

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchial, throat and lung diseases (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College, Prof. Finley, Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John Kutz, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. J. M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; and scores of others eminent in their several schools of practice.

Humor

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

Roses, Red Roses, and 'Twas Dr. and Mrs. Jason's Wedding Anniversary.

"Well, well! What does all this mean?" Brown nodded toward the large bunch of gorgeous roses that lay on the table in the doctor's office. Brown and Dr. Jason were friends enough to allow of their relations being free and easy.

"G. P.," replied the doctor, coming in and shaking hands.

"G. P.? What does that stand for?"

"Grateful patient."

"Oh, yes, of course," Brown looked across at the doctor quizzically and added, "A lady, I presume?"

The doctor was a married man, but he was a favorite among the fair sex. His wife was aware of it, too, but not approvingly so. In fact, it was common gossip among their friends that she did not view the numerous visits of Dr. Jason's feminine patients to his office with anything like complacency.

"Yes, a lady," answered the doctor.

"A story behind it, I suppose?" commented Brown.

"Yes, in a way," said the doctor.

"She was my patient several years ago. She lives out of town now, but every time she visits the city she never fails to send around a bunch of these roses."

"Um," said Brown.

"She is simply showing her gratitude, and then the roses add a decorative touch to the office, you know," explained the doctor.

"Um," said Brown. "Mrs. Jason is pleased to have your work appreciated in this way, I have no doubt."

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," said the doctor hastily. "But, say, old chap," he said, placing his hand confidentially on Brown's sleeve, "I wouldn't bring up the subject when you come around to the house, you know."

At this moment a step was heard outside the office door, and it opened to reveal Mrs. Jason. She swept the doctor with a glance, greeted Brown pleasantly, and then her eyes fell upon the sheaf of roses. Brown was about to plead an engagement and suddenly faded from the scene when Mrs. Jason gave an exclamation.

"Why, Henry, you dear!" she exclaimed, gathering the roses in her arms and turning upon her husband with beaming countenance. "You were just about to send them up, I'll bet. Of course they are for me! And I have been reproaching you all the morning. Of course you couldn't forget it was our anniversary, could you, dear boy?"

The doctor became a new man in appearance on the instant.

"Of course not, my dear," he said enthusiastically, sweeping her into his arms.

And as he looked across his wife's shoulder at Brown the two men exchanged glances. One was an appeal for congratulations, and the other rendered it quite nobly.—New York Press.

PECULIAR WEAKNESS IN WOMEN.

Many women suffer untold torture from nervous debility arising from disorders of the feminine organs. Day by day they grow worse. A false sense of modesty prevents them using good remedy like Ferrozone, and it would cure them. Lost nerve force is brought back—new vital energy is supplied—irregularities disappear. Ferrozone does restore weak, pale women. For those who suffer and find work hard to bear nothing supplies the health and vitality that Ferrozone so surely brings. Guaranteed free from alcohol and sure to cure, 50c. at all dealers.

Mrs. Scott—You used to point Tom out to us as a model husband, and now you say he's lazy.

Mrs. Mott—Well, he's model all right, only he isn't a working model.—Boston Transcript.

I wish I had money enough to invest in some of the mines that are advertised.

You'd be a fool to do it.

I wouldn't do it, I'd buy a winter overcoat.

LORD CROMER ON GORDON.

Man Who Ruled Egypt Criticizes Here of Khartoum.

Lord Cromer has some very striking things to say about General Gordon in his handbook on Egypt.

"No one who has read General Gordon's 'Journals,' with their extraordinary attacks on all the officials in Egypt, especially Lord Cromer—or Sir Evelyn Baring as he then was—can have avoided wondering what Lord Cromer thought of Gordon."

writes The London Daily Chronicle.

"Mr. Gladstone as we all know, was once asked the question, and refused to be drawn. All he would say was that General Gordon was a 'hero of heroes.' So he undoubtedly was. But heroes are often 'little cattle' dealt with," and General Gordon seems to have been no exception. Lord Cromer does every credit to the loftiness of Gordon's motives, and the heroism of his death. But he reveals by the process of simple narrative the difficulty he experienced in dealing with a man who changed his mind several times a day, and recorded every change in successive telegrams.

Lord Cromer shows in detail the changes of mind to which Gordon was liable, and thereby justifies his own opinion that the General was not a suitable agent for the Government's purpose. Yet no one better appreciated than Lord Cromer the heroism of the man whose kaleidoscopic changes of plan caused him so much embarrassment.

"In the course of this narrative," writes Lord Cromer, "I have alluded to General Gordon's numerous errors of judgment with which he may justly be charged. I have dwelt on defects of character which unsuited him for the conduct of political affairs. But when all this has been said how grandly the character of the man comes out in the final scene of the Sudan tragedy. History has recorded few incidents more calculated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Hordes of savage fanatics surged around him. Shot and shell poured into the town which he was defending against fearful odds.

"Stravention stared him in the face. The soldiers had to eat dogs, donkeys, skins of animals, gum, and palm fibre, and famine prevailed. The soldiers stood on the fortifications like pieces of wood. The civilians were even worse off. Many died of hunger, and corpses filled the streets—no one had even the energy to bury them.

"Trenchery and internal dissension threatened him from within, whilst a waste of burning African desert separated him from the outward help which his countrymen, albeit tardily, were straining every nerve to afford," continues Lord Cromer. "All the anxiety he had undergone had gradually turned his hair to silvery white. 'Yet,' said an eye-witness, 'in spite of all this danger by which he was surrounded, Gordon Pasha had no fear.' 'Go,' he said, 'tell all the people in Khartoum that Gordon fears nothing for God has created him without fear. Nor was this an idle boast. General Gordon did not know what the word fear meant. Death had no terrors for him. 'I would,' he wrote to his sister, 'that all could look on death as a cheerful friend who takes us from a world of trial to our true home.'

"Many a man before General Gordon has laid down his life at the call of duty. Many a man, too, has striven to regard death as a glad relief from pain, sorrow and suffering. But no soldier about to lead a forlorn hope, no Christian martyr tied to the stake or thrown to the wild beasts of Ancient Rome, ever faced death with more unconcern than General Gordon. His faith was sublime. Strong in that faith he could meet the savage who plunged a spear into his breast with a 'gesture of scorn,' and with the sure and certain hope of immortality which had been promised to him by the Master in whose footsteps he had endeavored to follow.

"General Gordon died nobly, but, by his own admission, he disobeyed his instructions. 'Like Lord Lawrence,' he wrote to his sister, 'I have tried to do my duty. But what is 'duty?' asks The Chronicle. 'Is it compatible with disobedience to written instructions? Lord Cromer thinks not.'

Labor in Australia.

"Australia could support a population of fifty millions, but she wants that population to be white," was the remark of Mr. William Watson, of Sydney, recently at Montreal.

"Australia," said Mr. Watson, "was well called the paradise of the workingman—eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep. That was the condition. Holidays at pleasure; everything stopped for a horse race—idyllic conditions, from the workingman's point of view.

"But the country suffered. The workingman did not want anybody else to poach upon his preserves. He passed laws—he obtained the supreme political power for years, preventing immigration into the country from any quarter. Of course, he always was strong against Asiatic labor, and even hedged about Kanaka labor so strictly that it was almost impossible to work the sugar plantations, which promised to become a great and profitable industry.

"The other elements, alarmed at the power of labor, and the restrictions which it sought to place upon development, combined, and labor was defeated at the polls. After that, we began to invite immigrants, and at present our agent in London is influencing the very people we want—British people with some means—people who will settle, make good citizens—people of intelligence."

Hazardous.

Life Insurance Agent (filling out application)—Your general health is good, is it not?

Applicant—Never had a sick day in my life.

Agent—Um! You do not contemplate entering upon any hazardous undertaking, I suppose?

Applicant—Well, yes, I am afraid I do. I am going to get married next Wednesday.

THE BLACK TRACKERS

Wonderful Keeness of These Natives of Australia.

USED TO TRACK CRIMINALS.

These Men Are Veritable Bloodhounds and Have a Natural Instinct For Running Down Desperadoes Who Are Fleeing From Justice.

A criminal in Australia knows that his chances for escape are nearly hopeless if a "tracker" is put upon his trail within a day after the crime is discovered. A "tracker" is a native black man having a natural instinct for running down criminals fleeing from justice. These men are veritable bloodhounds, and their strange power is possessed by no other race in the world.

So implicit is the confidence felt in them by the police that when a black starts out upon a man hunt the officer who goes with him merely follows in his wake. He does not question him or in any way interfere with him, but, leading his own horse, allows the guide to go in whatever direction he pleases, no matter how apparently reasonless his course may seem.

The most successful trackers are in Queensland, near the edge of New South Wales. They will travel any distance, animated by no feeling of hatred for their quarry, but only desirous of proving their expertness. The reward they ask is absurdly small for the long and difficult trails. A few shillings or some cheap bracelets, rings, and so on, quite satisfy them. They have no idea of the value of money. Rum is their great weakness.

Once a tracker was employed to locate some valuable trees for a timber man. He had to travel some forty miles through a forest so dense that it was necessary to cut his way through with his tomahawk. All he asked for was a bottle of rum, while the timber merchant derived over £2,000 from the sale of the trees.

The following description of a man hunt will convey a clear idea of the dangers and hardships to be endured:

In this particular case the tracker was a splendid specimen of manhood. The usual loin garments of kangaroo skin he had exchanged for a light covering of cotton cloth provided by the police. He led a horse, so as to make time in the open country districts where the runaway's footsteps could be seen from a horse. The hunt was very earnest, because the fugitive had stolen some cattle. In Australia the crime of cattle stealing is most severely dealt with and considered a serious offense.

The offender was a well seasoned bushman, cunning and acquainted with the tactics of the trackers. Furthermore, he had two days' start of his pursuers.

To accompany a chase like this is awesome, the utter silence and desolation of the woods is so depressing. Then, too, the trails are deceptive, often leading to a deserted wood camp beneath a foliage so dense that it is impossible even to catch a glimpse of the sky. Darkness closes in very quickly in the mountain regions, and by nightfall the tracker and his employer were glad to reach an "accommodation house," or rancher's home, where such as these were usually welcomed and allowed to put up for the night. At this house the officer tried to hear tidings of his man, but no one had seen him.

All the next day the black fellow led along as swiftly as possible. The way was extremely rough, and mile after mile was covered through wild silences until a stranger would surely think the guide was playing a losing game. At no time could they ride, and it was with great difficulty that they reached a sort of clearing, where the horses were tied and camp struck for the night. Tearing huge strips of bark from the trees and wrapping blankets around them, each lay on the concave surface of one for a bed and rested.

At noon the next day a bushman's cabin was reached, and there the tired horses were tethered. The hunters then proceeded on foot. Another night in the forest, and the fourth day found these intrepid hunters making their way through underbrush peculiar to Australia, called "lawyers and barristers," because its thorns and brambles catch one at every turn. Once the guide hesitated, turned back and struck off in another direction down an embankment, the rest tumbling after him.

A wild chase that must have been! Two white men following the apparently mad actions of a black fellow into places so remote that it would have been impossible to find the way out of them alone, but such is the confidence in that country in the faithfulness and ability of a tracker. He now crawled for the greater part on his hands and knees, minutely examining twigs and branches for signs of a freshly broken passageway for the fugitive. He was about ten feet ahead of the others when he gave a subdued exclamation of delight.

"I catch white feller quick!" he said and pointed to a scrap of cloth clinging to a broken twig. Four hours more and a river was reached. There in the damp earth of the bank two footprints were plainly seen.

The tracker leaped into the river and struck out for the opposite side. Emerging upon the other bank, he ran, dripping, for twenty feet or so, following footprints that had again stopped at the water's edge.

Then the trailer paused. He was plainly puzzled. What had become of the cattle thief? Had he recrossed the river or swam down as far as he could and landed on either bank, then struck

into the woods again? After sharply examining the ground the troubled guide swam back and landed a few yards below his party. By his actions they saw that he had found the tracks again. The criminal had indeed crossed the river, but where had he gone after that?

Trust a tracker to solve riddles of that sort! Suddenly he began uncovering the leaves and twigs between him and the other two men until he reached them. They were sitting beneath a huge eucalyptus tree.

"White feller no fool black feller!" he said, smiling, wet and breathless. Then it was seen that the fugitive had carefully covered up his tracks by walking backward. Strange to relate, these tracks terminated under the very tree where the party were seated. But apparently the man hunt was finished. The game had vanished into space!

The tracker dashed into a thicket and hastily secured a strong, pliable vine, used by the natives to scale tree trunks so smooth to climb. This he threw about the tree and began to ascend it. The others looked on in astonishment. Up went the black until thirty feet in the air; then those below noticed that the main trunk of the tree had been broken off years before, forming a crotch for the new branches that had sprung up on either side.

A most astonishing thing happened. Reaching down into the hollow of the half dead tree trunk, the tracker seized something, at the same time shouting to the officer beneath: "Boss, boss, I catch white feller! He play possum!"

Out of the opening appeared a man's head, and a more wretched object could never have been seen. He was tattered, dirty, gaunt, half starved.

In due course he paid the penalty of his crime. He said that, knowing a tracker would be put upon his trail, he had hoped to give him the impression that he had been drowned while swimming the river.

Trackers have a horror of traveling after dark, being constantly in fear of meeting the bunyip, a fearful monster with glaring eyes, which they believe to be the spirit of an old aboriginal king who roams around the swampy land at night to catch black men. You can frighten trackers half out of their wits by telling them you will send the bunyip after them. They also believe that a giant lives on mountain tops, waiting to kill them with a club-

hence they never sleep on top of a mountain or near a swamp, always pitching their brush tents, or mimis, near a dry and level spot. Their only religious belief is that a big god who has been asleep for ages will one day awaken and eat up the whole world.

Cause of His Grudge.

"Why are you trying to shoot those young robins in our trees with your air gun, Archie?" was the father's mild admonishment. "Don't you know they are harmless, sweet voiced little things?"

"Well, I've got a grudge against one of 'em, an' I don't know just which one it is," was the boy's sulken retort, "so I'm goin' to kill 'em all an' get the right one."

"But what grudge have you against a poor robin?"

"Everything I do on the sly one of 'em flies an' whispers it in mamma's ear," she says so.—Bohemian Magazine.

Poor Old Bird.

"What's the matter with that old hen?" asked the guinea fowl. "She looks worried."

"Oh," replied the bantam rooster, "she's a temperance crank, and she's worrying for fear some of her eggs will be used in the making of eggnog."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

BAD BURN QUICKLY HEALED.

"I am so delighted with what Chamberlain's Salve has done for me that I feel bound to write and tell you so," says Mrs. Robert Mytton, 457 John street, Hamilton, Ontario.

"My little daughter had a bad burn on her knee. I applied Chamberlain's Salve and it healed beautifully." This salve allays the pain of a burn almost instantly. It is for sale by all dealers.

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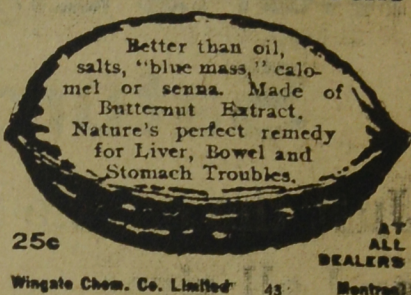
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