

A Leading Horseman's Opinion

Few men in Canada are better known, or whose opinion will have greater weight with the horse-loving public, than A. L. SLIPP, Nova Scotia's famous trainer and driver.

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SIRS.—Manchester's Tonic Condition Powder and Veterinary Liniment are the best Horse medicine I ever used.

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Mr. Slipp owns and drives horses worth thousands of dollars, and when he uses medicines wants the best; he wants medicine prepared by qualified Veterinarians, not by quacks; YOU WANT THE SAME.

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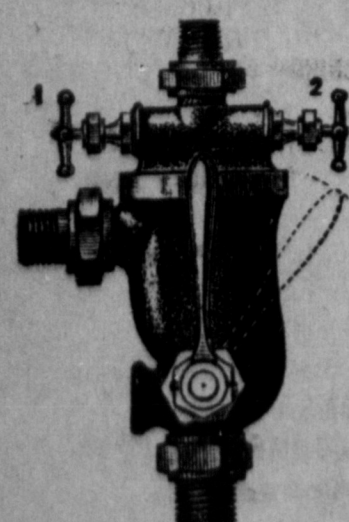
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Corner Walker's Wharf and Water St.,
St. John, N. B.



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the Claremont, coming up with a wind. Off to the westward, as the light increased Ransom made out a dark spot about half a mile away. It was the keel of the Wal kure, end on.

"Pull away there," he ordered, dropping to his thwarts. "Pull—bend your back," he shouted at Ackland, as he found his greater strength was turning the boat from a straight line. Ackland laboured silently, beginning to feel that this adventure held little credit for him. In a short time they were up to the submerged hull, barely showing the keel above water.

"Way enough; in with your oar," shouted Ransom, now in a frenzy of excitement. He sprang to the stern with his oar and guided the boat up to the quarter of the wreck. Close to the rudder showed a dorsal fin.

"There's a shark," exclaimed Ackland.

"Don't be alarmed," said Ransom, kicking off his boots; he won't climb in. You're to keep this boat close to the quarter. He whirled his oar aloft and brought it down over the dorsal fin, which disappeared showing an instant later 50 feet away. Crowding his knife firmly into its sheath, he tossed his cap down, peered a moment into the blue depths, then, drawing in a deep breath, dived overboard. Ackland sat on the thwart, pale and alternating and conflicting hopes—the hope that Ransom would reappear with Jessie, and the hope that the shark, which had darted farther away at the instant of the splash, and was now returning in curving zig-zags, would be able to dispose of Ransom. But his desire for justification did not impel him to emulate this feat.

Ransom in a few downward strokes, reached the submerged taff rail, under which he darted; two strokes more brought him to the companionway in the port corner of the cabin. Into it and upward he swam, until his head struck the cabin floor, without his feeling aught but the pressure of water in his nostrils. Forward he went in the inky darkness, meeting stools and chairs, which he pushed aside, and finding by touch, the forward bulkhead of the cabin. Above him now, he knew was the hatch leading into the hold. His head seemed ready to burst, and his lungs ached with throbbing pain as he reached up for the hatch, which he had reasoned should be open. He felt a smooth surface—the cabin table, jammed legs upward, in the hatch, it resisted his efforts to dislodge it. Pulling himself around it, he found that one edge sagged down with his weight, and he forced his body between it and the floor. The pain in his lungs was indescribable agony, but he dared not expel the air, to replace it with water—which would kill him. He felt the edge of the hatch on the back of his knees, and in his extremity of physical and mental torture—his thoughts of Jessie, dying this death—put forth his strength. The legs of the table creaked, crashed loose with a noise that seemed deafening, and the obstruction sank down. Catching the edge of the hatch above him he pulled his body through and shot upward. It was but a few feet to the surface, but to this man, it was a span of miles, and years of time, before he reached it, and felt air on his face, and knew that he could breathe.

He emptied his lungs with a great groan of relief, and drew in a breath, which, though foul with the scent of the bilges, contained blessed, life-giving oxygen. Clinging to a stanchion, he breathed, in and out of his tortured lungs, the welcome air, until his blood, that had nearly ceased moving, and his heart, that had nearly ceased beating, resumed their functions. Then, while breast and brain were still racked with the terrible agony, he called hoarsely:
"Jessie."

A wailing scream answered—close to him: "Help—help me. Who is it?" It was worth that dive to Ransom—to hear it.
"It's me, Jessie; it's Ransom. Where are you? Can you come to me?" "Ned, Ned! help me. Save me. Yes, I'll come. Where are you?" He reached out in the direction of her voice and felt her hair—wet and dragged. She was clinging to the next stanchion, and he drew her in to him.
"Oh, Ned, take me out. I've been here so long—so long. And it is dark, and so cold," she moaned, as she clung to him.
"Yes, Jessie, I will. Don't talk now. Let me get my breath."
She was silent, and after a little he placed her hands on the stanchion and said, gently: "Hold yourself, Jessie; I must kick the table away from the hatch."
"Don't leave me, Ned. Don't," she screamed.
"Just a minute, Jessie." He sank down, found the hatch clear and returned to her. With his arm around her he supported the benumbed and exhausted girl until he thought himself recovered sufficiently to make the return. Then he said to her: "When I count three, take a good, long breath and catch hold of my belt. We must swim through the cabin." He drew her close to him and planted a kiss on her cold lips, which barely moved in response. "It's the first one, Jessie—perhaps the last; there's a shark outside," he said, knowing, as men know in such extremes, that the shark was all that now could make it the last. "Ready, now?"

"Think it over."
Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's PILLS assist digestion. 25 cents.

The Philadelphia Record says that some Maltese cats drink beer. Now we know why those cats stay out late at night carry on so.

"Have you got quail on toast?" asked a seedy-looking party as he entered the restaurant the other day. "Have you got an eagle on silver?" asked the proprietor. And the conference adjourned sine die.

"Isn't it too bad about Charlie Newed. I understand that since his marriage he and his wife have been living from hand to mouth." "Oh, I guess they're all right. It's her father's hand, you know."

What you want when you are ailing is a medicine that will cure you. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and be convinced of its merit.

K D C Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

(Continued on Page 7.)

FOUND IN OLD SHIPS.

Secret Treasures Hidden No One Knows By Whom or How Long Ago—Two Mummified Hands.

The utilization of apparent waste is well exemplified in the breaking up of ships of various kinds, for every nail and every chip are put aside for sale; but in the case of vessels of considerable tonnage, and especially of very old craft, finds both curious and valuable are by no means rare. To give a recent instance, an old wooden vessel that was broken up near Greenwich only a few months back revealed a very curious sight when some old planking in the fore-castle had been torn down. Here, nailed up, were the two mummified hands of a negro, and in the palm of each hand, and transfixed by the same nails that held the hands, were two counterfeit silver dollars. The hands had been hacked off roughly.

A year or two ago the breaking up of an old schooner near Sheerness brought to light beneath the inner "skin" of the hull quite an elaborate armament of a very old-fashioned kind, and a friend of the writer's secured, from among the many weapons included, a splendidly made bell-mouthed flint-lock musket, the stock being marked with a representation of arm and leg fetters, and the name "Philip Steyne, Boston, Lincolnshire." The most curious part of this find was a set of books—a privateer's books, evidently—showing the capture of various French vessels.

Tied up in a canvas bag 190 guineas in gold were found a year or two back, during the breaking up of an old vessel plying between Birkenhead and New-Brighton. With the money were found, too, a most curious and unique set of foreign playing cards, some loaded dice and three magnificent pieces of amber. All these were found in the false bottom of a wooden bunk—Chambers's Journal.

Why not Test it Too.

Rev. Wilson McCann, Rector at Ome-me: "I have tested K. D. C., and knowing its value can recommend it to all sufferers from indigestion."

We claim to hold the largest list of letters for K. D. C., held by the proprietors of any medicine in Canada. Its merits prove its greatness. Try it now. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

On The Stair.

We sat on the stair, she and I,
And the music came dreamy and low;
And sweet was the light in her eye
And charming her cheek's rosy glow.

Silent we sat on the winding stair,
Far from the maddening crowd,
An incense rose up from her hair
And came like a perfumed cloud.

"It's really too bad," I said to her,
As I gently stooped and kissed her,
"That you are not some other girl,
Than my young pretty sister."

OUT OF THE TOLLS.

Physicians Failed Cur—All Failed—
But the Great South American Kid-
ney Cure, a Specific Remedy for
a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs
A. E. Young, of Barnston, P
Q. Quickly and Per-
manently.

This is her testimony: "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease." Sold by W. W. Short.

Summerman—"Well, this is unusual! Why, you are putting all the big apples in the bottom of the barrels and the little ones on top." Uncle Hiram—"Yes. Those fellers in the city are gettin' so all-fired cute; they open the barrels from the bottom to see whether we farmers be tryin' to cheat them."

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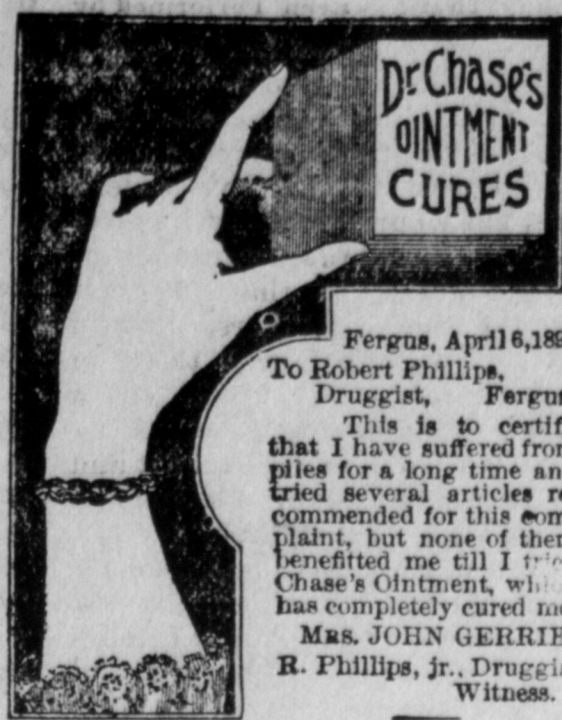
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K D C Pills tone and regulate the bowels.



Dr. Chase's OINTMENT CURES
Fergus, April 6, 1894
To Robert Phillips,
Druggist, Fergus.
This is to certify that I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I used Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me.
MRS. JOHN GERRIE,
R. Phillips, Jr., Druggist
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We are now taking orders for our hardy grown stock of apple trees grown at Kouchibouguac. Parties desiring to set out trees should reserve their orders for us. Satisfaction guaranteed.

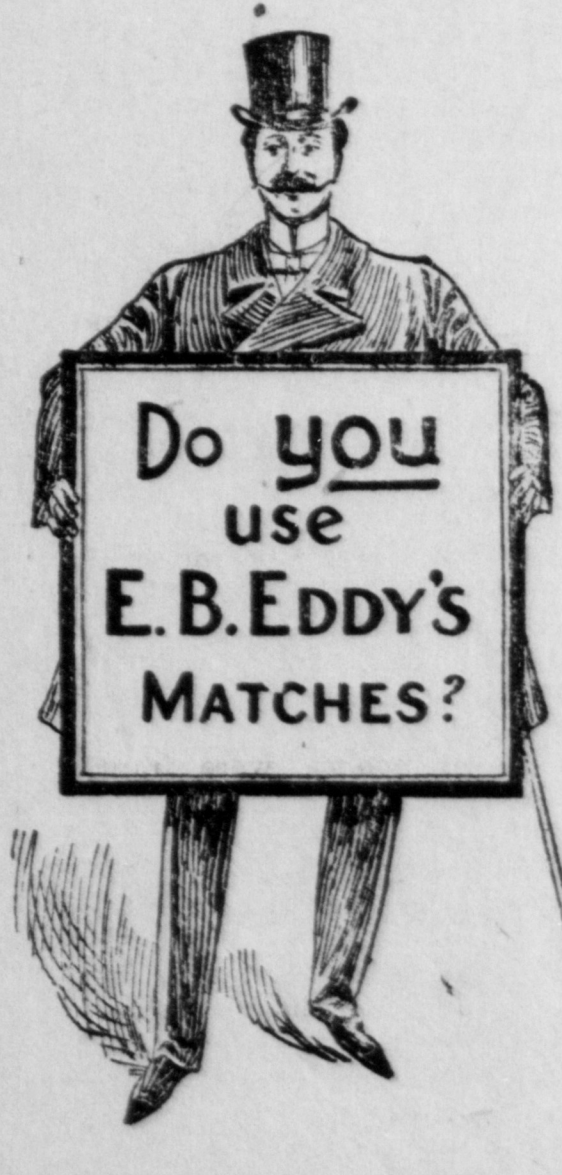
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TROUT BROOK, KENT CO., N. B. June, 30th, 1896.

THE DUNN MEDICINE CO., Harcourt, N. B.

I purchased a bottle of your Beach's White Liniment and found it to be all you claimed it to be. It is the best liniment I ever used. One thing it did for me for which I am very thankful, that was the removal of a very bad corn on my toe that had troubled me for years.

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By purchasing from us, customers can save the large amount of commission usually paid to agents who handle imported articles. And another no inconsiderable item is the freight on goods when brought from a distance. We propose to give our customers the benefit of this saving.
J. F. BLACK & SON,
Richibucto, May 6, 1896.

Shingle Machine for Sale.

I have a shingle machine nearly new which I will sell at a bargain.
EDWARD HARNETT,
Kingston, Kent Co.