MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

Lord Beaconsfield on Success

We should look long in the pages of history to find a more sucessful statesman than LORD BEACONSFIELD.

He says "THE SECRET OF SUCCESS is STEADFASTNESS OF PURPOSE."

"ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY." S. DAVIS & SONS Limited have made Cigars and nothing else for OVER HALF A CENTURY.

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HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DAVIS' CIGARS, to the smoking public of CANADA, and know what they want.

S. DAVIS & SONS, LIMITED - MONTREAL

Makers of the famous "NOBLEMEN" Two-for-a-quarter Cigar.

SHIPPING

REPORTED BY WIRELESS.

6.40 a m—Str America, southeast of Cape Sable, bound to New York.

11.10 a m—Str Prince Frederick, William, south of Cape Sable, bound east.

11.10 a m—Str LaTouraine, south of Cape Sable, bound east.

PORT OF ST JOHN.

Arrived.

Str Benin, 2,830, Cole, Newport News, J H Scammell & Co, bal.

Str Morien, 490, Burchill, R P & W F Starr, coal.

Str Calvin Austin, 2,853, Pike, Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass, and cld.

Sch Clayola, 123, Tower, New Bedford, J Willard Smith, bal.

Coastwise—Strs Conners Bros, 49, Warnock, Chance Harbor, and cld; Aurora, 182, Ingersoll, North Head.

Cleared.

Sch Helen G King (Am), Gough, New Bedford, Stetson, Cutler & Co.

Sch Ladysmith, Kerr, River Hebert, C M Kerrison.

Sch Oriole, McLean, Vineyard Haven, f o, 145,000 ft spruce plank, etc, loaded at Walton.

Sailed.

Str Governor Cobb, Allan, Boston via Maine ports, W G Lee.

CANADIAN PORTS.

St George, July 28—Cld, sch John R Fell, Bunker, Norwalk.

Newcastle, Aug 4—Ard, str Cairndon, Hyslop, Richibucto.

Halifax, Aug 5—Ard, U S training ship Ranger, Azores; str Dahome, West Indies via Bermuda; bktn Hector, New York.

Cld—Sch Minnie, New York.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Aug 5—Ard, str Empress of Britain, Quebec.

Queenstown, Aug 5—Ard, str Teesdale, St John.

Liverpool, Aug 5—Sld, str Victorian, Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Boston, Aug 5—Ard, sch Francis Goodnow, St George for Norwalk (latter not as previously reported).

Vineyard Haven, Aug 5—Ard and sld, schs Georgie Pearl, Edgewater for St John; Scotia Queen, Annapolis for New York; Wanola, Shediac for do.

Sld—Schs William L Elkins, from South Amboy for Calais; Lizzie H Patrick, from Guttenburg for Chatham (N B); Wapiti, Albany for Halifax.

Wind southwest, fresh; choppy sea; clear.

Fort Point, Me, Aug 5—Ard, sch Margaret G, Turks Island for Bangor.

Cape Henry, Aug 5—Passed out, sch Chillie Harold, Baltimore for Calais.

City Island, Aug 5—Bound south, schs Eva C, Port Greville; Irma Bentley, St John; Rescue, do.

Portland, Aug 5—Ard, str Marie (Nor), Chatham (N B); sch Nellie, Yarmouth.

MARINE NEWS.

The steamer Ottringham will sail on Aug 9 from Philadelphia to load deals at Gaspe (P Q.)

The steamer Barlby will leave Newport today to load deals at this port for the United Kingdom.

The S S Manchester Exchange is due next Friday from Manchester (Eng) with a general cargo.

The steamer Shenandoah is at present in Halifax. It is not known definitely when she will come to this port.

Schooner Silver Leaf arrived yesterday from Barbados with a cargo of molasses.

Schooner Theta has been chartered to load hard pine at Jacksonville for Amherst.

The C P R steamer Empress of Ireland left Liverpool on Friday evening, July 29, and tied up in Quebec on Thursday afternoon at 2.58, thus making a record voyage.

Bark Formica, of Arendal, arrived in Digby Monday morning and anchored on the ballast ground. She will load lumber in Annapolis for Buenos Ayres. The Formica was assisted in Digby Gut by several small gasoline boats.

British schooner A. F. Davidson, 502 tons, has been chartered to load lumber at Annapolis for Buenos Ayres.

Italian bark Taranaki, Capt. Olivari, has been chartered to load lumber at Annapolis for River Platte by Messrs. Bdackadar.

Another ocean race of 7,000 miles from Boston to Buenos Ayres is now on—the British ship Brynhilda and the Norwegian bark Apollo sailing Monday.

S. S. Patria, of Kjobenhaven, arrived in Digby early Tuesday morning from New York to load iron ore at Port Wade.

The four-masted schooner A. F. Davidson arrived at Digby from New York Tuesday and proceeded to Annapolis. She was piloted in by John Casey, of Victoria Beach. The Davidson recently carried away her fore topmast.

Tug W. M. Weatherspoon, with dredge and scows, from Annapolis for Sydney, put into Yarmouth on Saturday night in a dense fog, for a supply of coal. The scows broke loose once or twice and the captain had some difficulty in finding and securing them in the fog.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

With further reference to Notice to Mariners No. 78 (205) of 1909, the contemplated change in the character of the light shown from the lighthouse on Cape St. Mary, west coast of Nova Scotia, from a light showing alternate flashes of red and white to a group revolving white light has not yet been made; and until further notice the light shown will be an alternating light, showing alternately flashes of red and white, at intervals of thirty seconds.

Yarmouth Light:—The Bridgewater schooner Barcelona, which went ashore and sunk on Seal Island, July 23, was off Yarmouth yesterday, bottom up. Steamer Prince George, which passed her, reported the fact in Yarmouth and the tug Hugh D. was sent out and found the vessel ashore on Hilton's Head.

(Aditional Shipping, see Page 3.)

HOUSE FLIES are hatched in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc. Every package of

WILSON'S Fly Pads

will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S REPORT

The explanation comes to hand in the Standard of Empire regarding the conflict of statements touching the report of Sir John French:—

Our Ottawa correspondent cables the announcement that a great deal of amazement has been caused by the telegraphed statement from London that the Times, referring to General Sir John French's report on his inspection of the Canadian militia, declares it to be "sweepingly condemnatory." It can easily be understood that such an announcement would create no small measure of astonishment, in view not only of Sir John French's public utterances in the Dominion, but of what has previously appeared on the subject in the Times itself. Just a week ago the Times referred to the fact that Sir John French had been immensely struck by the keenness, energy, and spirit everywhere apparent throughout all ranks of the Canadian forces; by the excellence of the material that came under his notice, and especially by the wonderful proficiency of the militia field artillery. Reference was also made to the fact that he was struck with the efficiency of the sea defences at Halifax, and found the garrison artillery "a well-trained and trustworthy body of troops." The general was also "as much impressed by two field artillery batteries he saw at Calgary as by the artillery in the East." A few weeks earlier Sir John was referred to as having expressed his surprise and gratification at the condition of the forces, which had been "trained to a standard of efficiency far beyond that reached at home." All this is very different from the "sweeping condemnation" which Sir Frederick Borden so warmly and justly repudiates. It appears to have been contained in an article "from a correspondent," which the Times published on Monday last, apparently in happy oblivion of what had gone before. In this article the writer says he understands that if Sir John's report is published "it will disclose a state of military inefficiency in the Dominion that will probably be a revelation to most Canadians;" that he will refer to the non-existence of a sound peace organization and an effective staff, and generally will show that the Dominion defence forces are "in a bad way," and that non-commissioned officers and men fail to carry out the obligations which they undertake. Clearly, Sir John French cannot justly be credited with both of these two sets of diametrically opposite opinions. No one expects a militia force to attain the machine-like efficiency of regular troops who have no other occupation than that of making themselves perfect, but all experience goes to show that the defence forces of Canada are as well organized and as creditable a body of men as any similar force in any country in the world.

Arrangements have been completed for the concert in King Square Monday evening, in which six bands are to take part, for the Campbellton fire sufferers. The St. John Railway Company are installing colored lights and the benches are being put in place. The concert will commence at 7.30 sharp. Each band will play two selections.

At a meeting of the King's Daughters yesterday afternoon in the guild rooms, it was decided to appoint a committee to look after the guild room at the Dominion fair.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

A WORKINGMAN'S PARTY

By Edward Everett

From an address to the whigs of Charlestown, Nov. 7, 1834.

MR. MODERATOR, to a workingman's party, in my apprehension of what ought to be the composition of a party so denominated, that is the great mass of honest and industrious men of every pursuit and calling, to the exclusion of the irreligious and the immoral—the idle, the intemperate, the busybody, the do little, the do nothing, the miser, the spendthrift—to such a party I am so far from being opposed that I would fain be thought an humble member of it. It may be in your recollection that some two or three years ago I endeavored, in a public address from this place, to set forth the true principles of such a party.

I know not whether my claim to be a workingman will be allowed by all who compose it, as at present organized. I have, since I have been a public man, been denounced very frequently as an aristocrat. I do not know precisely what that imports in a country like ours; but this I may say, that I do not know how the bread of idleness tastes; and that I have no object in life, but by the steady and laborious exertion of an humble capacity, to discharge the duties of a good citizen and an inoffensive neighbor, and to bring up my children in the paths of virtue, temperance and honest industry. If this makes a workingman, I am one.

Let me go farther and say that I have no feelings at variance with the rights and interests of those who, in the narrower sense of the term, are more commonly classed as workingmen. I was born and brought up in that condition of competence bordering much more closely on poverty than riches. I got the chief part of my early education at the public schools of my native town, Dorchester, and Boston; and if on the face of the earth there was ever such a thing as an humble and friendless orphan boy, I felt myself such the day I first made acquaintance with good old Master Tileston's ferrule at the North End writing school.

God knows, that if anything on earth commands my sympathy and respect, it is the struggles of the poor and friendless to rise in the world, under the obstacles of want and poverty and want of friends. If I thought these feelings peculiar to myself, I should hesitate in uttering them. It is because I know they are not—because I speak in the hearing of hundreds whose bosoms beat with the same emotions—that I boldly appeal to them to give me credit for participating in them.

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

BY LOUIS TRACY

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The telegram, in due course, produced an elderly pensioned police inspector, a quiet, reserved man, whom the barrister had often employed. H explained briefly, the circumstances attending Mr. Talbot's disappearance, and added—

"I want you to find out the names, and if possible the business—together with any other information you may happen to come across—of every person who lives within a distance, roughly speaking, of two hundred yards from the Carlton Hotel. Th Post Office Directory and your own observation will narrow down the inquiry considerably. It is the unrecorded balance of inhabitants with whom I am particularly anxious to become more definitely acquainted." The man saluted and withdrew.

Brett imagined that he would now be left in undisputed enjoyment of a few hours' rest before the Earl of Fairholme kept the appointment fixed for seven o'clock. But in this he was mistaken.

Smith brought in some tea which was refreshing after his walk, for the engrossing nature of the morning's occupation caused him to forget his lunch. A cigar and an evening paper next claimed his attention, but he had barely settled down to his perusal of a garbled account of events at Albert Gate, when his man again entered, announcing in mysterious tones the presence of Mr. Winter. Smith's attitude towards the myrmidons of Scotland Yard who occasionally visited the barrister on business was peculiar. He regarded them with suspicion tempered by wholesome awe, and he now made known the arrival of the detective in such a manner as caused the master to laugh at him.

"Show him in, Smith," he said cheerily: "he has not come to arrest me this time."

Winter entered, and a glance at his face brought Brett quickly to his feet.

"What is the matter?" he cried, when the door had closed behind the servant. "You have received important news?"

"I should think I have," replied the detective, dropping into a seat. "I was just writing a report in the Yard when I was sent for by the Chief, and you could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard the reason. I suppose I am acting rightly in coming at once to tell you, although in my flurry at the time, I quite forgot to ask the Chief's permission, but as you are mixed up in the case at the request of the Foreign Office, I thought you ought to learn what had happened."

"Well, what is it?" cried Brett, impatient of the other's careful provisos.

"Simply this," said the detective, "Mr. Jack Talbot bolted from London on Tuesday in company with a lady. They crossed over from Dover to Calais by the midday boat, and went directly to Paris. Mr. Talbot calmly booked rooms for himself and the girl in the Grand Hotel, had the nerve to write: Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, 188, Ulster Gardens, London, W., in the register, and both of them disappeared forthwith. But we will soon lay hands on the gentleman, no fear. I have somehow suspected, Mr. Brett, that your notion of a political crime was all poppycock. It's a good big brazen-faced steal."

"Is it?" said Brett, his face glistening with excitement at the intelligence so suddenly conveyed to him. "Would you mind explaining to me how this precious information reached you?"

"There is no use, sir, in fighting against facts," said the detective with dogged insistence. "This time you are dead wrong. Mr. Talbot was recognized at Calais by a Foreign Office messenger returning from France. Seeing him with a lady and knowing that he was not married, the messenger—Captain Gaultier by name—did not speak to him, especially as Mr. Talbot seemed rather to avoid recognition. Captain Gaultier thought nothing of the matter until this morning, when he visited the Foreign Office on duty, and heard something of the affair. He then saw the Under-Secretary, the same gentleman who sent the Earl of Fairholme to you, and told him what had happened. The Under-Secretary could hardly refuse to believe such a credible witness, so telegrams were despatched to the Embassy in Paris, and the police at Dover. From Dover came the information that exactly such a couple as described by Captain Gaultier had crossed to France on Tuesday morning; and a few hours later a wire from Paris announced the discovery of the registered names at the Grand Hotel. The Paris telegram went on to say that the gentleman had told the manager his luggage was following from the Gare du Nord, and that his wife and himself were going out for half an hour, but would return in time to dress for dinner. When his traps arrived they were to be taken to his room. No luggage ever came, nor was either of the pair seen again; but we will lay hands on them, never fear."

Brett took a hasty stride or two up and down the room.

"So you think," he burst forth at last, "that Mr. Talbot has not only taken part in some vulgar intrigue with a woman, but that he has also bolted with the Sultan's diamonds, sacrificing his whole career to a momentary impulse and imperiling his neck for the sake of a few gems which he cannot even convert into money?"

"Why not?" It is not the first time in the history of the world that a man has made a fool of himself over a woman, or even committed a murder in order to steal diamonds."

"My dear Winter, do be reasonable. Where is the market for diamonds such as these are supposed to be? You know, even better than I do, that the slightest attempt to dispose of them at any figure remotely approaching their value will lead to the immediate detection and arrest of the person rash enough to make the experiment. Don't you see, man, that the Foreign Office and its messenger, its Under-Secretary, your Commissioner, and the Embassy officials in Paris have been completely and abjectly fooled—fooled, too, in a particularly silly fashion by the needless registration of names by the hotel?"

"No, I do not see it. One cannot go against facts, but this time the evidence looks so strong that I shall be mightily mistaken if Mr. Talbot does not swing for his share in the matter. Anyhow I have done my duty in letting you know what has happened; so I must be off."

"To arrest somebody, of course?" cried Brett, with an irritating laugh; but Mr. Winter was already hurrying down the stairs.

The momentary feeling of annoyance, soon passed, to be succeeded by profound pity for the household at 118, Ulster Gardens. He well knew that once the police became convinced that a particular individual was responsible for the commission of a crime it required the eloquence of several counsel and the combined intelligence of a judge and jury at the Old Bailey to force them to change their opinion. Brett had never, to his knowledge, seen Talbot, yet he felt that this bright, alert and trustworthy young official was innocent of the slightest voluntary complicity in a crime which must shock London when its extent became known.

The testimony of the Foreign Office messenger was, of course, staggering at first sight, especially when backed up by the hurried investigations made at Dover and Paris. But there must be an explanation of Talbot's supposed journey, and even assuming the most unfavorable view of his actions, why on earth should he so ostentatiously parade himself and his companion at the bureau of the Grand Hotel? There could be but one answer to this question. He acted in this manner to make certain that his presence in Paris should be known to the police at the first instant they endeavored to trace him. Then, who could the woman be? The last thing that a clever criminal flying from outraged law would dream of doing would be to encumber himself with a young and probably good looking companion of the opposite sex.

The more Brett thought out the complexities of the affair, the more excited he became, and the more rapid were his strides up and down the length of his spacious sitting room. This was his only outward sign of agitation. When thinking deeply on any all-absorbing topic, he could not remain still. He felt obliged to cast away physical as well as mental restriction on the play of his imagination and he would at times pace back and forth during unrecorded hours in the solitude of his apartments, finally awakening to a sense of his surroundings by reason of sheer exhaustion.

He was not destined to reach this ultimate stage on the present occasion. With a preliminary cough—for the discreet Smith was well versed in his master's peculiarities—his servant announced the appearance of the Earl of Fairholme.

Brett looked at his watch and was caught in the act by his visitor. "Yes, I know we fixed on seven o'clock," cried the impetuous young peer, "but I was simply dying to hear the results of your inquiries thus far, and I ventured to call an hour earlier."

The barrister explained that he sought to learn the time as a matter of mere curiosity. "Indeed," he added, "your appearance at this juncture is particularly welcome. I want to ask you many things concerning Mr. Talbot."

"Fire away," said Fairholme, "I'm no good at spinning a yarn, but I can answer questions like a prize boy in a Sunday-school."

"Well, in the first instance, have you known him many years?"

"We were at school together at Harrow. Then I entered the Army, whilst he had a university career. My trustees made me give up the Service when I succeeded to the estate!, and about the same time Jack entered the Foreign Office. That is three years ago. We have seen each other constantly since, and, of course, when I became engaged to his sister, our friendship became, if anything, stronger."

"Nothing could be more admirably expressed. Do you know anything about his private affairs?"

"Financially, do you mean?"

"Well, yes, to begin with."

"He got a salary, I suppose, from Government, but he has a private income of some thousands a year."

"Then he is not likely to be embarrassed for money?"

"Most unlikely. He is a particularly steady fellow—full of eagerness to follow a diplomatic career, and that sort of thing. Why, he would sooner read a blue book than the Pink Un!"

"If you were told that he had bolted with a nondescript young woman, what would you say?"

"Say!" vociferated Fairholme, springing up from the seat into which he had subsided, "I would tell the man who said it that he was a d—d liar!"

"Exactly. Of course you would! Yet here are all kinds of people—Foreign Office officials, policemen, and hangers-on of the British Embassy in Paris—ready to swear, perhaps to prove, if necessary, that Talbot and some smarty-dressed female went to Paris quite openly by the day service yesterday, and even took care to announce ostentatiously their arrival in the French capital."

For a moment the two men faced each other silently, the one amused by the news he was imparting, the other staggered by its seeming absurdity. Then Fairholme flung himself back in his chair.

"Look here, Mr. Brett," he went on, "if Jack himself stood there and told me what you have said is true I would hardly believe it." A note of agony came into his voice, as he added: "Do you know what this means to his sister! My God, man, it will kill her!"

"It will do nothing of the sort," cried Brett. "Surely you understand Miss Talbot better. She will be the first to proclaim to the world what you and I believe, namely, that her brother is innocent, no matter how black appearances may be. I have no knowledge of him save what I have learned within the last few hours, yet I stake my reputation on the certainty that he is in no way connected with this terrible occurrence save by compulsion."

"It gives one renewed courage to hear you speak so confidently," said the earl, his face lighting with enthusiasm as he looked eagerly at the other, whose earnestness had, for an instant, lifted the veil from features usually calm and impassive betraying the strength of character and masterful purpose that lay beneath the outward mask.

"Is there anything else I can tell you?" said Fairholme.

"You are quite sure that his was a nature that could not stoop to a vulgar intrigue?" said Brett. "Remember that in this relation the finest natures are prone to err. From long experience I have learnt to place such slips in quite another category than mere lapses of criminality."

"Of course any man who knows the world must appreciate your reasons fully, but from what I know of Jack I am persuaded the thing is quite impossible. Even if it were otherwise he would never be so mad as to go off when he knew that something very unusual and important was about to occur with reference to a special mission for the successful conclusion of which he had been specially selected by the Foreign Office."

"Ah, there you touch on the strange happenings of coincidence. Circumstantial evidence convicts many offenders, but it has hanged many an innocent man before today. I could tell you a very remarkable case in point. Once——"

But Smith appeared to announce dinner, and Brett not only insisted that his new acquaintance should dine heartily, but also contrived to divert him from present anxieties by drawing upon the rich storehouse of his varied experiences.

The meal, therefore, passed pleasantly enough. Both men arranged to visit Sir Hubert Fitzjames during the evening and decide on a definite course of action which would receive the approval of the authorities. Armed with a mandate from the Foreign Office, Brett could enter upon his task without fear of interference from officialdom. Nothing further could be done that night, as the private enquiry could not possibly complete any portion of his house-to house scrutiny in the vicinity of the Carlton until the following morning at the earliest.

They smoked and chatted quietly until 7.30 p. m., when Inspector Winter again put in an appearance to announce that the coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "willful murder by some two or more persons unknown."

The detective was somewhat quieter in manner now that the sensational turn of events in Paris had assimilated with the other remarkable features of the crime. Moreover, the presence of a peer of the realm had a subduing influence upon him, and he had the good taste not to insist too strenuously that Lord Fairholme's prospective brother-in-law was not only an accessary to a foul murder, but also a fugitive thief.

One new fact was established by the post-mortem examination of the victims. Considerable violence had been used to overcome the struggles of the servant, Hussein. His neck was almost dislocated, and there was a large bruise on his back which might have been caused by the knee of an assailant endeavoring to garrotte him.

They were discussing this discovery and its possible significance when Smith entered, bearing a lady's visiting card, which he silently handed to his master.

Brett read the name inscribed thereon. He merely said, "Show the lady in." Then he turned to the Earl of Fairholme, electrifying the latter by the words: "Miss Edith Talbot is here."

An instant later Miss Talbot came into the room. The three men knew that she brought momentous, perchance direful intelligence. She was deathly pale. Her eyes were unnaturally brilliant, her mouth set in tense resolution.

"Mr. Brett," she said, after a single glance at her lover, "we have received a letter from my brother."

"A letter from Jack!" cried Fairholme.

"Well, I never did!" ejaculated Mr. Winter.

But Brett only said—

"Have you brought it with you, Miss Talbot?"

"Yes, it is here. My uncle, who was too ill to accompany me, thought you ought to see it at once," and she handed a torn envelope to him.

He glanced at the postmark.

"It was posted in Paris, last evening," he said, his cool utterance sending a thrill through his hearers. "Is the address written by him?" he added.

"Oh, yes. It is undoubtedly from Jack."

Here was a woman moulded on the same inscrutable lines as the man she faced. Seldom, indeed, would either of these betray the feelings which agitated them. Then he took out the folded letter. It contained but three lines, and was undated.

"My dear Uncle and Sister," it ran, "I am in a position of some difficulty, but am quite safe personally.—Ever yours,

"Jack."

Mr. Winter was the first to recover his equanimity. He could not control the note of triumph in his voice.

"What do you think of it now, Mr. Brett?"

The Barrister ignored him save for a glance which seemed to express philosophical doubt as to whether Mr. Winters' head contained brains or sawdust.

"You are quite positive that both letter and envelope are in your brother's handwriting?" he said.

"Absolutely positive."

"There can be no doubt about it," chimed in Fairholme, to whom, in response to a gesture, Brett had passed the damning document.

"Then this letter simplifies matters considerably," said Brett.

Miss Talbot looked at him unflinchingly as she uttered the next question:

"Do you mean that it serves to clear my brother from any suspicion?"

"Most certainly."

"I thank you for your words from the bottom of my heart. Somehow, I knew you would say that. Will you please come and help to explain matters to my uncle? Harry, you will come too, will you not?"

The sweet, gentle voice, with its sad minging of hope and despair, sounded so pathetic that the impetuous peer had some difficulty in restraining a wild impulse to clasp her to his heart then and there.

Even Mr. Winter was moved not to proclaim his disbelief.

"I will see you in the morning, sir," he muttered.

Brett nodded, and the detective went out, saying to himself as he reached the street.

"Nerve! Of course he has nerve. It's in the family. Just look at that girl! Still, it did require some grit to sign his name in the hotel register and then calmly sit down to write a letter telling his people not to worry about him. I've known a few rum cases in my time, but this one——"

The remainder of Mr. Winter's soliloquy was lost in the spasmodic excitement of boarding a passing omnibus, for this latest item of news must be conveyed to the Yard with all speed.

(To be continued.)

Great Marked Down Sale of Men's Suits and Pants For Friday and Saturday

Please Remember This is No Old Stock.

Hook-on-Bows For Turned Down Collars Regular 25c Value—Friday and Saturday Two For 25c.

Men's 1-2 Hose in Green and Black, Regular 25c Value For Friday and Saturday Two Pair For 25c.

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union St.

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

Baden-Powell will open the Toronto exhibition this year. He will inspect the 5,000 boy scouts of the city on the opening day.

It was announced yesterday that on August 15, depositors in the defunct St. Stephen's bank would receive checks for 33 1-3 per cent of their deposits.

Many recommendations were made for better fire protection in Moncton last night at a council meeting, and between $12,000 and $15,000 will be used in providing the necessary facilities, which will consist of a new fire house, permanent men and horses, and the installation of thirty hydrants.

The wireless telegraph system is credited with being the means of saving the lives of the passengers on board the steamer Princess May last night, at a distance of sixty miles from Victoria, B. C. The steamer struck on a point of an island, and when her predicament was seen, help was sent for by wireless, and boats quickly came to the rescue of the passengers. The steamer sank soon after they were taken ashore.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

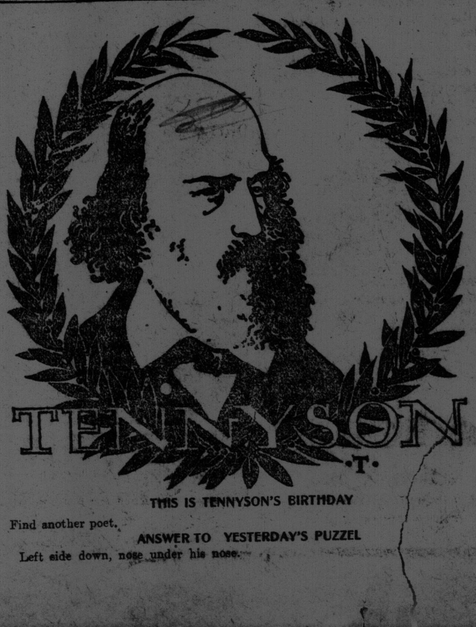
It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his office. FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, absolutely stops pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



THIS IS TENNYSON'S BIRTHDAY

Find another poet.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZEL

Left side down, nose under his nose.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gourraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

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