

Allen's Lung Balm
Cures
Deep-seated Colds
Coughs, Croup, Bron-
chitis, Large BOTTLES \$1.00
MEDIUM BOTTLES 50c
TRIAL SIZE 25c

St. John Markets.

WANTED

Choice Butter in Roll or Tub;
Cheese, Poultry, Eggs, Fresh Pork.

Will buy Butter or sell on commis-
sion. Ship your Butter early. Prompt
returns when sold.

Reference, Bank Nova Scotia, here.

L. A. HOPPER,
Commission Merchant,
City Market,
St. John.

2mp-12.

Woodstock Business COLLEGE.

Our Woodstock, N. B., College

Re-Opens Sept. 15th, 1902.

We teach the "Actual Business from the
Start," in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Busi-
ness Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Commer-
cial Geography, Rapid Calculations, Pitman
Shorthand, Touch Typewriting, etc.
Our School is the largest in this section, and
the thoroughness of the course is demon-
strated by the large per cent. of our recent
graduates now holding responsible positions. We
are sparing no pains to make the course of study
up to date in every way. Our Teachers have
prized their ability in the past.
Write for our free Illustrated Catalogue.

E. L. BEAN, Principal.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON and after SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12th, 1902
Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Trains Leave St. John.
No. 2—Express for Halifax and Cam-
pobelt. 7:30
No. 4—Mixed for Point du Chene. 8:15
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene. 12:15
No. 8—Express for Sussex. 12:15
No. 13—Express for Quebec & Montreal. 12:40
No. 10—Express for Halifax & Sydney. 2:25

Trains Arrive at St. John.
No. 9—Express from Halifax & Sydney. 6:20
No. 7—Express from Sussex. 9:00
No. 133—Express from Montreal & Quebec. 12:30
No. 3—Mixed from Point du Chene. 12:30
No. 25—Express from Halifax & Pictou. 12:40
No. 1—Express from Halifax. 12:40
No. 81—Express from Moncton, Satur-
day only. 2:45

All Trains run by Atlantic Standard
Time. 2:30 o'clock is midnight.
Moncton, N. B., October 10th, 1902

New Cash Store LAKEVILLE.

CARVELL BROS.

Have commenced doing a business in
GENERAL DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HARDWARE, &c.

They find it to the advantage of both cus-
tomers and themselves that the business be
conducted on a strictly Cash Basis.
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN
in Exchange for Goods at Highest Cash
Prices. CARVELL BROS.
Lakeville, March 27, 1902—U-14

Do Not Forget

THAT
FERGUSON & PAGE

Have a very Large Stock of
WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID
SILVER and SILVER PLATED
GOODS.

And can fill all orders at

14 King Street, - St. John.

CAMERAS FOR AMATEURS.
Just the Thing for the Holidays.
PRIZES: \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$2.50, \$1.00, 50c.
ORDER AT ONCE. State price desired.
LAWRENCE G. GLEASON & Co.,
117 Main Street, Montreal, Q.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

"THE REID HOUSE" on Connel Street—
Will be sold at a great sacrifice. Posses-
sion given 1st October. Or will rent at a reas-
onable rate.
B. H. MANZER.
Woodstock, Sept. 11, 1902—U-37

Poetry.

SONG OF THE BABY'S SHIRT.

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In a soft, delicious dream,
A wee pearl button, a tiny loop,
A feather-stitch down a seam.
A dainty hem as wide as a straw,
An edging of filmy lace,
And a wisp of ribbon, of baby blue,
To fasten it all in place.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Into every buttonhole,
A loving wish and a tender hope
For the newly opening soul.
And the dainty thing as it finished lies,
With its folds of ribbon and lace,
Calls up a dream of two soft eyes
And a dear little dimpled face.
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In a tender dream beguiled,
Oh, my heart and my eyes are full tonight
As I think of my little child.
Hide it away with loving hand,
And a prayer in every fold,
And a clinging kiss for the dimpled thing
That baby's shirt shall hold.
—Adah Louise Sutton.

Literature.

Two Lives Staked on the Ride.

It had snowed from early morning
in the little northern town of Taun-
ton. Toward midday the wind rose,
and all the afternoon it blew a gale
which whirled the loose snow in
blinding drifts and filled the country
roads to overflowing. At dark the
storm began to abate; but it was still
blustering at nine o'clock, when Dr
John Graham plunged out through
the banks in his stable-yard for a
good-night look at his horses.

'Good-night, Frank, old lad,' said
he, with a parting pat to the shining,
outstretched neck of his pet saddle-
horse. 'We're in for a good rest to-
night. No calls for us before morn-
ing.'

Doctor Graham soon settled down
in the comfortable sitting-room of his
home, in fine humor to enjoy the rare
treat of an evening with his mother
and sister. It was after eleven o'clock
before his attention was again called
to the outer world by the whistle of
a passing train.

'That must be the evening express
—nearly three hours late,' said the
doctor. He went to a window and
peeped out between the closely-
drawn curtains.

'What is the night like now, John?'

'It has turned out quite fine, mother.
The sky is clear, the moon is shining,
and the drift seems to have nearly
stopped.'

He returned to his chair and re-
sumed his reading aloud, but was in-
terrupted by a sharp peal from the
office bell.

'Oh John, you won't go out to-
night!' cried his sister. 'Surely you
—But he was already out of the
room on his way to the office door.'

When it was opened, the snowy
figure of a man, with a face and beard
so incriminated with frost so as to be un-
recognizable, stood before him.

'Doctor,' the man said, in a shak-
ing voice, 'my boy is dying! Come
quick!'

'Who are you? What ails your boy?'

asked the doctor, drawing the man
into the room.

'I'm Sam Williams of Mountain
River, two miles out of town. My
boy Bob's cut his wrist—he was mak-
in' shavin's for kindlin'. He's losin'
blood awful! His mother's all alone
with him. Won't you come at once,
doctor?'

'Just as soon as I can get into my
coat and boots. It'll save time if
you'll saddle my horse for me while
I'm getting ready—the one in the first
stall.'

Doctor Graham turned to his
mother and sister, who had followed
him into the office.

'What can you be thinking of,
John?' cried his sister. 'You told us
the roads were entirely blocked.
How can you expect to get to Wil-
liams place, on horseback, now?'

Williams dropped with a moan in-
to the nearest chair. 'God help us,
she's right!' he said. 'I forgot, too;
you can't begin to ride to my house
tonight. The banks are ten foot deep
in places. If it hadn't been for that
train comin' along with its snowplow,
I'd never have got here.'

'Then I'll go back with you by the
train,' said the doctor.

'But you can't ride, that way; and
Bob'll be gone before you can get
there afoot!' sobbed Sam.

'Doctor Graham considered a mo-
ment. 'Yes, I can ride the track,
Sam,' he said, 'it hasn't been drifting
since the train came in.'

'But the culverts!' cried his sister.

'There are only two open ones in
the road between here and Sam's,'
said the doctor. 'Neither of them is
more than ten feet wide. Frank can
jump them.'

'John,' said his mother, laying a
determining hand on his arm and look-
ing searchingly into his eyes, 'are
you sure it is right to try such a
ride? May there not be trains on the
road?'

'No, not after the evening express
is in.'

'Go, then and God bless you!' said
his mother, as she stood aside to let
him pass.

'Fetch out my horse as quickly as
you can, Sam said the doctor.

Two minutes later Doctor Graham,
mounted on Frank and bending well
forward in his saddle, dashed down
a side street toward the nearest level
crossing, and striking the track, rode
along it toward the Williams home-
stead.

He found a thoroughly good road
before him, and allowed his horse to
break at once into a sharp gallop.
Snow, old and new, packed by snow-
plows and trains, thawed, frozen, and
hardened, had covered the sleepers
completely, so that a smooth, glit-
tering path stretched away between
the rails.

'Now, then, Frank old chap,' said
the doctor, settling himself firmly in
his saddle, 'get ahead as fast as you
like.'

Frank, glad to be out after his long
day's housing, struck an eager pace.

More than a mile was covered be-
fore Doctor Graham drew rein. He
was close upon the first of the two
culverts of which he had spoken. A
short distance beyond it the road ran
into a deep cutting through which it
curved out upon the steep side of
Mountain River ravine. He knew
that for the rest of the way it would
be advisable to ride a good deal more
cautiously.

The culvert became plainly distin-
guishable at a distance of fifty yards
or more, and the doctor approached
it at a slow canter. Only for the last
few paces he urged Frank with a low
word and a quick, well-understood
movement in the saddle. The culvert
was cleared almost in a stride, and he
cantered on unconcernedly.

They were at the very mouth of
the cutting which led into the ravine
when there was a long, shrill whistle
behind. The doctor reined his horse
almost violently. In the momentary
silence which followed he heard the
rumble of an approaching train. The
horse heard it, too, and showed fear.

'Steady, Frank, steady, lad, and let
me think while there's time!' cried
the doctor. 'We haven't a moment to
lose. That train's whistling at the
last road we crossed. Before we could
get back over the culvert and to a
place where we could leave the track
it would be upon us. Our only chance
is ahead. Forward!'

Frank cleared the cutting at a few
strides and passed within the ravine
where a straight but perilous road
lay before him.

'Steady, boy!' urged the doctor
with a glance behind. 'Fast as you
can, but sure-footed for your life and
mine. A slip or stumble now will
end us. We must have half a mile to
go before we can leave the track. But
you're good for it, boy! You're good
for it!'

The horse seemed fully to under-
stand the situation. He galloped on

WOMAN'S WORK

Often Leads to a Breakdown in Health.

Severe Headaches, Loss of Appetite,
Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart
and Other Distressing Symptoms
Follow.

Woman's cares about the house-
hold are many and often worrying,
and it is no wonder that the health
of so many give way under the
strain. To weak, tired out, de-
pressed women everywhere, the story of
Mrs George L. Horton, the wife of
a well known farmer living near
Fenwick, Ont., will come as a mes-
sage of hope. To a reporter who in-
terviewed her on the subject, Mrs
Fenwick said: 'Yes, I am quite will-
ing to give my testimony to the
great good Dr Williams' Pink Pills
have done me, as my experience
may help some other sufferer. A
couple of years ago my health began
to give way, and I suffered from an-
aemia, with most of the depressing
symptoms of that trouble. I became
much emaciated, had distressing
headaches, and a very poor appete-
ite. At first I thought the trouble
would pass away, but in this I was
mistaken, as I continued to grow
worse. My heart began to palpitate
violently at the least exertion; my
rest at night was broken and finally
a bad cough set in, and I was scarcely
able to do a bit of work about the
house. An aunt in England, who
had been ill, had written me that
Dr Williams' Pink Pills had restored
her to health, and I determined to
give the pills a trial. After the use
of a few boxes I noticed a distinct
improvement in my condition, and
after using the pills for a few weeks
more the trouble had completely
left me. I could sleep well at night,
the cough left me, the headaches
that had made me so miserable van-
ished, my appetite returned, and I
could again perform my housework
with ease. I shall always feel grate-
ful for what Dr Williams' Pink Pills
have done for me, and strongly re-
commend them to other ailing
women.'

Dr Williams' Pink Pills have ac-
complished just such good results in
thousands of other cases among ail-
ing men and women, and sufferers
from any of the numerous ailments
resulting from poor, watery blood,
who will give these pills a fair trial,
will soon be on the high road to
health and strength. Imitations are
sometimes offered by unscrupulous
dealers, who care more for their own
profit than for their customers'
health. Be sure that the full name,
'Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale
People,' is found on the wrapper
of every box you buy. If your
dealer does not keep these pills send
to the Dr Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brookville, Ont., and they will be
mailed postpaid at 50c per box or six
boxes for \$2.50.

at his utmost speed, and yet was alive
to every tone and motion of his rider.
He gathered up his feet and set them
down with the agility and precision
of a cat.

There was need of the very best
that man and horse could do. The
narrow icy track ran high along the
face of the steep, rocky side of the
ravine. On the one hand rose a near-
ly perpendicular wall of rock; on the
other a sheer precipice dropped into
the foaming current of Mountain
River.

They had, in reality, got a long
start in the race; but it seemed to
Doctor Graham that they had done
almost nothing when the pursuing
train swept through the cutting and
into the ravine behind with a shriek
and clang. He could feel his horse
shrink beneath him at the sound.

'Bravely, Frank, bravely and fast!'

he said, bending far forward to speak
encouragement.

The splendid horse fairly flew down
the grade. But the train thundered
nearer and nearer each moment. To
the desperate rider it seemed almost
upon them. He fought resolutely
against an overmastering desire to
look back. He knew well the risk of
taking his attention from his horse
even for an instant.

But a point was reached when he
could stand the terrible uncertain-
ty of it no longer, and he cast a quick
glance over his shoulder, almost ex-
pecting to be dazzled by the glare of
the headlight at his very heels. To
his astonishment he saw only a great
dark object sweeping down the track,
still a considerable distance behind.

What the absence of headlight
might indicate he could not guess,
and there was no time to think about
it, for just then came the recollection
of the second culvert, scarcely hun-
dred yards ahead. The remembrance
of this terrifying obstacle brought
with it more than mere selfish fear—
he had a swift vision of his mother's
anguish should the assurance of 'no
danger,' which he had given her,
fail.

Every nerve of his body and every
faculty of his mind were now given
to the task before him. The roar of
the train was deafening, but he be-
came almost unconscious of it in the
intense concentration of his attention
on his horse.

A little beyond the culvert lay the
possibility of safety; at it death
awaited failure. Its gridiron surface
stood out clearly in the moonlight.
Frank's pace was tremendous as he
galloped down upon it. Could he—
would he rise at the right moment?

Doctor Graham almost stood in his
stirrups, with body bent far forward.
Frank's nose was near the culvert
when the quick, final signal came.

He rose to it. The doctor uttered
a great shout of encouragement and
triumph as he flung himself back in
his saddle for the drop—many feet
on the farther side of the culvert.
Frank flew on with unbroken stride.

The train was right on them; and
some echo of that shout must have
reached the engineer above the rattle
of his fierce machine, for there was a
sudden hoarse shrieking of whistle
and grinding of brakes. The race,
however, continued to be a mad and
doubtful one for many paces farther.
Then the horse drew rapidly away,
and a minute later his rider turned
him aside at the crossing of the road
to Sam Williams' barn-yard.

The doctor rode on toward the
stable with a look back at his late
pursuer, which had come almost to a
standstill, but which, seeing him out
of danger, went on its way again.

It consisted of an engine, tender,
and caboose, headed by a high, old-
fashioned snow-plow—the one, as he
afterward learned, which had been
brought in by the evening express,
and which was now being returned
to the main line for service else-
where. It was the plow which had
concealed the light of the engine,
and, no doubt, it had been the cause
of not being seen before.

Doctor Graham hurried his horse
into a warm stall, and made for the
house without delay. A single glance
within showed him that he had come
none too soon. The injured boy was
lying unconscious and apparently
lifeless, with his mother sobbing and
moaning helplessly over him.

The doctor set to work instantly
almost without hope at first, but he
soon had the assurance that his ter-
rible railway ride had not been in
vain. Bob was able to open his eyes
and smile a faint welcome to his
father when he returned.

As soon as Williams had made cer-
tain of his son's safety, the doctor
questioned him eagerly about the
state of affairs at his own home.

'No,' said Sam, confidently, 'they
can't know a thing about that train
comin' out. I must have been in the
stable when it went by, and never
heard it. And no one was stirrin'
about the house when I left.'

'Thank God for that!' said the doc-
tor. 'It is the one thing that has been
troubling me.'

The limit of this earth's capacity
is 5,294,000,000 human beings. The
world could feed no more. At the
present rate of increase this limit
would be reached by A. D. 2100.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

November 6, 1902.

The elections are over and the com-
plexion of the Fifty-eighth Congress
is determined. In the Senate the re-
publicans will have a majority of 22
and in the house of representatives
of twenty-six. In the present Con-
gress they have a majority of 20 in
the Senate, if Henry M. Teller, a sil-
verite, be counted with the demo-
crats, with whom he has recently
voted. In the House they have a
majority of 47. From a republican
stand point the recent election has
been a welcome confirmation by the
people of their approval of republi-
can policy, an additional testimony
of the popularity of President Roose-
velt, a repudiation of socialism in
New York state, where Gov. Odell is
re-elected by nearly 10,000 majority
and a repudiation of single-taxism
in Ohio where the party of Hon.
Tom Johnson was unceremoniously
snowed under.

From the democratic standpoint
there is much to rejoice at in the
reduced majorities of many republi-
can candidates and the immense vote
rolled up by the City of New York.
It is freely claimed, among the demo-
cratic leaders in Washington, that
the democrats actually carried New
York State but that the republicans,
being in control of all the election
machinery, altered the returns to
suit themselves. As it is, they are
inclined to turn to the view which
Senator Vest took of the situation in
the early part of the campaign, viz.,
it would be better even for the demo-
cratic party to give the republicans
an opportunity to fulfil the pledges
they were making on the stump. The
Senator maintained that they would
not fulfil those pledges and that the
people would become incensed be-
fore 1904, at the lack of faith on the
part of the victorious party.

The republicans now have every-
thing their own way in both houses
of Congress. The President has ex-
pressed himself as believing that
there is much important work for
his party to accomplish. Most of
this work will be outlined in his an-
nual message and the independent
voters on whom, after all, the fate
of any party must rest, will watch
with keen interest the action of the
remaining session of the Fifty-sev-
enth and the first session of the Fifty-
eighth, in carrying out the pledges
made to the country. They will
closely observe the extent to which
the party supports the policy of its
President. From their standpoint it
is, perhaps, well that the republican
party has a working majority in both
houses. It fixes beyond cavil the
responsibility of action or nonaction.

The effect of civil service reform
has been most marked in Washing-
ton during the past week. Formerly
it was the custom for the campaign
committees to assess government
employees the amount of their rail-
road fare to their homes and back.
This amount was then placed with
the railroads and all who desired to
go home to vote could secure tickets
on application. Such funds as were
not so utilized, however, were re-
turned to the campaign committees.
The civil service regulations now
prohibit all assessments, however,
and instead of 10,000 clerks going
home to vote, as formerly, barely
1,000 did so and, according to state-
ments made to our correspondent,
aside from the heads of the depart-
ments, the men who went home
were, in the majority of instances,
the least valuable clerks, those who
hold their positions rather as a re-
sult of political influence than by
meritorious service.

On the evening of election day a
few thousand people gathered on
Pennsylvania Avenue ostensibly to
read the election returns but from the
apathy they displayed over the fig-
ures on the bulletin boards and the
hilarity with which they greeted the
cartoons which were interspersed
with the figures, it appeared that
their chief desire was entertainment.
By midnight but a corporal's guard
remained and the sales of an extra
edition of an evening paper which
came out near 12 o'clock were meagre.
Apart from the groups on Penn-
sylvania Avenue, no one would have
guessed that the returns from an im-
portant election were being received.

The announcement that the Presi-
dent's district, at Oyster Bay, has
gone democratic by 31 votes was re-
ceived with silence but the cartoon
which followed it and which showed
Mr. Roosevelt in an attitude expres-
sive of intense disgust was received
with shouts and cheer.

Evidently Sir Thomas Lipton en-
joys his popularity with the Ameri-
can people and is determined to fur-
ther it if possible. He has written
Gen. Corbin that he has had an in-
terview with King Edward and has
deeply interested the King in the St.
Louis exposition. As a result, the
King has indicated that he will ap-
point a special commission to visit
St. Louis and it is regarded as prob-
able that the commission will be
headed by the Prince of Wales. The
details of the arrangement are now
being discussed by Ambassador
Choate and the British Foreign Of-
fice.

THROAT REST

You can cough
yourself into
bronchitis, pneu-
monia, and con-
sumption.
Bandaging
and bundling
your throat
will do no
good.
You must give
your throat and
lungs rest and
allow the cough
wounds to heal.
There is noth-
ing so bad for a
cough as cough-
ing. Stop it by
using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Even the cough of early
consumption is cured.
And, later on, when the
disease is firmly fixed,
you can bring rest and
comfort in every case.

A 25 cent bottle will
cure new coughs and
colds; the 50 cent size is
better for settled coughs
of bronchitis and weak
lungs; the one dollar size
is more economical for
chronic cases and con-
sumption. It's the size
you should keep on hand.

"All families ought to be on the
watch for sudden attacks of croup
or acute lung troubles. Every coun-
try home in the land should keep
Cherry Pectoral constantly on hand
to provide against an emergency."
JOSIAH G. WELLS, M.D.,
Dec. 14, 1888. Holland, Mich.

The Parson, the Dove and the Oat.

Major Shattuck, of the signal
corps, tells an amusing story of an
oldtime "religious revival" meeting
in a negro church near Savannah.
In order that the revival spirit might
be quickened, it was arranged that
the preacher should give a signal
when he thought the excitement
was highest, and from the attic
a hole cut in the ceiling directly over
the pulpit the sexton was to shove a
pure white dove, whose flight around
the church and over the heads of
the audience was expected to have
an inspiring effect, and, as far as
emotional excitement was concern-
ed, to cap the climax. All went
well at the start; the church was
packed; the preacher's text was:
"In the form of a dove," and as he
piled up his eloquent periods the ex-
citement was strong. Then the op-
portune moment arrived—the signal
was given—and the packed audience
was scared out of its wits on looking
up to the ceiling and beholding a
cat, with a clothesline around its
middle, yowling and spitting being
lowered over the preacher's head.
The preacher called of the sexton in
the attic: "Wear'd de dove?" And
the sexton's voice came down
through the opening so you could
hear it a block: "Inside the cat!"

NEW FALL Clothes

For Men and Boys.

Better than ever! Better
Style, Cloth and Tailoring
for the money than ever
before—which mean bet-
ter service and durability.
There is more to dura-
bility than the wear of the
cloth. There's the wear
of the buttons, the lin-
ings, the color, and, most
important of all, the wear
of the "fit."
The makers of OUR
Clothing look to all these
things! Want you to ex-
amine particularly the
new Paney Cheviots in
dark stripes, gray mix-
tures, and the new browns,
mostly "Sten-Bloch."

Saunders Bros.