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CHAS. McKEEN,  
DRUGGIST,

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CANADIAN  
PACIFIC

In effect June 10th 1901.

DEPARTURES—Eastern Standard Time.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).  
6.00 A. MIXED—Week days—for McAdam Jct.  
M. St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Fredericton,  
Saint John, Bangor, Portland and Boston.  
7.05 A. MIXED—Week days—for Arcootook  
M. Junction, Presque Isle, etc.  
11.28 A. EXPRESS—Week days—for Presque  
M. Isle, Edmundston, and all points  
North.  
3.05 P. MIXED—Week days—for Bath and  
M. intermediate points.  
3.40 P. MIXED—Week days—for Frederic-  
M. ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
4.40 P. EXPRESS—Week days—for Saint  
M. John, (Saint Andrews, after July  
1st); Fredericton, St. John, Vancorbo, Quebec  
(via Megantic), Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all  
points West, Northwest, and on Pacific Coast;  
Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleeper Mc-  
Adam Jct. to Montreal. Palace Sleeper McAdam  
Jct. to Lewis (opposite Quebec). Pullman Sleeper  
McAdam Jct. to Boston.  
9.10 P. MIXED—Week days—for Debec Junc-  
M. tion and Houlton.  
ARRIVALS.  
10.00 A. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Mc-  
Adam Junction.  
11.28 A. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Saint  
John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Boston, Montreal,  
etc.  
12.20 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Frederic-  
ton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
2.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Presque  
Isle.  
4.40 P. M.—EXPRESS—Week days, from Presque  
Isle, Caribou, Edmundston, etc.  
5.50 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Houlton.  
9.10 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from Bath, etc.  
11.05 P. M.—MIXED—Week days, from St. John,  
St. Stephen, Portland, Boston, etc.  
A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., St. John.

## A LOST FORTUNE.

(Continued from seventh page)

Just then the door opens and in sails Miss Nelly. Lord! the blaze of twinkling light. Oh! the diamonds, the rubies, the sapphires. I shut my eyes, turned away, and gasped. And these were all to be ours, mine and Bob's!

However, I learned something at the dinner. Lord Sandpipe had agreed to purchase, and called £20,000 dirt cheap. This was £10,000 each for Bob and me.

Then after dinner Bloxam was asked to assemble the servants in the hall. I wondered what was up, but I was soon to know.

And then Bob made a speech. It completely knocked me into silence. The servants all listened and cheered, until Bob came near the end, then they got a staggerer.

"And so, Miss Curzon and myself are to be quietly married next Saturday, and when we leave Sandilands Hall it will be to return to it no more, as we sail to our new home across the sea in far-off California. But in order that the circumstances will not fall so hardly upon you I have arranged that those of you who have been in the service of the family for ten years shall receive a cheque for five years' wages; in fact, you will all be paid for half the term you have served."

There was a lot more, but this was the stuffing of the goose, and when he finished they gave cheers for both of them.

Things were going splendidly for us, but I was worried. I did not see any necessity for the wedding, and I determined to risk it and speak to Bob.

It was not until Tattersall's men came that I thought I had an opportunity. Bob and Miss Nelly had gone to the stables to say good-bye to the horses, and I followed them out. I found Bob standing by himself lighting a cigar.

He looked up as I approached him.

"Well, my man, what is it?"

"I say, don't run it too hard, guv'nor."

Just then Nelly comes out and hears my words.

"What is the matter, Rupert?"

"I don't know. This man says something about being too hard."

"Oh, I know, of course," says she; "you see, dear, he has only been here a few days, and, of course, the cheques you promised the servants will not include him."

"What hard luck; anyway, we must alter it. You look a likely young fellow—how would you care to come to California?"

"I would follow Miss Nelly anywhere," I answers.

"Good judge," he laughed. "Well, you shall have a cheque for £100 and our address in California. If you find your way out there, well and good; if not, that is your own look-out."

I thanked him, of course, and determined to let things take their own way. Bob knew what he was about, and I must not spoil his game.

When Saturday came, Mr. Woodrow arrived at Sandilands, and at ten o'clock we all drove to the church and Rupert Errol was quietly married to Miss Nelly.

Then when the time came we all went up to say "Good-bye" to the happy pair, and as we passed by with a hand shake the bride handed each of us a cheque.

When my turn came I went up and received a cheque for £100; and as Bob shook hands with me he says, "We shall be seeing you again shortly," and I thought he gave a wink, which I returned.

I came to London that night and Bob went on his honeymoon. All through the succeeding days I kept repeating my chum's words:

"A week after Rupert Errol disappears from Sandilands Hall Beautiful Bob will be awaiting you here with your share of a fortune."

Trembling with excitement I waited for Bob at the place appointed. He was not long in making his appearance, but a more forlorn, woebegone-looking object I have seldom seen.

"Why, Bob," I says, "what on earth has happened?" Wherever have you been?"

"Quod," he answers.

"Quod!" I says, surprised. "Why—and where's the Nelly?"

"Nelly! who's she? Have you gone deaf?"

"Nelly Curzon, the girl you married at Egham Church last week."

"You are mad—I was in quod last week."

"Now, look here, Bob, you can't bluff me like this; you nicked the fortune, and I want my share."

"My dear Bill Jack, you don't seem drunk, but you talk like it. I have not been near Egham, and I have not nicked a fortune. I tried to pinch a purse to provide the necessary funds for our enterprise, but I got nailed and fourteen days in the jug. I came out this morning."

"Then who—who came to Sandilands, married Miss Nelly, sold the place up, and paid the servants off?"

"The real Rupert Errol, according to the paragraph in today's paper. I saw an account of his marriage and his beautiful place in California. But did you really think Rupert Errol was Beautiful Bob?"

"I did, I did; and he gave me a cheque for £100."

"Good, good; that puts us in funds at any rate."

"But, oh! ass that I was, I thought it was your bogus cheque and lit my pipe with it."

I will not repeat what Bob said, but we've not been such good friends since. I sometimes feel rather glad that Miss Nelly was not deceived in her happiness; but many a time, when things look blue, I think remorsefully of that lost fortune.

## How to Get up an Appetite.

Distaste for food often follows Grippe, and fevers, and is associated with a general weakness of the system. To impart a real zest for food, and give power to the stomach to digest and assimilate, no remedy can equal Ferrozone. This is a new and startling discovery. It strikes at the root of disease and by removing the cause, cures quickly and permanently. Ferrozone will quickly enable you to eat and digest anything. Messrs. Garden Bros., druggists, can tell you a great deal more about Ferrozone, how it cures and why it cures. Call today and see him.

## The King and One Barnes.

An old story of the King. When—as Prince of Wales—he visited America in 1859, it was inevitable that all good Americans should wish to have speech with him. Now, at a place called Natick, not many miles from Boston, there lived one Barnes, who kept a hotel. Barnes was a good-natured fellow with a bad stammer, and was the butt of the practical jokes of such wags as there were in Natick. On the eve of the big parade in Boston, he announced his intention of going to see the Prince.

"Whatever for?" said one of his friends. "You won't get near him, and ten to one you won't so much as get a glimpse of him."

"I'll b-b-b-et ten dollars that I'll g-g-et right up to him and t-t-talk to him, t-t-too," stammered Barnes, greatly daring.

The bet was taken then and then, a committee was appointed to go to Boston with Barnes to see fair play. Next morning he was piloted by its members to the city and up to the ropes which had been stretched to keep back the crowd. They could see the Prince, but a squad of police prevented all outsiders from getting anywhere near him. Yet Mr. Barnes simply murmured.

"W-w-w-ait a minute." As he spoke, the beautiful black horse which had been picked for the Prince's riding was led up. He was very fresh—too fresh, as the sequel proved—but the grooms quieted him down well enough for the Prince—then little more than a boy—to mount safely. But scarcely was he seated, when the horse began to plunge and rear very violently, so that the Prince was unseated, landing on all fours on the turf. There was the wildest excitement in the part of the crowd nearest at hand, and the police lost control—and Mr. Barnes' opportunity came. He dodged under the ropes, and was the first to grab the bridle of the riderless horse.

The Prince quickly rose and limped to the horse's head, while all circled round to learn if he were badly hurt.

"Your horse is feeling p-p-pretty good today, P-p-prince," remarked Barnes as the Prince came up.

"A little too good," was the terse reply.

Still holding the bridle, Barnes turned to the "committee" who were craning over the ropes, watching the incident with an excitement that had driven all thought of the ridiculous wager out of their heads.

"I guess I'll take that t-t-ten dollars now!" he shouted.

No HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all-round medicine ever made. Used as a liniment for bruises and swellings. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

## The August "New" Lippincott.

The August Complete Novel in the "New" Lippincott Magazine will make the reader forget even the thermometer's condition while perusing its intensely absorbing pages. The author is comparatively unknown, this being her first long story. She is Ina Brevoort Roberts and she lives in New York, where the scene of her novel, called "The Lifting of a Finger," is laid. Her story opens at a colonial ball given by a member of the smart set. Interest centres in Margaret Winthrop, who was to have been married on June first to a man who "set up for a saint and turned out to be the devil himself in disguise." His particular sin was running away with an actress. To a girl of Margaret's spirit this was crushing, but her pride was as strong as her love and she attended the ball and tried to appear as if nothing had happened. In this she was helped by Francis Bellamy, the graceless brother of her hostess, who seemed to be oddly sympathetic with the innocent girl. When a few weeks later invitations were received for Margaret's marriage to Francis Bellamy on the very day set for the other wedding, a profound sensation was created, though only the two themselves knew of the strange compact they had entered into. How it turned out is most entertainingly and vividly told by Miss Roberts. There is not a halting line in the whole story.

The August "New" Lippincott is entirely given up to idle-day fiction which does not tax the brain, but diverts and stimulates the mind, causes many a laugh, and leaves the impression of time well spent in the society of Owen Wister, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Paul Laurence Dunbar, and others not yet so well known but whose work is distinctly original and full of promise.



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WILD  
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HAS BEEN IN USE FOR  
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## USED 9 YEARS.

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Mrs. W. Varner, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I have great confidence in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for various diseases in old and young. My little boy had a severe attack of summer complaint and I could get nothing to help him until I gave him Strawberry. The action of this remedy was wonderful and soon had him perfectly well."

Stem  
Wind.

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Stem  
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