And, whatever else you and I give away, we must keep for ourselves hope—all comforting, all cheering hope. In the heart of every man, woman and child that hears or reads this sermon may God implant this principle right now!

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul. They are as sure of heaven as if they had passed in pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such. I wish I had it too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects forgiveness; troubled, it expects relief; bereft, it expects reunion; clear down it expects wings to lift; shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat; bankrupt, it expects eternal riches; a prodigal, it expects the wide open door of the father's farmhouse. It does not wear itself out by looking backward; it always looks forward. What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders; but does the calling of the roll of them make them any the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my health is gone." "No," says some one, "my money is gone." "No," says some one; "the most of my years are gone and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lounger and a do-nothing after you have quit this world? It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with which the most jocund and hilarious vitality of earth is invalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember, you are to be kings and queens unto God. And how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever! I want to see you when you get your heavenly work dress on. This little bit of a speck of a world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journeymen here, but will be master workmen there. Heaven will have no loafers hanging around. The book says of the inhabitants, "They rest not day nor night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for power of flight and velocities infinite and enterprises interstellar, interworld.

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us, the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hinderments. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the door opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the heavenly hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have gained all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing more to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthems to raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing over and over again for endless years? No! More progress in that world than we ever made in this. Hope will stand on the hills of heaven and look for ever brightening landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new glories rolling over the scene, new celebrations of victories in other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens, seas of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more brilliant glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which hope."

Now, let me introduce this feeling into the lives of some who are at times hopeless. There is a family whose son has gone wrong. Father and mother have about given him up, he seems so headlong, so ungrateful, so dissipated, and the old folks do not know half the story of moral precipitation. He has ceased writing home, but they hear of him through people who like to carry bad news and every time the report is more deplorable! He swears, he gambles, he drinks, he goes into all the shambles of sin. His former employer says there is no hope for him, and all outside the family agree in thinking he will never reform. The father and mother have not quite given him up, and these words are to strengthen their hope. That boy is going to come back. You have a hold on him that you must not relax. Through prayer you may win the eternal God for your side of the struggle. You must enlist all the heavenly dominions, cherubim and seraphim and archangel, in the movement to save you son. Some day or some night he will call a halt to his infamous practices. Something will happen to him, as happened in a New York hotel to a son of one of the most distinguished clergymen in Scotland and one of the queen's chaplains. "When can I see you?" said a distinguished-looking young man at the close of one of my services in Brooklyn tabernacle. I said, "You can see me now." He said: "No; I want a private conversation with you at your own house. When can I come?" I said, "To-morrow night." "Your name," I asked. He gave me his name, the exact name of his father, whose name was known and is known through the Christian world, though years ago he departed this life. Returning home, I took up a book of which his father was the author, and in the picture at the opening of the book I found that the young man had most markedly his father's features. So I was sure there was no deception.

On the following evening he came. He said that he was the black sheep of the family flock. He had wandered the world over and been in all kinds of wickedness, but a few nights before, after reading a letter from his mother in Scotland, he had retired for sleep, but in the adjoining room he heard some young men in such horrible conversation that he could not sleep. He was shocked as he had never before been by the talk of bad men. He arose, struck a light, took out the letter from his mother and knelt down by his bedside and said, "O Lord God of my mother, have mercy on me!" He said that since that prayer he was entirely changed and loved what he before hated, and hated what he before loved, and asked what I thought it all meant. I replied, "You have become a Christian." He said he might be called at any time to leave the city. I never saw him again, but it seemed to me that he had turned his back upon his wicked past and had started in the right direction. And it may be so with your boy. Write him often. Tell him how you are all thinking of him at home, and it may be, your letter in hand, he may call upon his mother's God to help and save him. Hope, you of the gray hair and wrinkles! Heaven has its thousands of souls who were once as thoroughly wrong as your boy is. They repented, and they are with the old folks in the healthy air of the eternal hills, where they have become young again.

To another class of persons I introduce the angel of hope. And they are the invalids. I can't take the diagnosis of your disease but let hope cheer you with thoughts. Such marvels are being wrought in our medication and surgery through invalidism may yet be the means of your recovery. Persons as ill as you have recovered. Cancer and tuberculosis will yet give way before some new discovery. I see every day people strong and well who not long ago I saw pallid and leaning heavily on a staff and hardly able to climb stairs.

But if you will not take the hand of hope for earthly convalescence let me point you to the perfect body you are yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged anaesthetic upon your present body, and you will never again feel an ache or pain, and then in his good time you will have a resurrection body, about which we know nothing except that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. What must be the health of that land which never feels cut of cold or blast of heat and where there is no east wind sowing pneumonias on the air, your fleetness greater than the foot of deer, your eye sight clearer than eagle in sky, perfect health, in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well! You who have in your body an encysted bullet ever since the civil war; you who have kept alive only by precautions and self denials and perpetual watching of pulse and lung; you of the deafened ear and dim vision and the severe backache; you who have not been free from pain for ten years, how do you like this story of physical reconstruction, with all weakness and suffering substracted and everything jocund and bounding added?

Do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Annan, who when some one said, "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the River Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with all my sails set and colors flying."

Again, let me introduce the element of hope to those good people who are in despair about the world's moral condition. They have gathered up appalling statistics. They tell of the number of divorces, but do not take into consideration that there are a thousand happy homes where there is one of marital discord. They tell you of the large number in our land who are living profligate lives, but forget to mention that there are many millions of men and women who are doing the best they can. They tell you the number of drunkeries in this country, but fail to mention the thousands of glorious churches with two doors — one door open for all who will enter for pardon and consolation and the other door opening into the heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

Let Hope say to the foreboding: "Do all you can with Bible and spelling book and philosophic apparatus, but toil with the sunlight in your faces or your efforts will be a failure. The pallor in the sky is not another phase of the night, but the first sign of approaching day, which is as sure to come as to-night will be followed with to-morrow. Things are not going to ruin. The Lord's hosts are not going to be drowned in the Red sea of trouble. Miriam's timbrel will play on the high banks 'Israel Delivered.' High hope for the home! High hope for the church! High hope for the world!

I introduce the angel of Hope to those who through disease have lost Christian friends. "How could I find them," says a bereft soul, "up there in the land of the nultitudinous?" You may find them by inquiry, by heavenly escort and by unfailing memory of the guard at the gate. "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal, and had a wall great and high and had twelve gates and at the gates twelve angels." So you see there will be an angel guarding each gate. As you go in ask the armed guard. He saw your loved one pass through and will know the direction to take and by what fountain or in what street of gold is the mansion prepared. The blessed Christ knows where your departed loved one is, and he will tell you if no one else will. Fifty ways of finding out the whereabouts of your ascended one. "But will I surely know him when I get there, for he will be so changed?" Yes, for you will be just as much changed, and the old affinity will assert itself. The soul will be as easily distinguished by soul there as on earth the body is distinguished by the body.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own health, your own financial prosperity, your own longevity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last, and, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Jesus Christ, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life is a span long, ending in durations of bliss that neither human nor archangelic faculties can measure or estimate — redolence of a springtime that never ends and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never sets. May God thrill us with anticipations of this immortal glee! "Which hope?"

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in, for what mortal can stand before the mighty surges of the full tide of eternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Fredericton Business College,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
The only school in affiliation with the Business Officers' Association of Canada. Write for catalogue. Address W. J. O[illegible] Principal, [illegible] Street.

The weeds of a widow are not always an indication of a "heart bowed down by weight of woe."

Assuming a swell swagger does not make a man a swell.

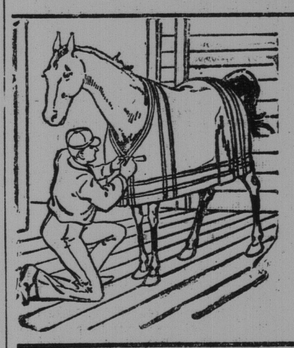
Hazard Powder

These are the brands:

Indian Rifle, Duck Shooting,
Sea Shooting, Electric,
Trap, Blue Ribbon Smokeless.

THE BEST AT ANY PRICE.

W. H. THORNE & CO.
ST. JOHN, N. B.



FUR ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS.

Nothing like a ride behind a well gotten up team, furnished with nice Robes and Harness. We have the largest variety and stock of Robes of any house in St. John, consisting of Grey and Black China, Brown, Grizzley and Cub Bear, also the Saskatchewan Buffalo Robes, Horse Blankets, Harness, and a complete assortment of Horse Furnishing Goods which we offer at low prices.

The largest Horse Furnishing establishment in the maritime provinces.

H. HORTON & SON,
Tel. 744 11 Market Square, St. John, N. B

LORD STRATHCONA TALKS FAST LINE.

Negotiations in Infancy, He Says, and Britishers Are Disappointed—Prince of Wales Goes Shooting.

Montreal, Nov. 20—(Special)—The Star's special cable from London says: "Disappointment is felt at Lord Strathcona's reported statement made at Queenstown yesterday that the fast Atlantic line negotiations were yet in their infancy. Recent Canadian cablegrams gave another impression. Lord Strathcona in the interview in question also said that Louisburg or Sydney would be selected. Asked regarding the English terminal, the high commissioner said probably Liverpool via Queenstown would be the route decided upon but he thought that would be left to the option of the contractor.

"Lord and Lady Mount Stephen will entertain the Prince of Wales at Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, for a few days shooting in December. The princess will accompany the prince, whose visit is expected to take place about the 19th.

The Liverpool correspondent of the London Shipping Gazette and Lloyd's List, says:

The long-talked-about fast steamship service to Canada would appear to be as far off as ever. Notwithstanding the statements which have been associated with the presence in the dominion of a well-known English shipowner, it is reported in well informed quarters here that the project has recently made little or no progress. Of course, the chief difficulty in the way of a fast service is the financial one, and another factor is undoubtedly the dangerous navigation of the Canadian route. Shipowners have hitherto been afraid to tackle the scheme because they are not convinced that the trade, at least for the present, is such as to justify the heavy expenditure which such a service would necessarily entail. What is really wanted is the Canadian government to come forward and provide a subsidy so substantial as to place the success of an accelerated service beyond doubt. Until some such step is taken there is not much prospect of a fast service being established between this country and the dominion.

Airships for Sixty $2,000 Each

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 20.—Flying machines will be a commodity purchasable in the open market in New York next spring, according to Gustave Whitehead, who is the inventor of one that he says will fly. He has interested New York capital in the venture, and now has 15 men working night and day on one of the machines. He says he will turn out air cars with a seating capacity for six persons for $2,000.

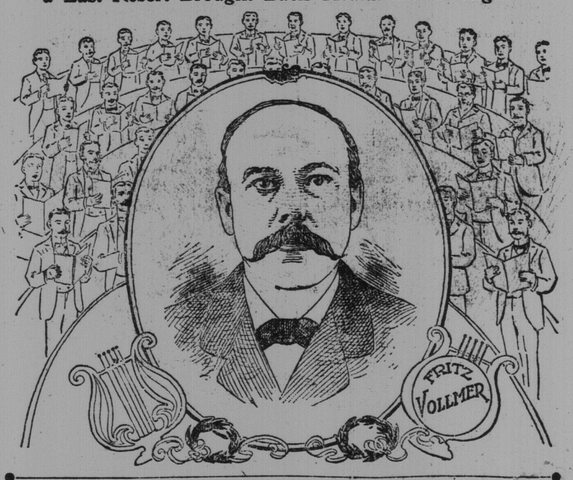
Another Leipzig Suicide.

Berlin, Nov. 19—Herr Otto Gram, a director of the local bank at Leipsig, committed suicide today by shooting himself. His act was an indirect consequence of his firm's connection with the recent bank failures in Leipzig.

Over 18,000,000 Pan-American exposition postage stamps have been sold.

A GREAT SINGER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

His Voice Was About Lost—Physicians Failed—Peruna as a Last Resort Brought Back Health and Strength.



PROF. FRITZ VOLLMER, PRESIDENT SCHWÆBISCHER SÆNGERBUND, OF CHICAGO, ILLS., SAVED FROM ENTIRE LOSS OF VOICE BY PERUNA.

MANY PEOPLE can tolerate slight catarrhal affections. But this is not true of the public speaker or singer. His voice must always be clear, lungs perfect, digestion undisturbed. Hence the popularity of Peruna among the leading professional men and women of the country.

Fritz Vollmer, President Schwæbischer Sængerbund, Chicago, in a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., says:

"I was greatly troubled for weeks with throat trouble which the doctors defined as catarrh, but could only give me temporary relief.

"My voice was badly affected and I was afraid I would lose it entirely. I read of some of the wonderful things your Peruna would do and thought it advisable to try some myself.

"I am pleased to state that in a very short time I was cured."—FRITZ VOLLMER.

An Opera Singer's Experience.

Miss Jennie Hawley, a contralto singer of great popularity in comic opera, is one of the many professional singers who use Peruna. She writes:

RIGGS HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I regard Peruna as invaluable to singers and actresses, and all persons who use their voices in entertaining the public. I have found it excellent for a cold or cough."—Jennie Hawley.

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