

THE FARMER FAILS

In health just as does the city-man, and he fails commonly from the same cause, "stomach trouble." The farm is a wholesome place to live; the farmer's life is a healthy life; but no external advantages can overcome the effects of a diseased stomach. When the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased, the food eaten is imperfectly digested and assimilated, and the consequent loss of nutrition results in physical debility.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets' a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief, as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was not able to work at all. Now I weigh nearly one hundred and sixty and can do a day's work on the farm. I have recommended your medicine to several, and shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicines."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose, therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

I. C. BRAND

By
EDWARD MARSHALL

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Lieutenant Phillips, U. S. V., had been inspecting government property out in the corral, but the heat had driven him into his tent, which was pitched just on the edge of a coffee plantation.

It was at the time when our government was withdrawing from Porto Rico the vast number of horses, army wagons and other transportation paraphernalia which had been necessary during the war. Inspection duty is only given to men who are thoroughly trustworthy. Especially is this true in Porto Rico. There were large quantities of government property there after the surrender, most of it in good condition. The planters thereabouts, who had lost a season's crops through the war, were anxious to cheaply re-equip their plantations with wagons, horses and mules. It was because the honest gentlemen had a tendency to offer "inducements" to inspecting officers to condemn good property, which the planters could afterward buy for a song at the auction, that special care was used in the selection of inspecting officers. Lieutenant Phillips was one of the elect.

On such government property as is condemned the "I. C." brand is placed. "I. C." means inspected and condemned. It is not wise for a civilian to have in his possession any property which bears the mark "U. S." and does not also bear the mark "I. C." Both are stenciled in black paint on tentage canvas, blankets and such like, burned into the bodies of wagons and other wooden articles and branded on the flanks of horses and mules.

Lieutenant Phillips kept the irons in his own possession for fear they might be used unscrupulously. He carried them with their braziers still half full of hot coals, to the rear of his tent so that what little breeze there was would blow the heat away from him. Then he removed his heavier garments.

It had been a hard day for the lieutenant. Early in the morning he had been chief witness at a court martial which had convicted an American soldier of having cruelly treated his wife, a beautiful Porto Rican girl. The accused, Luigi Aramado, was a swarthy fellow of Italian parentage.

Lieutenant Phillips remembered with discomfort the fierce look the man had thrown at him as, handcuffed, he had been led away to the guardhouse. But, although the lieutenant had the pink cheeks of a girl and never a suspicion of a mustache upon his upper lip, he had a reputation for fearlessness.

Before he settled down to sleep he released from the ventilated box a pair of little lizards. They are of the variety called chameleons and can be easily tamed by any one who will occasionally give them a sip of sugar-water, a few flies or some other dainties dear to the heart. Many of our soldiers in Porto Rico so tamed them, and Lieutenant Phillips was among their number.

When he finally lay down on his camp cot they took their stations, one upon his pillow, one upon his chest. They knew instinctively that he did not like to have them on his face, for

whenever they trespassed on this territory he moved restlessly, but their presence near his face was quite sufficient to keep most of the flies away.

While the lieutenant was making all these preparations for his siesta there was an unpleasant eye watching him through the open space left by the lifting of the back flap of the tent. The eye was in the head of the man whom the lieutenant had given evidence against that morning. Luigi Aramado had escaped. Below the eye, but wholly hidden in the bush, there were two hands, and in one of them there was a knife. The man was waiting until the lieutenant should fall asleep.

The tent's flaps moved lazily in the sleepy breeze. Now and then one of the little lizards made a lightning dart, and a fly had perished. The lieutenant slept peacefully. Everything was as it should be when noon approaches in the tropics.

Still the figure crouched, watchful and silent. At length the man crept forward till he was full in the tent; then he stopped and drew from his blouse a tiny vial. He was near enough to have used the knife, but he evidently had other purposes. Perhaps he wished to gloat over his victim before the blow fell. His glance had fallen upon the brazier and the brandishing irons.

Slowly and noiselessly he rose to his feet. It was a mistake, for it startled the lizards. Disobeying their training, they scampered over the face of the sleeper.

It half woke him, and he looked up lazily, but before he could more than catch a glimpse of the evil eyes and gleaming blade, before he could halloo for help, the man flung himself upon him and in the lieutenant's nostrils entered the deadly fumes of chloroform. Then he lost consciousness.

The Italian raised himself cautiously—the stupor might be feigned. But a moment's scrutiny relieved his fears. In a twinkling he had bound the lieutenant hand and foot and thrust a gag into his mouth.

"Killing wouldn't be enough," the desperado muttered fiercely. "I'll mark him for life, so I will."

The lizards meanwhile had darted up on the canvas of the tent. They had done all that they could in waking the lieutenant. They could not fight for him.

And while the lizards watched with their beady eyes the intruder thrust the irons into the brazier. The lieutenant's eyes were open now, for the force of the opiate was spent. The desperado turned and caught their undaunted glance.

"Pig of a lieutenant!" he said viciously. "It is now I who have the power. I will wait until the irons heat, then we shall see what we shall see." And he kicked the helpless figure before he turned again to the brazier.

As he watched the metal turn from black to gray and flush into redness, a cruel smile disclosed his fanglike teeth.

"'Tis most ready, my lieutenant," he said tauntingly.

Noiselessly the tent flap swayed, as if moved by a gentle breeze. The man's back was turned. He was too intent on the brazier to see a slight figure which slipped through the aperture. It was Isabel, his wife.

The girl's eyes dilated with horror as she glanced from the bound lieutenant to the deadly preparations of his enemy. Then with a little movement she snatched the pistol which lay on the table. At the sound the man at the brazier turned and found himself looking into the barrel held in her steady hands. He was a coward, and he quailed before her.

"Take those ropes off," she said imperiously in her musical Spanish, pointing to the lieutenant's bonds. "If you do not I will shoot you."

There was a tremor in her voice, but her eyes were unflinching.

The lieutenant watched her, fascinated. Her husband, sullenly accepting defeat, began to untie the knots. At length the captive was released and the two stood silently before her. Both seemed overawed by the beauty and fearlessness of the woman.

Still pointing with her pistol, she cried:

"Now, go—go—go, Luigi, and never come back again." Without a word the desperado obeyed.

When the tent flap fell behind him the pistol dropped from her trembling fingers and she leaned against the table as if for support.

"Was it wrong to let him go?" she said appealingly. "You would have killed him if he had stayed, and I could not have stood that. I—loved him—once." There was a sob in her throat. "Now he will never dare to come back again. I shall be free from him. You will let him go for my sake?"

As the lieutenant glanced from the irons from which she had saved him to her pleading face he could not but consent. Yet, as she, too, disappeared behind the coffee bushes, he heard her choking sobs.

"The way of a woman is hard," said the lieutenant.

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A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back, or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by all druggists.

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- PRESCRIPTION -

We suppose we are not revealing any trade secrets when we say that many medicines are made up on the principle of the so-called "Shot Gun" Prescriptions, which were formerly somewhat in vogue. The idea of the Shot Gun Prescriptions was to put into a medicine a large number of different drugs, each useful for different purposes, in the hope that some of them might hit the case.

The most successful physicians we know use a more direct method. The medicine we sell over our own name, and guarantee, does the same. This medicine is called,

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It is the best remedy we know of for Dyspepsia in all forms, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brach, Sick Headache and all the terrible diseases caused by Dyspepsia. It is not a scattering "Shot Gun" Prescription but it goes straight to the mark, and has cured so many people right here in town, that it gives us confidence to sell it on an absolute guarantee, as follows: If you use a bottle and it does not help you, we will give you your money back without a word of complaint. We could not afford to guarantee it so boldly if we had not seen it succeed ninety-eight out of every one hundred cases.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, October 11th, 1903

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a.m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec; Bangor, Portland Boston, etc.

6.50 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup. Leaves St. M. vs 7.30 a.m.

9.45 a.m.—Express for Fredericton Jct. connecting with Express for St. John and points east, Palace Sleeper Car Fredericton Junction to Halifax. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Truro.

6.00 p.m.—Mixed, for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc., and with Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., St. Stephen. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Mattawamkeag.

9.00 p.m.—Express for St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.05 a.m.—From St. John and points east.

11.45 a.m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

8.10 p.m.—From St. John and east.

4.50 p.m.—From Woodstock and all points north as far as Perth and Plesier Hook via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 4.20 p.m.

10.40 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, etc.

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On and after Sunday, October 11th, 1903, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

No. 6 Mixed for Moncton, Pictou, the Sydneys..... 6.30
No. 2 Express for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton..... 7.00
No. 4 Express for Point du Chene..... 13.15
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex..... 17.12
No. 134 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 18.00
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20
No. 7 Express from Sussex..... 9.00
No. 133 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 13.50
No. 5 Mixed from Moncton..... 15.20
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene..... 16.50
No. 25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Moncton..... 17.40
No. 1 Express from Halifax..... 18.4
No. 81 Express from Moncton, (Sunday only)..... 24.35
All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight. Moncton, October 9, 1903

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