MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

A LETTER TO OUR READERS.

53 COTTAGE ST. Melrose, Mass.

Dear Sir:

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water today and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers I am."

Very truly yours,
I. C. RICHARDSON.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles at the drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Complete Draft of Station Sheet Presented Yesterday.

MARYSVILLE, June 22—At the close of yesterday morning's session of the Methodist conference the first complete draft of the station list was laid on the table. It is, of course, subject to change later.

I. St. John District.

St. John—Queen square, G. M. Campbell; Centenary, H. Sprague; Exmouth street, S. Howard; Portland, N. McLaughlin; Carleton H. D. Marr; Carmarthen street, T. Marshall; Courtenay Bay, J. Heaney; Fairville, T. Deinstadt; Zion, J. B. Young.
Sussex—J. Rogers.
Newtown—One wanted.
Apohaqui—W. H. Spargo.
Springfield—H. Penna.
Hampton—G. A. Ross.
St. Martins—One wanted.
Jerusalem—H. Pickle.
Welsford—J. Pinkerton.
Kingston—H. S. Young.

II. Fredericton District.

Fredericton—J. McConnell.
Marysville—W. B. Thomas.
Gibson—J. C. Berrie.
Nashwaak—E. Ramsay.
Stanley—J. A. Ives.
Boiestown—J. K. King.
Keswick—F. Prizzle.
Sheffield—Wm. R. Pepper.
Grand Lake—A. C. Bell.
Gagetown—W. J. Kirby.
Chipman—One wanted.

III. Woodstock District.

Woodstock—R. G. Fulton.
Canterbury—J. F. Rowley.
Jacksonville—E. C. Turner.
Hartland—H. H. Marr.
Richmond—H. Harrison.
Centreville—G. Ayers.
Florenceville—T. Pierce.
Lindsay—Supply.
Andover—C. W. Squires.

IV. Chatham District.

Chatham—G. A. Seller.
Newcastle—H. C. Rice.
Tabusintac—Supply.
Derby—J. S. Gregg.
Richibucto—A. Lucas.
Buctouche—A. D. McCully.
Harcourt—J. B. Champion.
Bathurst—R. Ople.
Campbellton—W. A. Thomson.

V. Sackville District.

Sackville—J. L. Dawson.
Tantramar—One wanted.
Point de Bute—C. Flemington.
Baie Verte—B. O. Hartman.
Bayfield—W. Lawson.
Moncton (Central)—J. Strothard.
Moncton (Wes. Mem.)—H. E. Thomas.
Sunny Brae—Supply.
Shediac—W. Penna.
Dorchester—C. H. Manaton.
Albert—T. Hicks.
Alma—Supply.
Hillsboro—James Crisp.
Petitcodiac—E. Bell.
Salisbury—I. Howie.
Elgin—M. R. Knight.

VI. St. Stephen District.

St. Stephen—G. M. Young.
Milltown—R. S. Crisp.
St. Andrews—T. Parkins.
St. David—J. F. Estey.
St. James—Wm. Wass.
Upper Mills—W. Rogers Pepper.
Bocabec—Supply.
Deer Island and Grand Manan—C. F. Stebbings.

VII. Charlottetown District.

Charlottetown—First Church, W. Dobson; Grace Church, W. W. Lodge.
Cornwall—Wm. Harrison.
Little York—G. F. Dawson.
Winsloe—J. M. Rice.
Pownal—D. R. Chowen.
Vernon River—C. K. Hudson.
Montague—L. J. Wason.
Murray Harbor—A. E. Chapman.
Souris—W. E. Johnston.
Mount Stewart—L. J. Leard.

VIII. Summerside District.

Summerside—H. Johnston.
Bedeque—G. Steel.
Tryon—T. Stebbings.
Margate—J. B. Gough.
Granville—Supply.
Bideford—Supply.
Alberton—F. A. Wightman.
Cape Wolfe—A. D. McLeod.
O'Leary—Hugh Millar.

At the afternoon session Rev. R. E. Welsh, the general secretary of the Canadian Bible Society, delivered an excellent address on the work of the society.

Dr. Sprague moved the following resolution, which was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That this conference give a cordial welcome to Rev. R. E. Welsh, M. A., general secretary of the Canadian Bible Society, auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose address on Bible work in Canada, especially among the new settlers in the great west, has been heard with great interest and pleasure.

That the conference takes this occasion to express its belief that the formation of the Canadian Bible Society on the suggestion of the parent society is but one of the latest expressions of the wisdom which has always marked the policy and administration of the B. & F. Bible Society from the beginning and is an event of great importance to the history of Christian work in the dominion to be hailed with gratitude by all parts of the church and by all persons who are interested in Canadian evangelization.

The missionary committee reported the receipts from various districts.

		Increase.
St. John	$22.79	$119
Fredericton	9.57	61
Woodstock	6.47	120
Chatham	5.95	169
Sackville	12.90	270
St. Stephen	6.11	141
Charlottetown	14.43	11
Summerside	10.20	254
Total	$88.47	$1,087

HELD FOR CONSPIRACY

Hamilton, Ont., June 21—(Special)—The preliminary investiation into the Grocers' Guild conspiracy case was concluded at the police court today, when the defendants were committed for trial. All were admitted to bail.

Ald. Vanwart and party returned yesterday after a fishing trip to Theobald lake. They caught about 100 nice trout. The result of about one day's fishing.

THE

HELMET OF NAVARRE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

"I have you now, Mar!" he cried.

M. Etienne grabbed up the heavy box in both hands to brain him. Lucas retreated. He might run through M. Etienne, but only at the risk of having his head split. After all, it suited his book as well to take us alive. Shouting for the guards, he retreated toward the door.

But I was there before him. As he ran at M. Etienne, I had dashed by, slammed the door shut, and bolted it. If we were caught we would make a fight for it. I snatched up a stool for weapon.

He halted. Then he darted over to the chimney, and pulled violently the bell rope hanging near. We heard through the closed door two loud peals somewhere in the corridor.

We both ran for him. Even as he pulled the rope, M. Etienne struck the box over his sword, snapping it. I dropped my stool as he his box, and we pinned Lucas in our arms.

"The oratory!" I gasped. With a strength born of our desperation, we dragged him kicking and cursing across the room, heaved him with all our force into the oratory, and bolted the door on him.

"Your wig!" cried M. Etienne, running to recover his box. While I picked it up and endeavored with clumsy fingers to put it on properly, he set on his legs the stool I had flung down, threw the pieces of Lucas's sword into the fireplace, seized his box, dashed to me and set my wig straight

He knew me perfectly in my silly toggery.

dashed to the outer door and opened it just as Pierre came up the corridor.

"Well, what do you want? the lackey demanded. "You ring as if it was a question of life and death."

"I want to be shown out, if the messer will be so kind. His Highness the duke, when he went to supper, left me here to put up my wares, but I know not my way to the door."

It was after sunset, and the room, back from the windows, was dusky. The lackey seemed not to mark our flushed and rumpled looks, and to be quite satisfied with M. Etienne's explanation, when of a sudden Lucas, who had been stunned for the moment by the violent meeting of his head and the tiles, began to pound and kick on the oratory door.

He was shouting as well. But the door closed with absolute tightness; it had not even a keyhole. His cries came to us muffled and inarticulate.

"Corpo di Bacco!" M. Etienne exclaimed, with a face of childlike surprise. "Someone is in a fine hurry to enter! Do you not let him in, Sir Master of the Household?"

"I wonder who he's got there now." Pierre muttered to himself in French, staring in puzzled wise at the door. Then he answered M. Etienne with a laugh:

"No, my innocent; I do not let him in It might cost me my neck to open that door. Come along now. I must see you out and get back to my trenchers."

We met not a soul on the stairs, every one, served or servants, being in the supper room. We passed the sentry without question, and round the corner without hindrance. M. Etienne stopped to heave a sigh of thanksgiving.

"I thought we were done for that time!" he panted. "Mordieu! another scored off Lucas! Come, let us make good time home! 'T were wise to be inside our gates when he gets out of that closet."

We made good time, ever listening for the hare after us. But we heard it not. We came unmolested up the street at the back of the Hotel St. Quentin, on our way to the postern. Monsieur took the key out of his doublet, saying as we walked around the corner tower:

"Well, it appears we are safe at home."

"Yes, M. Etienne."

Even as I uttered the words, three men from the shadow of the wall sprang out and seized us.

"This is he!" one cried. "M. le Comte de Mar, I have the pleasure of taking you to the Bastille."

lane between the garden walls. He was clutching my right wrist, but my left hand was free, and I fumbled at my gag. In the middle of the deserted lane he halted.

"Now, my beauty, if you'll be good I'll take that stopper off. But if you make, a scream, by Heaven, it'll be your last!"

I shook my head and squeezed his hand imploringly, while he, holding me tight in one sinewy arm, plucked left-handedly at the knot. I waited, meek as Griselda, till the gag was off, and then I let him have it. Volleying curses, I hammered him square in the eye.

It was a mad course, for he was armed, I not. But instead of stabbing, he dropped me like a hot coal, gasping in the blankest consternation:

"Thousand devils! It's a boy!"

A second later, when he recollected himself, I was tearing down the lane.

I am a good runner, and then, any one can run well when he runs for his life. Despite the wretched kirtle tying up my legs, I gained on him, and when I had reached the corner of our house, he dropped the pursuit, and made off in the darkness. I ran full tilt round to the great gate, bellowing for the sentry to open. He came at once with a dripping torch, to burst into roars of laughter at the sight of me. My wig was somewhere in the lane behind me; he knew me perfectly in my silly toggery. He leaned against the wall, helpless with laughing, shouting feebly to his comrades to come share the jest. I, you may well imagine, saw nothing funny about it, but kicked and shook the grilles in my rage and impatience. He did open to me at length, and in I dashed, clamoring for Vigo. He had appeared in the court by this, as also half a dozen of the guard, who surrounded me with shouts of astonished mockery; but I, little heeding, cried to the equery:

"Vigo, M. le Comte is arrested! He's in the Bastille!"

Vigo grasped my arm, and lifted rather than led me in at the guard-room door, slamming it in the soldiers' faces.

"Now, Felix."

"M. Etienne!" I gasped—"M Etienne is arrested! They were lying in wait for him at the back of the house, by the tower. They've taken him off in a coach to the Bastille."

"Who have?"

"The governor's guard. You'll saddle and pursue? You'll rescue him?"

"How long ago?"

"About ten minutes. The coach was standing in the Rue de l'Eveque. They left a man guarding me, but I broke away."

"It can't be done," Vigo said. "They'll be out of the quarter by now. If I could catch them at all, it would be close by the Bastille. No good in that; no use fighting four regiments. What the devil are they arresting him for, Felix? I understand Mayenne wants his blood, but what has the city guard to do with it?"

"It's Lucas's game," I said. Then I remembered that we had not confided to him the tale of the first arrest. I went on to tell of the adventure of the Trois Lanternes, and, reflecting that he might better know just how the land lay with us, I made a clean breast of everything—the fight before Ferou's house, the rescue, the rencounter in the tunnel, today's excursion, and all that befell in the council-room. I wound up with a second full account of our capture under the very walls of the house, our garroting before we could cry on the guards to save us. Vigo said nothing for some time; at length he delivered himself:

(To be continued.)

XXVII.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Instantly two more men came running from the postern arch. The five were upon us like an avalanche. One pinned my arms while another gagged me. Two held M. Etienne, a third stopped his mouth.

"Prettily done," quoth the leader. "Not a squeal! Morbleu! I wasn't anxious to have old Vigo out disputing my rights."

M. Etienne's wrists were neatly trussed by this time. At a word from the leader, our captors turned us about and marched us up the lane by Mirabeau's garden, where Bernet's blood lay rusty on the stones. We offered no resistance whatever; we should only have been prodded with a sword-point for our pains. I made out, despite the thickening twilight, the familiar uniform of the burgher guard; M. de Belin, having bagged the wrong bird once, had now caught the right one.

The captain bade one of the fellows go call the others off; I could guess that the job had been done thoroughly, every approach to the house guarded. I gnashed my teeth over the gag, that I had not suspected the danger. The truth was, both of us had our heads so full of mademoiselle, of Mayenne, and of Lucas, that we had forgotten the governor and his preposterous warrant.

They led us into the Rue de l'Eveque, where was waiting the same black coach that had stood before the Oie d'Or, the same Louis on the box. Its lamps were lighted; by their glimmer our captors for the first time saw us fairly.

"Why, captain," cried the man at M. Etienne's elbow, "this is no Comte de Mar! The Comte de Mar is fair-haired; I've seen him scores of times."

"The Comte de Mar answers to the name of Etienne, and so does this fellow," the captain answered. He took the candle from one of the lamps and held it in M. Etienne's face. Then he put out a sudden hand, and pulled the wig off.

"Good for you, captain!" cried the men. We were indeed unfortunate to encounter an officer with brains.

"We'll take your gag off too, M. le Comte, in the coach," the captain told him.

"Will you bring the lass along, captain?"

"Not exactly," the leader laughed. "A fine prison it would be, could a felon have his bonnibel at his side. No, I'll leave the maid; but she needn't give the alarm yet. Do you stay awhile with her, L'Estrange; you'll not mind the job. Keep her a quarter of an hour and then let her go her ways."

They bundled my lord into the coach, box and all, the captain and two men with him. The fourth clambered up beside Louis as he cracked his whip and rattled smartly down the street.

My guardian stole a loving arm around my waist and marched me down the quiet

(To be continued.)

Reverent reasoning may be the best kind of a revelation.

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS

AND CAN BE CURED BY

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

It is not the back that is aching, but the kidneys which are situated beneath the small of the back.

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and liniments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is what they are for and that only. So, if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities.

Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 26 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kindeys, and making them strong again."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

WE NEVER PUT A DRESSING ON THE MARKET UNTIL WE HAVE TESTED IT AND FOUND IT TO BE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.

THIS MAKES IT SAFE FOR YOU TO BUY

PACKARD'S SPECIAL Leather Dressings

MANUFACTURED BY L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

25 CENTS AT SHOE STORES.

NEW BRUNSWICK TEACHERS GATHERING

The Educational Institute of New Brunswick will hold its 21st meeting in the Grammar School building, Chatham, on June 27, 28 and 29. With the delights of a visit to the beautiful North Shore in view it is expected the attendance will be large. The programme arranged is:

Wednesday, June 27.

9 a. m.—Meeting of the executive.
10.30 a. m.—Enrollment of members; report of executive; election of secretaries and nominating committee.
2.30 to 3—Address by the chief superintendent.
3 to 4—Address on Singing in the Public Schools, by E. W. Pearson, director of music in the public schools of Philadelphia; discussion opened by Inspector Bridges and Miss Mary McCarthy.
4 to 5—High School section: Transfer of Latin and Algebra to Grade IX, by Dr. Cox. Common school section: Practical Methods in Teaching Geography, by Miss Ada E. Smith, of New London (Conn.)
8—Public meeting. Lieut.-Governor Snowball in the chair; address of welcome by the mayor of Chatham; addresses by Premier Tweedie, Rev. L. Guerin, D. D., of St. Joseph's University, and Rev. B. C. Borden, D. D., of Mt. Allison University.

Thursday, June 28.

9 to 9.10—Music.
9.10 to 10—Address by Prof. Lochhead, of Macdonald College.
10 to 10.50—Decoration of School Rooms and Grounds, by D. W. Hamilton, M. A.
10.50 to 11—Intermission.
11 to 12—High school section: Admission to College on High School Certificate, by Geo. J. Trueman, M. A. Common school section: Address by Miss Ada E. Smith on Method.
2 p. m.—Excursion.

Friday, June 29.

9 to 9.10—Music.
9.10 to 10.05—Some Phases of Modern Education, by Dr. H. S. Bridges; discussion opened by John Brittain, D. Sc.
10.05 to 11—Military Training in the Public Schools, by Col. S. U. McCully; discussion opened by H. H. Stuart.
11 to 11.10—Intermission.
11.10 to 12—The Metric System, by H. H. Hagerman, M. A.
2 p. m.—Teachers' Salaries, by R. E. Estabrooks; discussion.
3.15—Election of executive and of a representative to the senate of the U. N. B.; general discussion; unfinished business.

SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, June 21. — Miss Annie McBeath, daughter of the late David McBeath, died at her home at Little River, aged 31 years. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon. The Rev. G. W. White of Upper Sheffield will conduct the services.

The many friends of Miss Maude Upton will be glad to hear she is able to be about again.

Mrs. W. J. W. Bridges of Lower Sheffield, had the misfortune to fall out of a wagon on Wednesday morning and break her wrist. Dr. George Camp is in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lunergan are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little baby girl in their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fulton went to St. John Wednesday by steamer Victoria to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gilchrist and family of Norton have returned home after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Sheffield.

McLaughlen Bros., of White's Cove, Queens Co., passed through Sheffield this week with a crew of men en route for Miramichi, Northumberland county.

REXTON

REXTON, N. B., June 20.—A pretty wedding took place this morning at nine o'clock, in the English church, when Miss Margaret Dickinson and Alexander Jardine were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Martins. The bride was becomingly attired in a travelling suit of plum colored broadcloth, and was attended by Miss Nellie Lanigan, while Lorenzo Dickinson supported the groom. The happy couple left on the 10 o'clock train for a trip to P. E. Island. On their return they will reside at Jardineville.

Miss Lynnie Wright returned home from Fredericton. Fred McLean returned home yesterday from the Provincial Normal School.

The schools here are holding their written examinations this week.

The St. Louis Convent will close on Friday, the 22nd. An entertainment will take place at the closing.

The weather today is very warm. The hay crop is looking well, in spite of the cold, backward spring.

AN IMMENSE CROP

"Never before in the history of this great and wonderful west," says the Winnipeg Commercial, "have the prospects for a record crop been so bright as at the present moment. Seed was put in under the most favorable conditions; then followed two weeks of cool and wet days, the best possible weather for rooting the grain, and now we are having the needful hot days and cool nights. These conditions apply to every section west to the mountains and to the farthest north.

"The one unfavorable report is from southern Alberta, where in a few districts the winter wheat was a failure owing to the very dry winter. The killed lands have been re-sowed with coarse grain, which is rarely, if ever, a failure.

"The Commercial predicted a crop of 85,000,000 for 1905. We were high by a few thousand bushels. We now estimate the wheat crop of 1906 at about 97,000,000 bushels. At an average price of 65c. per bushel, a population of about 800,000 will have $63,000,000 to spend. This is the return from wheat alone.

"And we have but turned the first sod!"

JERE McAULIFFE NEXT WEEK

Jere McAuliffe, in a list of well-known melodramas, is the attraction booked to appear at the Opera House next week. Jere, as an entertainer, is a host in himself, his manager in order to make certain that the performance will not lag for a single instant, has surrounded him with a company, every member of which is particularly strong in the respective roles. When one goes to a theatre, it is usually for the purpose of being amused, and Jere in the comedy leads, will certainly more than amuse and bring a constant roar of laughter.

On Monday night, Thomas E. Shea's great naval play, "The Man-o'-Warsman" will be presented, to be followed by: "Up York State," "Shamus O'Brien," "Confessions of a Wife," "Wedded, but no Wife," "Pitfalls of New York" and "The King of Tramps." Up-to-date, high class vaudeville will be introduced during each act, including Anderson and Goines.

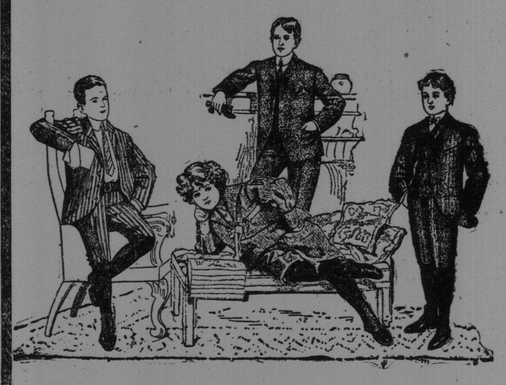
KILLED IN DRUNKEN ROW

Port Arthur, Ont., June 21.—(Special)—A drunken row occurred between William Slater and Lester Young in their room in the steamer Monarch while en route here from Soo, where both had taken passage. Slater struck Lester on the forehead, inflicting a severe, gash and the injured man died shortly afterwards. Slater has been arrested.

Mrs. George Davidson, of Anagance, was in the city last evening on her way home after a two months' visit to relatives and friends in Boston, Worcester, and New York.

A SALE OF

Boys' . . . Vacation Clothing.



Boys' Suits and Extra Pants

MADE EXTRA

Strong from Extra Strong Fabrics.

Built to keep their shape and to stand the **Vacation Racket.**

Tomorrow, Saturday, and Monday, we will have on sale about

500 BOYS' SUITS,

AND

500 Pairs Extra Pants

for boys, ages 6 to 16 years. These suits are in both **Two-piece**---Plain and Norfolk; and **Three-piece Styles**---Single and Double Breasted, and come in a great variety of colors and durable fabrics.

The Pants are Extra Strong, some with **Double Seats** and **Double Knees.**

Two-Piece Suits, for ages 6 to 12 years; good values at $3.50 to $5.00. Sale price for Saturday only, - - **$2.99**

Three-Piece Suits, for ages 10 to 16 years; good values at $5.00 to $10.00. Sale price for Saturday only, - - **4.75**

Boys' Extra Pants, for ages 6 to 16 years; good values at 75c. to $1.50. Sale price for Saturday only, - - **.69**

Think of It! A GOOD STRONG SUIT for a boy 14 to 16 years of age, worth $8.00 to $10.00, for only - - **4.75**

Or a pair of $1.50 PANTS for only 69c.

Don't let your boy start on his vacation to wear out his best Sunday Suit, but get him one of these strong vacation suits, and you'll be money in this summer.

Remember, Sale is for Tomorrow, Saturday, and Monday Only.

Store open every evening until 8 o'clock, except Saturday. Open tomorrow, Saturday night, until 11 o'clock.

HENDERSON & HUNT.

40 and 42 King Street.

Branch Store: 553 and 555 Main Street, Nor