

## MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

The Duke of Bedford is the title of a London millionaire. He began life as a bedmaker and now his establishment covers two blocks of city land.

Mr. Gladstone is almost the only member of the house of commons who sits uncovered in parliament. Thus his face is more readily scanned by visitors who look at Britain's legislators at a distance through a grating.

The late Mr. Parnell had a great aversion to letter writing, and the letters he did write were marred by bad grammar and an involved style that sometimes made his meaning obscure. It is said that in his conversation he never made use of an oath, and he once boasted that not one of his speeches contained a violent expression.

Scarcely had Mr. Spurgeon begun to recover his health after his recent serious illness before he was deluged with a fresh lot of the begging letters from which he has long suffered; and when the great preacher's helpers rejected some of the appeals, the applicants resorted to a new sort of letters containing more or less abuse.

Gladstone is admitted to be, in private life as well as in public, the greatest talker of the century. One of his admirers says of him: "In a drawing-room he is surrounded by a bevy of ladies and a crowd of gentlemen. One starts a question. It may be on Emerson's best poem, or it may be upon the origin of racing in England or the morality of card playing. And upon them all Gladstone is good for a couple of columns at least.

A Buddhist missionary numbers a Buddhist priest among his converts. It is very rare indeed that a priest of the Buddhist faith abandons his religion. Twelve years ago this priest would not sit on the same level with a Christian, nor take so much as a tract from his hands. All things are changed since his conversion. He has cast off his sacred robes, taken a wife and settled down to a useful life as a blacksmith, while preaching on Sundays.

Louise de Beaulieu, a famous French "vivandiere," who in company with her regiment was under fire in eight battles, has been reduced to the expedient of selling matches in Paris for a living. She has a long record of heroic deeds, one of her feats of bravery being that of saving the life of a child from the sixth story of a house that was burning in the Rue St. Honore. At Champigny she lost an arm while carrying a wounded soldier to an ambulance.

Shelley could not understand why people needed more than plain bread. He was so careless about his meals that he did himself serious injury. When during his London walks he felt hungry he would buy a loaf at the nearest baker's, tuck it under his arm and eat it as he went along, probably reading a book and dodging the passers-by at the same time. Mrs. Shelley often sent food to his study, which in his abstraction he forgot, and then, coming out from the room, he would innocently ask: "Mary, have I dined?"

Here is the latest list of the wealthiest women of the United States: Mrs. Hetty Green of New York is credited with a fortune of \$40,000,000 in her own right; Miss Elizabeth Garrett has \$20,000,000; Mrs. Mark Hopkins has \$20,000,000; Mrs. Edwin Stevens, \$15,000,000; Mrs. John C. Green, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, \$10,000,000; Mrs. John R. Barton, \$8,000,000; Mrs. Thomas Scott, \$5,000,000; Mrs. William Armour, \$5,000,000; Mrs. Terry, \$20,000,000, while Mrs. Terry's baby daughter, three years old, distances all competitors by having wealth in her own right valued at \$50,000,000.

When Prince George of Wales took command of the gunboat *Thrush* he also took upon himself the usual duty of conducting the religious service on the vessel on Sunday mornings. Everything went on well, apparently, but at the end of about four weeks some one suggested to the prince that he was not reciting the liturgy according to Cranmer, although the ship's company was highly flattered by his rendering. He had been reciting fervently and humbly, "We have done those things that we ought to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought not to have done," and the crew had been accepting his statement of the case and feeling good.

The achievement of T. P. O'Connor in producing within one week a comprehensive and well written life of Parnell, is a noteworthy bit by no means unexampled instance of fast literary work. Goldsmith wrote his classic *Vicar of Wakefield* under even greater pressure, for an officer of the law stood at his elbow to expedite matters. Marion Crawford's Mr. Isaacs was the result of a month's work; and other authors, when the frenzy was on, have exhibited remarkable bursts of speed in composition. Horace Greeley, for example, wrote his "Printer" within 30 minutes. It was composed to be read at a Press club benefit, and Mr. Greeley rose from his bed at midnight to write it, after the poet chosen for the occasion had shown himself unequal to the task.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the distinguished poet and man of letters, who is now visiting America, was for years editor of the *London Telegraph*, and has done all sorts of newspaper writing. In a recent interview he said he felt quite capable of "doing a fire" even now. His exposition in English of the Hindoo gospel of Buddha has gained him his greatest fame. Both the *Light of Asia* and *Pearls of the Faith*, which latter he considers his greatest work, treat of this subject. Sir Edwin lived many years in India and acquired his knowledge of Buddhism there. He says that he had studied to some extent the jugglery of the country and while many of the tricks he did not understand, none of them were in the slightest sense miraculous or unnatural. The trick of causing a plant to grow was simple. It was done on the same principle that some thimble rigging games were carried on, by a system of covers with false bottoms. All the marvelous deeds of the jugglers of which so much was written were, he said, commonplace, every-day tricks when they were investigated. His long poem telling the story of Christ and which he called "The Light of the World," was not considered equal to the poetry of St. John's gospel or the accounts of the other evangelists.

## THE MIRACLE CITY.

## A NEW NAME SUGGESTED FOR HAMILTON.

Another Remarkable Case which Would Indicate that the Name Would be Quite Appropriate.

The number of remarkable cures occurring in Hamilton is causing general comment throughout the country. To those who know the inside facts there is not the least cause for wonderment. The remarkable cure of Mr. John Marshall who was known to almost every citizen in Hamilton was the Pink Pills an enormous sale in the city, one retail druggist alone selling 2,880 boxes in the past six months. People whose cases had been considered hopeless as was Mr. Marshall's, took hope from his cure, persisted in the use of the pills, with equally wonderful results in their case. And what is happening in Hamilton in the way of remarkable cures, is happening in all parts of the Dominion, and every day adds to the pile of grateful testimonials which the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are receiving. Last week the *Hamilton Times* investigated two more cases, the result of which is told in the following article in the issue of Nov. 7th:—

The account of Mr. John Marshall's wonderful cure, after suffering for years with locomotor ataxy naturally brought to light several other cases of almost equally miraculous cures in this city. Among the many citizens who profited by Mr. Marshall's experience and who have been troubled for many years with the same affliction was Mr. William Webster. For a long time he was in the flour and feed business in the Market Square, and for over ten years while in his office he was compelled to remain in a reclining position on a couch, covered with heavy buffalo robes winter and summer. It was with difficulty that he could make his way, even with the aid of crutches, to his residence, but a short distance from the store. He attributes his trouble to constant exposure at the open door of his store, carrying heavy bags of grain in his arms, and when over-heated and perspiring sitting over an open cellar-way in order to cool off. About a year and a half ago he found it necessary to give up his business, owing to the fact that he was becoming utterly helpless from his terrible disease. In June last, on hearing of Mr. Marshall's case, he began to take that well-known remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and has been greatly benefitted thereby.

Mr. Webster was seen by a *Times* reporter at his residence, Macnab street north, Saturday afternoon, and was not at all loathe to speak about his case. "With the exception of this trouble with my legs," he said, "I never have been sick a day since I was seventeen years old, and now I am 55. This locomotor ataxy is a terrible disease. For years my legs have seemed as though they belonged to some one else. As I have lain asleep on a winter's night, one leg has fallen out of the bed and when I would awaken with the cold I would have to feel around with my hand before I could tell which leg was out of bed. If I were to try to place my foot on a spot on the carpet within easy reach I could no more do it than fly. The pain at times has been terrible. I have lain awake night after night, week after week, alternately grasping each foot in my agony as the sharp pains like knife stabs shot through various parts of my anatomy. When I was first attacked with pains in my feet some twelve years ago I tried several physicians but could get no relief. Paralysis then set in and I immediately consulted a well-known specialist in Buffalo, who told me that I was suffering from locomotor ataxy and could not get better. I came home again, and on the advice of friends tried several hot springs, but with no effect, except, perhaps, to aggravate my complaint. I finally became discouraged, and after two years' doctoring I underwent an operation. I was placed under chloroform, a gash two inches and a half in depth made in the side of each leg near the hip, and the doctors put their fingers in the gash and stretched the sciatic nerves in the vain hope that such would give me relief. Since then, now over ten years ago, until June last, I took no medicine whatever, and retiring from business, became so helpless that I could not walk a step without my crutches, and sometimes the pain was something awful. About June, however, I got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using the first box felt such a beneficial effect from them that I continued to use them ever since with the result that the terrible pains I used to suffer from have vanished, and with the exception of a gentle little dart at rare intervals, I might never know I had ever suffered from them. Since using the pills I go to sleep early and sleep soundly and peacefully as a baby all night through. I can also walk a dozen steps or so without my crutches." And to illustrate, the old gentleman got up and walked across the room and back again to his seat alongside the reporter. "Now I couldn't do that at all before last June," continued he, "and the pills are certainly the pleasantest medicine to take that I ever tried. I would advise any one who is troubled with an affliction any way similar to mine, or who is suffering from any nervous disease, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

## THEY SELL RAPIDLY.

Mr. J. A. Barr, the well-known Hamilton druggist, says that the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing. Last winter he purchased one dozen boxes. This was his first order. Since then he sold 2,880 boxes of the pills, and every day the demand is increasing. He sells at least two dozen per day. The same story comes from other druggists in Hamilton.

The other day Mrs. Martin, of Ferguson Avenue, Hamilton, Ont., called at Mr. John A. Barr's drug establishment and asked for a box of Pink Pills. She had a little girl with her in a perambulator, and while the mother was in the store the child climbed out over the side of the carriage. The mother laughed over the incident and remarked: "If it were not for Pink Pills my baby would never have been able to do that. To those in the drug store Mrs. Martin narrated the wonderful cure which had been effected by Pink Pills in the cure of her infant. When about a year old the baby became paralyzed, and the anxious parents consulted the best doctors in the city, but their treatment was of no avail. The little one was not able to move hand or foot, and for a time the case was considered a hopeless one. Seeing an

advertisement in the *Hamilton Times*, of the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Martin procured a box and before the youngster had taken all it contained, a marked improvement in her condition was noticed. The paralysis disappeared and the little one's appetite returned. The parents' hearts were delighted with the result. It was while buying the second box that the child scrambled out of the carriage on to the sidewalk. The mother told Mr. Barr that the paralysis had resulted from teething. A representative of the *Times* who investigated the case discovered that the little girl is now walking around in the best of health.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a scientific preparation used successfully for many years in the private practice of a physician of high standing. They are given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speed relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box—they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

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COLD SORES, SORE LIPS ETC.  
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Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads,  
Mattresses, Springs, Baby Carriages, etc.  
Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.

F. A. JONES, : : 34 Dock Street.

DAVID CONNELL,  
Livery and Boarding Stables, Sydney St.  
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.  
Horses and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs  
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MANUFACTURERS OF  
WIRE, STEEL  
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And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS,  
SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

CAFE ROYAL,  
Domville Building,  
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.  
DINNER A SPECIALTY

Pool Room in Connection.  
WILLIAM CLARK.

## PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Wife—"You must think all women are alike." Husband—"Oh, no, I don't. I'd been a bachelor if they were."

Editor—"Well, sir, did you interview that woman as I directed?" Reporter—"I saw her, but she refused to talk." Editor—"Startled—"Was she dead?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Breed—"Deah me," said Chappie, as he donned his sixth costume for the day; "I've been working like a horse." "Ya-as," returned Doody, who is brighter than he looks; "like a clothes-horse."—Puck.

Poet—"Two weeks ago I sent a poem and enclosed a stamp for approval." Editor—"Yes, I remember. We approved of the stamp. It was a daisy. I don't remember the poem."—New York Herald.

"You have omitted one item," said the departing guest to the landlord. "What's that?" asked mine host. "The bookkeeper said good morning to me to-day, and you've forgotten to charge for it."—Harper's Bazar.

"Aren't you afraid that you are living too well for your health?" asked the chicken. "I ain't in this for my health," answered the turkey between pecks. "I am out for the stuff, so to speak."—Indianapolis Journal.

Latin professor—"Mr. Polke, give some English derivatives illustrating the difference in meaning between post and ante." Mr. Polke—"Well—or—there's penny-post and penny-ante; they're quite different."—Littell.

The widow had married again. After the ceremony at the church the widow was receiving congratulations at the house. "How nicely it all went off," chattered a lady, "and you did your part to perfection." "Oh, yes," she said complacently, "you know this isn't my maiden effort."

First Angel (referring to the new arrival)—"It isn't often we see a real estate agent up here." Second Angel—"What makes you think he is one?" "Why, didn't you notice how, as soon as he got inside the pearly gate, he showed his crown on to the back of his head and began to brag about the climate?"—Brooklyn Life.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. xxxiii., 25.

K. D. C. relieves distress after eating and promotes healthy digestion.

God has nowhere promised to feed the man who will not take his coat off.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia or money refunded.

The man who conquers himself fights a battle that is watched from heaven.

K. D. C. frees the stomach from poisonous acid and gas, and restores it to healthy action.

The devil can sometimes frighten the Lord's sheep, but he can't hurt them.

For Cholera Fellows' Speedy Relief stands ahead of all other preparations.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—Lord Beaconsfield.

You want K. D. C.—you want to be cured of dyspepsia. Then take K. D. C. and be cured of dyspepsia.

Education doesn't make the man. It brings out the gold that God put in him.

Be a well man, a free man, a happy man, by taking K. D. C.—the great restorative for all stomach troubles.

If you want to help the devil to make backsliders get up church entertainment.

Printer's ink fails to tell the wonderful merits of K. D. C. Try it! Dyspepsia can be cured! See testimonials.

What do you suppose the angels think of a man who is doing his best to die rich?

FOUND.—The Dyspeptic's Best Friend! K. D. C. is the best medicine for dyspepsia ever offered to the public. Try it!

Ambition is a big ship that often gets wrecked because it sails without a compass.

When you decide to be cured of dyspepsia test the world-famous cure K. D. C. It cures when all other remedies fail.

There is happiness in pulling the sled up hill for the one you love to ride down again.

A Free Sample Package of the wonder-working K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

The more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance the deeper the chasm appears.—Alcott.

Is your dyspepsia chronic? Is it severe? Is it a mild form? Try K. D. C. It is guaranteed to cure any form or money refunded.

The better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself.—James Russell Lowell.

K. D. C. has proved itself the Greatest Cure of the Age. Try it! Test it! Prove it for yourself and be convinced of its Great Merits!!!

The keenest ax with which to hew the human heart into a piece of ice is that of ingratitude.—Gedella.

"The World Gone Mad!" Wanted—The world to regain its reason and dyspepsia the use of their stomachs by the use of K. D. C.

God will not call you to account for the four or five talents you have not received, but he will ask a strict account for that one which he has entrusted to you and which is your special grace.—Guilford.

J. VAN BUSKIRK, Bear River, N. S. writes: I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effect which I have experienced from the use of K. D. C. I have suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form for twenty years. Have consulted a number of physicians but could obtain no relief. Also tried a number of patent medicines with same effect. After which I commenced to take K. D. C. and am happy to state that I am almost perfectly well. I hope your great remedy may become universally known.

Does Protection Protect? Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier by its many remarkable cures.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

## VERY MANY SUCH.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

BACKACHE.—"I can highly recommend St. Jacobs Oil as being the best medicine in existence; it promptly cured me of severe G. N. BOYER, Carleton Place, Quebec."

SPRAINS.—"My mother received a very severe sprain and bruise by falling down stairs. St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a couple of days." R. BURNAND, 124 Tecumseth St., Toronto, Ont.

BRUISES.—Mr. AITCHISON, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I received a severe bruise on my back and shoulders were terribly bruised, but by the use of St. Jacobs Oil he was completely restored."

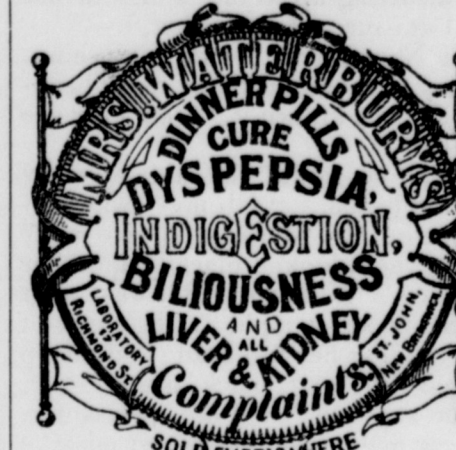
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DINNER PILLS

Are sold and recommended by the following druggists in this city, who are reliable.

BARKER, T. B. & SON, McCARTY, R. W.  
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CHRISTIE, WM., FAIRDOCK, M. V.  
McARTHUR, R. D., PARKER BROS.  
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Plated Ware, in great variety; Cutlery, Tin and Japaned Ware, Brass and Iron Hooks, Nails and Tacks, Mixed Paints, Varnish, and large variety of Sundries, required by Housekeepers.

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NOW is the time to prepare for comfort in your dwellings next winter. Heat your house with a Hot Water Apparatus; in point of economy, simplicity, cleanliness, and ventilation it is infinitely superior to any other mode of heating.

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To pick out a Suit of our stock.

We've anything and everything you want. A special lot of very handsome Tweed Suitings; will make up beautifully.

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Boot, Shoe, and Clothing Trade

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20TH CENTURY STORE, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET (Opposite the Market).

We are going to move into larger premises, in about a month, and in the interval will sell at PHENOMENAL PRICES.

It will repay purchasers to hunt us up before buying. Our Stock is very large and we are determined to reduce our Stock, even if it must be done at a loss.

MEN'S CONGRESS, \$1.25; BROGANS, 75c.; MEN'S VERY HEAVY WORK BLUCHER BALS \$1.25; WOMEN'S VERY FINE KID BOOTS, 95c., \$1.25 up; other goods proportionately cheap.

TRYON MFG CO., Proprietors. J. A. REID, Manager.

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Till our traveller comes round with his samples of

Fall Suitings. WAIT till you see his goods—new

goods; wait till you see his prices—low prices. Then

wait no longer, but BUY WHAT YOU WANT, and it will

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