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Dr. Mole's Highest side line.

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RP. COOMBS.

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### **BALLYHOO BEY**

Won the Futurity Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, Saturday.

Tod Sloan Travelled 3,000 Miles to Ride Whitney's Colt to Victory.

And to Pull in Nearly Twenty-four Thousand Dollars for His Master -The Keene Stable Not In It.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25 .- After a journey of three thousand miles to ride ex-secretary of the navy Wm. C. Whitney's colt, Ballyhoo Bey, Tod Sloan, the whilom American jockey who has done all his riding in England for the last two years, succeeded in sending his mount first past the wire in the rich Futurity stakes at Sheepshead Bay today and gathered in \$33,830 for his employer. The favorite, Olympian, was second, and Tommy Atkins, from the same stable, landed in third place, with the others trailing. The winner was ridden out.

The attendance at the big race was not as large as had been expected, for it was thought that the track would at ten o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless fully 15,000 people were in and on the grandstand, down on the lawn against the rails in the inner field, and up in the "fete" field. When the horses were called to the post, just before half past four o'clock, the crowd had been coming in steadily since noon, but there was no rush at any time.

From sunrise until the first race called, and between the races a big gang of men were at work on the track scraping, raking and harrowing it, turning up the wet soil to the sun, and it was in good condition when the race was called, to the great surprise of everybody.

The big crowd waited patiently through the first race, and applauded wildly when the Whitney youngster Rowdy, was set back from second place for a foul. They saw Mr. Whitney win the second with Rush, and then plunged on Jean Beraud to win impartiality to which we have not for the fall handicap, but Slcan, who had sometime past been accustomed in the the mount, after getting off flat floot- Belgian press, publishes some interested, rode into a pocket in the stretch ing extracts from the introduction to and was unplaced.

Then came the big race and the parade of the highly liked youngsters, led tend the Boer sick and wounded, is by the Keene three, Tommy Atkins, about to publish on her experiences in Cap and Bells and Olympian, with South Africa, both with the Boer forces Elkhorn and Ballyhoo Bey, of the and afterwards in the British camp Whitney string next, and the others when her ambulance fell into our hands following. They got up to the post at Jacobsdal. Mme. Bron says:—

at Jacobsdal. Mme. Bron says:—

"First of all, I wish to state that, promptly and in a very few minutes came the first break, which was a having gone out to help the Boers, I false one, Golden Age refusing to join continued to serve them in spite of fit to race, even if she happened to be ties at one of the hotels he told the bis company. The record was worse, my growing disgust, because they were for three refused. But the starter the weak side as a nation, and the helpcaught them in line the third time and less side in regard to ambulance orthey were off to a good start.

and Bells of the Keene string, rushed most indignation and the utmost love his mount into the lead at once, but of truth against the abominable false-Sioan on Ballyhoo Bey was not caught hoods poured out against the English. napping and sent his horse alongside Having been their prisoner for three the flying filly. Elkhorn, Golden Age weeks at Jacobsdal, and having served and Tommy Atkins were close up and with them during that period I imagine they came down the chute like a line of cavalry. Spencer, who was plainly out to make the running for his stable is fairly hospitable. He is a brute, or ly helping her make the pace. Sloan is beyond conception, and his power others being already far out of the

Bells and Ballyhoo Bey were running head and head in front, the latter going much the easier of the two, and Sloan looking around for danger from behind. All through the third furlong Spencer was urging Cap and still held a slight advantage, but it was plain to all that she could not disillusioned as the humble nursing hold her speed to the end. The pace woman who has now returned to Euwas beginning to tell and Henry, seeing this, sent Olympian along to take issue with Ballyhoo Bey. These three necks apart, but Cap and Bells was done and from this point gradually dropped behind, Spencer easing her up when he found she was beaten.

Ballyhoo Bey was still running strong and true and a furlong from home was a neck in front of Olympian, with Tommy Atkins already under the whip, closing strong a

length back. were shouting and cheering, the hysterical shrieks of the women rising above all. "The favorite wins," was the shout. "No, the favorite is "Ballyhoo Bey wins," was then heard from the followers of the Whitney stable. Sloan was no longer crouched over the neck of his horse, but was riding desperately with whip and spur. Henry was also working hard on Olympian and for a few strides it was hard to tell which would stand the drive the best. Gradually, however, Sloan with all his skill and cunning drew away with Ballyhoo Bey and amidst the wildest enthusiasm sent the game little colt across the finish line a length and a half before Olympian. Tommy Atstable mate, while five lengths away,

Whitney paid \$12,000 as a yearling was fleet mount got an ovation when they cantered back to weigh in. The band ment indefinitely.

played "Hail to the Chief," and the The fire in the

Summaries: —Fourth race, Futurity course, 170 feet less than six furlongs.—Ballyhoo Bey, 112; T.

Sloan, 11 to 5 and 4 to 5, won. Olympian, 122; Henry, 7 to 10 and Tommy Atkins, 129; O'Connor, 7 to 10 and out, third. Time, 1,10,

of the Valley, also ran and finished

GET AWAY DAY AT SARATOGA. SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 25.—It was "Get Away" day at the Spa and several good things were put through. The Spencer handicap, with a value of \$5,000, was the star attraction, Charentus appeared to be the only one worth considering, but Martimas showed a startling reversal of form. Charentus and Martimas raced together far ahead of the bunch to the finish. Martimas won. Summary: Third race, \$5,000, spencer handicap, for three year olds and upward, one mile and a furlong. Martimas won by a length; Charentus, 104, Howell, 4 to 5 and out, second by four lengths; Advance Guard, 108, J. Martins, 5 to 2 and out, third. Time, 1.531-2. Bannockburn

> NELSON BROKE A TRACK RECORD.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 25 .- John A. Nelson of Chicago broke the track record for a mile at the Coliseum this evening. The record was established by Major Taylor at the opening meet be deep in mud, and such was the case at 1 minute 371-5 seconds for the mile, and has withstood several attempts to lower it until this evening when, after two trials, Nelson cut out a mile in 1 minute 34 3-5 seconds.

### THE TESTIMONY

Of a Belgian Nurse in Praise of the British Soldiers.

Is Determined to Tell the Truth in Spite of Attempts to Ter-

The London Times has the following :- The Brussels Reforme with an the volume which Mme. Bron, one of the Belgian nurses who went out to

ganization. But I wish also to declare Spencer, who had the mount on Cap at the outset that I protest with the ut-I am in a position to judge of them.

. . . The Boer is not wicked and he mates, sent Cap and Bells along at her rather a stupid, overgrown child. He best speed, but do what she could it is obstinate and boastful. As for his was impossible to shake off Ballyhoo honesty and morality, we had better Bey, who, a neck away was practical- not dwell on those points. His pride was crouched low over her neck, wide of lying . . . As for his respect for awake to his advantage as he was in women, I could relate details and fura position to choose his own going on nish evidence, but it would be too a track that was dry and wet in pla- nauseous. . It was amongst the British es. At the end of the first furlong soldiers - I say it and repeat it, and Henry had brought Olympian, anoth- no power on earth will induce me to er of the Keene trio, from eighth place deny the truth-it was amongst them to third and was a length and a half that I found myself once more at home behind Ballyhoo Bey, while Tommy surrounded by that gratitude, that af-Atkins, Elkhorn and Sweet Lavender | fection, to which the humble folk of my were heads apart a length away, the own country had accustomed me. How good it was to feel oneself treated as a fellow-creature after six weeks of positions were unchanged cruel toil in a Boer hospital, full of through the next furlong. Cap and typhoid patients, without even a single word of kindness."

Mme. Bron then proceeds to discuss the courage of the Boers, and on this point she intends in her book to quote the dying testimony of Colonel de Villebois Mareuil, "whose despairing words Bells. She was running gamely and will show that gallant soldier to have gone forth to his death as cruelly rope." The Boers fought with the tenacity of farmers or peasants all over the world who had been told that the rounded the bend into the stretch English were coming to take their farms away from them. Had they been satisfied that their lands would remain untouched, with a present of money thrown in, they would never have fought at all. A Boer general had himself told her that it would be a blessing for the country if the Engiish took possession of it, though he, nevertheless went out and fought bravely against them, and did not From there home it was a hard give away strong positions as so many drive. The crowd in the grand stand others did from obstinacy, pride, or, to put it mildly, indifference. Mme. Bron concludes her introductory chapter by repeating that the attempts already made to terriorize her will not deter her from carrying out the task she has undertaken in the cause of truth, out of sheer disgust at the mendacious exaggerations which have held up the Boers as legendary heroes to the admiration of Europe, and the British soldiers to public opprobrium in the most outrageously calumnious light.

## BURNING FOR FORTY YEARS.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Aug. 23.-The fire in the mine at Summit Hill, which has been raging furiously the past kins was third, a length behind. His week, has broken into the spring tunnel colliery, and all efforts to prevent Sweet Lavender headed the balance its spread have so far proved unavailing. On account of the heat and the The Futurity of 1900 was over and attendant risk the force of fire fighters Ballyhoo Bey, for whom William C. was compelled to leave the mine. All operations at the spring tunnel colthe hero of the day. Sloan and his liery have ceased, and 300 men and boys have been thrown out of employ-

The fire in the Summit Hill mine lucky winners pushed wildly into the originated 40 years ago, and has since ring to cash.

DIDN'T LOOK A RACER

But Blind Irene Fully Justified Her Owners' Faith.

Sweet Lavender, Elkhorn, Blues, all green; Cap and Bells, Golden Age, Belvino, Tower of Candles and Lady Sheriff, Who Knew Racing Points, Let Her Run in a Race—She Won and Made Money for the Know-

(N. Y. Mail.)

Veteran horsemen love to tell stories of the turf almost as much as your true fisherman likes to yarn about his wonderful catches or the deep water sailor delights in thrilling tales of the sea. How Raceland, the only horse, it is said, for which Michael Dwyer entertained a real affection, was sold for a couple of hundred dollars as a yearling and lived to be worth thousands; how the great two-year-old Morello was despised and rejected only twelve months before his greatest triumphs are traditions of the paddock. To these yarns Uncle Josh Fuller, formerly of Pike county, Misouri, while in a reminiscent mood between flag falls at Brighton Beach race track, added another story of

greatness nearly overlooked. "If Chauncey I. Filley, who was the personal friend and western political representative of the late James G. Blaine, hadn't secured the nomination of John Pohlman for sheriff of St. Louis. Mo., on one of the occasions when the German vote placed the Mound City in the republican column, the famous blind mare Irene might be pulling a milk wagon or a hansom cab now instead of being fondled and petted as the prize brood mare of one of the most prosperous Kentucky stock farms," said Uncle Josh.

GOOD JUDGE OF HORSES.

"You see, John Pohlman was a horse dealer in business and by inclination, and a cracking good judge of a thoroughbred by inheritance, his mother having raised a Morgan colt from a foal, and his daddy before him having been the owner of a bunch of county fair racers. So, on one occasion John forgot he was high sheriff of St. Louis just long enough after the bell tap to give Irene a chance to show the speed that was in her heels. Had Filley picked any one else for sheriff the chances are that Irene would have gone under the red flag and been knocked down to the highest bidder for \$25 or \$30. One of her colts was afterward a high-class race horse; but as that chap Kipling says, that's altogether another yarn.

"A couple of sporty farmers from the neighborhood of Sedalia, Mo., struck the St. Louis Fair Grounds race course with a big boney blind ohestnut mare. The animal was coughing a little and running at the nose some, and looked anything but a racer from 'way back. It was two when twitted about the mare and her speed qualities, the farmers allowed she had plenty of time to come around

"Ever raced her before?" someone asked.

"Yes, indeed, suh! We alls had her up to th' meetin' at Laf-i-ate county, suh, an' we alls got th' money!" "Well, the mare failed to improve after three weeks had gone by, and her owners were \$14.50 in debt for feed and other horse necessities to a store man named Jonas, who had a place There was but one week more of racing, and Jonas thought it time to make a play for his money. He brought suit, got judgment and placed an execution in the hands of Sheriff Pohlman for service. The sheriff, his son and several friends were going to the track that day to see the races, so John took along the execution, intending to serve it himself and let his son and deputy take charge of the race horse Irene and such other belongings of the judgment debtors as

might be seized. "'So the mare is all you've got, eh?" said the sheriff, after making an inventery of the Sedalia stables. 'Well, trot her out till we have a look at

THE MARE WAS BROUGHT OUT. "One of the men, with a face on him as long as a field nigger's hand, led out the mare. Both owners felt mighty bad about the business. They looked on the sheriff in fear and stole sly but affectionate glances at the horse, as though they had already lost her and were forbidden by law to even gaze in her direction. But they though a heap of that ragged, boney old animal; any one could see that with half an eye. "'Why, she's blind, John,' said one

of the politicians in the sheriff's party. "Hasn't had a square meal in a month, said another disdainfully, poking her in the ribs. "Had mo' to eat that we had, suh,"

replied the elder Sedalian, smoothing down the hair where the mare had been punched. "She races thin like, an' if you alls 'ill only let us sta't her in the fust race today she'll win, suh, an' we'll pay th' bill."

"'Why did't you start her before?" asked the sheriff.

"'She was coughing, suh, an' we feared to try her out. Please, Mr. Sheriff, let her go jist this once, an' we'll sho'ly get out of trouble. She's a grand race mare, suh.'

"The crowd laughted-all but the sheriff. While the man had been talking Pohlman had walked around the mare, viewed her from all sides and noted her points.

NOT PRETTY TO LOOK AT.

"'By George, boys, I believe the old fellow's right. She's not pretty to look at, leastwise not what a lady looking for a carriage horse would call pretty, but she's built to go. Look at that long sloping barrel, the powerful quarters and what a wind reservoir she's got behind those shoulders. Well, I'm not saying I wouldn't like to see her run. Hum! Two o'clock. I'll be busy until 3 o'clock, and then I'll drop around here again. Come along boys.' of the mare?

This is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon anything produced by man. When a preparation has just been placed upon the market, many people try it just out of curiosity. The constantly increasing sales of

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A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this fine preparation will be mailed free on application to the Abbey Effervescent Salt Co. Limited, Montreal.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c and 6oc a bottle,

"No; guess old Sedalia here knows

what to do with her.' "'Gad! That's what I do, suh. Thank you, suh, thank you.' "Irene was a starter in the first race on the programme. The bookmakers laid odds of 50 to 1 against her winning. The sheriff bet enough to clear a snug sum should Irene come in first. I nibbled at her a bit myself, but the others wouldn't put up a cent. The two old farmers who owned her had no money to wager and were satisfied

to get the \$300 purse. "Did she win? Why, man, she ran the three-quarter of a mile like a wild horse, coming in ten lengths to the good with her mouth wide open. It was only an exercise gallop for Irene. "Between the Sheriff, Jonas and the Sedalians the judgment was settled an hour after the race. Three days later Irene ran in a race of seveneights of a mile against some of the best handicap horses in the South and West. Jimmie McLaughlin, who had come to St. Louis to ride Miss Wood ford in the Eclipse Stakes, had the mount, and under his skillful riding Irene not only won again, but broke the track record for the distance. The Scoggan Brothers bought her, paying a good round price, and at the end of the season she was retired to the breeding farm and bred to Buchanan.

FRENCH TREASURE SHIP.

Remarkable Find of Gold Coins Near L'Ardoise, C. B.

(Chronicle, 15th.) A man from L'Ardoise, C. B., was in Halifax a day or two ago offering for sale French gold coins which he had found near his home. To some parstory of the finding of the coins, which weeks before the meeting opened, and are supposed to have been washed up from the bottom of the sea or from a bank on the shore, some of the earth on which had been washed away by all right for a selling purse or two a storm. He was walking along a before the fifteen days' racing was long stretch of beach near his hut, going to or coming from a fishing trip, when he saw the bright coins glistening in the sand at his feet. There were six or seven lying almost together and he picked them up. He searched the beach in the vicinity for more, but failed to find any. coins are about the size of a Canadian silver quarter and on one side is a crown, while the reverse had a head stamped thereon. They are dated around the corner on Grand avenue. 1833. Near where he found them was a big bluff, and in a severe storm just previously a quantity of earth at the foot of the bluff had been washed away. It is possible the coins may

have been buried in this bank. The fisherman said he had sold two of the coins, one for \$13 and the other for \$15, and had been offered \$25 for another, but refused it, as he thought they were worth \$100 a piece.

He said that it was believed the coins came from a French man-ofwar which was wrecked in the vicinity when the French were in possession of Louisburg. The man-of-war was supposed to have been from France and had on board a lot of gold with which to pay the French troops and for the purchase of supplies. But she overran Louisburg or those on board lost their bearings and put into L'Ardoise, where she struck a rock and sank. He said that he had heard it related that his grandfather, when quite young, had one day found the bodies of three men, evidently French sailors, in a rude hut, down the coast from L'Ardoise, and in the hut was found a book or paper containing a memoranda of something that was supposed to have happened nineteen miles from Canso, and the people of the vicinity think the men were from the French treasure-ship and that it was the wreck of this shop that the sailors wished to indicate in their memoranda.

It is reported that a Halifax party will visit L'Ardoise, and if the prospects for a find are at all good may send a diver and searching party down to search for the treasure of the

POLITICAL NOTES.

French ship.

Mr. Hackett, who was elected for West Prince, P. E. I., in the general election, and defeated in a by-election, has again been nominated.

Northumberland is not worrying about the date of the parliamentary election. There is no government candidate in sight, none talked of, and Mr. Robinson's prospects for re-election by acclamation are good. He will be re-elected anyway. He would get more fun out of a contest, but it would cost a good deal,-Chatham World.

In Kings county, Nova Scotia, Hon. Dr. Borden has been nominated by the government party. The opposition convention is called for today.

The Indians who have been fighting the Mexican troops in Sonoro have suel for peace. Two thousand of the bucks yet under arms refuse to join "Going to have any one in charge the tribal negotiations, fearing that it means annihilation.

# The Semi-Weekly Sun

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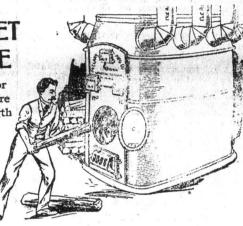
of any paper in Eastern Canada, and its frequency of issue makes it of especial interest during the strife in South Africa.

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BOAT SONG.

When we boated, you and I, Swaying willows kissed the stream. Was it? Yes, 'twas last July! Little cloudlets flaked the sky,

Just to make it bluer beam, When we boated, you and I. Once again the lilies shy
Blow. Ah, did they fairer seem—
Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Far from you the days dragged by,— Wintry hours without a gleam,— Since we boated, you and I. You were cruel then. Your eye Gayly mocked my hope suprer Was it? Yes, 'twas last July!

Still I love you. Do you sigh?
Sweetheart, make it true—my dream;
While we're boating, you and I,
Say you love me-this July!
-Samuel Minturn Peck, in Harper's Bazar.

WILL CHANGE SIDES AGAIN.

(Richibucto Review.) It is to be a fight to the finish between Blair and Foster; we don't intend to be with the mourners.

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than 365 pages, with engravings. 120 invaluable prescriptions for Acute and Chronic Diseases. It is the Prize Treatise, for which The National Medical Association awarded the Cold Medical the Prize Treatise, for which the National medical Association awarded the Gold Medal. It is an encyclopedic treatise on Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Aptitute and Inaptitude for Marriage, Vericocele, Atrophy (wasting) and ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES ing) and ALL DISEASES and WEAKNESSES OF MEN, from whatever cause arising, whether young, middle-aged or old. Every man should have it. It is from the pen of a distinguished author and NEEVO Specialist who graduated from Harvard Medical College in 1864, and has been the Chief Consulting Physician to The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St. (opposite Revere House), Boston, Mass., during the past thirty years. Address all orders or communications as above. Consultation in person or by letter. Prospectus and Vade Mecum free, sealed, six cents for postage. postage. \*\*
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GILLETTS PURE POWDERED BEST. PUREST, STRONGEST.

HOW COULD HE FORGIVE HER. Miss Springer-Can you say, rapidy, "She sells sea shells," without geting your tongue twisted?

Singer-No. nor you either! Miss Springer-Well, can you say, 'What am I doing" over and over without getting tied up? Singer-M-m-don't know, I'll try. What am I doing, what am I doing,

Miss Springer-Making a fool of

GRIEVANCES MANY.

what am I doing-

ourself.—Judge.

KINGSTON, Ja., Aug. 24.—The Mosquito coast delegates who recently arrived here to lay the grievances of the Mosquito reserve before the captain general and governor in chief of Jamaica, were received by Sir Augustus Hemming today.

They assert that the Nicaraguans deny them the franchise, close their schools and outrage their wives and daughters.

Unless Great Britain acts in the matter, the natives will appeal—so the delegates declare—to the United States for help and protection.