Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Almost its greatest use is to prevent sickness. ABBEY'S SALT keeps you so well, that there is no chance of Stomach, Liver and Bowels going wrong. It is the ounce of prevention that is worth tons of cure.

At DRUGGISTS. 25C AND 60C A BOTTLE

FLORISTS.

Bulbs! Bulbs!

Just arrived from Holland: Hyacinths, Daffodils, Tulips, Narcissus, Jonquils, &c. We have also good earth for bulbs and repotting plants.

Floral Emblems of all kinds a specialty

H. S. CRUIKSHANK, 195 Union Street.

Phone 698 A store; 698 B residence.

You Can Be Cured ---of--- Dyspepsia

IF YOU TAKE

HERNER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Some of the best doctors have endorsed it. Price 35c. and $1.00.

At ALL DRUGGISTS.

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The Equity Fire Ins. Co., Anglo-American Fire Ins. Company.

Two Non-Tariff Companies, inviting desirable business at equitable and adequate, but not exorbitant rates. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

Edwin K. McKay, Gen. Agt.

128 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

A Serious Strike

There's "a strike on" from head to foot when the Kidneys stop working properly. Dull headaches, tiredness, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, bad skin, foul stomach, no appetite, sharp pains in the back, swollen feet—all due to Kidney Trouble.

It may be weakness, or the beginning of a serious disease.

It is DANGEROUS. Sick Kidneys make mind and body sick.

GIN PILLS

cure sick Kidneys. They do that one thing—do it every time. They make the Kidneys well—and keep them well. If there is anything wrong with the Kidneys, GIN PILLS never fail to relieve the pain and CURE the trouble. We have such faith in GIN PILLS that we authorize your druggist to refund the money if they fail to cure.

50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at your druggists or we will send you a box free if you write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO.

25¢

That Cough

which ordinary remedies have not reached, will quickly yield to

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—heals the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25c. bottle.

25¢

Blazed Trail Stories

-- AND --

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE PROSPECTOR

Thus Peter came to know his country, and when he knew it thoroughly, when he had made all his numerous speculations as to horses, blowouts, and slips—then, and not until then, did he stake out his claims; then, and not until then, did he consider himself ready to begin work.

He might be quite wrong in his calculations. In that case, it was all to do over again somewhere else. He had had this happen. Every prospector has. The claims which Peter selected were four in number. He started in without delay on the proof. Foot by foot the shafts descended through the red, the white, vein matter. One by one the spider arms of the tunnels felt out into the innermost crevices of the lode. Little by little Peter's table of statistics filled; here a pocket, there a streak, yon a clean ten feet of low-grade ore. The days, the months, even the years slipped by. Summers came and went with a flurry of thunder-showers that gathered about Harney, spread abroad in long bands of blackness, broke in a deluge of rain and hail and passed out to dissipate in the hot air of the prairies. Autumns, clear-eyed and sweet-breathed, faded wanly in the smoke of their forest fires. Winters sidled by with constant threat of arctic weather which somehow never came; powdering the hills with their snow; making bitter cold the shadows, and warm the silver-like sun. Another spring was at hand. Like all the rest, it coquetted with the season as a young girl with her lover; smiling with the brightness of a western sun; frowning with the fierceness of a sudden snowsquall, strangely out of place in contrast to the greenery of the mountain "parks;" creeping slowly up the gullies from the prairie in staccato notes of bursting buds; at last lifting its many voices in the old swelling song of delight over the birth of new loves and new desires among its creatures.

Like all the rest, did I say? No, not quite. To Peter this particular spring was a rare thing of beauty. Its gilding was a little brighter, its colors a little fresher, its skies a little deeper, its songs rang a little truer than ever the gilding or colors or skies or songs of any spring he had ever known. For he was satisfied. Steadily the value of the property had proved itself. One clear, cold day he collected all his drills and picks and sledges and brought them back to camp, where he stacked them behind the door. It was his way of signing Q. E. D. the proof.

The doubtful spot on the Jim Crow was not a blow-out, but a "horse." He had penetrated below it. The mines were rich beyond his dreams. Yet he sat there at his noon meal as cheerful, as unexcited as content as ever. When one has waited so long, impatience sleeps soundly, arouses with the sluggishness of unbelief itself. Outside he saw the sun, for the first time in weeks, and heard the pines singing their endless song. Inside, his fire sparkled and crackled; his kettle purred like a fireside cat. Peter was tired; tired, but content. The dream was very near to him.

When he had finished his meal he got up and examined himself in his little square mirror. Then he did so again. Then he walked back to his table and sat down and buried his face in his hands. When he had looked the first time he had seen a grey hair. When he had looked the second time he had discovered that there were many. With a sudden pang Peter realized that he was getting to be an old man. He took a picture from a pocket case and looked at that. Was she getting to be an old woman?

It was fearful what a difference that little thought had suddenly made. A moment ago he had had the eternities before him. Now there was not an instant to be wasted. Every minute, every second even, that he sat there gazing at the faded old picture in his hand was so much lost to him and to its original. Not God himself could bring it and its possibilities back to him. Until now he had looked about him upon Youth; he must henceforth look back to it—back to the things which might have been, but could never be—and each pulse-beat carried him inevitably farther from even the retrospective simulacrum of their joys. He and she could never begin young now. They must take up life cold in the moulds, ready fashioned. The delight of influencing each other's development was denied such as they; instead; they must find each other out, must throw a thousand strands of loving-kindness to span the gap which the patient years had sundered between them, a gap which should never have widened at all. Again that remorseless hurry of the moments! Each one of them made the cast across longer, increased the need for loving-kindness, demanded anew for the mere pitiful commonplace task of understanding each other—which any mother and her child find so trivially easy—the power of affection which each would like to shower on the other undictated except by the desires of their hearts. Peter called up the image of himself as he had been when he had left the East, and set it remorselessly by the side of that present image in the mirror. Then he looked at the portrait. Could the years have changed her as much? If so, he would hardly know her!

Those miserable years of waiting! He had not minded them before, but now they were horrible. In the retrospect the ceaseless drudgery of rock and pick and drill loomed larger than the truth of it; his patience, at the time so spontaneous a result of his disposition, seemed that of a man clinging to a rope, able to hang on only by the concentration of every ounce of his will. Peter felt himself clutching the rope so hard that he could think of nothing, absolutely nothing, else. He proved a great necessity of letting go.

And for her, these years? What had they meant? By the internal combustion which had so suddenly lighted up the dark corners of his being, he saw with almost clairvoyant distinctness how it must have been. He saw her growing older, as he had grown older, but in the dull apathy of monotony. She had none of his great filling Labor wherewith to drug herself into day-dreams of a future. The seasons as they passed showed her the same faces, growing ever a little more jaded, as dancers in the light of dawn. Perhaps she had ceased counting them? No, he knew better than that. But the pity of it! washing, scrubbing, mending; mending, scrubbing, washing to the time of an invalid's complaints. Today she was doing as she had done yesterday; tomorrow she would do the same. To-morrow; "No, by God," cried Peter, starting to his feet. "There shall be no tomorrow!"

He took from the shelf over the window a number of pieces of quartz, which he stuffed into the pockets of a pair of saddle-bags lying near the door. In the corral was Jenny, a sleek, fat mare. He saddled Jenny and departed with the saddle-bags, leaving the door of his cabin open to the first comer, as is the hospitable Western way.

At Beaver Dam he spread the chunks of rock on the bar of the principal saloon and invited inspection. He did not think to find a purchaser among the inhabitants of Beaver Dam, but he knew the tidings of his discoveries would arouse interest and attract other prospectors to the locality of his claims. In this manner his property would come prominently on the market.

The discoveries certainly were accorded attention enough. Peter was well known. Men were perfectly sure of his veracity and his mining instinct. If Peter said there existed a good lode of the stuff he exhibited to them, that settled it.

"Hum," said a man named Squint-eye Dobs, after examining a bit of the transparent crystal through which small kernels of yellow metal shone. Then he laid down the specimen, and walked quietly out the door without further comment. He had gone to get his outfit ready.

"I have my claims all staked," said he; "you boys can come up and hook onto what's left. There's plenty left. I ain't saying it's as good as mine; still, it's pretty good. I think it'll make a camp."

"Make a camp!" shouted Cheyenne Harry. "I should think it would! If there's any more like that up country you can sell a 'tater-patch if it lays anywheres near the district!"

"Well, I must be goin', boys," said Peter, sidling toward the door; "and I 'spect I'll see some of you boys up there?"

The boys did not care to commit themselves as to that before each other, but they were all mentally locating the ingredients of their prospecting outfits.

"Have a drink, Happy, on me," hospitably suggested the proprietor.

Peter slowly turned to the bar.

"Here's luck to the new claim, Happy," said the proprietor; "and here's hoping the sharps doesn't make all there is on her."

The men laughed, but not ill-naturedly. They all knew Peter, as has been said.

Peter turned again to the door.

"You'll have a reglar cyclone up thar by tomorrow!" called a joker after him; "look out for us! There'll be an unholy mob on hand, and they'll try to do you, sure!"

(Continued).

BOILS ALL OVER HIS FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS DID FOR HIM WHAT FOUR DOCTORS FAILED TO DO

KEEWATIN, ONT., July 28th. 1903.

MESSRS. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.,

DEAR SIRS:—I am writing to let you know what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I am a young man, twenty years old, and a year ago last March I began to feel dull and sick, and was greatly troubled with boils coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the latter. I would no sooner get rid of one than I would have, perhaps, two or three more appear.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but they had very little success. They would stop them for a month or six weeks and then they would be as bad as ever again.

Almost every patent medicine, advertised to cure boils, I could get hold of, I tried, but still without success. At last one day, last spring, someone happened to say: "**why not try taking Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood?**" I was willing to try anything and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the time was doubtful if it would be of any use. However, I used that bottle and while I was taking it I began to feel better, although I still kept having a few boils but not nearly such bad ones. I did not miss any work, while otherwise, I used to miss, sometimes, a week out of every month. I kept on taking the medicine until I had taken six bottles, and needless to say, I was not sorry I did so when I tell you I have not had a boil appear for the past three months. Everybody was surprised when they heard that Burdock Blood Bitters had done for me what four doctors failed to do. If any sufferers are afflicted with boils, I would strongly advise them to use B.B.B. It makes you feel like a new man. I always keep a bottle in the house, now, as I think it is a medicine that should be in every household.

Yours truly,
HENRY A. SMITH.

HOT SHOT FOR W. F. MACLEAN

Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, in North York, Talks Plainly of the Toronto World Man.

A Newmarket corespondent of the Ottawa Journal writes his paper as follows:

The feature of the North York nominations yesterday afternoon was an attack by Hon. A. B. Aylesworth upon W. F. MacLean, M. P., editor of the Toronto World, for the character of the campaign which that gentleman and his newspaper has been conducting against the postmaster general.

Mr. Aylesworth said that despite Mr. MacLean's ambitions to party leadership, it would be a long day before he would find himself in the position of commanding the confidence or support of a single member of parliament. Mr. MacLean could not expect anyone to be loyal to him when he himself had never been loyal to any chieftain.

"Mr. MacLean's references to me as a corporation lawyer," said Mr. Aylesworth, "have forced me to remember that not many years ago I appeared in a piece of litigation against a corporation of which Mr. W. F. MacLean is closely identified. On that occasion an atrocious, vile and disgusting libel was published in the World newspaper against a woman.

"An action was brought and argued before twelve good men from the county of York. I appeared for that woman against the corporation, which is said to own the World newspaper. I called Mr. W. F. MacLean as the first witness and asked him questions as to the ownership of the World newspaper. He declined to answer on the ground that an answer might incriminate him.

"I then said what I thought of Mr. MacLean when I was addressing the jury. I was enjoying the privilege that every lawyer enjoys when addressing a jury, but I am not enjoying that privilege now, and on this platform I repeat the language I then used to the jury, that the man who could be guilty of such dastardly conduct as then he had been shown to be guilty of, was nothing less than a blackguard."—(Prolonged applause).

So far as Mr. McCallum was concerned, Mr. Aylesworth was sure that when the election was over, whatever might be the result, they would remain friends. As such they had met during the campaign, as such he desired they should continue. —(Applause).

DOES HE MEAN ETERNAL TORMENT?

Or Does He Merely Mean Utter Annihilation of the Sinner?

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian church, last night, told his congregation he believed in damnation.

"The apparent cruelties attributed to God," he said, "are not a circumstance to the cruelties in nature. Natural laws pay no more attention to man than a dog.

"Saints as well as sinners were burned in the Windsor Hotel fire and in the Slocum disaster. If God burns up a body he will burn up a soul that broke his moral laws. The God of Love in 1755 destroyed 50,000 persons in the Lisbon earthquake. He does not amend physical laws to save saints.

If a man will not accept God's moral laws, then I should say that God would damn him and I further say that God ought to damn him."

Mrs. G. Wetmore Merritt and Miss Mollie Peters left for New York yesterday afternoon.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, will do for YOU, Every Reader of The Times May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention--but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

53 Cottage St., Melrose, Mass.

Dear Sir:

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water today and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am, Very truly yours,

I. C. RICHARDSON."

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but it promptly cures kidney, liver and bladder troubles, the symptoms of which are:—obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores in Canada in bottles of two sizes and two prices—75 cents and $1.25. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghampton, N. Y., on every bottle.

EDITORIAL NOTE. — In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in The St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

McNISH'S DOCTOR'S SPECIAL SCOTCH WHISKY CHALLENGES THE WORLD

GEO. PERCIVAL & Co

MONTREAL

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

AMLAND BROS.

A Handsome Furnished Home

Need not necessarily involve much expense. It all depends **where you buy** and **how you buy** the necessaries. It is really astonishing how inexpensively one can furnish out a home with striking effect by getting into the **right store**—a store like **Amland Bros'.**, making a specialty, a life long study, of furnishing homes; a store that strives to please more than profit. Look below for bargains.

$3.75

This Beautiful White Enamel Iron Bed, double or single, with brass knobs, with ut spring, only **$3.75.**

Other White Enamel Iron Beds at **$6.50, $7.50** and upwards.

Beautiful Bedroom Suites, three pieces, golden oak finish, etc., at **$14.50.**

Other Suites at **$16.50, 18.50** and upwards to **$75.00.**

Odd Bureaus and Commodes at **$23.00** up to **$65.00.**

Dining Chairs from **60cts.** up to **$6.00** a piece and are rare snaps

Sideboards and Buffets

We have just received a new lot of Sideboards, Buffets and China Closets. Beautiful Ash Sideboards, with bevel mirrors, one drawer in each sideboard lined for silverware etc., from **$13.50** up to **$66.00.**

Handsome Buffets and China Closets in quartered cut oak, at prices to suit everyone.

Extension Tables

Our line of Extension Tables is all of the latest styles and finish, and sell from **$5.95** up to **$38.00.**

Couches and Lounges

The best display of Couches and Lounges in the city for the money. Inspection invited.

Parlor Suites

All Parlor Suites, Lounges, Couches, etc., are all made on our own premises by skilled workmen.

Magnificent Parlor Suites, five pieces, in velours silks, etc, at **$25, $30, $35, $40** and upwards.

MAIL ORDERS

All mail orders will receive prompt attention. Money back if goods are not as advertised.

Blankets

Special mention should be called to the display of our new line of blankets. Blankets from **$1.50 per pair.**

Lace Curtains

Lace Curtains at lowest prices in the city

Carpet Department

In our carpet department we are showing the latest styles in English Velvets, Brussels and Tapestry carpets.

325 yards English Tapestry Carpets in pretty floral effects, 27 in. wide, etc., at **85c.** per yard.

A great variety of patterns to select from.

English Oilcloth at **30c.** and **35c.** per yard.

Old Furniture

Now is the time to have your old Parlor Suit, Lounge, Couches, etc., made over in the latest styles. They can be made equal to new.

Have your old work done now before the Christmas rush.

New Furniture Coverings to select from In the Latest Patterns.

AMLAND BROS. - FURNITURE AND CARPET DEALERS, 19 WATERLOO STREET.