POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

. . . . Around the Town . . . .

Bright Little Bits Which Illustrate the Many Sides of Human Life in St. John.

It is the season for duck shooting and for hunting stories. In the case of the stories distance lends not only enchantment but in many cases reality to the fancies of the tales. In the smoker of the Sussex express the boys were swopping stories of the by-gone days in the tall grass beside the lake or river where the ducks were plenty and the cover good. The Kings county man of the party of course claimed the superiority of his particular bailiwick both for ducks and duck shots. After he had heard the best records of the others he told of the prowess of an uncle of his, one of the famous shooting family of Langstrothe—who had brought down twenty ducks in two consecutive shots. His first barrel was fired at the birds feeding on the pond, and knocked over twelve of them, and the other eight he got with the other barrel on the rise. This story never phazed the man from St. John. "Twenty black duck in two shots is a good many," he mused, "but I've seen five taken myself without firing a shot" This story provoked yells of derision, but the St. John man is a cool prevaricator, if indeed he be a prevaricator, and he gave the particulars. He had been shooting up Grand Lake, three in the party, not counting the dog. He himself had gone up the lake and managed to bag two black duck without having heard any other shot than his own. When he reached camp he found his companions had five ducks and at once accused them of using silver bullets, or in plain English buying their birds. They denied the accusation and explained that these were young ducks known as "floppers," who do not fly but depend on their swimming and hiding in the grass to escape their enemies. The dog had chased them in the water across a creek into the grass and had fetched one after the other until five had been gathered in to his master. I never saw it done, gentle reader, have you?

"All the world loves a lover," but there are exceptions to every rule even to this old one. At least it seemed as if this particular pair of lovers found the exception one moonlight night recently. They were forgetful of all the world but one another, and when he woke from his trance she asked him whether the moon was rising or setting. A strange voice answered: "Risin' ye galoot. Did ye ever know a moon to set in the east?"

And the silence was unbroken for as much as a minute. And then the honeymoon couple wandered home wondering at the rudeness of ordinary mortals who were not on their honeymoon.

The Italian barque Battistina Madre had keeled over on Hilyard's blocks and the scribe was striving to learn from the captain the name of his vessel. It was long after sunset, and the Genoese captain strolled along the wharf deep in thought. He halted to glower at the questioner.

"Battistinyarmadder," then resumed his solitary tramping.

"How d'ye spell it?" same the next query.

The commander ceased his patrol. He came back and said:—

"Bell?"

"No, no; tell me how you spell the name of your ship!"

A shrug of the shoulders and shake of the head. "Battistinyarmadder, eet ees her name—my sheep—so," and he flipped his hand toward the vessel.

"I see, I understand, I twig, I sabee, I know the ropes, I catch on, I see the point—but oh, my captain, I beseech, I implore you to tell me how you spell this name?"

"Ah."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Eet ees, in zee first place, eet ees, Ba, a Ti, ae——"

"Ten thousand pardons, good sir, but interrupt you I must."

The sea rover gave a courtly bow, and was silent.

"Now look here, we want to start at the beginning of this thing, and have some sort of an understanding. You may comprehend me, but by the tomb of Columbus I don't get the twist of this latter part of your conversation. Now, will you not begin over again, and go slower? Take your time. You are spelling for me the name of this ship. Very well. You know her name—of course—and furthermore you can spell it."

The captain spread wide his palm, and for a silent moment or so strove to make impressions on it with a couple of finger tips.

"ABa, ata, aia, asa, ata, aia, ana,——"

But just then the interpreter strolled up and the taking of life ws averted.

They were admiring the new baby, and the happy papa was chirriping proudly the infant's wonders After exhausting every other term of endearment he pronounced the baby "a peach." The cynical visitor who was himself the father of half a dozen such youngsters, snorted. A peach, it is? A mighty good thing for you it wasn't a pair.

He is a pious-looking man with a soft voice and as soft a step. At a casual glance you would take him for a student of theology, but he's not. If you should think so you would not be the first to be mistaken. No matter what kind of a garb he wears he has the same sanctimonious appearance. Dress as he may he can't look otherwise. On Saturday last he went to camp with a few others to enjoy a day with nature, to revel in the beauty and solitude of the woods; to listen to the singing of the birds, and to drink—if drink he must—the pure ozone of life. When he started for home Sabbath evening a cold breeze was blowing from off Courtenay Bay. He had not taken the precaution to prepare for autumn's chilling blasts, so he was provided with a red—blood-red sweater. He put it on over his vest with coat on top, the lapels of which failed to meet closely, and therefore showed a large patch of red shirt below his grey whiskers. The church bells were ringing when the carriage that brought them to the city left him at Haymarket square, about a half a mile from home. To be seen with togs such as he had on, while other people were dressed in glad clothes, was galling indeed. With head bowed he took the back streets for home. On the way he was met by two delightful and adorable Salvation Army lassies—teachers of the unchurched multitudes—who spake cheering words of hope, and peace, and light to the man with the red shirt—the new soldier of the cross. With faces beaming with smiles they urgently coaxed him to participate in their evening service beneath the starry dome of heaven. He was almost persuaded, but excused himself for he had not his supper. They bid him good bye and went on their way rejoicing that one more lost lamb had been gathered into the fold.

He told me last night it was worth the experience to be spoken to so pleasantly by two of Eve's fairest daughters. They smiled and talked to him as no woman did before, and he is not ashamed to acknowledge that they have won a place of admiration—perhaps it's affection—in his heart that will remain as long as breath dwells in his mortal body. If you should see him hereafter with a red shirt and a maple leaf badge you can blame nobody but the sweet smiles and charming influences of those two winsome lassies.

CHATTERER.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Well Attended Lecture by Judge Ewing, of Chicago, Here.

HEALING AN INCIDENT.

The Religion of Christ One of Works, Not Words, Says He--Lecturer Introduced by C. N. Skinner.

Judge William G. Ewing, of Chicago, lectured to a large gathering in the Opera House Monday night on Christian Science. The audience was representative of all classes, and included quite a number of legal gentlemen and a clergymen. The speaker was introduced in a few appropriate words by C. N. Skinner.

Judge Ewing said in part:

"Your thought of Christian Science is that, in some way or other, Christian Science is antagonistic to the religion of Jesus Christ, and therefore you antagonize Christian Science. If after conscientious investigation of our concept of God you reach the conclusion that Christian Science is in any degree inimical to the religion of Jesus Christ, it is then your duty to antagonize Christian Science, and never to allow your opposition to it to cease until either you cease yourself or Christian Science ceases. My reasonable demand is that you make the investigation before you make the assault

"I believe, and you believe also that the religion of Jesus is of greater value to the world than everything else that has ever been crowded into this universe, therefore, whatever lessons the sweetness, the love and song of that, will meet with my earnest opposition, and in all conscience, should meet yours.

"You have this other thought of Christian Science; that taken at its best, as you understand it, for all that its devotees claim, and still, it is but an ephemeral thing, for an ephemeral purpose; that it is something for the physical man, the man of clay, and nothing for the man fashioned in the image and likeness of the Infinite Father; that it is something for today, and today only, and nothing for the infinite Father; that it is something for the immeasurable tomorrow of God. If you are right, then Christian Science is a baseless thing—the siren's song of peace, 'When there is no peace.' But you are not right, you are wholly wrong; I assert that there is not genius enough in this world to frame a statement respecting Christian Science that would be wider the mark or more absolutely barren of truth than just what I have imagined your thought of it is.

"The physical benefits of Christian Science, its medicinal virtue, its healing power, are but incidents of what it is, and yet these incidents must not be undervalued, for all the world knows today that the healing which Jesus did, the surcease he brought to human sorrow, the hope he rekindled, were but incidents of the abounding redemption he brought and the sweet gospel he preached of God's unfailing love. Yet these benefactions to men, though but incidents of a mighty mission, proclaim trumpet-tongued, demonstrate indeed, the divinity of the Messenger.

Religious belief, belief in God, cannot be ascertained from human speech. What you do, not what you say, determines the status of your real belief in God, your conception of God. A declaration of belief in the Infinite is but a futile attempt to express in finite language the creatures' obedience to God, trust in God, and reliance upon God. There is no human language, tongue, or speech, image, sign or character, that can express it. 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' Your worship of God is the infallible test of your belief in God.

"As the years have come and gone, you have said so many times with Paul: "In God we live and move and have our being,' which is simply saying and only saying in God we have life, health, and immortality. Yet, you have gone from every such declaration to the doctor, the druggist or climate, for the life and health that you declared you had and had only in God. Do you then believe it? If you say that you believe that your life and health is in God and then go to some human agency for your health, would you be greatly surprised if your neighbours should say that you are either mistaken in your belief or that you place a very low estimate upon the value of what you have in God?

Works, Not Words.

"Have you ever thought for a moment of the tremendous import of the fact that Jesus never preached but one sermon in all His life, and never repeated that; far less than one-fiftieth part of His active life was given to the letter of the gospel, and all the balance of it to its spirit, to its practical application, to doing, not saying, to healing the withered hands of men, to breaking the jaws of death, and giving the sons and daughters of men back to life and love and hope. And so, in the example of this ministering Messenger of God, do we not find the cheering consolation that is yours and mine, viz, that although we may not have the tongue to tell the sweet story that Jesus came to tell, still, if we but extend a cup of cold water in His name, we will preach the same sweet gospel that the loving Son of God preached, and preach it in precisely the same way.

"Learn indeed, may we not, from the works of Jesus, that you and I were included in His declaration to one who questioned whether he had earned the redemption the Master came to bring, and in the midnight of his doubt cried out to the Saviour, 'When saw I thee hungry and gave thee to eat, naked and clothed thee, sick and ministered unto thee?' And by and by the still small voice that speaks to you and to me tonight, and has spoken to our fathers through all the ages gone, made reply, sweet reply, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my breathern, ye have done it unto me.' And this religion of works, of help, of love, is the redemption that Jesus brought to the world, and by the sweetest and holiest ministry humanity has known, impressed upon, left, with the world."

Strophantidin is said to be the most deadly poison on earth. It is made from an African plant by ether and alcohol.

Cows fed with ensilage will give one-third more milk than if fed on dry food. The proper amount is thirty pounds twice a day.

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Our Furniture Department is at all times fully stocked with the newest designs i every branch of Household Furniture. We offer exceptional values in low priced Elm Bedroom Suits, White Enamel Iron Beds, low priced Elm Extension Dining Tables and Sideboards, Upholstered Parlor Suits and Hall Stands.

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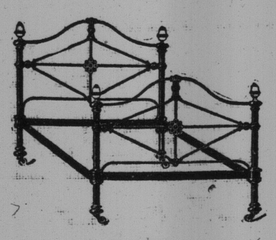

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White Enamel Iron Bed

With brass knobs 4½ feet wide.

All our white enamel beds are well finished with best enamel and are of handsome designs. Prices from $4.75 to $25.

Sideboards.

We are showing many handsome designs in low price elm sideboards. These are strongly made and well finished and have perfect mirror plates. Prices from $12.50 upwards.

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Our etxension dining tables are ma extend smoothly without trouble. strongly made and well finished. tables to extend 6 ft., from $5.50 upw to extend 8 ft., from $7.75 upwards. tables to extend 8 ft., from $10.50 wards.

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- ST. JOHN, N. B. -

DOWLING BROTHERS, - 95 King Str

New Dress Goods.

For Suits and Seperate Skirts.

We have just received a shipment of the above goods in snowflake and mottled designs, now so fashionable for Coats and Suits. Snowflake Goods, 42 in. wide, at 60c and 65c yard. Colors: Black and white, dark gray and white, light gray and white, green and white, blue and white, red and white.

56 in. Cloth in Mottled and Snowflake Designs.

Colors: Light gray and white, md. gray and white, dark gray and white, blue and white, at $1.10, 1.20 and 1.40 yard.

French Flannelette Waisti

29 in. wide, at 15c yard. This terial has a twill surface and all appearance of Frenc wool flan at one-third the price. Patter Spots and stripes, in pretty col ings of light blue, pink, cardin dark red, new green, navy blu black and white and fawn, A English Printed Cambric, Scot Zephers, Chambrays, Dimity an Organdy Muslins, at a great reduction in price to clear.

DOWLING BROTHERS, - 95 King Street

ST. JOHN COUNTY MAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR

Chris. Burnside, of Wood Lake, Has a Thrilling Experience Before Bruin is Laid Low.

Wood Lake, St. John Co., N. B., Sept. 10.—Chris Burnside, of Wood Lake, while in pursuit of his cows through the woods last week, met quite a thrilling adventure. When some miles from home Mr. Burnside heard a very heavy tramping behind him, but thinking it was his dog he did not turn around until the tramping became more distinct. Then, upon looking back, he was horrified to find himself looking into the eyes of a large black bear. Mr. Burnside had a large stick in his hand and he at once began to bravely defend his life. He hit the bear and called to his dog, which quickly came to his assistance. Between Mr. Burnside and the dog they managed to get the bear up a tree while Mr. Burnside called for help. After some time his brother came to his assistance but upon seeing the bear he was about to return over the homeward track at a brisker pace than when he entered the wood. But he was suddenly recalled to his presence of mind by his brother's imminent danger. He then ran to a near by house and got one of the men to come with a gun and shoot the bear. All last week large crowds viewed the body of their enemy and all pronounced it the largest they had ever seen.

A great many men were fishing on Wood Lake this week but report very poor success.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Archibald McKenzie.

The death of Rev. Archibald McKenzie, parish priest at Low Point, Cape Breton, occurred on Wednesday. He had a stroke of apoplexy on Sunday and death resulted.

The deceased was sixty-seven years of age, and had been a priest for forty-three years.

John R. Coleman.

The death of John R. Coleman occurred Friday night after an illness of three weeks, aged sixty-seven years.

Deceased was formerly in the piano business but lately has been keeping books for his son. A widow, seven sons and three daughters, all residing in this city, survive. He also leaves one brother, Albert S., of Moncton, and a sister, Miss Annie, of Brooklyn (N. Y.)

Wellington Jackson.

The death of Wellington Jackson, jeweler, of Baie Verte, took place there last week. He was thirty-eight years of age, and belonged to Lorneville.

Wood's Phosphodine,

Before and After.

The Great English Remedy, is an old, well established and reliable preparation. Has been prescribed and used over 40 years. All druggists in the Dominion of Canada sell and recommend as being the only medicine of its kind that cures and gives universal satisfaction. It promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all effects of excess or excess; the excessive use of Tobacco, Opium, Stimulants, Mental and Brain Worry, all of which lead to Infirmity, Insanity, Consumption and an Early Grave. Price $1 per package, or six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Mailed promptly on receipt of price. Send for free pamphlet. Address The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold by all St. John Druggists.

NOW THERE MAY BE A DIVORCE CASE.

Court Action May Follow the Arrests Made Sunday Morning in Carleton.

There was a sensation in the West End Sunday, caused by the arrest of a married woman and a young man who was in her company during the absence of her husband. The finish of the proceedings, it is said, may be a divorce suit.

Lewis Siler, aged twenty-one years, and hailing from Montreal, but who is said to have been residing for some time past in Moncton, is the man under arrest, and the woman is Mary Stoeger, aged twenty-eight years, and wife of Augustus Stoeger. The charge which is against them on the police books is adultery.

Sergeant Ross and Policeman Gosline made the arrests at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, and the whole affair, the police say, is the result of a plan laid out by a well known business man to capture the pair. The police say that the business man in question called on Saturday and said that Stoeger wished to get a divorce from his wife, whom he believed to be untrue to him, and asked the police to aid him in catching the woman. The business man made it his work to become a detective during the afternoon and evening. Mr. Stoeger went away on the morning train on his holidays, and in some manner the evidence-seeker learned that Mrs. Stoeger was to meet a friend that night.

The ferry boat was watched by him until the last trip, while the house was being spotted by the police. Mrs. Stoeger and her companion were not seen coming over on the ferry, and the business man then took up a position near the Stoeger house and, after waiting for a few hours, he and the police were rewarded by seeing a coach drive up. This was about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, and Mrs. Stoeger and a male companion alighted and entered the house.

A window having been left up, the business man and the police, with other witnesses, decided they had heard enough to warrant the police in making a raid, so a window was raised in the ell of the building, and Policeman Gosline entered the house and effected the arrests. The man and woman were locked up in the city hall cells until it was time for them to be taken to the central police station.

Harold Borden Memorial

Col. Irving and Lieut. Col. Weston go to Kentville on Monday for the militia camp which opens on Tuesday. The unveiling of the Harold Borden memorial at Canning takes place on Wednesday week. It is expected Lord Strathcona will perform the ceremony and that Lord Dundonald will be present. The troops from the camp will go to Canning for the unveiling.—Halifax Echo.

Scott Saw Mill Loss $3,167.

Fredericton, Sept. 12.—The loss by the Scott saw mill fire at Springhill has been appraised at $3,167. The insurance was in the British America company.

We all enjoy it, but one who has experienced "desert thirst" can appreciate the cooling and refreshing qualities of Sovereign Lime Juice.

THE SOLDIER LADS WILL BE GOING INTO CAMP AT SUSSEX TOMORROW

Better Rations This Year--Composition of the Brigade Staff.

The militia brigade camp for New Brunswick was inaugurated at Sussex Tuesday. The corps assembled there for drill include one section of No. 8 Bearer company, the R. C. R., the Brighton Engineers, the 67th, 71st, 73rd and 74th regiments of infantry.

The brigade staff has been made up as follows:

Camp commandant—Lt. Col. G. R. White, D. O. C.

A. A. G.—Lt. Col. D. McL. Vince, R. O.

D. A. Q. M. G. and supply officer—Capt. W. R. Marshall, D. C. O.

Instructor of musketry—Capt. J. J. Bull, 67th Regt.

Asst. instructor of musketry—Lieut. E. E. Wood, 74th.

Paymaster—Lt. Col. A. J. Armstrong.

P. M. O.—Major J. W. Bridges, A. M. S.

Intelligence officer—Capt. W. E. Earle Corps. of Guids.

Orderly officer—Capt. B. R. Armstrong, R. C. A.

There is to be a substantial addition made to the rations in camp this year. A recent militia order gives the following as the ration to be issued to each officer and man:

1 lb. bread or 1 lb. of biscuit, 1 lb. meat, 2 oz. of bacon, 1 lb. potatoes, 2 oz. of flour or 2 oz. beans, 3 oz. of jam or 3 oz. of dried apples, 2 oz. of butter or 2 oz. of cheese, 1 oz. of split peas, 2 oz. of white sugar, ½ oz. of salt, ½ oz. of coffee, ½ oz. of tea, 1-36 oz. of pepper, 1 oz. of evaporated vegetables, straw for men.

Hitherto the camp ration consisted of 1 lb. bread, 1 lb. meat, 1 lb. potatoes, 2 oz. cheese and an allowance of tea, coffee, salt and pepper.

THE DEFIANCE OF GABRIEL BEAR?

Ominous Discovery Made at the Wall Street Bridge Sunday.

A pair of clay-soiled blue trousers with the letters G. P. stitched on them, were found Sunday afternoon spread-eagled on Wall street bridge.

In addition to the letters there was the number 7. Who is he? Who is number 7? Can it be Coke? or Joseph Carr? or shades of Tecumseh, has the despised garment been flung off by Gabriel Bear?

A day or two since the warrior blood, the unconquerable soul of this brave could no longer brook detention. The park police murmured of liberty, the chafing of trousers was ten thousand fold worse than to roast at the stake. The spirits of his fathers reproached him for such cur like obedience to servile bondage. He snorted and looked around with defiance, then lept into the forest depths and has been absent from this accursed city, unless—unless these faithful trousers tell a tale. Can it be that their presence indicates the existence of undying enmity between Gabriel and his pale persecutors? Can it be that in the dim dawn he has slunk down and left his trousers on the bridge, as a gauntlet indicative of gory strife between himself and the citizens for evermore? Can it be that he has returned to the wilds in all the picturesque nudeness peculiar to his forefathers, and that behind some hackmatack near Dark Lake he is crouching patiently for a man with a good head of hair?

Restigouche-Bonaventure Counties S. S. Convention.

This annual gathering was held in the Presbyterian church at New Carlisle, under the presidency of Wm. Currie. Devotional service was led by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Sutherland, followed by the president's opening address. This was a clear review of association principles, methods and purposes, and their value to all Sunday school work. His address gave a good tone to the definiteness of the convention.

D. C. Firth, who has been county secretary for several years, and whom all acknowledge as a valuable officer, read the roll call of county officers and vice-presidents, to which those who were present responded.

Committees were appointed and a few parish officers' reports were read Some had done well; others did not seem to have merited the "well done."

The departments of work then came in for review under the reports made by their several officers. This did not seem at all a mere formal thing of routine. They engaged some of the active minds of the convention as Rev. J. F. McCurdy, H. E. Thomas, G. A. Leck, the field secretary, and others, who gave a great deal of information on primary, home and normal departments. Deep interest was shown all through this part.

Mr. Firth read the executive report, which described work done, the welcome given to it in the schools, and especially pressed home the importance of teacher training.

The second session opened with a Bible reading for workers, by the field secretary. Minutes were read by Miss Gerrard and the pastor gave an address of welcome, stating that the good effects of a convention held here a few years ago were still among them. An appropriate reply was made by Rev. A. F. Carr. Mrs. Thomas spoke on Sunday school in relation to home, church and nation, and was followed by Rev. M. A. McPherson. Mr. Leck spoke on the corresponding duties of the home to the school and the teacher to the home.

A conference on the Sunday school opportunity of training scholars in temperance principles brought out excellent thoughts from several members. Solo, duet and hymns were intermingled with these exercises, and the session closed near 10 p. m.

The third session was opened with devotions led by Rev. A. F. Carr. After the minutes committees reported the new officers were elected, and J. O. Shearer installed as president. After a few words as to what this work had done for him, and his readiness to serve the work, Mr. Firth read the statistical and financial report, both of which showed an improvement over last year.

Mr. Lucas spoke on how to improve the present position, suggesting a few business methods carried out in a godly spirit.

An address was given on encouragement to small schools.

As train time drew near Mr. Carr gave the closing address on What Have We Gained and What Will We Do? He said we have gained an intelligent view of our Sunday school conditions. We have seen that ministers are not left alone, but the laity are deeply interested in this Bible work. We shall return to do more in teacher training in home Bible interests and training the young in temperance.

Hearty votes of thanks were accorded, and the convention adjourned to the dining hall before going to the train. All seemed delighted with the cheer given to their work.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Sept. 28, 1895, says:—"If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally used, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of simple ailments forms its best recommendation."

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

Is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep, WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the nervous system when exhausted.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

Rapidly cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy Spasms, Colic, Palpitation, Hysteria.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

THE IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe trade mark. Of all Chemists, 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 1d., and 4s. 6d.

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—DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED A REMEDY, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and as the composition of CHLORODYNE cannot possibly be discovered by analysis (organic substances defying elimination) and since his formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false. This caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

—Vice Chancellor SIR W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in court that DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freemau was deliberately true, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—See The Times, July 1894.

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Paid Up Capital, - - - $8,700,000

Rest, - - - - 3,000,000

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Deposits of $1 and upwards received and interest allowed at current rates.

ST. JOHN, N. B. BRANCH:

JAS. G. TAYLOR, - - Manager

In England and Wales the railways own, on an average, twelve acres of land for every mile of railway.

Wernher, Beit & Company have presented a public park, valued at £200,000, to Johannesburg.

The composition of the Natal min is announced. Mr. Sutton is premier treasurer.

Germany has taken steps to acquire Island of Fernando Po whenever Spa ready to dispose of it.