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"My wife was troubled with a deep-seated cough on her lungs for three years. One day I thought of how Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved the life of my sister after the doctors had all given her up to die. So I purchased two bottles, and it cured my wife completely. It took only one bottle to cure my sister. So you see that three bottles (one dollar each) saved two lives. We all send you our heartfelt thanks for what you have done for us."—J. H. BURGE, Macon, Col., Jan. 13, 1899.

Now, for the first time you can get a trial bottle of Cherry Pectoral for 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

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Capable and intelligent young men to learn shorthand. We cannot begin to supply the demand for such writers, and no class of work gives better opportunities for advancement. Send for pamphlet, "Male Stenographers Wanted," showing the demand, and the opening a stenographic position gives for rising in the world.

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Literature.

MRS. DEANE'S DILEMMA.

Old Mr Deane never forgave his wife for her conduct during the first year of their married life. It must be admitted that her flirtation with her cousin, Jack Henderson, was inexcusable, as a matter of strict propriety. A married woman should, of course, know better than to receive attentions from a former lover, even if she is a young and inexperienced girl, wedded against her will to a husband double her age. But no harm came from the unfortunate affair, for John Henderson's regiment was suddenly ordered to San Francisco, and the friendship of the young people seemed to cease as soon as they were separated. Every one who knew Mrs Deane said that she had atoned for her youthful indiscretion by her patient devotion to an exacting and somewhat irritable old husband. But the recollection of this unpleasant episode always rankled in Mr Deane's mind. Although his coldness was to a great extent due to a naturally stern and unsympathetic disposition, there is no doubt that his jealousy, having once been aroused, was always on the alert. He kept his young wife under surveillance and made her lead a life of what most women would regard as seclusion. Mrs Deane, being an amiable, sweet tempered girl, did not complain of her lot, which she seemed to regard as a just punishment for her rash behavior at the beginning of her married life. Her husband's demeanor had inspired her with an almost exaggerated notion of seriousness of her offence, and had reduced her to a state of complete submission. Her sole aim was to regain his love, and although the task sometimes seemed an ungrateful one, she did not despair of attaining, in course of time, her laudable aspiration.

It was natural, therefore, that Mrs Deane was very much startled at receiving a visit, one Saturday afternoon, from an individual named Jones, who said he had, until recently, been Capt Henderson's valet, and had something important to communicate. He was a sleek, middle aged man, with an unpleasantly familiar manner, and Mrs Deane instinctively guessed that he was the bearer of unpleasant information.

"I suppose I had better come to the point at once," said Mr Jones, when asked his business. "The fact is I have in my possession some letters written by you to my former employer when he was in this city." (New York).

Poor Mrs Deane gave a start and turned crimson with confusion. In the fatal days of her foolish weakness some correspondence had passed between her and her cousin which she now shuddered to think of. The bare possibility of these letters being in existence overwhelmed her with shame and terror.

"Do not believe it," she replied in a startled tone.

"You suppose that the captain destroyed them?" said Mr Jones, noting with confident satisfaction the effect of his announcement. "I should not be surprised if he thinks the same thing. But he did not destroy them all; as I said just now, some of them are in my possession."

"If so, give them to me, please," said Mrs Deane, striving to be calm, and stretching out her hand with involuntary eagerness.

"With pleasure; but I must mention to you, madam, that I am in great need of money at this time, as I am out of a position."

"You want a reward? Yes, here is ten dollars," said Mrs Deane, taking her pocketbook out of a bureau drawer, with trembling hands.

"You cannot be serious, Mrs Deane," said the man, in an impudent tone, "or else you have forgotten what is in the letters. They are too valuable to carry around. But I made a copy of one of them, which you may like to see to refresh your memory."

Mrs Deane mechanically took the paper, which was handed to her, but she was too agitated to grasp its contents. She saw that it contained endearing terms—and that was enough. She knew that she had written quite a number of such epistles, and the recollection made her tear the document in shreds with a passionate gesture.

"I demand all the letters written by me, which you say you have in your possession," she exclaimed in desperation.

"You shall have them, madam, for \$2000," said the man. "I'm sure I've no wish to cause unpleasantness between you and your husband."

Mrs Deane winced at the implied threat and turned deadly pale. The prospect of the letters coming to the knowledge of her husband, even after the years which had elapsed, filled her with dismay. In her nervous apprehension she probably exaggerated both the character of the correspondence and the effect it might have upon him. But he was the sort of man who would not disdain to rake up an old grievance,

and she stood in such awe of him that she trembled at the thought of increasing his resentment.

"The letters are mine and you have no right to them," she almost stuttered. "They must have been stolen."

"Supposing they were, they could not be recovered without a scandal," said Jones, who had evidently considered his position. "Besides the letters were written to Capt Henderson, and I can't find out where he is now. That's the reason I'm here. He'd buy the letters, I'm sure."

The man's impudence and cunning had their effect upon poor Mrs Deane who was not a clever woman, and she felt quite unable to hold her own against him. Had she been able, she would have paid the money without demur, but to add to the difficulty of her position, she was at the moment almost without money. Mr Deane was not exactly a close man but among other idiosyncrasies he had one for compelling his wife to account for every dollar she spent, and he audited her accounts with extreme regularity.

"The amount you name is quite out of the question," she said, in despair. "I could not get a quarter of that amount, even if I wished to do so."

"We never know what we can do in the way of raising money until we have tried. I'm speaking from experience," answered Jones. "I do not want to inconvenience you more than is absolutely necessary. Give me a few dollars now to relieve my present wants, and I am willing to wait for a couple of weeks for the larger amount."

Poor Mrs Deane, in her perplexity, felt quite grateful for this suggestion and eagerly availed herself of the opportunity of gaining a little time for reflection. She emptied the contents of her pocketbook into Jones' ready hand, and nervously said she would communicate with him in a few days.

"A line in the *Herald* to 'T. J.' will be sure to catch my eye, and I will wait upon you at any time," said the ex-valet, relapsing into oily politeness. "As to the sum I named, I, of course, prefer cash, but money can always be raised upon jewelry. Perhaps you had forgotten this, Mrs Deane."

The excited lady did not respond to this magnanimous offer, and Mr Jones departed, evidently satisfied with the result of his visit. He had succeeded in thoroughly frightening his victim, whose crushed spirit and timid disposition made her an easy victim. Had she been strong minded, she would have defied the man, and would have run the risk of his sending the letters to her husband, which he would probably never have done, as there was nothing to be gained by such a course. But unfortunately for herself in the present emergency, Mrs Deane had neither tact nor courage, and consequently her only thought was how to bribe the man to silence. She did, however, take one practical step though only as a forlorn hope. It struck her as extraordinary that her cousin

A POPULAR BELIEF.

That Rheumatism is Due to Cold, Wet Weather.

SUCH CONDITIONS AGGRAVATE THE TROUBLE, BUT IT IS NOW KNOWN TO BE A DISEASE OF THE BLOOD—OUTWARD APPLICATIONS CANNOT CURE IT.

The once popular belief that rheumatism was entirely the result of exposure to cold or dampness, is now known to be a mistake. The disease may be aggravated by exposure, but the root of the trouble lies in the blood, and must be treated through it. Liniments and outward applications never cure, while Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure because they make new, rich, red blood, in which disease finds lodgement impossible. Concerning the use of these pills Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says:—

"For upwards of five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pain in my knees, shoulders and hip were almost past endurance. At other times I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried several remedies, some of them very costly, without getting any more than temporary relief at the most. At this juncture a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spoke so highly of the pills that I decided to try them. Almost from the very first these pills helped me, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes, every twinge of rheumatism had disappeared and I was feeling better than I had for years. I would strongly advise similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as an confident they will not only drive away all pains and aches, but leave you strong, active and happy."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills not only cure rheumatism, but all troubles whose origin comes from poor blood or weak nerves, such as anemia, consumption, neuralgia, kidney trouble, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the irregularities which make the lives of so many women a source of misery. Some dealers offer substitutes, and in order to protect yourself, you must see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

should have been so remarkably careless as to omit to destroy her letters, and this gave rise to the suspicion that the man Jones might be attempting an impudent fraud. In her heart she felt that the ex-valet was not less to be feared than he pretended, but after anxious deliberation she cabled to Capt Henderson, asking him to give her some information concerning the matter and to send his reply by letter addressed to her dressmaker's house.

In the meantime she began, in a feeble way, to prepare for the worst by raising what money she could. She soon found, however, that it would be quite impossible to collect any considerable sum without arousing her husband's suspicions. To apply to him for money was obviously out of the question, for he would insist upon knowing the object of her requirements, while she dared not dispose of any of her jewelry, because every article was carefully enumerated in an inventory which her husband kept. She pawned a few ornaments which she had had before her marriage, but the proceeds were so small that she abandoned the attempt in despair. Unless her cousin's reply should be reassuring, she felt powerless to avert the exposure which she dreaded.

Almost three weeks elapsed before she received Jack Henderson's answer, which, unfortunately, only served to banish her last hope. It ran thus:—

Dear Gertrude—I feel dreadfully mortified at what you say in your wire. I certainly intended to destroy all your letters, and I could almost make an affidavit that I did so. But I must add there is a possibility that that scoundrel, Jones, may have stolen some of them. Since I have been here I have discovered that for years before he left me he carried on a system of robbery and I have missed some business letters. I would strongly advise you to consult my attorney, Mr Samuel Marshall, whose address is 46 Broad street, and if he thinks it expedient to bribe Jones, any draft up to \$3,000 you may make upon my account at the National City bank will be paid. Have wired to that effect.

Hoping you will not scruple to make me pay, if necessary, for my carelessness, which is the least atonement I can offer. I am your affectionate cousin.

JOHN HENDERSON.

Mrs Deane read this disappointing epistle hurriedly before joining her husband at breakfast one morning. Driven by desperation to take a sensible course, she determined to consult with Mr Marshall at once, but before she had time to carry out her intention, an event happened which rendered futile all her anxious schemes and precautions. When she entered the dining room her husband handed her a letter addressed to her in an unfamiliar handwriting. She guessed by a sort of instinct that it came from Mr Jones, and she therefore placed it by the side of her plate unopened, hoping to be able to avoid reading it until she was alone. But Mr Deane noticed her agitation and he soon showed that his suspicions were aroused.

"May I ask who your correspondent is, Gertrude?" he said, presently. "This letter? It's probably a bill," she replied, hurriedly.

"Accounts of all kind come in my department and I should like to see it," said Mr Deane, with a serious look on his face.

Mrs Deane, driven to her wits' end, opened the envelope and read the contents with a pale face. As she had anticipated the letter was from Jones, reminding her in rather ambiguous terms that the time for consideration had more than elapsed, and unless she was prepared to pay the money immediately, he would communicate with Mr Deane.

"Please hand me that letter, Gertrude; it seems to have made you very nervous," said her husband, sharply, while she sat staring at the sheet before her, almost fainting with fear.

She handed it to him without a word, unable to resist his peremptory demand. Mr Deane read the letter over twice before speaking, and his face grew sterner every moment, while Mrs Deane sat watching him with terrified fascination.

"What does this mean?" he asked, after a pause of a few seconds. "Who is this man, and what are the letters of which he speaks?"

"He was valet to my cousin, John Henderson," faltered Mrs Deane, "and he pretends he has some letters written by me."

"Which is a lie, of course," said Mr Deane, in a rather doubtful tone.

The terrified lady did not reply verbally, but signified assent by a gesture. She could not bring herself to tell the truth, although she saw that her husband did not believe her.

"Then I shall have him arrested for attempting to obtain money by fraud," said Mr Deane, coldly, showing by his manner that he anticipated some unpleasant revelation. "I want you to write a short note, asking him to call upon you here to-morrow afternoon."

Mr Deane dictated a letter, which his wife wrote with a trembling hand, hardly conscious of what she was doing. He had acquired a hypnotic in-

fluence over her which seemed to paralyze her will. The note was mailed, and for the rest of the day Mr Deane scarcely allowed his wife to leave him for a single moment.

The poor lady's state of mind resembled the dull, apathetic despair which seizes upon the wretched inmate of a condemned cell when all hope of reprieve is passed. She awaited the momentous interview almost with calmness, so that her husband, who was watching her closely, evidently felt puzzled by her demeanor.

Mr Jones kept the appointment with commendable punctuality. His expression, as he entered the room, was elated and self satisfied, but when he saw old Mr Deane, his countenance fell, and he cast a quick, vindictive glance at Mrs Deane, who sat in an easy chair near her husband.

"Now, sir, give me those letters," said Mr Deane, in a sharp tone. "My wife has told me everything, and I intend to have you arrested."

The man looked toward Mrs Deane as though seeking to obtain from her some clue as to how he should frame his reply. But the poor lady made no sign, being almost dumb with fright, and Jones said insolently, after a pause:—

"Mrs Deane has put me in a hole, and she must take the consequences. I think, sir, when you have read these letters, you will prefer to keep the matter quiet."

He produced a bulky package as he spoke, and placed it on the table. During the painful silence which followed, Mrs Deane was seized with a sudden faintness, against which she had not the strength to struggle. When she recovered her senses she was surprised to find herself alone with her husband, whose manner towards her was certainly not that of an indignant spouse. He was holding some smelling salts to her nose, and seemed, as she thought, far kinder and more considerate than usual. His manners suggested he was actually moved by her distress. Noticing the anxious look in her eyes as she glanced around the room, he said:—

"That scoundrel Jones managed to escape when you fainted, Gertrude. It was a barefaced swindle. The letters were written by some—some lady friend of Henderson's. I can only suppose that as they happened to be signed with the same Christian name as yours, the man was misled by the coincidence, and jumped at the conclusion that you had written them. I detected the fraud as soon as I saw the handwriting. I cannot imagine what cause you had for such extreme nervousness, as you know that you had nothing to do with the matter. But, of course, you are not accustomed to being blackmailed. I have noticed lately that your nervous system is not quite as it should be. Go and see Dr Garrett this afternoon. I have telephoned to the police to look for Jones."

How John Bull Has Grown.

NOW TWENTY-SIX PER CENT. OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

King Edward now rules more than a quarter of the human race. In 1838, when Victoria came to the throne, the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was, in round figures, 26,000,000 souls, and the colonies approximately 120,000,000 or say 146,000,000 altogether. To-day the population of the United Kingdom is as near as possible 41,500,000, while the colonies have increased and expanded until the number of their inhabitants exceeds 347,000,000 making a total population of 388,500,000 souls.

In other words, the British Empire's share of the world's population is nearly 26 per cent., as compared with Russia's 8.9 per cent., France's 6.3, America's (U.S.) 5.7, Germany's 4.6, Austria's 3.1, and Italy's 2.2. It will thus be seen that Edward VII. was crowned King over more people than are being ruled over at this present moment by the Emperors of Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the President of the French Republic combined, and this, of course, taking into consideration the populations of all the colonies and dependencies of these five great powers.

Never has there been before so mighty an empire; Rome, Greece, Egypt—all the civilizations of the ancient world were utterly insignificant in comparison with it. And the end is not yet. Our children over the sea, the Canadians, and Australians, are still, as it were "in their teens." What it will be when they have grown to robust and lusty manhood—the enhanced glory and splendour and majesty of it no man can foresee, save only "as through a glass darkly."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Ottawa, Oct. 3.—The immigration returns of the Dominion for the year ending June 30 last have just been completed. They show that the arrivals were 67,255, an increase of 18,081 over last year. This means that seven thousand people more than is contained in the entire city of Ottawa



That's the personal question a woman asks herself when she reads of the cures of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Why shouldn't it cure her? Is it a complicated case? Thousands of such cases have been cured by "Favorite Prescription." Is it a condition which local doctors have declared incurable? Among the hundreds of thousands of sick women cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription there are a great many who were pronounced incurable by local doctors. Wonders have been worked by "Favorite Prescription" in the cure of irregularity, weakening drains, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures.

"Three years ago," writes Mrs. John Graham, of 2015 Flinn Street, (Frankford) Philadelphia, Pa., "I had a very bad attack of dropsy which left me with heart trouble, and also a very weak back. At times I was so bad that I did not know what to do with myself. My children advised me to take your 'Favorite Prescription,' but I had been taking so much medicine from the doctor that I was discouraged with everything. I came to Philadelphia two years ago and picking up one of your little books one day began to read what your medicine had done for others. I determined to try it myself. I took seven bottles, and to-day I am a strong, well woman, weighing 162 pounds. Have gained 25 pounds since I started to use 'Favorite Prescription.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath.

came to Canada from other countries for the past year.

Of the new comers 26,312 came from the United States, 17,257 from Britain and 23,659 from continental Europe.

The returns for the two months, July and August, of the current year show that the work is still going ahead. There arrived from Great Britain 3,329, an increase of 317 over the same time last year; from continental Europe 4,310, an increase of 3,743, and from the United States 6,726, an increase of 3,082. The total arrivals for the two months were 15,365 an increase of 7,142 over the same time last year.

A BABY CHANGED.

THE MOTHER TELLS HOW IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

"A wonderful change," is the verdict of a lady correspondent who writes us about her little one. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. R. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que., "in certifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion, and was teething and cross and restless, and the use of the Tablets made a wonderful change. I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets might save many a dear little life, and I would recommend mothers to keep them in the house."

The opinion of this wise mother is echoed by other correspondents. Baby's Own Tablets give such comfort and relief to a sick baby, they so infallibly produce calm, peaceful sleep, that you would almost think them a narcotic. But they are not. They are only a health-giver for children of any age. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. May be had from druggists, or by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

New Use for Refined Paraffine Wax.

A new and important use for Refined Paraffine Wax seems to have been discovered by a prominent resident of Ohio, living near Lancaster, who had two trees badly damaged by storm, one being a maple and the other an apple. In each case a large limb was broken down from the trunk, but still attached to the tree. The limbs were propped up and fastened securely with straps, very much as a broken leg might be fastened with splints, and then melted refined wax poured into and over the cracks. The "surgical operation" was entirely successful. The Paraffine prevented the escape of the sap, kept out the rain and moisture which would have rotted the trees, prevented the depredations of insects, and the limbs seem thus far to be perfectly re-attached to the trees.

RICH BLOOD Strong Nerves

When the blood gets thin and watery, as it usually does at this time of year, the nerves are first to suffer; they are starved and exhausted. Headache, dizzy spells, indigestion, weak action of the heart, languid, depressing feelings, weakness and functional derangements of the bodily organs are the result.

You can feel Dr. Chase's Nerve Food doing you good day by day, as it strikes at the root of trouble and creates new, rich blood. You can prove that it builds up new tissues and adds flesh to your weight yourself each week while using it.

Mr. J. McFaul, carpenter, 315 Manning Avenue, Toronto, states:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for acute indigestion, nervousness and inability to sleep, and now, after a thorough test, I am pleased to say that my nervous system has been built up, and I rest and sleep well. I can speak very highly of this preparation, knowing it to possess curative properties which I have failed to find in other remedies." 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food