

A Well-Known Beachville Lady Cured of Catarrh in its Worst Form After Years of Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

There are hundreds of so-called catarrh cures, but those who have tried them all proclaim Japanese Catarrh Cure the only real and permanent cure.

Miss A. Nott, Beachville, Ont., writes:—"I feel so gratified for the invaluable benefit derived from Japanese Catarrh Cure that I would like to make this wonderful medicine known to all who suffer from this most annoying and disagreeable disease. I had catarrh for years. There was almost a constant dropping in my throat, and my breath was very objectionable to others. Nothing I could get gave me any permanent relief until I used Japanese Catarrh Cure. I used in all six boxes, and it worked wonders in my case. I have not now the least symptom of catarrh, and cannot praise this remedy too highly."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only permanent and guaranteed cure for catarrh. All druggists sell it, 50 cents, or mailed, postpaid, by The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church St., Toronto.

OUR SISTER OF THE SEAS.

E. Pauline Johnson's Panygeric to Newfoundland—A Plea for Closer and More Intimate Relations.

Dear little grey old sister colony, lying far out from our eastern hem, where the broad Atlantic roars in from Ireland and flings itself on your beetling coast. And so that most wonderful of modern wizards, Marconi, has selected you for the greatest scientific experiment of the age! And now you will always be quoted through these vaster lands of ours as having been honored by science, and as having responded in all your old-time fidelity to Marconi's trust in you. You are nothing if not faithful. Faithful to yourself, to your grand little mother island across the seas, to the wanderer that sleeps within your gates and to those who delight to honor you, and whom you honor in return.

When did I see you first, with your proud hillside city smiling down on that unrivalled harbor at its feet? For the moment your sturdy shoulder was bared to a gale that shrieked across the Cabot Straits, hurled itself against your iron and granite shores, that smiled with grim indifference alike on sea and hurricane. How that tempest roared across your five hundred miles of grandeur—rock and canon, gorge and "topsail"—and swept unrelentingly over your Queen City, nestled in its southeastern fastnesses. And the city laughed mockingly at the gale, tossed its fogs seaward and lifted an untroubled brow above the driving winds and rains.

It was only when the next mainland mails arrived that we learned with horror that this same storm demon had wrecked far-away Galveston and plunged fair Texas in garbs of woe. But what cares Newfoundland for tempests? Oh, the stupendous beauty of her! How she laughed out at that storm—laughed in the security of her godlike strength, her immutable coasts. How quickly came her golden suns, her turquoise skies; how fair, oh! how indescribably fair, her harbor of St. John's, with its network of masts and rigging, its wealth of craft from every clime, and always and ever one or two of those grim old British battleships, with their sleepless eyes, waking and watchful, to guard this eldest born of all the lion's cubs; and away up on that glorious lift of rock crowned by the marine signal station, the vivid colors of the signal flags flare out across the sky, speaking so mutely, so momentarily, to incoming ships at sea.

And it is here, on this ragged steep, that Marconi is winging his thought across the water wastes; here, where five hundred feet of perpendicular rock drops sheer to the ocean's edge; where "the Narrows," linking the Atlantic with the loveliest harbor in the world, grin with their granite teeth at the sea; where the city sleeps at one's feet, and inland the large acres of countless homesteads stretch northward; where flocks of goats wander with nimble feet amongst the dizzy ledges, and the violet rim of sea and sky sweeps unbrokenly along the eastern horizon. Mine eyes have seen many of nature's wonders—the looming Rockies, the towering Selkirks, dark canons where hurls the mighty Fraser—but the fairest thing I ever saw

is this scene. God gives one as he stands on Signal Hill. And when did I see you last, you beautiful, far-away City of St. John's? Ah, what a sight you were that day! Dark happenings in the vast republic south of us had made the world shudder. "Will he live?" everyone was asking. "Will he live, that warrior, statesman, President, against which a demon hand had been lifted." The train was swinging round Conception Bay, was climbing the awful steep, was scurrying through its last hour of the overland run. All at once the city burst into view. The wonder of it, the marvel of it! One long, simultaneous, sorrowful exclamation swept through the car, and then, this scene, all blurred, indistinctly I saw innumerable blotches of color showered over the entire city. On every building, on every ship in the harbor, the stars and stripes hung listlessly—at half-mast. Not a breath stirred the air; old Signal Hill had buried her face in a veil of fog—mourning, mourning everywhere.

In mid-harbor H.M.S. Alert, taut and tidy, jaunty and trim as ever, had hoisted the American colors. Close to her lifted the huge hulk of that grand old battleship, H. M. S. Charybdis, "Old Glory" flying half way up her mainmast. Near by a big grey Norse merchantman, further on a Barbadoes liner, across harbor the sealers, the whalers, the countless coast craft paid the same tribute, simple but mighty in its import. One's eyes grew wet with watching. Here was this little, old, far-away British colony, struggling with poverty, torn by internal political controversy, this rugged, debt-ridden, yet wondrously wealthy, island, lifting its brave little head, and forgetting its own heartaches, while it called out in royal sympathy to the great, monied, luxurious country that wept out its grief in bitter tears under a southern sky.

And you loyal little sea-girt sister of ours, we in Canada don't see you half as often as we should, but the ties are being daily more closely woven. Modern enterprise and capital have placed you nearer to us now; we can lean towards each other, clasp hands, and some day perhaps our fingers will forget to loose their clinging, and we will walk hand in hand throughout the years.—E. Pauline Johnson, in Toronto Globe.

A Canadian Freight Anomaly.

Some curious anomalies exist in connection with freights in Canada, as elsewhere. One of these is that a barrel of apples has to bear a higher freight rate than a barrel of flour, the former sent from London, Ontario, to Liverpool, costing about 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. more than a barrel of the latter.—London Fruit Grower.

He Was an Artist.

A lady of high position once ventured to remonstrate with Worth, the Parisian milliner, because he had charged her £120 pounds for a ball dress.

"The material," she said, "could be bought for £20, and surely the work of making up would be well paid with £5 more."

"Madame," replied the milliner in his loftiest manner, "go to M. Meissonier, the painter, and say to him: 'Here is a canvas, value a shilling, and here are colors, value 4 shillings. Paint me a picture with these colors on that canvas and I will pay you one and three-pence.' What will he say? He will say, 'Madame, that is no payment for an artist.' I say more. I say, if you think my terms too high, pay me nothing and keep the robe. Art does not descend to the pettiness of the big-gler."—London Tit-Bits.

She Knew It.

A Philadelphia man thought he would be more successful than his wife in securing servants. So he cut out a number of advertisements from the "situations wanted" column of a newspaper and started out in a cab to visit the various addresses. The first place he stopped at was in front of a little house in a narrow street, from which a cook had advertised. He saw her and was favorably impressed.

"I am looking for a good cook," he said.

"Sure, an' don't Oi know it!" exclaimed the cook. "Oi only left your house yestiddy!"

He made a hasty and undignified retreat and decided to allow his wife to continue in her direction of the household affairs.

Damaged Goods at Auction Sale.

BEGINNING WITH
WEDNESDAY

of this week, we will dispose of the goods damaged by

FIRE AND SMOKE,
By Auction.

The stock will be sold, so much per basket full. Parties who can use any of these goods will please attend. This sale will be carried on in Mr. Lenihan's store, Regent street. Sale begins Wednesday at 10 a. m., and will be continued until the whole stock is cleared out. A great chance for keen housekeepers. All parcels will be delivered.

M. Fickler & Co.'s

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate The Sovereign Life Assurance Company of Canada to transact the business of Life Assurance in all its forms and branches. Dated at Toronto this thirteenth day of January, 1902.

HUNTER & HUNTER,
Solicitors for applicants.

Jan 23.—dlaw41

B. M. MULLIN, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office, Carleton Street, (lately occupied by Judge Wilson) Midwifery a specialty.

Office Hours—11 to 12 a. m.; 3 to 8 and 9 to 10 p. m. Residence, St. Mary's, Telephone, No. 233, Office Telephone, No. 324.
April 5—d&w6m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing MARCH 1st and until APRIL 30th, 1902.

SPECIAL COLONIST RATES
To North Pacific Coast and Kootenay Points.

FROM FREDERICTON

To Nelson, B. C.
Trail, B. C.
Rossland, B. C.
Midway, B. C.
Vancouver, B. C.
New Westminster, B. C.
Seattle & Tacoma, Wash.
Portland, Ore.

Proportionate Rates from and to other points.

Also Rates to points in COLORADO, IDAHO, UTAH, MONTANA and WASHINGTON.

For Full particulars call on

F. B. EDGEcombe, City Agent

or write to

C. B. FOSTER,

D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

F. ST. JOHN BLISS

Barrister, Notary, etc.

Offices—Corner Queen and Carleton streets, Entrance Carleton street. Tel.

Office Stationery. Get your Letter Heads, Bill Heads Envelopes and all kinds of Office Stationery at the Herald Office.

MODERN DENTISTRY

DR. McMURRAY.

Office Queen Street, Opp. Soldier's Barracks, Telephone 93.

Latest method in Crown and Bridge work.

Gas administered for painless extraction.

Office Hours 9 to 6, 7 to 8 p. m.

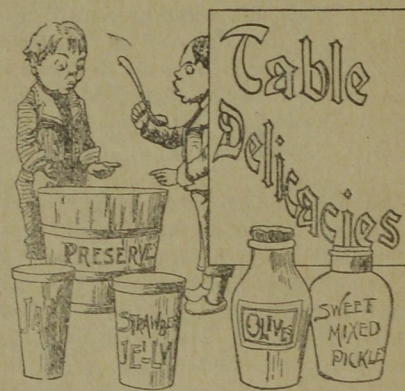
W. J. IRVINE, D.D.S.

And Special Practitioner

Certificate from

Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

OFFICE—Upstairs in Chestnut Building Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.



Fancy Groceries.

Suggest fancy prices to the uninitiated. Introduce our goods into your household and you will have the best the market affords. A full line of BREAKFAST FOODS.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

310 Queen St., F'ton.

W. HARRY STEEVES

Doctor of Dental Surgery.

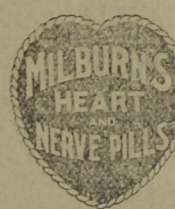
Specialist in Crown and Bridge Work.

220 Queen street, opp. Post Office.

All kinds of Dental Work performed promptly and efficiently with all the advanced and improved methods. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 2 p. m. to 6 p. m.; 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Telephone No. 174.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous.
Sold by Druggists.

Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today.



Are an invaluable remedy for all diseases and disorders arising from Weak Heart, Worn Out Nerves or Watery Blood.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the

body and restoring perfect health to those who are troubled with Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Listlessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Anæmia, General Debility, After Effects of La Grippe and all troubles arising from a run down system.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price by

The T. MILBURN CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.