HOTEL PROPRIETORS, GROCERS and all dealers in the LEADING BRANDS of Scotch and Canadian Whiskies, French and Rhine Wines, HAVANA CIGARS, Etc., Etc., are invited to mail us for our wholesale price list and best terms.

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Wholesale Shippers and Importers.
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P.L.1042.

TRUTH IN SEALING STORY

er Laurier Declares There s no Negotiations on fov Treaty.

GERMAN TARIFF

mendous Discrimination inst Goods Imported Under General Tariff.

AWA, July 20.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier when shown the despatch from Victoria stating that a vas being negotiated at Washingereby Canada would relinquish t to pelagic sealing in return for cent. of the revenue from the f rookeries, declared that there uth in the story. "No such he said, "is being negotiated."

New German Tariff

er examination of the new Gerff shows that the discriminainst goods imported under the tariff is from 50 to 500 per but should duties under this tariff prove insufficient to satmany's desire for retaliation Canada, a clause in the Tariff s the government of that counr to make the schedule prachrohibitive. This clause reads: e goods proceeding from at treat German ships or prodfavorably than those of other may, without prejudice to the ties, be burdened with a surng up to 100 per cent. of the y imposed on such goods, or h a surtax equivalent to the e of the goods themselves."

be seen that under the auf this clause of the new Cus it will be possible for Gerexclude Canadian products al-

Report on Crops

llowing telegram has been rethe department of agriculture n. Saunders, director of experiarms, now in the West: "Have crops in Manitoba and Sasn to this point. Grain of all well headed and generally very Very fine fields of wheat are nghout Manitoba. At the exl farm, Brandon, the crops are I found some rust in the t none on the stalks. There is n the oats or barley. Nearly all crops seen in Saskatchewan many of them excellent. oats, barley and peas at the exl farm are very heavy, I think as good as I have ever seen rust was found on any of the large excursion of farmers is y from all points between here ce Albert and west of Moose l agree that the crops of all year promise to be the best ever had."

o Again Seek Divorce

nder Spain of the Canadian protection service will apply the next session of parliament rce from his wife. Last session e committee reported against oner on the ground of collu-

PROPHET DESERTED.

York, July 20.—A cable o a morning paper from Ber- "At a meeting yesterday of ers of the Christian Church n, founded by John Alexanon his visit to Berlin, it was unanimously to throw off all to the prophet and to form mission with the title of Free l Church of Beloving Chris-

EAU THE CAPITAL.

ton, D. C., July 20.—The Alaska was today officially rom Sitka to Juneau. This taken by Acting Secretary he interior department, as the n opinion rendered by Chas. , acting attorney general.

GOSSIP FROM THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS

Dominion Day Worthily Celebrated in Orthodox British Fashion.

A BANQUET AT THE HOTEL CECIL

Bishop of Ripon Delivers Wonderful Oration and Gives Colonials a Sermon.

London, July 7, 1906.

Dominion Day was worthily celebrated in London in the orthodox British fashion by a great banquet in the Hotel Cecil. Lord Strathcona as usual presided, and sharing the honors with him as one of the fathers of the federation was Sir Charles Tupper, whose 85th birthday it was. Among the distinguished guests were the Colonial Secretary, Lord Elgin, Lord Derby, Lord Jersey, the Lord Mayors and Sheriffs, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P.; Sir Daniel MacMillan, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; the Hon. Colin Campbell, Attorney-General of Manitoba; the Hon. Mr. Turner, Agent-General for British Columbia; Mr. Belcourt, the ex-Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons; Mr. Archer Baker, of the C.P.R., and at one of the tables a party of Canadian marksmen from Bisley, who appropriately enough appeared in khaki. Amid a scene of great enthusiasm the three or four hundred Canadians in the company cheered the veteran High Commissioner and the Colonial Secretary and sang the national anthem and the Maple Leaf with a spirit and vigor that made the less demonstrative Englishman sit up. The social pleasures and the talk at the tables with old friends, rather than ponderous speeches which have too often been a weariness at past dinners, on this occasion made the formal speeches commendably brief. As it was, it was long past 11 o'clock when the company, with their lady friends, turned up at Lord and Lady Strathcona's reception afterwards in the colonial gallery of the Imperial Institute, where for the first time they had an opportunity to admire the splendid display of Canada's agricultural and mineral resources in the Canadian section, which has lately been renovated and improved.

After dinner speeches at most London banquets are inclined to be dull, and dullness was not absent from most of the speeches at the Dominion Day banquet at the Hotel Cecil. The present Colonial Secretary, Lord Elgin, is solid and sensible, but as a speaker he falls far short of his predecessor, Mr. Chamberlain, who has been wont to rouse colonial gatherings to wild enthusiasm. Lord Elgin, however, struck the right note when he said the federation of Canada increased the responsibilities of Canada and England in some directions, while it decreased them in others. The essence of the transaction was that nothing should impair the bond uniting them as part of the same empire. We in England, he continued, were bound to recognize that those of our races and those of other races who assumed the responsibilities and principles of British citizenship had a right to our full trust and confidence, but there was a correlative duty—they must be true to the traditions of the empire and to that flag which was an enemy everywhere of hatred and wrong and oppression, an emblem of justice and freedom to weaker races, and of individual freedom.

Lord Elgin's speech was very well received, but the speech of the evening and one which was a surprise, a delight to colonials, was the speech of that wonderful orator, the Bishop of Ripon, who lifted the evening's speaking to a very high level and gave colonials a sermon which was listened to with rapt attention and appreciation. The note sounded by the bishop was the bond of common ideals.

Referring to the excellent speech of the Attorney-General of Manitoba, who had spoken of the progress of the colonial churches, the Bishop of Ripon said he trusted the day was far distant when merely business ties would bind the colonies and the mother country. He trusted the day was far distant when even the bond of blood should be considered the main bond between us. There was a nobler bond than either of those—the bond which he thought, under God's providence, was likely to be realized in the future—the bond of common ideals and future hopes. We should realize that our end was not simply to fill our granaries or make our fortunes, but to carry to the world the message wherever we go of those noble ideals of British freedom, self-reliance and sense of justice. "These are the ideals which are beginning to influence public feeling in this country in their attitude towards the colonies, and they explain why the vast majority of the nation adheres to the view expressed on Dominion Day by one of our most influential journals. The Westminster Gazette said Canada's promise is so great that her ideals should be far beyond the narrow fiscal device of tariff bonds. The expansion of agriculture in the West is likely to bring a demand for cheap manufactured goods, and for a fiscal system which will not prevent the farmer getting payment for the wheat he sends to Europe. If Canada's predominant interest is to be in export trade, this result must follow, and it is for Canadian statesmen to see that no artificial check is imposed on her development." This taken with the spirit which was breathed in the Bishop of Ripon's speech, may convey to Canadians and Australians too what England's adherence to freetrade means. It is not a narrow selfishness or indifference to ideals, but the reverse, and it contemplates a time when the bitter experience of England in the past becomes the experience also of Greater Britain, and Canada and Australia will realize, as England does, that one of the greatest of the blessings of British freedom is the freedom to trade.

The Bishop of Ripon, whom many Canadians heard for the first time, is one of the most interesting personalities in English public life. A small, wiry man of fifty, iron grey hair in heavy manes over a leonine forehead; a strong, clean-shaven face, whose expression is courage and common sense, with nothing of the saint or asthetic in it. A great scholar, he is none the less a practical man of the world, liberal and broad-minded. He has fought his way up in the church, and his power was in his silvery eloquence. He is one of our few orators, who speaks without a note, whether he is preaching in St. Paul's or debating in the House of Lords, or when, as on Monday afternoon before the Canadian banquet, he delighted a popular audience with a lecture on a literary subject. It was on the stage of the Garrick Theatre, surrounded by distinguished actors and actresses, the bishop spoke with rushing eloquence for an hour on "The Plays of Shakespeare," and without a note or a pause for a word, and he contrived to say something new about Shakespeare and to keep the breathless interest of his audience sustained to the end. Addressing the members of the Shakespeare Society, the bishop directed their attention to the lessons of Shakespeare on the art of all arts—the art of living. These lessons are best understood when we regard Shakespeare's own life. His twenty years of hard work and thrift and his retirement in his fiftieth year to his native Stratford, where he bought property. There is an extraordinary self-restraint in the conduct of his life; therefore I assume, said Dr. Carpenter, that Shakespeare was neither carried away by the passion and melancholy as Hamlet or Lear might suggest, or the joie de vivre as Falstaff might lead us to suppose. He was a self-possessed, common sense, prudent, sagacious soul. Lesser geniuses may be eccentric, but with Shakespeare, as with Milton and Dante, there was the large, wholesome sanity. Sagacity and sanity of life he teaches, and he seems to say to us, "Do not ignore your emotions, for they are ministers of sweetness; live your life in fulness, and take it as it comes. Whether in joy or sorrow, do not lose the royal prerogative of your native self-possession."

The publication of the Report of the Royal Commission on Ritualism this week is creating a great stir in the Church of England. The commissioners in a most lucid and able document state that in not a few town churches and in some isolated rural churches the clergy, in defiance of the law, have adopted the ritual of the Church of Rome. In many churches prayers and ceremonials of the Roman mass are adopted; the doctrine of transubstantiation is virtually accepted, and the reservation of the sacrament for adoration and devotions involving confessions to the Virgin Mary or the saints, the exhibition of the consecrated wafer, and Corpus Christi processions with the sacrament and many other practices which belong distinctively to the Church of Rome. It is reported by the commission, which is unanimous in all its findings, that machinery of the Church of England for discipline of its clergy has broken down, and that the law of public worship is too narrow for the religious life in these days. One or two trifling concessions to the ritualists are recommended, and more power to the bishops is recommended to prevent the admission of young candidates for the ministry and to enable the bishop to remove the ritualistic ornaments, etc., and the offending clergyman, if necessary. The evangelical section of the church desires no fresh legislation, believing the bishops have sufficient authority if they would exercise it. If they do not, then many believe that disestablishment is the only remedy.

A Japanese admiral the other day described naval warfare as manoeuvres, plus the killing. The British people may therefore be able to realize what would be likely to happen in actual warfare by observing what has been happening to their fleet in defending their shores and their commerce against a supposed "enemy." The manoeuvres of the British warships which have just concluded afford an impressive object lesson to the whole British Empire and to all the great naval powers. Some fifty great battleships, with armored cruisers and destroyers—a fleet of 250 warships altogether—have been in action, and fourteen British admirals have been engaged. The strategic problem to be solved was of the greatest difficulty. It was nothing less than to ascertain the amount of destruction which a formidable enemy could deal to British mercantile shipping, and how the admiral of the British fleet should act—whether he should concentrate his forces and compel the enemy to face him in a decisive battle, or whether he should disperse his forces so as to follow the mercantile shipping and afford it direct protection. In overestimating or underestimating the risk of serious danger to shipping, the British admiral had to reckon on the possibility in the former case of his scattered warships being beaten piecemeal by the enemy or fail to get to close quarters with the enemy, and in the latter case, by taking his ships out to challenge the enemy, he might so expose British shipping to danger of capture as to create a panic in the country, which depends on the shipping for its food supplies. The scheme for which the British admiralty is responsible presumed a war with the next greatest naval power, making an attack anywhere between Gibralter and the British coasts. The manoeuvres were compressed within the period from June 23 to June 29th, and by arrangement with British shipowners, steamers outward-bound were required to report themselves at Falmouth or Milford, on the west coast of England, or coming home, to call at Gibralter. They carried a red ensign, until, of course, they were forced by the enemy to strike the colors. Thus for the first time in mimic warfare the mercantile marine have co-operated with the admiralty and enabled the admirals to reckon exactly what are the results to shipping of the game of war which has been played. The British colonies will appreciate their stakes in the game when it is understood that "Montreal and Melbourne were alike protected by the British admiral off Finisterre." It will be observed that Admiral Wilson, at the head of the British fleet, acted on the assumption, backed by the experience of the Japanese, that the best protection of commerce is by concentration of forces. The enemy was hunted down and engaged without any scattering of the British warships, and badly beaten in the South Atlantic. Admiral May, in command of the enemy's fleet, in his flight from the superior force, made a skillful run to the English Channel, with four battleships, in the hope of creating a panic. But he excited nobody but a jingo newspaper in London which was eager to anticipate a British disaster. Admiral May's plucky dash from Finistere enabled him to bluff the landsmen for the moment, but soon the British fleet was at his heels, and the enemy which was announced in London as in possession of the English Channel, was actually being chased for his life as the manoeuvres ended. Admiral Wilson has an enemy in Admiral May worthy of his skill. It was a battle of giants, and the result proved so far is that invasion of England is an impossibility. The fact that Admiral Wilson engaged the main forces of the enemy early in the game suggests that comparatively little damage was done to British shipping, although what it is exactly cannot yet be reported. The manoeuvres show further the necessity of a more intimate understanding between the mercantile marine and the British navy, and training in signaling on board merchant ships. They have also proved that with Britain's extended coast line a blockade by the enemy is hardly practicable, and that in any case Britain's naval strategy must always demand a concentration of forces and a speedy engagement with the enemy. Above all, the manoeuvres should satisfy the British people that in their naval strategists they have men of supreme ability. Admiral Wilson has covered himself with glory and proved himself a Napoleon or a Moltke in strategy and a Nelson in daring and resource.

Now that the Australian States are striving—and especially Western Australia—to advertise themselves among intending emigrants in this country, they are finding how hard it is to catch up on Canada, which has been in the field here making such striking appeals to the people of the country that the masses have got to believe that Canada is "the colonies," and the colonies are Canada. The other day Mr. Drakard was showing the Western Australian exhibit at the agricultural show of the County of Norfolk at Harlestone, and Mr. Alex. Crawford, the West Australian under secretary for agriculture, was in attendance. Late in the afternoon when Mr. Crawford took occasion to talk about his own colony to some farmers gathered in the hotel, one of them said to him: "Oh, we don't know anything about Australia, and Canada we hear of everywhere. Just look at Canada's fine exhibit at the show there; look at the apples," and, taking a handbill from his pocket, he added, "Look how they give you information too." "What!" replied Mr. Crawford; "let me see. Why, you have been looking at the West Australian exhibits, and this is a West Australian handbill you've got!" The farmer, familiar with Canadian exhibits and emigration literature, took it for granted it was Canada again.

met in the beautiful hall of the Natural History Museum, Kensington, at the annual conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute, which was held on Tuesday last. There were 2,000 ladies and gentlemen invited, including all the well-known Australians and New Zealanders and Canadians now in London. At 9 o'clock the guests were received by Lord Brassey, assisted by the vice-president, Sir. H. Buller, and Sir F. Young and a members of the committee, who included Dr. G. R. Parkin, C.M.G.; Mr. J. G. Colmer, C.M.G.; the Hon. T. A. Brassey and Mr. Allan Campbell. There was an excellent musical programme. The Westminster Abbey Quintette rendered charming old English glees and mandrigals and part songs to the great delight of the colonial visitors. There were no speeches, and a very enjoyable social evening was spent till midnight. At 11 o'clock Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived and were warmly received by hosts of friends. A melancholy interest was attached to a splendid oil painting hung for the occasion in the centre hall—Mr. Tenyson Cole's portrait of the late Mr. Seddon.

A large contingent of Canadian traders has already arrived and more are expected for the great congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, which begins its sittings on Tuesday next in the hall of the Grocers' Company, near the Bank. It is a very splendid and commodious meeting-place, and Canadians will say that for once the ancient city guild, which nowadays meets there to eat big dinners, has put its hall to a good use. The Colonial Secretary opens the proceedings and will welcome the 500 delegates who have come from all parts of Britain and Greater Britain. There will be no less than thirty-five subjects dealt with and seventy resolutions submitted. The most contentious of these will doubtless be the resolutions in favor of preferential tariffs, one of which comes from Vancouver, while Vancouver also has a resolution in support of an Imperial Council. London will be greatly interested in the colonial point of view on all topics debated, and especially on the question of how to divert emigration to British colonies and the investment of British capital in the British Empire rather than in foreign countries and the colonial taxation of British goods and British commercial travelers and trade circulars, etc. The Hon. T. H. Turner and Messrs. Robert Ward and A. P. Luxton will represent British Columbia.

THE SALMON RUN.

Still Not as Good as It Might Be—The Detailed Catches.

Salmon do not appear to be running very freely on the Fraser river yet says the Vancouver News-Advertiser. The averages ran yesterday from 8 to 45 fish per boat, and the highest catch rerorded was a boat-load of 161 for the Phoenix Cannery at Steveston. The following in yesterday's official report:

Ewen's—Boats averaged 8 yesterday high, 28. Very few fishing.

Vancouver—Boats averaged 45 yesterday, high 298.

Imperial—Boats averaged 25 yesterday, high 85. No trap fish.

Burrard—Boats yesterday averaged 40, high 126.

Phoenix—Boats yesterday averaged 21, high 76. Last night boats averaged 40, high 161. Got 1,000 trap fish from Sooke.

Brunswick—Boats yesterday averaged 22, high 62. No boats in this morning.

Anacortes—Did fairly well on Wednesday. From Lopez, 3,354, from White Horn 1,438, from Boundary bay, 641, from Point Roberts, 965.

Porter Fish Co. put up 200 cases of halves (4 dozen) yesterday.

Bellingham—Pacific American Fisheries got 28,000 fish on Wednesday—9,000 from Point Roberts, 8,000 from Cherry Point 6,000 from Lummi, 4,000 from Salmon Banks and 1,000 from West Beach. On Tuesday, 1,500 fish from the seiners.

Bellingham Canning Co. got about 6,000 yesterday from Strawberry bay and Seiners. High wind blowing this morning.

A FISHERIES CRUISE.

Quadra to Sail for West Coast With Commissioners.

The steamer Quadra is to leave about Wednesday next for the west coast, arrangements having been made to place that vessel at the disposal of part of the members of the fishery commission for a cruise to west coast points. Messrs. R. Hall, M. P. P., Campbell Sweeney, J. C. Brown and Rev. E. G. Taylor are expected to make the trip, and will visit Clayoquot, Toquart and other ports on the island coast where fishing is being carried on, and they will also investigate the fishing banks and deep-sea fisheries adjacent to the island coast. Some scientific work will be carried on to assist the commission in making up its report. It is probable that cod banks off Uclulet and other points and the halibut and cod banks off the north-west coast of the island will be visited.

The government steamer Kestrel, with Prof. Prince and Rev. G. W. Taylor on board, is now visiting northern points.

Ethel—I told Jack that when we were married we would have to have a country place, a town house, two automobiles and six horses.

Papa—Well, what did he say?

Ethel—Why, he told me that if I slept on my side I wouldn't dream.—Chicago Journal.

CANADA'S HERITAGE AND HER DESTINY

Eloquent Dominion Day Addres at Huntingdon by Mr. D. McCormick K.C.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE GREAT WEST

Sees in Diversity of Race an Element of Strength and Ultimate Unity.

Speaking at Huntingdon on Dominion Day, Mr. Duncan McCormick, K. C., of Montreal, made these remarks, says the Montreal Star:

"Once a clergyman dilating on the merits of his various sermons gave the preference to one over all the others, because as he said, that particular sermon would suit any text and any text would suit that sermon. A speaker on Dominion Day could hardly claim such a latitude in text or subject as this implies. Three texts invariably stare him in the face—'the past—the present—the future—' but the standpoints from which either singly or collectively these may be viewed are so varied, that there is no want of scope in the subject, rather the difficulty is to refrain from being too discursive—too diffusive—or too high-falutin like our neighbors across the line.

Canada's Great Heritage

"The first of July invites to optimism but also to an underlying solemnity of thought inseparable from the birthday of a young nation. More and more, as the years go on there seems a growing realization of this latter feeling as the vision of our promised destiny expands. There is a saying, to the effect that some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. It is questionable if the latter part of the phrase could ever apply to a nation. But surely if ever a land was destined to greatness it was Canada, for has she not had inherent in her veins from the first, the elements of enduring nobility in the fact that she has the well-heads of her being in two of the noblest races the modern world has known—two races that naturally should ever be allies for more than any others they have contributed to human freedom and advancement, Great Britain and France.

Unifying Forces

"After all, there is something in descent—blood tells. And just as in the great republic to the South of us the Puritan strain is still powerfully potent among numerous other strains, so here, I am convinced, this 'Daughter of sea'—kings, and lords of romance,' as she has been called, will bear to the end of time indelibly impressed upon her the impress of her origin. In face of the immense inflow of alien races at present, which we cordially welcome, this forcible thought keep proudly in mind should surely tend to the added tolerance, sympathy and kindliness of the two older races, French and English, towards each other. The combined prestige of influence which they have exerted, and will further exert in moulding the historic career of this Canada of ours, will in the end prove, I am certain, a unifying and not a divisive force among us.

Incomparable Possibilities

"We are a young nation, and this is our growing time—our June month historically, if I may so say. Growth is in the air. It is the most striking phase of our development, of our agricultural, our mining, our commercial, our manufacturing industries today. A sense of our incomparable possibilities a consciousness of our immense spaciousness, is filling the imagination of even the work-a-day world of practicality as never before.

"The illimitable and magnificent west is growing like a pillar of hope to the down-trodden races of Europe, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is a thrill as of a new awakening to a fuller life and a more intense vitality. It feels good to be young individually, and of a surety it also feels good to belong to a young nation vigorously fronting the future and its problems, buoyantly confident of successfully tackling whatever the morrow may have in store.

Our Sacred Federation

"Men of Chateauguay, Huntingdon, and Beauharnois, it behooves us to remember that this small district, small comparatively speaking, has played an important part in the past in helping to preserve the liberty of the great Dominion—that at a critical and threatening hour it may possibly have almost changed its destiny—who knows? This, however, we do know that the gleaming name 'Chauteauguay,' will ever shine like a brilliant jewel embedded in the pages of Canadian history. And are we not plighted to the future thereby that if ever the need arises, we shall not be found wanting or unworthy of our sires?

"In the words of Barry Stratton:

"'Shall we not all be one race, shaping
and welding the nation?
Is not our country too broad for the
strifes that shake petty lands?
Yea, we shall join in our might, and
keep sacred our firm Federation.
Shoulder to shoulder arrayed, hearts
open to hearts, hands to hands?'"

Superstitions on Skin Diseases

Of all superstitions probably the most foolish is the idea that when a rash or sore on the skin is healed and cured by means of external applications it will "strike in" and do further harm.

No reputable physician will give any countenance to such a motion.

Skin diseases of every form, and especially eczema, salt rheum, psoriasis, scald head, and all diseases which cause great suffering from itching are promptly relieved and certainly cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Whether for babies, children or adults, this great ointment can be used with perfect safety on the most delicate skin, and will leave the skin soft, smooth and natural.

The soothing, healing, antiseptic influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment places it without a rival as a cure for skin irritations and eruptions; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HONORABLE JOHN COSTIGAN

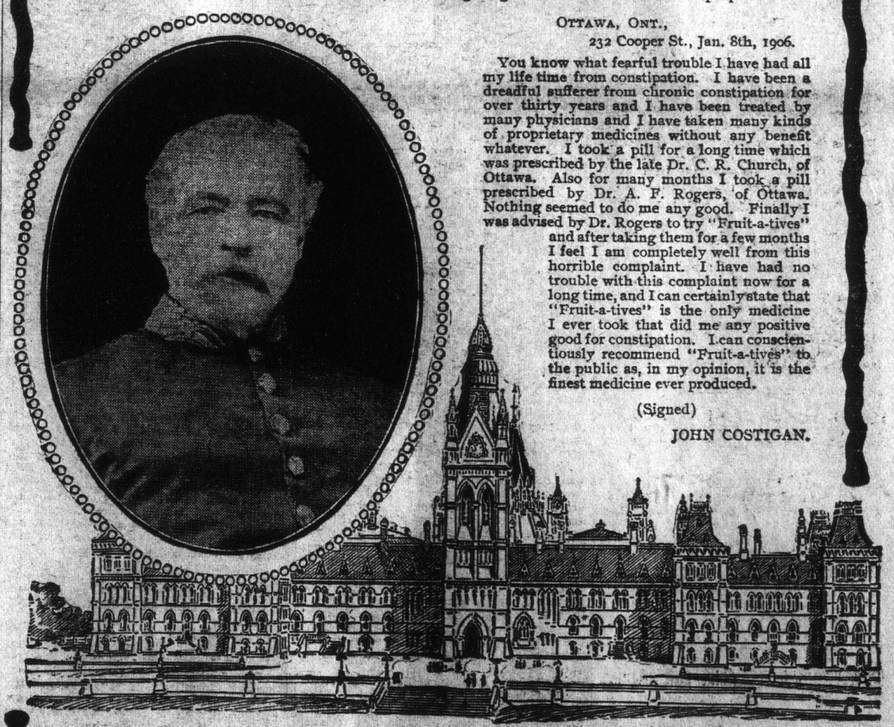
New Brunswick's "Grand Old Man" comes out strongly in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day one of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics. He was one of Sir John Macdonald's ablest lieutenants, and for nearly 20 years held various portfolios in the cabinet.

To-day at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be always reckoned with in Parliament.

His rugged eloquence—biting sarcasm—and ready repartee—make him at once the dread of his opponents and the delight of his confreres.

When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvelous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.



OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)
JOHN COSTIGAN.

Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this?

Here was a great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic Constipation. The leading physicians of Ottawa prescribed for him without affording any permanent relief. Finally, as a last resort, "Fruit-a-tives" were ordered. And in THREE MONTHS, Mr. Costigan WAS WELL.

"Fruit-a-tives" did in THREE MONTHS, what doctors and drugs failed to do in THIRTY YEARS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and combined with tonics and internal antiseptics.

Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills and all preparations containing calomel, cascara, senna, licorice, etc.—"Fruit-a-tives" act like fruit DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. They arouse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move.

Unless the liver is active and excretes sufficient bile to move the bowels regularly and naturally every day, there is bound to be Constipation. And the only remedy that will cure Constipation is one that puts the liver in a healthy, active condition as "Fruit-a-tives" do.

Do you suffer with Chronic Constipation?
Are you Bilious?
Is the liver inactive?
Is the stomach out of order?
Does the head ache?
Do your kidneys trouble you?
Is the skin disfigured with pimples?
Is the appetite poor?

Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach—regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and build up, strengthen and invigorate the whole system.

One box will prove their value. 50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, - OTTAWA.

TRAINS JEOPARDIZE LIVES TO SAVE TIME

Competition Between S. W. and G. W. for the American Traffic.

The terrible railroad catastrophe at Plymouth in which three prominent Canadians met their death, and twenty others, mostly Americans, were killed, stands out as one of the worst of its kind and will always be recalled with feelings approaching to horror. It is yet too early to speculate as to the exact cause of the accident, for, while all sorts and conditions of experts have offered their opinion, it will be impossible to form any adequate idea of the circumstances under which the train left the metals at that now famous curve at Salisbury until the board of trade enquiry. All that is known at present is that a keen rivalry existed between the Great Western and the London & Southwestern Railway companies as to the time in which the distance between London and Plymouth could be covered. Discussing the expeditious manner in which the mails are handled, a recent writer says:

Steamers Steal Forth

"From beneath the western spur of Plymouth Hoe there steal forth on to the blue waters of the sound two red-funneled little steamers.

"I use the expression 'steal forth,' because as you watch them threading their foamless way past Drake's Island you wonder whither they can be bound in such an ambling, leisurely fashion.

"When you are told that they are tenders going out to await the American mail you will find quite a new interest in that brace of tubby, broad-beamed craft.

"The Marconi station at Rame Head has 'picked up' the rushing leviathan two hours distant from Plymouth. The wireless message has announced that 75 saloon passengers and 970 bags of mail are to be landed.

"This is a medium average, and the railway people are prepared to deal with it in a normal, comfortable way.

"When the two tenders have crept out quietly into the beautiful verdure-flanked expanse of Cawsand Bay they open out to a considerable interval and stop their engines.

"On board the one now will see the twinkling uniforms of a bevy of post office officials. This is the mail tender, the craft in which, for a time, our interest is centred. The mission of the other boat is to land the passengers, and her little promenade deck is black with friends who have come to welcome the trans-Atlantic arrivals.

Like Preying Spiders

"Suddenly past the dark green point of Penlee the towering form of the liner heaves into view. She springs boldly into view like an express train rounding a curve. In a breath you have her four funnels, two masts and 700 feet of length in full sight.

"The two tenders seem to start into life, as it were, like a couple of preying spiders startled by the approach of danger. It is fine weather, so the gigantic steamer will not go inside the breakwater. Her machinery ceases pulsing for the first time in five and a half days, and a burst of spray at her stern proclaims the dropping of the anchor.

"Scarce has she swung to rest when the tenders are swooping down upon her, one on either side. The craft which casts her hawsers on the starboard beam, like a pair of clinging antennae, is the mail tender.

Almost before she is secured a number of post office officials have swarmed over the broadside of the huge liner. In a vast heap against the bulwark, guarded by several of the ship's company and an officer, are the mail bags, which have been got up in readiness to facilitate discharge.

The Burden Transferred

"A chute-like gangway is lowered to the deck of the tender, and down this the postal officials begin to pitch the brown bulging sacks with headlong haste. An overseer with brass buttons checks each one as it speeds over the side.

"Within twenty minutes the whole burden of the American mail has been transferred to the tender, the tallies signed as correct, and already are the sorters at work getting the bags into some sort of order so as to simplify delivery of them ashore.

"Scarcely has the last bag alighted with a hollow thud on the tender's deck, when the ropes are let go, and she starts away at full speed on her three-mile journey to the Millbay dock.

"A band posted somewhere on topsides of the liner bursts forth into a cheerful melody by way of a farewell greeting to the passengers who are landing. The sorters on the tender curse, for the catchy air distracts them in their work.

"It is all a race against time now. Twenty minutes has been spent in getting the mail-bags out of the ocean steamer. A quarter of an hour more is occupied in their transit to the dock quay.

"Upon the siding a Great Western train is standing in waiting. Each one of the five long cream and chocolate coachies is labeled 'Ocean Mails,' in great gilt letters, and all the doors are yawning wide open.

Scramble to the Coaches

"A regular little army of postoffice employees falls upon the piles of bags, and in frenzied haste, yet maintaining such perfect order that each sack is checked as it is rushed ashore, the mail is entrained.

"The sorting clerks scramble in the coaches, peeling off their coats in a most business-like fashion. The doors are banged, the guard's whistle chirrups and a little saddle-tank engine with a defiant scream drags the train off the quay.

"On reaching the siding at Millbay station a halt is called, and the little engine, being uncoupled, darts away round the curve.

"Then one of the latest locomotives of the Great Western Railway comes backing down, with safety valve roaring forth white volumes and its gigantic green and brass form quivering as though in excitement of the race in front of it.

"'Five eights!' shouts the guard to the driver, signifying thereby that the train consists of five eight-wheeled bogie coaches. 'One slip for Bristol—rest London. Right away!'

"Another seven minutes in the race against time—a total of fifty-two minutes in all since the American boat dropped her anchor in the Sound. Good work this even the sorters will admit.

"The ponderous locomotive starts panting like a giant afflicted with stertorous breathing, and the rumble of the wheels deepens into a subdued note of thunder. Along the line flashes the signal to keep 'line clear' for the American Ocean Mail Special.

"At Bristol the van containing the North and Midland mails suddenly drops behind, as though unable any longer to keep up the pace. The driver pulls out his watch and nods contentedly. The 'old girl' is doing well today.

"Paddington already! Four hours and twenty-two minutes from the start to the stop of this journey of 246 miles. The race against time has been well run.

"Within five hours and forty-three minutes of the American liner coming to anchor in Plymouth Sound her mails are in London."

CROUP ABSOLUTELY CURED.

"There is no remedy in my opinion that can act more promptly than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It cured my son of croup, absolutely, in one night. We gave him a dose when he was black in the face with choking. It gave him instant relief and cure."—Mr. Wm. Mahon, 49 Wright Ave., Toronto, Ont.