

FOREST FIRES

Doing Serious Damage in Various Parts of the Province

In many parts of the province forest fires are raging. Friday evening a fire was started along the line of the St. Martin's railway by sparks from a passing locomotive. The blaze quickly spread and by Saturday night had devastated an area of over six square miles between Porter's road and Henry Lake. It was burning fiercely Saturday afternoon and evening, but Saturday night the wind changed and swept the fire back over the burnt area.

Considerable private property was destroyed by the fire, but it consisted chiefly of brush. The Bay Shore Lumber Company, however, lost quite a lot of valuable birth timber.

The fire last night was rapidly burning itself out.

Fires are prevalent at Spruce Lake and nearby places. The fire started last Tuesday at Ludgate Lake, which is about a mile from Spruce Lake. The latest report is that the fires have spread into South Bay and are threatening both South and Grand Bay. The fire has already burnt over an area of four miles. This is the same ground that was burnt over a number of years ago. While nothing as yet has been burnt, except the old stumps, a great amount of damage may yet be done.

The fire threatens the Ingelwood property. James Lowell has 10,000 pieces of lumber at the lower end of Grand Bay. He had twenty men at work yesterday trying to stop the progress of the blaze when it arrived at the Back Land road and thus save Grand Bay, but as the wind was not high the men did not reach the road and little good was done by the men. However, they will work again today and will meet the blaze with renewed efforts.

The flames are now about three quarters of a mile from the main South Bay road.

ST. STEPHEN IN DREAD.

St. Stephen, July 12—This community has been living in dread because of a woods fire raging at the northwest outskirts of the town and in close proximity to our beautiful rural cemetery with its wealth of great pines and spruces and other trees. Two hundred men have been fighting it and this afternoon another alarm was sounded for more helpers. Water has been hauled from the nearest hydrant, over a mile distant, and the fight is a strenuous one. The smoke is blown directly over the town and there is much danger from cinders. With the setting of the sun the wind has died down and there is some relief, but all are anxious for rain. At Lawrence station on the C. P. R., fire broke out yesterday in a twenty thousand acre lot owned by the St. Croix Paper Co., and men are having a hard fight to control it.

Montreal, July 12—Forest fires have been raging for the last few days along the line of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal and Quebec. Carmel Hill and Belleville, in Dorchester county, two small hamlets each consisting of about thirty houses were practically wiped out today, only a house or two being left in each place, and while about thirty Intercolonial cars standing on the siding alongside saw mills were burned as well as the stations at these places. Trains were held up for fifteen hours. Great damage has also been done to lumber and pulp lands. So far no loss of life has been reported.

PARALYZED BY LUMBAGO.

Manual labor or even light exercise is impossible with lumbago. The muscles stiffen out like steel—to move means agony. Only a powerful remedy can penetrate deep enough to help. The surest relief comes from rubbing in Nerviline. It sinks into the very root of the trouble—penetrates where an oily liniment cannot go. To prevent lumbago returning, put on a Nerviline Pains Plaster, which removes inflammation, and strain from the muscles, and acts as a guard from drafts and exposure. Nothing will so quickly cure as these remedies. All dealers sell Polson's Nerviline and Nerviline Pains Plaster. Refuse all substitutes.

"What is the matter with the man who is sprawling under that automobile?"

"I rather think it is a case of nervous prostration."—Baltimore American.

Strength Depends on Healthy Blood

Is Yours Rich and Pure?

Blood is the soul of life. Check its formation, reduce its quality, lessen its red cells—you at once sap strength and vitality—you peril life itself.

When you strengthen the blood, make it richer in red cells, increase its solid constituents, you supply the materials that rebuild—you furnish that disease-resisting element we call strength.

When you are weak and ailing—When appetite is poor—when mental efforts seem impossible, sleep hard to get, be sure your blood has grown poor and your nervous system in consequence is impaired.

Nothing so quickly stimulates the formation of rich, red blood as Ferrozone.

Ferrozone's action upon the digestive power is immediate—everything you eat is converted into nourishment and building material.

Ferrozone fortifies the action of the kidneys, liver and stomach, increases circulation, and by these means throws into the blood a vast store of material to build up and to strengthen.

Ferrozone by making blood and stimulating vital action, transmits to the debilitated brain cells, exhausted by toil, by anxiety, or by sickness, the strength they need.

The beneficent action of Ferrozone on the brain is transmitted through the nervous system, and all powers of the body are enormously increased.

Ferrozone enables the body to perform all its functions in a normal and natural way, and with an absolute freedom from reaction, which is the most positive assurance that the body is strengthened—not stimulated.

Whether the weakness you suffer is profound or of long standing, whatever the conditions are—if the blood is impaired, if its redness is reduced, is an absolute and rapid remedy.

For any condition of weakness, debility or ill health in men, women and children, you can't find so nourishing and strengthening a tonic as Ferrozone; try it, sold everywhere in 50c boxes.

IS YOUR THROAT HUSKY?

This is the first step towards Catarrh. Everything depends on your remedy. A cough mixture slips quickly over the weak spots, drops into the stomach and does little but harm digestion. It's altogether different with Catarrh—It cures because it gets right at the trouble. You inhale Catarrh—breathe in the vapor of healing balsams that strengthen and restore the weak throat tissues. You'll not have colds, or coughs—Throat trouble will disappear with the use of Catarrh—zone. At all dealers, 25c. and \$1.00. Get it today.

SUCCESSFUL RAID

Calais Liquor Dealers Got a Surprise

St. Stephen, July 12—Alfred French, one of the Maine Sturgeis deputies, visited his old home in Calais yesterday accompanied by a corps of assistants, and his visit, which was quite unexpected, will long be remembered by dispensers of the ardent in that city. Simultaneous descents were made upon six places where liquor was sold, and in every place the officers secured what they sought. Bars were stripped of everything, including glasses, pumps, mirrors and slot machines, the total booty of the raid amounting to about \$8,000. Those in charge were arrested, arranged in court and later gave bail for their appearance in the Supreme Court.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Mr. Askitt—Do you think marriage is a failure?

Mrs. De Vossay—No, merely a temporary embarrassment.

Twenty-seven hundred Gourlay pianos are in use in Canada, United States, Great Britain, South Africa, China and Japan. The completely satisfactory way in which the pianos have stood this extreme climatic changes of each country has been the very best test of its durability and thorough workmanship.

CARRIED OFF THE BRIDE.

Wedding Festivities Stopped by Masked Men in Ireland.

A fickle Irishman who jilted a girl and married another in spite of the parish priest is having the worst time of his life at the hands of the neighbors.

He lives in the notorious Ballinagleragh district of County Leitrim, where a pitched battle took place a few weeks ago between two armies of police and peasants, and for years had been courting the local beauty. A little while ago he transferred his affections to her rival, also of Ballinagleragh.

The jilted girl's relatives did their utmost to prevent the wedding taking place. They were supported by the parish priest, who is a power in Ireland in these matters. He refused the necessary certificate. The young man thereupon went to the bishop of the diocese, but the bishop upheld his priest.

The young man, however, is a person of resource, and told the clergy that he would go and get married in a registry office in the distant town of Enniskillen. Nobody in Ballinagleragh believed that he would fly in the face of the parish priest, but he did.

One night he brought his bride home on an extraordinary scene occurred. A large crowd collected outside the house where the dancing and feasting were in progress, and groaned and hoisted. The groaning ceased about midnight, and the festivities continued.

An hour later about thirty men, wearing crepe masks, burst in the door of the cottage and called on the father of the bride to take his daughter home, with the alternative of being seriously dealt with.

The old man thereupon took his daughter away. The valiant bridegroom declared he would accompany them. The trio marched in the small hours of the morning toward the home of the bride's parents to the accompaniment of groaning and hooting. When about a mile of the journey had been traversed, the bridegroom was seized by another disguised band and compelled to go back to his own home.

This occurred several days ago, and the bridegroom has not seen his bride since. He has not been allowed to leave his house, and the bride has not been allowed to leave her father's. Both houses are watched night and day.

The police are powerless to restore order in the district or to prevent this very original form of boycotting.

HAD UNEXPECTED VOYAGE.

Policeman Carried Off on Board a British Warship.

After spending four days as a compulsory guest of a battleship, Police Sergeant Gale, of the Metropolitan force, who is stationed at East Ham, has returned to London. He has recently been the most talked-of member of the force.

Gale arrived at Sheerness, where the Home division of the home fleet was anchored, in charge of a despatch from H.M.S. Bulwark. Chartering a boat, the sergeant boarded the battleship and was formally handed over his prisoner when an officer hurriedly told him to get back into his boat. The next he explained, was under immediate orders to sail.

"I went to the side of the ship," said the police sergeant, "and looked over. My boat was gone! Then I remembered that the boatman had rowed off to another ship. As I stood there in a quandary the engines of the Bulwark started and we steamed away. They told me that it would be impossible now to put me ashore without delaying the whole fleet in fact, I was helpless!"

"You can imagine how worried I felt when I remembered that neither my superior officers nor my wife would know what had become of me. 'Where shall we stop first?' I asked. You can guess my dismay when they told me that the fleet would not anchor until it had reached Invergordon, near the Moray firth."

"The officers treated the affair as a great joke; but they were very kind to me all the same. I was put to 'mess' with the petty officers, and hadn't a stroke of work to do, of course. If it hadn't been for the anxiety of not being able to send a message ashore, I might have enjoyed the trip very much. A boat from the Bulwark put me ashore at Invergordon late on Thursday night. The first place I visited was the telegraph office. Then I took train to Inverness, and came on from there to London—a 600-mile journey, altogether."

To Receive "Miners' V.C."

Richard Merriman, a Notts miner, residing at Shirebrook, has been recommended for the Edward medal (the miners' Victoria Cross) for bravery at Shirebrook Colliery, Notts, last year.

It appears that a strand in one of the conductors which pass through the loops attached to the pit cage became entangled, thereby causing the cage to tilt. Three of the fourteen occupants were pitched out and killed. Had it not been for Merriman, who, with great daring, seized the catches on the cage, all the others must have met with a similar fate.

Wedge in a sitting posture, and expecting every moment to be hurled down the shaft, Merriman clutched the catches with both hands. Though two comrades were hurled upon him, causing a fracture of his thigh, he held the catches for two hours, during which period his comrades were rescued.

As the result of his bravery, Merriman has lost the use of both hands, and the injury to his thigh has forced him to use crutches. He is unable to do any kind of work.

The Musical D. D.

The professor was complimenting the violin virtuoso on the excellence of his playing.

"By the way," he said, "do you play the 'Doctor of Divinity'?"

"That is a piece I have never heard of," answered the violinist.

"Never heard of it?" exclaimed the professor. "Fiddle D. D.!"

HE WAS QUALIFIED.

The Clergyman's Visitor Finally Got What He Was After.

"In that crisis," said a theatrical manager, speaking of a stage blunder he had committed, "I made a mistake, as queer a mistake as one that was made by a friend of mine, a clergyman."

"The clergyman had advertised for a butler, and the next morning after breakfast a well dressed, clean shaven young man in black was ushered into his study."

"Name, please?" said the clergyman.

"Harry Arbutnot, sir."

"Age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"What work have you been accustomed to?"

"I am a lawyer, sir."

"The clergyman started. This was odd. However, as he knew many were called in the law, he was not surprised."

"But," he said, "do you understand the conduct of a household?"

"In a general way, sir," answered the applicant.

"Can you carve?"

"Yes."

"Wash glass and silver?"

"I—er—think so." The young man seemed embarrassed. He frowned and blushed. Just then the clergyman's wife entered.

"Are you married?" was her first question.

"That," said the young man, "was what I called to see your husband about, madam. I desire to know if he can make it convenient to officiate at my wedding at noon next Thursday week."

AN ICONOCLAST.

His Views on Visiting the Birthplaces of Great Men.

If you like you may visit the house where Longfellow was born, but I have never myself done so. It seems rather foolish to make pilgrimages to the birthplaces of distinguished men. You are certain to be disappointed. There is Shakespeare's—at least, it is conjecturally his, a wretched, squalid hole of a garret, which only makes you sorry for the poet. And there is the birthplace of Robert Burns, transformed into a peepshow of tawdry "relics." What does it matter where a

man was born? No one who is born has any choice in the matter. He is just born because he has to be. The real thing to consider is what he does with himself after he has been born. I feel a reverential thrill when I enter Sir Walter Scott's noble book-lined study at Abbotsford and see everything just as it was when he was still alive—his leather chair and his desk, at which he wrote each morning before his guests were out of bed. But where he was born is of no earthly consequence. Shakespeare and Scott and Burns and Longfellow must all have looked alike when they were babies, rather red and given to squalling and doubtless smelling of sour milk. No; Longfellow's birthplace I will not visit. I like to think that when he was a man he, too, walked on Congress street wearing rather gorgeous waistcoats. But to my mind Portland is not so much an object of admiration because of Longfellow as Longfellow is to be envied because he had the good luck to be born in Portland.—Bookman.

Ice Explosions in Siberia.

A Siberian traveler relates: "At Sandomsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles in the river, a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before. The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure, on the principle of a hydraulic press, became irresistible. First the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds from six to eight feet in diameter and from four or five feet high. The bursting point came at last with a report like an explosion. The water escaped, but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river."

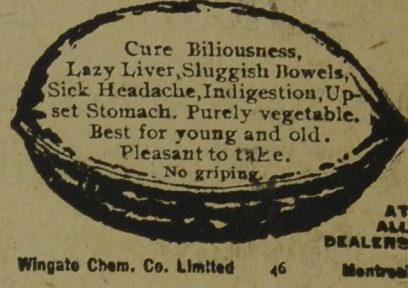
Revised.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the millmen happy,
And the grocers bland.
—Bohemian Magazine.

Not Exactly.

"Time is money."
"Hard times aren't." —Harper's Weekly.

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Don't buy inferior makes when you can have the best for the same price. We guarantee every instrument we sell and if not entirely as represented or absolutely satisfactory money refunded.

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"	"	15.00	"	"	"	"	9.50
Boy's	"	3.00	"	"	"	"	2.25
"	"	4.50	"	"	"	"	3.00
"	"	5.00	"	"	"	"	3.50
"	"	6.50	"	"	"	"	4.50

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Hundreds of Pairs of Men's Pants we will clear them at 85c, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.60, 1.80, 1.90, 2.50 and 3.75. Worth more. Look into our Windows for Bargains.

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