

PORT DOCUMENT FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"

Makes just the kind of biscuits you like to make

41

WRITER, AND MUSICIAN WHO SHOT HIM



Fitzburg Goldborough, formerly a Toronto musician, who poured six shots into D. G. Phillips, and then committed suicide. He claimed to have a grievance against the writer.

OBJECTIONS TO COMMISSION PLAN ARE SQUARELY MET

A Series of Questions and Answers Which St. John People Should Read Carefully—This Hint Comes from Progressive Vancouver

A plebiscite was recently taken in Vancouver on the question whether the city should retain its city council, adopt the board of control system, or adopt the commission plan. The majority vote was in favor of a commission. In a pamphlet issued by the city, the following questions and answers, on the subject of a commission, which will be of special interest in St. John—

Kicks and Queries.
 First Question—Is it not too radical a change? They are going to abolish the mayor and aldermen.
 Answer—Not at all. It is simply supplanting a large committee by a small committee.

Second Question—Does away with the ward representation, and the weak ward will be neglected?
 Answer—There are no wards. The city is the unit. The council deals with the necessities of each section of the city on its merits.

Third Question—If you can corrupt a council of thirteen, why is it not easier to corrupt a council of five?
 Answer—The commissioner is always in the limelight, and personally responsible to the taxpayers. A board of aldermen is wrapped in red tape in the form of numerous committees, and there is no individual responsibility. Corruption springs precipitately from the power to grant franchises. The board of aldermen has this power. The commissioner does not have this power. It is vested in the people.

An alderman is only incidentally a city governor. He has nothing to lose, and may have much to gain. The commissioner is essentially a city manager. He has

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES

They Are Closely Observing Public Health Conditions

An examining physician for one of the prominent life insurance companies, in an interview on the subject, made the following statement: "The reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people and the large majority of applicants do not even suspect that they have the disease."

He states that judging from his own experience and reports from physicians who are constantly in touch with the public, there is one preparation that has probably been more successful in relieving and curing these kidney troubles than any other known. The mild and soothing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is a well known fact. It stands the test for its remarkable record of cures.

We find that Swamp Root is a strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in Canada in bottles of two sizes—75c and \$1.25.

However, if you wish first to test the preparation, the manufacturers will gladly forward you a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free. Address: Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper.

CONGRESS TAKES UP THE TRADE AGREEMENT

Washington, Jan. 29.—To carry into effect the terms of the reciprocity agreement, concluded by representatives of Canada and the United States, the first move was made yesterday when Representative McCall, of Massachusetts, a member of the ways and means committee, presented the American bill on the subject. The bill was referred to the committee on ways and means, which will take it up next week.

The introduction of the bill by the Massachusetts member, instead of by Mr. Payne, of New York, chairman of the ways and means committee, occasioned some comment. It is interpreted in many quarters to indicate that Mr. McCall will take a prominent part in steering the bill through the committee, and in engineering its progress on the floor of the house.

DRUG SHARPS AT PREMIUM.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada 6 per cent. first preference shares of \$1 each are now quoted on the London market at a premium of 12 1/2 p. c., and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address: F. A. Stuart Co., 130 Street Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

NIAGARA FALLS
By Edwin Arnold

Letter to the London Telegraph, in 1899.

BEFORE my balcony, the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, huring the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, "the Broad" steps proudly down to Ontario, "the Beautiful."

The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke which rise high in the air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

Far away, Niagara river is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels the fatal draw of the cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream, these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious and fate-pelleted breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leaping ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. "Those mad upper waters—reaching the great leap—are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the bottom of a field of eye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

There is nothing more translucently green, nor more personally still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architecture of the main above gleams like a fired and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

From its crest of chrysopease and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-streaked waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, fluid and lovely—a specimen of the splendor of water at its finest—so soft and gliding in the mind with ineffable images of happy and grateful thought, and by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom.

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR

BY GORDON HOLMES
Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance," "By Force of Circumstances," etc.
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CHAPTER XII
The Saracen Dagger

Next morning, just as the clock was striking eight, Osborne was rising from his bed. He was dressed in a white shirt, a pair of trousers, and a pair of slippers. He was looking at the door and came in dejected and calm.

"Mrs. Marsh below to see you, sir," he announced.

Osborne blinked and stared with the air of one who was not thoroughly awake, though it was his mind, not his body, that was torpid.

"No, sir," he said, "not Miss?"

"No, sir, Mrs. Marsh."

"I'll be there in five minutes," he hissed, with a fierce scowling of his faculties, and never before had he flung on his clothes in such a hurry. He slipped on his slippers, and by the time he was in the hall, he was fully dressed.

"Forgive me," he broke from his lips, as he entered the drawing-room, and "Pardon me!" his visitor was saying to him in the same instant.

"What is it?" he asked, looking at her.

"I have a letter for you," she said, holding up a small envelope.

"From whom?"

"From Mrs. Marsh. She says she has a letter for you."

"I'll open it," he said, and he took the envelope from her.

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DYSPEPSIA-PROOF

How Any Meal Can Be Thoroughly Enjoyed by Any Stomach

Do You Nothing to Try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

Man, as a rule, are first deprived of their appetite. Their antagonists turn on the searchlight, and the proof of merit will be in being able to stand the test.

It is only by taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets that you can be sure of getting the best of your food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a natural food. They are not a medicine. They are a food. They are a food. They are a food.

Some Suits . . .

that sold up to \$10.00 to go . . . For \$5.50

There are only a few in this special lot left

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union Street

But when Mrs. Marsh and Osborne were alone he was surprised, remembering that this was Thursday evening, for he had promised himself on this evening to go to a spot which he had been told by one of his men that Furness had visited on two previous Thursday evenings, a spot where he would see a sight that would interest him.

While he was on the horns of the dilemma as to going there or going to Pauline, Inspector Clarke entered and at once Winter advised upon Clarke the business of sounding Pauline.

"You seem to have a lot of power over her—make her give up the diary or promptly," he said to Clarke. "Go to her, then, get at the bottom of this business, and see if you cannot hit upon some connection between the disappearance of Miss Marsh and the murder of the actress."

Clarke stood up with alacrity, and started off. Presently Winter himself was in a cab, making for the Brompton Cemetery.

As for Clarke, the instant he was within sight of Forchester Gardens, his whole interest turned from Pauline Dessaux and the vanished Rosalind to two men whom he saw in the street almost opposite the house in which Pauline lay. They were James and the Italian, Antonio, and Antonio seemed to be reasoning and pleading with James, who had the gestures of a man distracted.

Hanging about near them was a third man, whom Clarke hardly noticed—a lean fellow in a long coat of rag, a hat without any crown, and visible toes—a diminutive loafer—Furness, in fact, who, for his own reasons, was also interested in James in these days.

Every now and again James looked up at the windows of Mrs. Marsh's house with frantic gestures, and a crying face—a thing which greatly struck Clarke; and anon the loafer passed by James and Antonio, unobserved, peering into the gutter for the cart-side ends of cigars and cigarettes.

Instantly Clarke stole down the opposite side of the square into which the house faced, looked about him, saw no one, climbed some railings, and then through the bushes close near to the pavement where the foreigners stood. There, concealed by James and Antonio, he could hear James say:

"Am I never to see her? My little one! But I am about to see her! I'll knock at that door, and clap her in my arms."

"My friend, be reasonable! pleaded Antonio, holding the arm of James, who made more show of tearing himself free than he made real effort—such that melodramatic excess of gesture to which the Latin races are prone. "Be reasonable! Oh, she is wiser than you! She has hidden herself from you because she realizes the danger of being seen near you even in the dark. Be sure that she has hidden herself from you because she realizes the danger of being seen near you even in the dark. Be sure that she has hidden herself from you because she realizes the danger of being seen near you even in the dark."

"Let them go! But they shall not keep me from the embrace of one whom I love, of one who has suffered!" said Antonio, covering his face. "Oh, when I think of your cruelty—who all the time know where she was and did not tell me!"

"I confess it, but I acted for the best," said Antonio. "She wrote to me three days after the murder, so that she might have news to you. I met her, and received from her that bit of lace from the actress's dress which I put into Osborne's bag at Tormouth, to throw still more doubt upon you. But she implored me not to reveal to you where she was, so that she might be seen with her, suspicious of the murder should fall upon you."

"Her heart's goodness! My secret! My little one!" exclaimed James.

(To be continued.)

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

This week positively ends the great Mid-Winter Riddance Sale now on at this store. Positively your last chance to take advantage of the prices before sale ends Saturday night.

SALE PRICE

6. Factory Cotton	25c.	to 40c. Children's Underwear:	
10. Factory Cotton	35c.	25c. Men's Underwear	10c. to 25c.
14. Factory Cotton	45c.	Men's Pants, Overalls, Blouses, Hats, etc.	5c. to 15c.
16. White Cotton	55c.	ties, Socks, Working Shirts, all at	Reduced Prices.
16. White Cotton	65c.	Girls' Hosiery	25c.
16. Shaker Flannel	75c.	Women's Rubbers	5c.
12. Shaker Flannel	85c.	Men's Rubbers	5c.
14. Shaker Flannel	95c.	Men's Overalls	\$1.25
14c. Print	95c.	Boys' Strong Boots	50c.
25c. Ladies' Undervests	1.00	and Hundreds of other Bargains.	
33c. Ladies' Undervests	1.25		

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