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WANTED.—A case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R-I-P-A-N'S on the package and accept no substitute. R-I-P-A-N'S, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for five cents, forwarded to the Ripan Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

BRITISH ARMS VICTORIOUS

After a Desperate Battle.
A Brave Resistance.

Durban, Oct. 5.—The Boer attacks on Fort Itala and Fort Prospect, in Zululand, prove to have been far bigger engagements than they were at first reported. General Botha's full force of 4000 took part in them. The British fought magnificently for 19 hours, while the Boers fought fearlessly and desperately. They gained the summit of Itala repeatedly, but were repelled each time. It was probably the news that General Bruce Hamilton was approaching that caused a cessation of the fighting. The Boers suffered heavily. Three hundred and thirty two of their dead were found, and, in addition, they carried off a number of their killed. They admit having 300 wounded. Apparently they lost more men than in any previous action of the year.

Six hundred men, under Emmet and Grobelaar, attacked Fort Prospect. They also suffered heavily. Sixty of their dead were found where they had been mowed down by a Maxim gun. At Fort Itala the British guns were put out of action. The Boers have never hitherto displayed such reckless daring, rushing the British posts across the open ground only to be beaten back. Major Chapman, commanding the British, seemed to bear a charmed life. General Kitchener has congratulated him. On Saturday the Boers captured a large British convoy. Gen. Hamilton pursued and came into action with them, but no details of the fighting have been received, though it is reported that the Boers were again punished.

The whole British garrison at Fort Itala numbered only 300 men with two 15-pounders and a Maxim gun. An outpost of 80 men under Lieutenants Kane and Lefroy occupied the summit of the hill out of sight of the main camp, which was on the slope of the hill. About midnight 600 Boers rushed the outpost. Their onslaught was so sudden and fierce that for 20 minutes only bayonets were used. Overwhelming odds soon decided the possession of the outpost. Lieutenant Kane fell dead. Lieutenant Lefroy was severely wounded and the whole force was disabled. The main camp was thus reduced to 220 men. The Boers assailed it from all sides.

From about 1 a m throughout the remainder of the night and all the following day, the little garrison withstood them, until 7 o'clock in the evening, when the outlook seemed desperate. The British had been

without water for many hours, the Boers having cut off their supply, and their ammunition was fast failing. Then suddenly the Boers withdrew. Among the Boers killed were Generals Opperman and Schultz and Commandant Potgieter. According to a statement which reached Durban from N'Kandha, whither the garrison withdrew its wounded, a British military surgeon, who ascended Itala in the morning to attend the wounded there, was immediately made prisoner by Boers, who compelled him to attend their wounded. The attack on Prospect seems to have been disastrous only to the Boers. The camp was well situated for defence, and although the garrison numbered only 20 men with one Maxim, they withstood all attacks.

Political Assassinations in Times Past.

Political assassinations were as frequent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as in the nineteenth, only the rank of the assassins was different. Philip II. ordered the assassination of the Prince of Orange and of Queen Elizabeth, and advised the Queen-mother of France to have Coligny and the Queen of Navarre "removed." Elizabeth escaped through her great popularity and the vigilance of Walsingham. Henri III. ordered the assassination of the Duke of Guise. The Lords of the League ordered in turn that of Henri, and one may surmise that the governments of Spain and Austria were agreed as to the expediency of murdering Henri IV. The frivolousness of the Duke of Buckingham did not save him from the dagger of a political assassin. The sex of Mary Stuart did not prevent her being the accomplice of Bothwell in the murder of Darnley. Ruthven and other noblemen murdered Mary's favorite, Rizzio, in her presence. Cromwell lived in constant fear of being stabbed or shot. Recently published documents prove that the prisoner was a favorite diplomatic and political instrument of the Venetian Council of Ten. To go back to the time when the bloom of Italian art was finest, the Borgias were always assassinating or employing assassins. Going back still further, assassination was a common political expedient in Rome, both as a republic and as an empire.

The violent passions that used to move rulers in times past and the directness of their methods have descended, like their cast-off clothes, to a much lower social stratum. Orders to take away the lives of monarchs no longer proceed from the Escurial, or the Tuilleries, or the Council Chamber of Venice, but from dens where Anarchists meet. The monarchs, on the whole, have been less badly used in our time than the Presidents of North and South American republics. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley represent the United States in the black list. Between 1872 and 1877 four South American Presidents were murdered. M. Carnot, who fell under Caserio's knife, is the only President of the French Republic who has been assassinated.

Most of the political assassins of the last forty-five years belonged to excitable races. The first on the list was the Spaniard who attempted to murder Queen Isabella at the church of the Atocha. Bresci, Luccheni and Caserio—who murdered the late King of Italy, the Empress of Austria and Carnot—were Italians. The murderers of Alexander II. were Slavs, with nerves excited to frenzy by poor food and too much cigarette-smoking and tea-drinking. All the murderers of the Spanish-American Presidents were countrymen of theirs. Guiteau, who murdered Garfield, was of French origin. The man who fired at McKinley is a Pole. The northern races murder for the sake of lucre, but very rarely to improve the lot of mankind. The student who fired at Bismarck was a Jew. Sipido, who fired at King Edward when he was Prince of Wales, is of Italian ancestry.

KING PARAGRAPH.

King Paragraph threatens the weekly and rules the daily press. Each new paper that makes its appearance bows more lowly than its predecessor to his august throne. Once the paragraph filled up the corners of pages which a scanty article left otherwise bare. Now King Paragraph rules almost all, and the sensational headline is his crown; if there are corners they are filled with the more serious matter. Paragraphic personalities must have first place.

It is a tribute to the restlessness of the age. We do not wish to read; we wish to cover the pages. We are cyclists in literature nowadays, and we can only take the level road of paragraphs. The thoughtful article is a climb and a toil, and our gear is high. Hence we need signposts—sensational headlines—so that he who does not read may race. The defence of the paragraph is that it is pithy and that it saves time. As a matter of fact it is neither.

The pith should be the essence of a thing, and when did the paragraph give anything but the least important detail? Nor does it save time. The true saving of time is to spend a serious moment learning something; the paragraph will tell us Rudyard Kipling's washing day, and explain whether the King ties his bootlaces horizontally or V-wise. This is not drinking deeply of Pope's Piraean spring. Again, it is urged that paragraphic literature, properly headlined, grips the reader's attention. But of what use is the perusal if it is to be allured and inveigled? A reader who must be dragged along by a promise of a tickled palate, as an ass is led by a carrot, is unessential to the existence of any journal—except for his penny. It is urged that paragraphs are clear and precise. Someone told Dr Johnson that Hume was a clear thinker. 'All shallows are clear,' he retorted. Oh, for half an hour of the doctor on paragraphic literature!

It may be granted that the essential feature of all concentrated extracts is spiciness. And herein the paragraph succeeds amply. It is spicy; it is heralded to the world by a spicy headline. Whatever the proper study of mankind may be, the proper subject of curiosity for mankind. One could not expect a paragraph to include a treatise on natural science; it has no room for deep and wide topics, and in a paragraph we find but one subject, a human unit like ourselves. 'One man, one paragraph,' is the new reading of the political phrase. A man may achieve wonders in science, or in art, or in letters; until he is paragraphed he might as well not have lived. Paragraphs are epitaphs on the living; they are as truthful and as just as if inscribed on the tombstone.

It used to be the estimate of a man to appraise him by what he had done, by-and-by we drifted away from that fairly lofty standpoint, and judged men by what they had amassed. Now the worthy man is he who is paragraphable. Granted that Homer lived to-day, his secondary title to fame would be the 'Iliad.' His primary would be the fact that he rode a bicycle round his lawn an hour before dinner, or that his baby had a cradle of the shape of the Argo. Then every penny paper reader from Dan to Beersheba would know Homer. Perhaps the 'Iliad' would still be read in the Universities.

This craze for paragraphing has beset even the serious journals. We have noticed catch-headings for leading articles even in a prominent metropolitan daily; we have seen a sermon reported in bits, so that striking sentences may catch the eye. Thus the disease runs its course. We have not time even for the paragraph; we must have curt sentences to concentrate the concentration. In a provincial journal the other day I saw a brief paragraph dealing with the lamented illness of the Dean of Westminster. It gave Dean Bradley's achievements in three and a half lines, and lest that should occupy too much time in the perusal, the paragraph was headed, 'Bradley in bed.'

What is to be the result of this evolution of the paragraph, this running to seed of English journalism? It may be that it will work its own ruin, that readers, nauseated with trifles, will turn once more to the treatise they have spurned. Of course, by "readers" we mean "general readers," for there will always be a brave minority which cannot away with the spicy bits of the passing hour. For all that we are bound to admit that there is an appreciable degeneration in the general reading taste, and that the daily press is unhappily catering for the depraved palates of the multitude. Truth lurks modestly in the background when "spice" and attractiveness are the first consideration, and an intellectual meal is not of much account which is presented altogether in the crust. It is worth a word of warning, therefore, lest King Paragraph become Dictator in the commonwealth of letters.—The London Pilot.

ORYING BABIES.

The Cry of an Infant is Nature's Signal of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, and simple fever, these marvellous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not

give a child so-called "soothing" medicines; such only stupify and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmless drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep because they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing the Dr Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Became of the Pompeians?

Max Nordau raises an interesting question concerning Pompeii. He writes as follows to the "Neue Freie Presse" (Vienna):

"One thing has always been a puzzle to me. Here was a flourishing city of about 30,000 inhabitants, most of whom evidently were well-to-do. A few hundreds, at most, lost their lives in the destruction of the city; the rest escaped. The eruption of Vesuvius continued only a few days, after which the district returned to its usual placid condition. In many places the deposit of ashes and lava was only a yard thick, and it was not more than three yards thick at any point yet excavated."

How did it happen that these 30,000 homeless persons showed no desire to return to their beautiful houses, so well built that they are standing to this day, and which could have been restored at the time, with very little labor? Why did they not make the slightest attempt to regain their valuable property in land and buildings, furniture, bronze, gold, silver and jewels? Did the men of that time have so little love of home that they could leave it without a backward glance at the first unpleasantness? Were the Pompeians so rich that the loss of their perfectly appointed homes appeared trivial to them, so that they preferred settling elsewhere to restoring their city? Or did superstition prevent the attempt?

This indifferent renunciation of their patrimony by a whole city is to me an insoluble enigma which forces itself the more strongly upon my attention now as I walk along the finely paved streets between houses which need only new roofs to make them again habitable."

Opposed to Burial of Czolgosz on American Soil.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 4.—Five hundred students of Wesleyan University, the strongest Methodist college in the Northwest, have sent to Gov. Odell of New York, a set of resolutions, of which the following is a part:

"Resolved, That we, students of Neb. Wesleyan University, in chapel assembled, hereby endorse as most appropriate, the disposal of the assassin's body suggested by Chancellor Huntington in his memorial address, namely: 'I crave for the assassin of President McKinley one mark of distinction. He has earned it and would it might be awarded him. His bones should never be allowed to mingle with American soil. When the death sentence shall be executed, as it should be with the swift justice becoming such an unspeakable tragedy, we could wish the United States government would take the remains of the atrocious murderer a hundred miles to sea and then pinnioned and manacled with his revolver in his belt and a millstone chained about his neck, sink the corpse a thousand fathoms to the bottom of the ocean, that thus the anarchist might be warned that he shall not have so much as a grave in a civilized land.'"

Fish River Railway Co.

(St. Andrews Beacon.)

F. W. Cram has been elected president of the newly organized Fish River Railway Company. The new road is to be built from Ashland, on the Bangor and Aroostook railroad, to Fort Kent, on the St. John river, a distance of about fifty miles. Three surveying parties have already been started out over the country, making preliminary surveys for a route. It is expected that they will finish their work long before the advent of cold weather; but it does not seem probable that the work of construction will commence before next spring.

Human Flesh Sold for Food.

BABIES AND YOUNG CHILDREN BUTCHERED.

Tacoma, Wn., Oct. 7.—The steamship Glenogle brings news of human flesh being sold in the famine districts of Shansi, China. Babies and young children are being butchered. The Empress Dowager has commanded that the practice be stopped, but is able to enforce her orders only around Hsian Fu. The money collected by the Christian Herald of New York has been distributed, saving many from starvation.

The Lesson of Health.

Is One Taught us by the Experience of Others.

LEARN THIS LESSON WELL AND THE RAVAGES OF DISEASE WILL NO LONGER BE SO PREVALENT—THE STORY OF ONE WHO HAS BEEN BENEFITED AND WHO OFFERS HER EXPERIENCE TO AID OTHERS.

From L'Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Among the multitude of ailments that afflict humanity there are few that cause more acute misery than indigestion or dyspepsia, as it is variously called. Both young and old are susceptible to its attack, and its victims throughout the country are numbered by tens of thousands. Among the disagreeable symptoms which accompany dyspepsia and make it easily recognizable, are weight, uneasiness and a heavy feeling in the stomach, after eating, a feeling of weariness, sick headache and dizziness, pains in the stomach, offensive breath, irritability, etc. Ordinary medicines will not cure dyspepsia. They may relieve its symptoms temporarily, but the trouble always returns and each time in an intensified form. Dr Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine which will thoroughly and effectively cure dyspepsia. These pills act not merely upon the symptoms, but on the disease itself through the blood, hence through the stomach, which is strengthened and restored to its normal functions.

Mrs. Atp Lussier, a lady well known in Sorel, Que., is one of the many who have been released from the clutches of dyspepsia through the use of Dr Williams' Pink Pills, and in the hope that her experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer she gives the following story for publication: "For over two years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia or bad digestion. The disease became chronic and I was an almost continual sufferer from headaches, heartburn and heart palpitation. All sense of taste left me and at times my stomach was so weak that I was unable to keep any food on it, and this caused me more distress than one could imagine. Although I tried several remedies, none of them gave me any relief, and I began to regard my life as a burden, rather than a joy as it should be. One day while reading I came across a case similar to my own, cured through the use of Dr Williams' Pink Pills, so in the hope that I would receive similar benefit I decided to give the pills a trial. I had not taken the pills long before I could see that my hopes for recovery were being realized. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared and I was able to enjoy life as I did before being seized with the malady. I have no hesitation in saying that I think that Dr Williams' Pink Pills are the best known cure for dyspepsia, and I would strongly advise all sufferers to give them a trial."

The old adage "experience is the best teacher" might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CLOSE CALL.

Desperate Encounter with a Moose.

William Day, a resident of Plaster Rock, Victoria county, had an exciting experience with a large bull moose in the woods near the mouth of the Wapsie River a few days ago. He was at work chopping wood, when it came along and without a moment's warning lowered its head and charged straight for him. Mr. Day attempted to dodge behind a tree, but he was not quick enough, and one of the animal's horns caught him upon the left side. His clothing was torn, and he was badly lacerated upon the arm and side before he could free himself. He was armed with nothing but an axe and defended himself from the vicious onslaught of the beast as best he could. Finally, after considerable dodging and when he was almost ready to succumb from loss of blood, Mr. Day managed to get in a well directed blow on the bull's head, which sent him to the earth. He followed up his advantage and soon had his four footed antagonist horsed combat.

Mr. Day is suffering from the effects of the combat, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that the moose came out second best. There are said to be very few cases on record where a moose has been known to attack a man in the woods without the provocation as is claimed was done in this case.

The best advertising medium in the Northern Counties is SENTINEL.

What's the Boy Going to wear This fall?

Of course he's hard on his clothes—all boys are; you must expect this and buy clothes accordingly. Buy closely woven all-wool fabrics, such as we've been selling mothers for years.

Here are three good values for Boys, all ages:—

Short Pant Suits of gray mixtures, very fine cloth, reduced from \$3.75 to

\$2.50

Short Pant Suits in light browns and greys, reduced from \$4.50 to

3.00

A few Long Pant Suits in neat mixtures, reduced from \$9 and \$10 to

5.00

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Outlining courses of study which have qualified our students to take and to hold almost every clerical position in St. John worth having, not to mention their successes throughout the length and breadth of Canada and the United States.

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1y-10.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York.

Be a SENTINEL reader and you are bound to get all the local news in the most readable form