MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"

Newburgh, Ont., Feb. 12th., 1910.

"Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella, (fourteen years), was taken with terrible pains in the right side. The pain was severe that we had to carry her to bed. We at once got her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced it a case of Appendicitis and advised operation.

We took her to a hospital in Kingston where she was again examined by an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and must be operated on at once if we wanted to save her life. As we had taken her to Kingston to have this done, we were ready, but our daughter was afraid and cried and begged so pitifully, that we postponed it for that day. Luckily for us and for her an uncle came in with some 'Fruit-a-tives' and insisted on Ella taking them. Good results were apparent, and the continuous treatment cured her.

'Fruit-a-tives' saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife and today she is enjoying the best of health."

J. W. FOX, (Father).

LILLIAN FOX, (Mother.)

Words cannot express the gratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Fox. And Miss Ella will always remember "Fruit-a-tives"—the discovery of an eminent physician, and the only medicine in the world made of fruit. 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. At all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, AUG. 20.

	A.M.		P.M.
Sun Rises...	... 5.38	Sun Sets...	... 7.17
High Tide...	...11.31	Low Tide...	.. 5.36

The time used is Atlantic Standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Calvin Austin, 2858, Pike, Boston, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Yarmouth, N S, Aug 19—Ard schr Basile, from New York; stmrs Prince George, from Boston; Amelia, from St John.

Cld—Stmrs Amelia, for Halifax; Coban, for Sydney.

Montreal, Aug 19—Ard stmr Corsican, from Liverpool.

Sld—Stmr Megantic, for Liverpool.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Aug 19—Ard stmr Empress of Ireland, from Quebec.

Port Talbot, Aug 18—Ard stmr Inca, from St John for Cardiff.

Cardiff, Aug 18—Ard stmr Saltwell, from Parrsboro (N S.)

Manchester, Aug 18—Ard stmr Spilsby, from Chatham (N B), via Liverpool.

Troon, Aug 18—Sld stmr Michael Ontohoukoff, for Miramichi (N B.)

FOREIGN PORTS.

Gloucester, Mass, Aug 19—Sld stmr Whitefield, for St John.

Boston, Aug 19—Sld schr Onward, for Port Wade (N S.)

Perth Amboy, N J, Aug 19—Cld schr Marguerite, for Dartmouth (N S.)

Saunderstown, R I, Aug 19—Sld schrs St Maurice, from New York for St John; St Bernard, from Fall River for Port Greville (N S.)

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Aug 19—Ard and sailed stmr Vitalia (Nor), from Cheverie (N S), for New Haven (Conn.)

Sld—Schrs Eva Stewart, from Stamford (Conn.), for Parrsboro (N S); Mary Hendry, from New York for Bridgewater (N S; Hattie C, from Port Reading for Nova Scotia; Lotus, do for St John; Bluenose, from New York for Grand Manan (N B.)

Eastport, Maine, Aug 19—Sld schr John R Fell, from St George (N B), for Norwalk.

Calais, Maine, Aug 19—Ard schr Sarah A Reed, from Perth Amboy.

Sld—Schr Lila B Hirtle, for Lunenburg (N S.)

City Island, N Y, Aug 19—Bound south, schrs Ravola, Dorchester (N B.)

CHARTERS.

The following charters are reported:—Steamers Rauma, Barachois to Montevideo 9 shillings a standard; Ramon de Larringa, West Bay to West Coast of England, 32 shillings, 6 pence; Venus, loading at Herring Cove, completing at St. John, 33 shillings, 9 pence, West Coast of England; Helsingborg, Miramichi to Sharpness 39 shillings, 6 pence; Caronea, Miramichi to Cardiff, 36 shillings, 3 pence.

An Even Smoke

Here is a cigar that runs evenly—every box is of the same high quality. So carefully do we select the leaf, blend it and make it up, that one can always depend on

"Davis' Perfection"

If you are fond of smoking full flavored cigars and yet have difficulty in getting them mild enough for steady use, try this one.

It combines the inimitable Havana taste and aroma with the mild qualities generally found only in flavorless cigars.

Until you have tried "DAVIS' PERFECTION" 10c. Cigar, you cannot realize the progress made in leaf blending and cigar manufacture. A revelation to discriminating smokers.

S. DAVIS & SONS, LIMITED - MONTREAL

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

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

THE COLISEUM

By Henry W. Longfellow

I CROSSED the Forum to the foot of the Palatine, and, ascending the Via Sacra, passed beneath the arch of Titus. From this point I saw below me the gigantic outline of the Coliseum, like a cloud resting upon the earth. As I descended the hillside it grew more broad and high, more definite in its form, and yet more grand in its dimensions, till, from the vale in which it stands encompassed by three of the seven hills of Rome—the Palatine, the Coelian, and the Esquiline—the majestic ruin in all its grandeur "swelled vast to heaven."

A single sentinel was pacing to and fro beneath the arched gateway which leads to the interior, and his measured footsteps were the only sound that broke the breathless silence of the night. What a contrast with the scene which that same midnight hour presented, when, in Domitian's time, the eager populace began to gather at the gates, impatient for the morning sports! Nor was the contrast within less striking. Silence, and the quiet moonbeams, and the broad, deep shadows of the ruined wall! Where were the senators of Rome, her matrons, and her virgins? Where the ferocious populace that rent the air with shouts, when, in the hundred holidays that marked the dedication of this imperial slaughter-house, five thousand wild beasts from the Lybian deserts and the forests of Anatolia made the arena sick with blood? Where were the Christian martyrs that died with prayers upon their lips, amid the jeers and imprecations of their fellow men? Where the Barbarian gladiators, brought fourth to the festival of blood, and "butchered to make a Roman holiday?" The awful silence answered. "They are mine!" The dust beneath me answered, 'They are mine!"

THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

BY LOUIS TRACY

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Never mind," he went on, "it cannot be helped. I must keep to the thread of my story. Mademoiselle Beaucaire left the Cabaret shortly after eleven o'clock. We cannot be certain that she went to the Gare de Lyon, but the cab unquestionably set off in that direction. It is a long drive from Montmartre to the Lyons station. We will give her, say, until twelve o'clock to reach there. Now, unless she was journeying to some suburban district—a contingency which upsets the whole of my theory—there was no main line train leaving for the south until 1.5 a. m., and that is a slow train, stopping at nearly every station south of Melun. Let us suppose that they guard against every contingency. She and her companion wish to escape the scrutiny of detectives. It will at once occur to you that they run far more risk of observation if travelling by a fast express than if they elect to journey by the commonplace trains which only serve the needs of country districts."

"It did not occur to me," said Fairholme candidly. "Still, there is a lot in the idea all the same."

"Very well. To sum up, I imagine that the pair, providing the two travelled together, would break their journey to the south at some quiet town in the interior early in the morning, and subsequently proceed to their destination by easy stages."

"I am still fogged as to what you mean by their destination?" sair Fairholme.

"I mean the circus, the music-hall, the cafe chantant, or whatever place mademoiselle and her astute adviser may select as a safe haven wherein to avoid police espionage during the many months which must ensue before they dare to make the slightest effort to dispose of the purloined diamonds."

"And how do you propose to follow them up?"

"I cannot tell at present. My movements depend upon the results of the inquiries I shall make today in theatrical circles, and particularly at the Gare de Lyon, where I shall not meet with success in any event until the night staff comes on duty.

"The third item," continued Brett, "which demands attention in Paris is the whereabouts of the Turks. They must be found and observed. My chief difficulty will be to keep that delightful commissiary from imprisoning them, if, as I imagine, we find the little thief a captive in the Rue Barbette. So you see my actions are speculative. Yours, on the other hand, will be definite."

"Ah!" said Fairholme, "I am glad to hear that. If you expect me to analyse and deduce and find out the probable movements of intelligent rascals, I am sure I shal make a mess of things."

"You will reach London," said Brett, "at 7.30 p. m. I suppose you have in your service a reliable servant, endowed with a fair amount of physical strength?"

"Rather," cried the earl. "My butler is a splendid chap. He has been fined half a dozen times for his exceeding wilingness to settle disputes with his fists."

"Telegraph to him to meet you at Charing Cross Station. I can depend upon my man Smith to use his nerve and discretion. Moreover, he knows Inspector Winter, of Scotland Yard, and should trouble arise, which I do not anticipate, this acquaintance may be useful to you. The third person who will meet you will be the ex-sergeant of police, whose report to me you heard yesterday. He will point out to you the flat tenanted by the invalid lady. You speak French well, and after a few questions you should be able to satisfy yourself whether or not the person who opens the door to you when you visit that flat is acting a genuine part. You can pretend what you like, but if admission is denied to you I want you to force your way inside and see that invalid lady at all costs. In the event of a gross mistake having been committed you must apologize most abjectly and assuage the wounded feelings of the servants with a liberal donation, whilst the ex-sergeant of police will advise you as to any other place which may demand personal inspection. I do not conceal from you the difficulties of your task, or the chance that you may get into trouble with the police. But the fact remains that Talbot, alive or dead, is concealed somewhere in the neighborhood of the Carlton Hotel, and it is high time that this portion of the mystery attending his disappearance should be made clear. Do you follow me?"

"Precisely," said Fairholme. "My programme appears to be very simple. I am to kick down any door that is pointed out by the ex-sergeant, provided I am refused admission by fair means."

Brett laughed. "I think," he cried, "you have put my instructions in very direct and succinct form. All I hope is that the invalid lady may prove to be an elderly fraud. It only remains for me to give you my blessing and say good-bye."

"But what about you?" said the earl anxiously. "Suppose we come across Talbot tonight, as you anticipate, where shall I find you tomorrow?"

"You must telegraph to me here," was the answer, "and you must possess your soul in patience until you hear from me."

"No, don't protest," he went on, as Fairholme gave indications of impatience. "You need not fear that you will be left out of the denouement, whatever it may be. I am sure to need your help before long, and I will cable you at the first possible moment. For that reason, should you leave your house for more than an hour or so, I hope you will make special arrangements for telegrams to reach you without delay."

"You may rely on that," was the hearty answer. "But look here, Brett. It is 10.45 a. m. now. If I have to catch that 11.50 train from the Gare du Nord I have no time to lose. By the way," he added, turning at the door, "is there any reason why I should not wire to Edith to expect me tonight?"

"Not the slightest," said Brett, smiling, "except perhaps this, that instead of calling on Miss Talbot this evening you may be locked up on the charge of housebreaking."

"Um," said the earl, thoughtfully, "I had not thought of that. It will be more fun to take her by surprise. So here goes to get my traps packed."

After Lord Fairholme's departure, Brett took matters easily. He did not put in an appearance at the Prefecture until late in the afternoon, and, as he surmised, the commissary whom he encountered the previous night had even then only just arrived at his office. Without any difficulty, the barrister was introduced to the official, who evidently awaited an explanation of the visit with great curiosity.

Brett's il-humor at the uncalled for interference of the police was now quite dispelled, and he greeted the commissary with the genial affability which so quickly won him the friendship of casual acquaintances.

"I think," he begin, "that your agents, monsieur, were watching me throughout the whole of yesterday."

"That is so," nodded the other, wondering what pitfall lay behind this leading question.

"Do I take it that after my departure from No. 11 Rue Barbette about midnight they maintained no further guard over that house?"

"Assuredly. It was monsieur's personal movements which called for observation."

"Then you do not know that an individual whose identity may be much more important than mine is an inmate of the apartment at this moment—probably a captive against his will, possibly a corpse!"

The Frenchman's huge moustache bristled with alarm and annoyance.

"It is a strange thing, monsieur," he cried, "that an English gentleman should come to Paris and know more about the movements and haunts of criminals than the French police."

It was not part of Brett's design to rub the official the wrong way, so he said gently

"Your remark is quite justifiable, and under ordinary circumstances any such pretence on my part would be ridiculous. But you must remember, monsieur, that I came here from London possessed of special information which was not known even to the police authorities of that city. I am working solely in the private interest of persons high in English society, and it would not serve the purposes of any of the Governments concerned were too much stress publicly laid on their connection with this mystery. If I can succeed in elucidating the problem it will be a comparatively easy mater for the police to bring the real criminals to justice. As a step towards that direction I have come to you now to place you in possession of a clue which may reveal itself in the Rue Barbette. All I ask is, in the first instance, that the affair may be conducted with the utmost secrecy, and, secondly, that you examine the person whom I expect to find there. I may be able to help you very materially in your questions, provided the man is alive and well."

The commissary was soothed. The barrister's judical reference to the importance and confidential nature of the inquiry raised in his mind a dazzling vision of personal distinction and preferment.

"The matter shall be conducted with the utmost discretion," he cried. "What force does monsieur consider to be requisite in order to examine this house thoroughly, and prevent the attempted escape of others whom we may find there in addition to the man described?"

Brett with difficulty repressed a smile. "I do not think that a large force of people will be necessary. If you yourself, monsieur, and another officer will accompany me in a cab, I am sure we will be able to deal with all possible opposition. There is no exit from the flat save through the main door, and the apartment is situated on the second story. Escape by way of the windows is practically impossible if we act with promptitude."

The commissary could not reach the Rue Barbette too rapidly. He bundled a subordinate into a fiacre, and the three were driven off at breakneck speed.

They stopped the vehicle at the corner of the street and walked quietly to the house, attracting no attention, as neither of the Frenchmen were in uniform.

Inquiry from the concierge elicited the information that none of the occupants of the flat tenanted by the Turkish gentlemen had put in an appearance since the previous afternoon. So the trio mounted the staircase, and without any preliminary summons the junior official applied his shoulder to the door.

The lock yielded quite readily, indeed, the damage done by Lord Fairholme was but temporarily repaired, and no special precaution had been taken to fasten the place. All was quiet within. The first room they searched was empty. So was the second; but in a bedroom the door of which was locked and required forcible treatment, an extraordinary sight met their eyes.

Stretched on the bed, gagged and securely bound, was the figure of the dim nutive Frenchman who, little more than twenty-four hours earlier had so cooly suggested that Brett should be murdered.

Stout leather thongs were fastened to his wrists and ankles and then tied to the four uprights of the bed. His arms and legs were consequently stretched widely apart, and the only sign of vitality about the man was the terrible expression of fear and hate in his eyes as he looked at them.

The gag stuffed in his mouth prevented him from uttering the slightest coherent sound, whilst the agony of his frame owing to the position in which he lay, joined to the exhaustion induced by terror and want of food, rendered him a pitiable object.

They removed the gag and cut the bonds. The poor wretch remained on his back unable to move, though he flinched somewhat when the police, as gently as possible, loosened the leather straps from his wrists and ankles, for his useless struggles had caused the thongs to cut deeply into his skin.

Brett was the first to realize the unfortunate wretch's chief requirement. He procured some water, raised the man's head, and allowed him to take a deep and invigorating draught.

"Why, it is 'The Worm!'" said the junior policeman. "I know him well. He is a pickpocket, an expert rascal in his line, but hardly up to the standard of great events."

At the sound of his nickname a flicker of intelligence came into the little thief's eyes, but he was still dazed, and did not recognize his rescuers.

"I don't care what you do with me," he murmured, at last, in a weak and cracked voice. "Kill me quietly if you want to, but don't tie me up again. I have done nothing to deserve it.. I really haven't. I have been acting quite square in this business." And then he broke down and whimpered further protestations of innocence.

"He is weak from want of food, and dazed with terror," said Brett quietly. "I suggest that one of you should get him some meat and wine, whilst the others remain here and endeavor to reassure him. In half an hour he will be greatly recovered. Meanwhile we might examine the place."

The commissary thought Brett's suggestion a good one. His assistant summoned the concierge and attended to the wants of "The Worm." whilst Brett and the commissary conducted a careful scrutiny of the premises.

They found litle, however, beyond a considerable accumulation of dirt; for the ways of Turks are primitive and their habits unpleasant in European households. It was evident that before taking their departure the occupants of the flat had carefully removed or destroyed all documents or other articles which might throw light on their proceedings.

The leather thongs which bound the prisoner evoked some comment from the barrister.

"These are somewhat unusual articles," he said to the commissary. "You will notice that they are cut from raw cowhide and well stretched. In other words, they are the familiar 'bowstrings' of Constantinople, and warranted not to yield if twisted round the neck. I think they will answer for other purposes than tying people to beds."

"We must find these Turks," said the commissary. They are desperate characters."

(To be continued.)

Gold and silver laces are cleaned with grated bread crumbs and powdered bluing or sprinkle this when well mixed over the lace for a few hours and then brush off the mixture with a bit of flannel and rub the metal gently with a piece of red velvet; it must be red and velvet, too.

Linen that has yellowed with age is whitened by boiling it in milk anl soap, one pound of soap to a gallon of milk.

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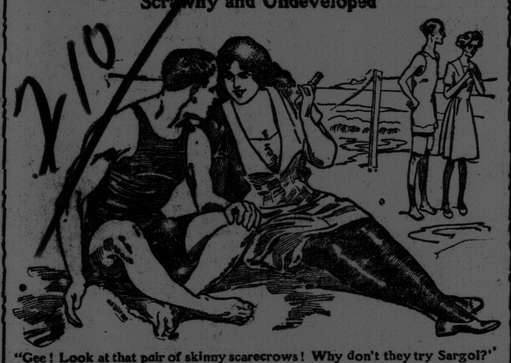

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To call up a friend and make a borrow—
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