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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its use is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It soothes the Stomach, regulates the Bowels, and gives healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Friend, The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

BRUSSELS ST. CHURCH TO CALL MR. McCUTCHEON

At the close of the service in Brussels street Baptist church last evening, the congregation were asked to vote in regard to extending a call to Rev. Myles McCutcheon, who supplied in that church several months last summer. The vote was unanimous in favor of asking Rev. Mr. McCutcheon to accept the pastorate of the church, which has been vacant since Rev. A. B. Colton was called to Halifax. Mr. McCutcheon is a speaker of ability and has had a brilliant career at Acadia and later at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. He is a member of his class at Acadia, and is about 38 years of age. He is an active member of the church in Gloucester (Mass.), has also extended a call to him.

FAIRVILLE ODDFELLOWS.
Fraternity Lodge, I. O. O. F., the new lodge of Oddfellows in Fairville, has installed the following officers: Clarence Gannon, N. G.; W. R. Catherwood, V. G.; G. W. McAulay, R. S.; Wm. Gidding, S. V. G.; Glendon Allan, treasurer; John Cowie, W. M.; George Hamilton, Con. R. D. Hamilton, I. G.; Ernest D. Gilpin, O. G.; Edward Burgess, L. S. N. G.; Frank Linton, R. S. V. G.; George Baynes, L. S. V. G.; E. W. Lester, R. S. S.; Thomas Mitchell, L. S. S.; Rev. George Ross, chaplain. Wm. Fox, J. P. G.

WONDERFUL STORY OF AN OLD SOLDIER ABOUT A GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY

Having suffered so much for years with inflammation of the kidneys, bladder and enlargement of prostate gland, also with an injury of canal caused by roughness of doctors in forcing sound catheters, etc., into the bladder, after hours of retention of urine, I now feel well as I ever expect. Mr. de Witt's Great Kidney Remedy cured me. Having a doctor in the family, I relied somewhat on his treatment in the past, but in my last serious illness, his medicine didn't have its usual effect, and when my acute kidney trouble caused dropsy and my face to swell badly, I knew something heroic must be done to prevent it rapidly extending over my whole body, as it often does in such severe cases, especially Bright's Disease. I then ordered a large bottle of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, which soon reduced most of the distressing pains and the swelling also. Before its use, there was over one inch of sediment in a quart of urine. Now it is clear than it was a year ago. I feel sure that if I continue with your medicine, I will be able to completely out of danger. I have known my condition before and after using your medicine, and I have only just commenced on the second bottle. I will always feel safe with a bottle of your wonderful remedy in my house. Under the above circumstances, feel it my duty to let Dr. Kilmor & Company to write this testimonial to show the public what Swamp-Root has done and is doing for a sufferer of many years, who wore the blue between 1860-63 and took part in the siege of Fort Mifflin against the Communists and Rebels.

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

Premier Hazen and Hon. J. K. Fleming are to address the Conservative Club of Moncton this evening.

Campbell relatives have received word of the sudden death of rapidly failing aged sixteen, son of John C. Fairley of Campbellton. He died in Stamford Conn. While no details are given, the word would indicate that the young man was killed by a train.

The valuations submitted their report at the meeting of the Westernmost County Council last week. The total valuation of the county is \$11,228,268, as compared with \$8,974,290 in 1901. Nearly a million of the increase is credited to Moncton, which grew from \$2,252,150 to \$3,254,440. The county is about clear of debt.

John Olander, an Italian, was shot and killed in a Montreal street on Saturday. A fellow countryman named Dorolo, has been arrested on suspicion.

A fire at the corner of Dalhousie and Clarence streets, Ottawa, yesterday, caused losses to several merchants, aggregating \$30,000.

Peter Volkin, a young Russian, was drowned at Sydney yesterday, while skating on the harbor.

Dr. H. R. Gayford, of the New York state laboratory, in Buffalo, reports having discovered a cure for cancer by means of vaccine. A successful demonstration has been made with the case of a boy seventeen years old. A cancer in the neck was made to disappear.

David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, of Great Britain, in a letter to Hall Caine, says the government is considering a scheme for stamping out consumption, in connection with their plan of invalidity insurance.

It is regarded as a settled fact that this year will see a start on the Georgian Bay canal. A special estimate of \$3,000,000 has been prepared and it is expected will be brought down in the house at Ottawa, in a few days.

A report from Trujillo, Honduras, states that Commander A. H. Davis, of the U. S. cruiser Thomas, on Friday destroyed the armed vessel Hornet, General Bonilla's chief asset, and after putting the rebel forces ashore, armed the vessel with American sailors.

Conventional duties, amounting to nine cents a gallon will be assessed on all Scotch and Irish whiskeys, imported from Great Britain by the United States. There has been a bounty of three pence to exporters and the countervailing duty has been imposed.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

THE PILOT

By John B. Gough

JOHN Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent pilot. He was pilot of a steambark from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

"Seven miles."

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger, here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke rose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east and run her on shore," said the captain.

"Nearer, nearer, yet nearer," she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

She had never seen Rosalind Marsh, his three upon the station, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He heaved the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to its God.

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR

BY GORDON HOLMES
Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance," "By Foes of Circumstances," etc.
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CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

As for Pauline Dessau, she was half-way down the stairs when she chanced to look at the envelope. "Rupert Osborne, Esq." She started! Everything connected with that name was of infinite interest to her. But she had not dreamt that Miss Marsh knew it, save as everyone else knew it now, from public gossip and the papers. She had been written to by the actress, or her mother, last the day of their arrival from the country. It was but ten days earlier that she had become the servant of Mrs. Praver, a friend of Mrs. Marsh's who kept a private boarding-house, being in reduced circumstances. Then, after an interval of peace and security, the Marshes had come, and as she let them in, and they were being embraced by Mrs. Praver, Inspector Clarke had appeared at the door, nearly striking her dead with agitation, and demanding of her the diary, which she had handed him. Luckily, having she had been writing with many thick scratches of the pen the name of the initials C. E. F. in that passage where the words appeared: "If I am killed, I will be buried in the cemetery of C. E. F." But suppose she had not shown such sense and daring, what then? She shivered. "I am not a coward," she said, "and a new problem now tortured her. What is something owing to the fact that Miss Marsh knew it? Inspector Clarke had come upon her at the moment of the two ladies' arrival? What was the reason, however they were connected? What was in this letter? It might be well to see it."

Then it struck her that Miss Marsh might be locked out of the window to watch her hurrying with the letter to the pillar box a little way down the stairs, and at this moment she saw Inspector Clarke, slipped it into her pocket, and sped back to the house.

In her room half an hour later she steamed the envelope open, and read the avowal of another woman's passion and sympathy. It appeared, then, that Miss Marsh was now in love with Osborne? Well, that did not specially interest or concern her, Pauline. It was a good thing that Osborne had so soon forgotten her. But she had not been so quick to do so. She had detected her mistress, the dead actress, Rose de Vere, she had seen her in the street, and posted the letter in grim earnest. But an hour had been lost, an hour that meant a great deal in the workings of this tragedy of real life, and as a minor happening, some of the gun was dissolved off the perfect curves of her body.

Inspector Furneaux, as he had promised during the afternoon, called upon Rosalind during the afternoon. They had an interview of some length in Mrs. Praver's drawing-room, which was altogether unaccounted. Furneaux spoke of the picture-gallery of Toronto, but Rosalind's downright questioning forced him to speak of himself in the part of the deprecating Pugh, and why he had been there as such. He had gone to have a look at Osborne.

"Is his every step, then, spied on in this fashion?" asked Rosalind.

"No," answered Furneaux. "The truth is that I had had reason to think that the man was again playing the lover in that quarter."

"Ah, playing," said Rosalind with quick sarcasm. "It is an insipid phrase for so serious an occupation. What reason?"

"It is possible, believe me," he broke in earnestly, "since it was possible, so you know, for him to turn his mind so easily from the dead, it is also possible—"

"Oh, the dead," she asked him, "pre-occupied with a lively flush. "The dead was unworthy of him. He never loved her."

"He deceived her," cried Furneaux, "and in an unaccountable way—he deceived her. No doubt she was as fully worthy of him as he of her—it was a pair of them. And he loved her as much as he can love anyone."

"Women are said to be the best judges in such matters, Inspector Furneaux."

"So, then, you will not be guided by me in the case of Mrs. Osborne, standing up?"

"No. Nevertheless, I think you for your apparent good intent," answered Rosalind, "be silent a little while, looking down at her. On her part, she did not give, and kept her eyes steadily averted."

"Then, for your sake, and to spite him, I accuse him to you of the murder!" he almost hissed.

She smiled.

"That is very wrong of you, very unlike an officer of the law. You know that he is quite innocent of it."

"He deceived her, is your faith?" came the taunt. "Well, then," he added suddenly, "again for your sake, and again to spare him, I will consent to you into a police secret. Hear it—listen to it—yesterday, with a search-warrant, I raided Mrs. Osborne's private apartments. And this is what I found—at the bottom of a trunk a pair of gloves, the very white kid gloves which the driver of the coach described

Do You Have Headache



"My first experience with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills was a sample package handed me. They relieved the pain so promptly that I have never since been troubled with them again. I have given them to many friends who have had headache and they have failed to relieve it. I have suffered with headache on my head, and the first time I took relief, they have cured me of it. I would not be without them."

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CORBET'S

196 Union Street
A REPRESENTATIVE WOMAN:
MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS

(Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer, Toronto)

In writing a sketch of Miss Marshall Saunders there is little difficulty in choosing a phrase which will explain her right to be known as a representative Canadian woman. It is true that she has written one book, published in 1893, of which half a million copies had been sold by 1900. "Beautiful Joe," the biography of a dog, has been translated into Scotch, German and Japanese, and is still selling in large annual instalments. Miss Saunders is the child's comrade. She is a friend of the helpless. Not by her writing only, but by steady devotion to the cause of reform when reform is undertaken to lessen suffering, Miss Marshall Saunders has become a national example of what a Canadian woman can do to serve the cause of children and of the oppressed in every country.

She was born in Milton, Queen's county, Nova Scotia. Her father, Dr. Edward Manning Saunders, is a clergyman of the Baptist denomination. He has also written on Nova Scotia history; his book "Three Premiers," dealing with the services of Johnstone, Tupper, and Howe in the building of Canada. Both Dr. Saunders and his wife are descended from the services of Johnstone, Tupper, and Howe in Halifax with her father, who has retired from the active ministry.

Her early education was conducted largely by her father. When she was four years old she read books and newspapers without difficulty. When she was six the family moved to Halifax, Dr. Saunders taking charge of the First Baptist Church in that city. At eight years of age Miss Marshall began the study of Latin and French, and she was soon reading with enjoyment the later portions of the Bible. At fifteen she was sent to a boarding-school in Scotland, and later continued her studies at Bedford College in London. At that time the school was frequently visited by Professor Henry Drummond. Miss Saunders was next sent to the well-known Protestant school in the city of Orleans, France, where she learned the French language and became a warm admirer of "Joan of Arc," "the Maid of Orleans." Miss Saunders returns to her studies at Bedford College in London. She has written for magazines and newspapers. Her first story, "My Spanish Sailor," was written after a year and a half spent in California, and a year in Ottawa. About the time she returned to Halifax, she was awarded a prize of two hundred dollars for a story which would interest an interest in all domestic animals as "Black Beauty" had awakened interest in the horse. The judges, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Hazekiah Butterworth, and Dr. Moxon, gave the prize to the story of the shepherd, "Beautiful Joe." The story of an ugly dog and two friends is told with the minute detail loved by children, and is packed full of good advice and instruction with regard to the keeping of household pets. It is a complete understanding between the author and the children who read "Beautiful Joe." Miss Saunders' work has grown in animation since she wrote "Beautiful Joe." Her humor has developed, and the same love of kindness, the same chivalry, the same understanding of the child, to be found in everything that she has written.

Miss Saunders has published about twenty books. Among the most noted are: "Rose a Charlotte," "Delicious Sausages," "Tilda Jane," "The Story of the Gravelies," "The Girl From Vermont," and "Tilda Jane's Orphan." "Rose a Charlotte" is a picturesque, pleasing story of the Acadian country, written after Miss Saunders had spent a summer at St. Mary's Bay, Nova Scotia, among the Acadians. "Tilda Jane," which first appeared as a serial in The Youth's Companion, and was published in 1901, is a story of an original orphan asylum who ran away from an orphan asylum to find a home. Her ventures appeal to old and young. Tilda Jane, like Miss Saunders, has a warm love for every living creature, and is by a calling of "protector."

Miss Saunders has frequently visited California. In 1901 she began an avocation in the valley for two years. Managing a farm of two hundred acres and writing proved too fatiguing, and at the end of two years Miss Saunders returned to live with her father in Halifax. Here she keeps a large room, with earth on the floor, and tree trunks lying on its walls, as a home for birds. Native birds which have been injured and which are brought to her by the children of Halifax

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AN UNDISPUTED FACT

What is? That, considering the inclemency of the weather, we have had phenomenal results from our Anniversary Clearance Sale, since it started last Saturday.

We have missed many faces, however, who doubtless would have attended had the weather been suitable, and for this reason we are going to give these an opportunity to do so, by extending our sale one week more.

Watch Our Ads.—They Mean Money.

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