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RAFFLES, AMATEUR CRACKSMAN.

BY E. W. HORNING.

Author of "The Shadow of the Rope," "A Bride From the Bush," "The Rogue's March," "Dead Men Tell No Tales," Etc.

of glasses and a gradual crescendo of coarse voices within. Our luck seemed to have deserted us; the owner of the purple diamonds was dining at home and dining at undue length. I thought it was a dinner party. Raffles dived; in the end we proved right. Wheels grated in the drive, a carriage and pair stood at the steps; there was a stampede from the dining-room, and the loud voices died away, to burst forth presently from the porch.

Let me make our position perfectly clear. We were over the wall, at the side of the house, but a few feet from the dining-room windows. On our right, one angle of the building cut the back lawn in two diagonally; on our left, another angle just permitted us to see the jutting steps and the waiting carriage. We saw Rosenthal come out—saw the glimmer of his diamonds before anything. Then came the pugilist; then a lady with a head of hair like a bath sponge; then another, and the party was complete. Raffles ducked and pulled me down in great excitement.

"The ladies are going with them," he whispered. "This is great!" "That's better still."

"The Gardenia!" the millionaire had bawled.

"And that's best of all," said Raffles, standing upright as hoofs and wheels crunched through the gates and rattled off at a fine speed.

"Now what?" I whispered, trembling with excitement.

"They'll be clearing away. Yes, here come their shadows. The drawing-room windows open on the lawn. Bunnies, it's the psychological moment. Where's the mask?"

I produced it with a hand whose trembling I tried in vain to still, and could have died for Raffles when he made no comment on what he could not fail to notice. His own hands were firm and cool as he adjusted my mask for me and then his own.

"By Jove, old boy," he whispered cheerily, "you look about the greatest ruffian I ever saw! These masks alone will down a nigger, if we meet one. But I'm glad I remembered to tell you not to shave. You'll pass for White-chapel if the worst comes to the worst, and you don't forget to talk the lingo. Better suck like a mule if you're not sure of it, and leave the dialogue to me; but, please our stars, there will be no need. Now, are you ready?"

"Quite."

"Got your gag?"

"Yes."

"Shooter?"

"Yes."

"Then follow me."

In an instant we were over the wall, in another on the lawn behind the house. There was no moon. The very stars in their courses had veiled themselves for our benefit. I crept at my leader's heels to some French windows opening upon a shallow verandah. He pushed. They yielded.

"Luck again," he whispered; "nothing but luck! Now for a light."

"And the light came!"

A good score of electric burners glowed red for the fraction of a second, then rained merciless white beams into our blinded eyes. When we found our sight four revolvers covered us, and between two of them the colossal frame of Reuben Rosenthal shook with a wheezy laughter from head to foot.

"Good evening, boys," he hiccupped. "Glad to see you at last. Shift foot or finger, you on the left, though, and you're a dead boy. I mean you, you greaser!" he boomed out at Raffles. "I know you, I've been waitin' for you. I've been watchin' you all this week! Plucky smart you thought yourself, didn't you? One day, beggin', next time I'll hammer you tight, and next one of them old pals from Kimberley will never come when I'm in. But you left the same tracks every day, you bugger, and the same tracks every night, all round the blessed premises."

"All right, guv'nor," drawled Raffles; "don't excite. It's a fair cop. We don't sweat to know 'ow you bring it off. Only don't you go to shoot, 'cos we're 'int awmed, 's help me Gor!"

"Ah, you're a knavin' one," said Rosenthal, fingering his triggers. "But you've struck a knoviner."

"Ho, yuss, we know all about that! Set a thief to catch a thief—ho, yuss. My eyes had torn themselves from the round black muzzles, from the cursed diamonds that had been our snare, the nasty pigface of the overfed pugilist, and the flaming cheeks

Childhood Dangers.

Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather months. Too often these troubles become acute and a precious little life is lost after only a few hours illness. During the hot weather season every wise mother should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house to check the ills if they come suddenly. Better still an occasional dose of this medicine will keep the stomach and bowels clean and prevent these dangerous ailments from coming. Mrs. John Lancaster North-Port, Sask., says: "My baby was attacked with diarrhoea and severe vomiting. I at once gave Baby's Own Tablets and next day she was as well as ever. I find the Tablets are the only medicine a little one needs." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

and hook nose of Rosenthal himself. I was looking beyond them at the doorway filled with quivering silk and plush, black faces, white eye-balls, woolly pates. But a sudden silence recalled my attention to the millionaire. And only his nose retained its color.

"What d'ye mean?" he whispered with a hoarse oath. "Split it out, or by Christmas, I'll drill you!"

"Whore price that brikkwater?" drawled Raffles coolly.

"By!" Rosenthal's revolvers were describing widening orbits.

"Whore price that brikkwater—old I. D. B.?"

"Where in hell did you get hold of that?" asked Rosenthal, with a rattle in his thick neck, meant for mirth. "You may well ask," says Raffles. "It's all over the place we're I come from."

"Who can spread such rot?"

"I dunno," says Raffles; "arst the gentleman on yer left; p'raps 'e knows."

The gentleman on his left had turned livid with emotion. Guilty conscience never declared itself in plain-er terms. For a moment his small eyes bulged like currants in the suet of his face; the next, he had pocketed his pistols on a professional instinct, and was upon us with his fists.

"Out of the light—out of the light!" yelled Rosenthal in a frenzy.

He was too late. No sooner had the burly pugilist obstructed his face than Raffles was through the window at a bound; while I, for standing still and saying nothing, was felled to the floor.

I cannot have been many moments without my senses. When I recovered them there was a great to-do in the garden, but I had the drawing-room to myself. I sat up. Rosenthal and Purvis were rushing about outside, cursing the Kaffirs, and nagging at each other.

"Over that wall, I tell yer!"

"I tell you it was this one. Can't you whistle for the police?"

"Police be damned! I've had enough of the blessed police."

"Then wedder get back and make sure of the other rotter?"

"Oh, make sure of yer skin. That's what you'd better do. Jala, you black hog, if I catch you skulkin'!"

I never heard the threat. I was creeping from the drawing-room on my hands and knees, my own revolver swinging by its steel ring from my teeth.

For an instant I thought that the hall also was deserted. I was wrong, and I crept upon a Kaffir on all fours. Poor devil, I could not bring myself to deal him a base blow, but I threatened him most hideously with my re-

volver, and left the white teeth chattering in his black head as I took the stairs three at a time. Why I went up stairs in that decisive fashion, as though I were my only course, I cannot explain. But garden and ground floor seemed alive with men, and I might have done worse.

I turned into the first room I came to. It was a bedroom—empty, though lit up; and never shall I forget how I started as I entered, on encountering the awful villain that was myself at full length in a pterglass! Masked, armed and ragged, I was indeed fit for a bullet or the hangman, and to one or the other I made up my mind. Nevertheless, I hid myself in the wardrobe behind the mirror; and there I stood shivering and cursing my fate, my folly, and Raffles most of all—Raffles first and last—for I dare say half an hour. Then the wardrobe door was flung suddenly open; they had stolen into the room without sound; and I was hauled downstairs an ignominious captive.

Gross scenes followed in the hall; the ladies were now upon the stage, and at sight of the desperate criminal they screamed with one accord. In truth I must have given them fair cause, though my mask was now torn away and hid nothing but my left ear. Rosenthal answered their shrieks with a roar for silence; the woman with the bath-sponge hair swooned at him shrilly in return; the place became a Babel impossible to describe. I remember wondering how long it would be before the police appeared. Purvis and the ladies were for calling them in, and giving me in charge without

any further delay.

After an all night session with the boys a husband wended his way home, arriving there at about 5 a. m. He found his wife waiting for him in the dining room, the confusion of furniture indicating that she had been having an unhappy time.

"This is a nice time for you to be coming home," snapped the wife.

"Yes," admitted the erring husband. "It's a lovely morning."

"I haven't slept a wink this blessed night," with a severe look.

"Neither have I," said the husband.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To Cure Fever, Chills, Ague.

We know no remedy so reliable as Nerviline. Twenty drops taken in hot water three times daily not only stops the chills but destroys the disease completely. Nerviline has a direct action on ague and chills and removes their exciting causes. In stomach and bowel disorders Nerviline has held first place for nearly fifty years. It is powerful, swift to act, thorough, and perfectly safe. Being pleasant to taste it's popular with everybody. Your druggist sells Polson's Nerviline in large 25c. bottles; satisfaction guaranteed.

President.

When western Iowa was newly settled the farmers in an isolated section banded themselves together as a school district and proceeded to choose one of their number committeeman. A log schoolhouse was erected, and soon a young woman came that way seeking a chance to teach. The committeeman was designated to ascertain her fitness.

When the time for the ordeal arrived the public official was at his wit's end. He had been examined himself often enough, but that was when he was attending district school fifty years before. The very thought of conducting an examination himself, and for a teacher at that, staggered him. He could not think of a question to ask.

The young woman sat waiting, and the old man teetered nervously on his tiptoes.

"Well, now, Miss Burden," he said cautiously at last, "kin you say the alphabet backwads?"

Miss Burden could, and did. "Fine!" cried the committeeman. "I'll just endorse your certificate." He wrote it thus:

"Fully proficient."

A Million Dollars Squandered.

It is estimated this sum was wasted last year by people trying to find a cure for catarrh. Foolish for sufferers to experiment when it's so well known that "Catarrhoxone" is the only remedy that cures permanently. Other treatments only relieve, but Catarrhoxone prevents the disease from ever returning.

"I had Catarrh in its worst form," writes G. F. Fadden, of Royan, Que. "I was so bad that ordinary medicine did 't even relieve; but Catarrh zone cure I perfectly." No chance of disappointment with Catarrhoxone—it's certain as death to cure your Catarrh—just try it.

A Great Stamp Forgery.

The most colossal stamp forgery on record entailed the successful swindling of collectors throughout Europe in 1889. One day the French papers announced that King Marie II. of Soudan, an island in the vicinity of China, was coming to Paris. As it happened, this self created monarch was an ex-officer of the French navy, and his appearance in Paris created considerable sensation. As soon as his majesty had been duly "advertised" sets of seven different postage stamps marked "Soudan" and bearing three half moons appeared, and so great was the demand for them that in less than a month they realized 1,000 francs each. Not until the king and his ministers had reaped fat fortunes in this manner was it discovered that the whole thing was a hoax and the stamps consequently worthless.

Five Years Dyspepsia Cured.

"No one knows what I suffered from stomach trouble and dyspepsia," writes Mr. A. B. Agnew, of Bridgewater.

"For the last five years I have been unable to digest and assimilate food. I had no color, my strength ran down and I felt miserable and nervous all the time. I always had a heavy feeling after meals and was much troubled with dizziness; no specks before the eyes. Dr. Hamilton's Pills were just what I needed. They have cured every symptom of my old trouble. My health is now all that can be desired." By all means use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25c. per box at all dealers.

Some Slips of the Tongue.

Never use the word "liable" when you mean "likely." Do not say, for instance, that "he is liable to come in at any moment." "Liable" implies misfortune and means "exposed to," "subject to," "in danger of."

Why do most of us speak of "unraveling a mystery?" Any good dictionary shows that "ravel" means "to unweave." You "ravel" a mystery, therefore, when you solve it. In "Hamlet" Shakespeare says: "Make you to ravel all this matter out."

If you and your friend Smith know a man called Jones, do not speak to Smith of "our mutual friend"—meaning Jones. Jones is your common friend. If you are friendly to Smith and Smith is friendly to you, you and Smith are "mutual friends," but that is the only sense in which the term may be rightly used.

Agreed With Her.

After an all night session with the boys a husband wended his way home, arriving there at about 5 a. m. He found his wife waiting for him in the dining room, the confusion of furniture indicating that she had been having an unhappy time.

"This is a nice time for you to be coming home," snapped the wife.

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RUSS DOUMA PROTESTS

Utters Strong Appeal to People of Russia in Crisis.

Asks Them to Refuse to Pay Taxes or Recruit in the Army—Russian Delegates of Douma Withdraw From Interparliamentary Union in London—Premier Campbell-Bannerman Utters a Dramatic Tribute—Conference Rises to Cheer Russians.

Viborg, July 24.—The Governor of Viborg announced yesterday that he has been ordered by the Governor-General of Finland immediately to close the meeting of the members of Parliament, by military force, if necessary. He informed M. Mourentzeff that such meetings would not be allowed to be held anywhere in Finland.

The struggle over the manifesto, the text of which had been completed by the committee of seven in an all-night session, was proceeding behind closed doors. There was but a limited number of Constitutional Democrats present. The Polish delegates refused to participate in the discussion, and will adopt a separate statement.

Swing into Line.

At the latest moment the Constitutional Democrats under the influence of the threat of martial law, swung into line with the Radicals and an address to the country was adopted with practical unanimity, only Count Heyden and M. Stakovich voting in the negative. It contains a protest against the illegal dissolution of the Parliament and appeals to the people to refuse to pay taxes or recruit the army or to recognize the issue of a Government loan.

The meeting then adjourned.

The Curtain Drops.

The curtain dropped yesterday afternoon on the final act of the Douma of Russia's first Parliament, when, under the spur of the threat of Governor Reichenberg to use military force to end the session, and with troops already converging on the Hotel Belvidere, where the meeting was held, the assembled members of the lower House, 186 in number, hurriedly adopted and signed an address to the people, which is thoroughly revolutionary in its nature, elected a perpetual executive committee, headed by Paul Dolgoroukoff, vice-president of the House, to carry on the work of liberation, and adjourned amidst characteristic Russian embracing and kissing. A few members, including President Mourentzeff, Ivan Stakovich, Count Heyden, returned to St. Petersburg by evening train.

The Constitutional Democratic cohorts intend to go into St. Petersburg in a body this morning, but many of the Radical members, fearing arrest on their arrival at the capital, will rejoin for the present in Finland, or return by roundabout routes. The address follows:

Representatives:

"Citizens of all Russia—Parliament has been dissolved by ukase of July 21. You elected us as your representatives and instructed us to fight for our country's freedom. In execution of your trust and our duty, we drew up laws in order to ensure freedom to the people. We demanded the removal of irresponsible Ministers, who were infringing the laws with impunity and depressing freedom. First of all, however, we wanted to bring out a law respecting the distribution of land to working peasants and involving the assignment, to this end, of crown appanages, monasteries and lands belonging to the clergy, and compulsory expropriation of private estates. The Government held that such a law to be inadmissible and upon Parliament once more urgently putting forward its resolution regarding compulsory expropriation, Parliament was dissolved."

On 8th of July.

"The Government promises to convolve a new Parliament seven months hence. Russia must remain without popular representation for seven whole months, at a time when the people are standing on the brink of ruin, and industry and commerce are undermined, when the whole country is seething with unrest, and when the Ministry has definitely shown its incapacity to do justice to popular needs. For seven months the Government will act arbitrarily and will fight against the popular movement, in order to obtain a pliable, subservient Parliament, should it succeed, however, completely suppressing the popular movement, the Government will convolve no Parliament at all."

Red Taxes.

"Citizens, stand up for your trampled-on rights, for popular representation and for an imperial Parliament. Russia must not remain a day without popular representation. You possess the means of acquiring it. The Government has without the assent of the popular representatives, no right to collect taxes from the people nor to summon the people to military service. Therefore, you are now the Government. The dissolved Parliament was justified in giving neither money nor soldiers. Should the Government, however, contract loans in order to procure funds, such loans will be invalid without the consent of the popular representatives. The Russian people will never acknowledge them and will not be called upon to pay them. Accordingly, until a popular representative Parliament is summoned do not give a kopeck to the throne or a soldier to the army. Be steadfast in your refusal. No power can resist the united, inflexible will of the people."

"Citizens, in this obligatory and unavoidable struggle, your representatives will be with you."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to R. S. O. Chapter 120, Section 28, the creditors of Henry Woods, late of the Town of Aylmer, in the County of Elgin, gentleman, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-ninth day of March, 1906, and all others having claims against the estate are hereby required to send by post prepaid, or deliver to W. E. Scott, Executor, Solicitor for Edward Woods, Charles W. Chaseman and Adelaide Victoria Woods, executors of the said deceased, a statement in writing of their claims and addresses, securities (if any) held by them and that at the date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard to the claims of which the executors have notice and will not be liable for the payment of any part thereof to any person or persons whose claim notice shall not have been received. Dated at Aylmer this 24th day of June, 1906. W. E. SCOTT, Solicitors for Executors.

Gold? I Don't Think!

All that glitters is not gold. Many are they who make the test. All that's black is not COAL; The D. L. & W. is the best.

Sold only by

J. E. SCOTT

Do you know you can buy Red Rose Tea at the same price as other teas? Then, why not?

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST. E.

PATERSONS Wire Edge Roofing

Isn't it worth something to know that Barnes, Chicken Houses, Tool Sheds, etc., have fireproof roofs?

Paterson's "Wire Edge" Ready Roofing

is absolutely fireproof and waterproof—and practically wearproof. It is cheaper than shingles and lasts a lifetime.

We will send you a free sample. Test it yourself. We will also mail a copy of our illustrated booklet.

Hardware stores everywhere handle Paterson's "Wire Edge" or can get it for you. Insist on having it.

PATERSON MFG. CO. LIMITED MONTREAL AND TORONTO

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. H. Brown on Box. 25c.

S. S. HARPER & SON

MANUFACTURERS OF Portland Cement (Concrete, Stone Culverts, Sewer Pipes, Well Curbs and Manholes. Every Tile fully guaranteed.

2 Miles east of Aylmer YARDS AT SUMMERS' CORNERS

1906 Age cannot wither. Nor custom stale its infinite variety. 1906

Canadian National Exhibition

August 27 Toronto, Ontario, September 13

Larger, More Instructive, and More Entertaining Than Ever.

An Unequaled art loan exhibit. home and cattle exhibit. poultry and pet stock exhibit

Magnificent educational exhibit of processes of manufacture in a new \$100,000 building.

The finest programme of amusements ever presented, including "Ivanhoe" with expert tilers; brought expressly from England.

His Majesty's Household Band of the Life Guards will play twice daily on the grand plaza (free), 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

No up-to-date Canadian will miss this Exhibition. To avoid the great crowd come first week.

For all information apply to

Lieut.-Col. J. A. McGillivray, K.C., President. J. O. Orr, Manager and Secretary, City Hall, TORONTO, ONT.

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