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THE DEAL MARKET.

Decline in Spruce Said to Have Been Momentarily Arrested.

London Timber Trades Journal of 9th inst says:

The decline in the value of spruce appears to have been momentarily arrested, but the point is whether, in view of the difficulty of making sales, cargo prices have yet touched bottom. A couple of cargoes of St. John spruce, with a bigish percentage of seven and eights, has, we learn, been recently sold to Liverpool at £7, and we understand that below this shippers are not disposed to go. It should of course, be remembered that at this period of the year, when shippers are in their busy time and manufacturing freely, they are naturally anxious to get their production shipped right away, so as to avoid storage expenses; and in previous years values about July have not infrequently been somewhat easier. At the present time, however, shippers have also to contend with a demand that is sluggish, and a Liverpool stock of largish dimensions.

In its London notes the Journal says: Judging from the result of this week's sale, one would incline to the belief that spruce is better, and no doubt such is the case for anything like handy and fair speculations, and at the same time we may say good stocks, but the general market is still lifeless so far as forward business is concerned.

Buyers and consumers from the upper to the lower rung of the ladder are quite apathetic, and in no way inclined to operate, so that the practical and circumspect agent does not inflict his presence on these unwilling buyers at the present time, and we think, and in fact must agree, that he is prudent in not attempting to force business at the present moment.

In its Liverpool notes the same paper says:—

"The spruce market continues in a weak condition and prices still have a downward tendency."

In their Wood Trade Circular of the 1st, Messrs. Farworth & Jardine of Liverpool have the following under the head of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia spruce and pine deals:

"The import during the past month has been large and slightly exceeds that of the corresponding month last year, viz., 18,006 stds, against 15,630 stds; the deliveries have been fair, but stocks have increased and are too large; values show a further decline. Pine Deals—the demand is exceedingly quiet, and sales are difficult."

A BLOATED STOMACH

Distention and pains from indigestion are cured quickly by Nerviline. When you get an attack of stomach trouble take a stiff dose of Nerviline, which is perfectly harmless but marvellously quick in effecting a lasting cure. "I was once taken ill with stomach trouble" writes Edward Rowell of Rochester. "I was in great pain and distress but half a teaspoonful of Nerviline fixed me up in a few minutes. I can recommend Nerviline for sick headache and cramps and consider it an invaluable household remedy. Try it yourself. Price 25c."

SPEED OF THE SALMON.

Can Make Better Time Than a Torpedo Boat.

Just how fast salmon can travel has never been proved. Owners of weirs say that a healthy salmon can swim faster than any torpedo boat. Here is some evidence on the subject:

Frank Arey of Winterport, went fishing the other day at the pool below Bangor dam. He landed two small salmon on the flood tide. About 11.30 a. m. he struck a big one, which caused his rod to bend until it was perilously near the breaking point. Then the salmon darted under the boat, and catching the line against the keel, severed the fly and leader from the silk string and escaped.

Disgusted with his luck, the young man landed and went to Bangor at 11.40 remaining in the city until the afternoon train took him home. His father met him at the station, saying:

I have got your fly and leader all right, Frank. I found them in the jaw of a 20-pound salmon which I took from the weir at high tide today. It was just 12.10 when I dipped the fish from my weir into my punt. What time did you lose your rig?

On comparing watches, father and son learned that the fish had gone from a mile above Bangor to Bucks cedre, a distance of 13 miles, inside of half an hour. The

tide was flowing up river at the time at the rate of three or four miles an hour. After making due allowance for every condition, it was proved that the salmon had covered the distance at the rate of about 28 miles an hour.

There's a story of a farmer and his son driving a load to market. Of the team they were driving one was a steady reliable old gray mare, the other a fractious, balky black horse. On the way the wagon was stalled and the black horse balked and refused to pull. "What'll we do, father?" said the younger man. "Well," said the father, "I guess we'll have to lay the gad on the old gray." That homely compliment to women: "The gray mare's the better horse," suggests how often when there's an extra strain to be borne it is laid on the woman's back. How often she breaks down at last under the added weight of some "last straw." Women who are dragging along wearily through life can gain real strength by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It puts back in concentrated form the strength making material which working women use up more rapidly than it can be restored by Nature in the ordinary processes of nourishment and rest. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are universal favorites with women because they are easy to take and thoroughly effective in curing the consequences of constipation.

Historical Kisses.

The first recorded kiss was the treacherous one given by Jacob to his father Isaac, when the former was masquerading as Esau. It is the first in a series of deceitful kisses recorded in history. There is a famous kiss in the "Beggars' Opera." It was given by Macheath to Jenny Diver, and the unpleasant effect which it produced on him be judged from the sarcastic remark: "One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent." Petruchio gave his bride a kiss of enormous calibre. We are told that he kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack that at the parting all the church echoed. The kiss given by the Duchess of Devonshire to a butcher for his vote has almost a world-wide reputation. The butcher was bold and ingenious enough to demand a kiss as the price of his vote. It was gracefully given, and the recipient became known as the butcher Steele who kissed the Duchess. He thus increased his trade and gained historic fame. One would like to know the opinion of a duchess as to the difference in the flavour of a duke's kiss and a butcher's.

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

Latest Reports From the West Are Very Encouraging.

"The prospects for a record wheat crop in Manitoba and the Territories are of the brightest and, by all present appearances, the yield will even surpass that of last year."

This is the opinion of Mr. F. T. Griffin, C. P. R. Land Commissioner.

"Fears were entertained in certain districts at the beginning of the season that the crop would not be up to the average, on account of the drought which had existed, but these fears have all been dispelled and the farmers are getting ready to handle more grain than they did last year. Although the acreage has not been augmented in Manitoba, yet in the Territories there is much more land under cultivation than ever before."

Mr. Griffin said that there is no let-up in the number of immigrants who are settling out in the West. The rush this year has been greater than ever before. The settlers are mostly of a very desirable class and are the kind the country needs. Immigrants continue to pour in from the United States, from the Dakotas, Iowa, Minnesota and even from Illinois, from Michigan, from Wisconsin and even from as far as the Pacific Coast.

The sales of the C. P. R. lands, Mr. Griffin stated, were progressing very satisfactorily.

POSSIBLY YOUR WIFE

Doesn't look so young and pretty as she used to. If her cheeks are hollow and pale, if she is tired and nervous she needs Ferrozone, which is noted for restoring the bloom of health to sickly girls and women. Complexion quickly becomes rosy, spirits rise, and strength increases daily. Health and vigor will soon return to your wife or daughter if Ferrozone is taken. It's the best tonic made, and costs 50c. at druggists.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

A NOBLE RANCHER.

Says the Canadian West is the Most Promising Country in the World.

Hon. Sydney French, brother of Lord Ashtown and cousin of Lord Clancarty, of Woodlawn, County Galway and Garbally Park, Ballinsate, Ireland, is at the Windsor on his way home from Calgary, N. W. T., where for the past six years he has been engaged in ranching. He is accompanied by a servant and Mr. C. H. Ellis, of Calgary, who deserves surveying parties which explored to be ranked as a pioneer of the Canadian west. Mr. Ellis has been twenty-two years in the west and was a member of one of the numerous surveying parties which explored the trackless prairie in the years gone by and divided it up into the sections and quarters which were afterwards taken up by the British settler who saw in the Canadian West a heritage rich in its property and golden in its fulfillment.

Hon. Sydney French, who has been six years in the Canadian West and is now on his way home to his ancestral halls in County Galway is a remarkably fine specimen of British manhood. Tall, well knit and ruddy, with a countenance unmistakably British and a love for Ireland second only to that which he bears for Canada, the land of his adoption, he presents all the qualities that the Canadian is accustomed to hope for in the man who comes from over the seas to cast in his lot among us.

And he is remarkably well posted on Canada, too, is this scion of a noble Irish house. He has spent six years here and when he goes home it will be as one of new Canada's younger sons.

"I love Canada," he said to a Herald man this morning, "and I am prepared to live here always. Of course I love Ireland, too—that was the land of my birth, but I would not want a better country to live in than this Canada of ours—and the accent on the 'ours' was unmistakable."

"Canada is the most promising country in the world today. It is the country of the future and as such, is a most important factor in the Empire."

"I am located about twenty miles from Calgary and am engaged in cattle ranching as there is very little grain raising or mixed farming done in that section. It is a great cattle country but it is worse than useless for a man to go out there without capital, unless he intends to work for a farmer or a rancher first. Otherwise he requires at least £500 to start properly. A man going out now has to buy his own land as all the homesteads are taken up for ranching, and at any rate I can almost see the end of ranching in Canada as the lands are all being taken up for farm purposes and fenced in so it is hard to get a clear run for your cattle."

As to the crop prospects in the Canadian West, Hon. Sydney French refused to speak beyond saying that as far as he had an opportunity of judging they seemed to be good. "There will probably be a car shortage," said he "for I fail to see where the railways will get cars enough to move all the crop that is offering."

As to the complaints made by British settlers in Canada and which frequently appear in the London papers graphically depicting alleged hardships suffered in Canada, Mr. French characteristically described them as "rot." "Everyone," he said "must face certain hardships, but if they look out for themselves here as well as they would elsewhere, they will have no complaint." "What do you think of the Canadian West politically?" Hon. Sydney was asked and he replied—again characteristically—"Oh, confound politics. I am in the West as a rancher not a politician," and the interview ended there.

Rich Red Blood, Basis of Health.

Strong Blood Fortifies the Nerves, Strengthens the Heart, Keeps You in the Swim. How to Nourish the Blood.

To keep abreast in the unceasing race that confronts us, both energy and reserve strength are essential. Strength is power. Power is money—that's the way we resolve it today; yet even when evidence of failing strength and dwindling power becomes manifest, very few of us face the actual condition and deal with it as we would with something involving monetary value.

Thousands of people are falling behind in the race of life simply because they are failing in strength. Instead of using Ferrozone, which revitalizes all the functions of the body, forms rich, red blood, improves digestion, thereby renewing vitality and endurance, they simply drift along until the doctor or undertaker confronts them.

If Ferrozone was unpleasant to take, or if its action were not immediate and permanent, if physical improvement were not of the highest

value to the individual, there might be some excuse for deferring the use of this remarkable tonic.

If your health is inconsequential, then Ferrozone may be dispensed with. But if health and vigor give you more power and comfort, can't you see the foolishness of denying yourself the many advantages of using such a grand medicine?

Do the fair thing by yourself, go right to your druggist and get Ferrozone. You will then know what perfect health, good spirits, and strong nerves really mean.

Ferrozone, like other good things, is grossly substituted, so insist on getting Ferrozone, which is prepared in tablet form and sold only in 50c. boxes, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

FLOATING COFFINS.

Some Advice from Commodore Stewart which Should be Heeded.

Mr. John Mitchell, an esteemed business man of Halifax, was drowned in Halifax Harbor the other day. His boat was knocked over by a squall, filled and sank, and Mr. Mitchell, with nothing to keep him afloat, went down after a short struggle for life before a boat could reach him. It is strange that men will go out in open boats, carrying ballast enough to sink them, with nothing in the nature of life buoy, cork-stuffed or pneumatic cushion, deal end or board large enough to keep a man afloat. Such a craft, so unprovided, is a floating coffin waiting for a corpse. Mr. J. E. Butler, harbor master of Halifax, a veteran yachtsman of great skill, has an open yacht for afternoon sailing, and her cockpit is furnished with airtight boxes that would stay on the surface if the boat sank and support the crew. Each box holds a cubic foot of air. They are made of grooved and tongued wood, covered with painted canvas, and roped. One of these would have saved Mr. Mitchell, and a pneumatic or cork-stuffed cushion would have served the same good purpose. The contingency of a knock-down squall should always be reckoned on. An open boat, if knocked over, will fill, and then, if ballasted, she will sink. People have been drowned here, and are drowned somewhere every year, because they don't remember these facts and act accordingly by carrying something on board that will float them when the boat sinks.—Chatham World.

Where is the Opposition?

(Toronto News.)

We witness at this moment a noisy manifestation of sympathy for Lord Dundonald, but as yet the policy has received no very earnest support from the Opposition. The aim is to discredit the Government and to get party advantage out of the circumstances surrounding Lord Dundonald's dismissal. This is natural enough and fair enough within limits but a more serious duty rests upon Mr. Borden and his associates. Their sympathy for Lord Dundonald must go the length of practical support for the measures which he recommends, if they are to derive legitimate advantage from the situation which his dismissal has created. There is nothing for the country in calculated appeals to the Scottish element of the population, and in a cunning traffic in the sympathies of Canadian Imperialists. Either Lord Dundonald's policy must be accepted by the Opposition or the whole controversy is mischievous, demagogic, and nationally unprofitable.

It does not seem quite fitting for a soldier to play the politician, and that his speech at Massey Hall was that of a politician, and of a very shrewd and capable politician, can hardly be disputed. There is a deadly purpose in many of his sentences, and the whole address reveals a design, executed with positive genius, to make mischief for the Government.

THE EVILS OF CONSTIPATION ARE

Well known and the next best thing is to know a reliable cure. Mrs. W. E. Dyer of Stony Mountain, Man. says: "Dr. Hamilton's Pills are just the thing. They go right to work at once. I use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Price 25c. per box.

It is possible, however, that Port Arthur has fallen, but has managed to keep it from the neighbors.

It's so easy being good in a novel that it discourages people from trying anywhere else.

At the rate he has started out it would take the Shanghai liar only about six days to kill off the entire Japanese army.

Years from now the Japs will be going around to bombard Port Arthur just from force of habit.

The Caraque Railway.

As a result of the negotiations which have been going on for some time, the Caraque Railway and the North Shore Railway have passed into the hands of new owners. Among those interested in the venture are Messrs. Peter Ryan, T. P. Coffey and Jarvis Webster of Toronto. Mr. Webster went over the line on Wednesday with the view of examining it, with the purpose, it is expected, of putting it into good running shape. It is anticipated, indeed, by some people that there will be a large expenditure of money in this direction, but time will be required to show whether or not this will be true. The two railways were not owned by the same persons, and considerable time was spent by Mr. P. J. Veniot, who represented the Toronto men, in carrying on the negotiations between the interested parties in Great Britain, United States and New Brunswick. Some of the old owners remain in the new company, of which Mr. Peter Ryan is president, and Mr. A. J. H. Stewart, Bathurst is secretary.

How the New Foreman Showed His Authority

THE night after Mulhoney was relieved of the section foremanship the new boss came. The crew of the "Irish local" formed their silent conclusions at the supper table and later over their pipes agreed to start right by propitiating as far as possible Mr. Michael O'Brien.

On the following morning while that gentleman was yet stowing away vast quantities of eggs and bacon the men left a hurried breakfast and, proceeding to the car house, performed the unusual feat of placing the handcar upon the siding before 7 o'clock. Then they loaded up the tools and buckets and waited.

When O'Brien came, carrying his dinner pail and with his coat flung turgidly about his shoulders, he paused, with an inquiring look at the car.

"Who put that car on the track?"

The crew glanced at one another, at the car and back at O'Brien. Marty J. Flynn swallowed part of his chew and made answer:

"We did."

"Take that car off the track!"

The wheels crunched in the cinder, and the men straightened up.

"Now put that car on the track. I'll show you who's boss round here!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Out of Pocket, but Got Even.

A squire not a great distance from here was visited by a client who protested that a liveryman had "shaved" him dreadfully, and he wanted to come up to him.

"I asked him," explained the client, "the charge for a team to go to Dedham. He replied \$1. I ordered the team and on my return offered in payment \$1. He insisted on another dollar for coming back and made me pay it."

The squire gave him legal advice, which follows. Going to the liveryman, he asked, "How much will you charge for a team to Salem?"

"Five dollars," replied the stable owner.

"Harness him up." The client went to Salem, returned by railroad and went to the stables, saying, "Here's your \$5."

"Where's my team?" asked the liveryman in surprise.

"At Salem," answered the client. "I only hired the team to go to Salem."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Youthful Wisdom.

"Oh, mamma," she said, with a little burst of girlish confidence, "what do you think? Mr. Rudyot proposed last night."

"Ah, did he, my dear? And what did my little girl say?"

"Oh, I told him that an engagement was too solemn and sacred a thing for me to enter into without serious thought and consideration and that I would give him my answer in a week. And now, mamma mine, we must go to work and find out if he really and truly has a thousand a year."

"You dear, wise little girl!" cried the fond mother, folding her child to her bosom and weeping softly over her.

A Sinister Suggestion.

"Bliggins and his wife must get on very happily," said the gossip. "She says she never scolds him."

"That doesn't indicate happiness," answered Miss Cayenne. "It is sad. It shows that she considers him beyond hope."—Washington Star.

As Each Viewed It.

"He isn't in our social set any more."

"So I understand."

"Yes, he dropped out some time ago."

"Why, he gave me to understand he had climbed out."—Philadelphia Press.