A LETTER TO OUR READERS.

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.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles at the drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

McAULEY MURDER

Preliminary Examination of Collins --- Prisoner Nervous During the Inquiry.

Hopewell Cape, N. B., Sept. 11—Good progress was made by the prosecution with the evidence in the preliminary examination of Thomas F. Collins today, charged with the murder of Mary Ann McAuley at New Ireland on or about August 19 last. Nearly all the witnesses examined told stories showing the movements of the accused about the time of the murder. A feature of the testimony of witnesses was the frequency with which the prisoner passed Father McAuley's place after he had first been seen on the road with the two valises.

According to witnesses he hovered around in the vicinity of the priest's place for some time the Monday morning he left, all the while carrying the two grips and making inquiries about the priest's lost horse.

The prosecution is gradually tracing Collins' every movement in Albert and getting in evidence of all the varied statements he appears to have made to different parties concerning his actions.

Collins follows the stories of the witnesses very closely. He is constantly prompting his counsel and today showed even more marked than yesterday, the great strain upon him.

This afternoon while listening to the evidence of James Doyle, who discovered Miss McAuley's dead body, and Dr. S. C. Murray, who testified as to the wounds he found upon an examination of the body, the prisoner spent an uneasy hour. He was constantly on the move and mopped the beads of perspiration from his brow. Collins has not, however, lost the cheerfulness which marks his general demeanor and when a lull in the proceedings came he chatted and laughed over ordinary events of general interest and had the appearance at times of being an amused spectator at some incidents transpiring during the hearing.

Public interest in the examination still keeps up, the court room being crowded again at today's session.

Bruce Harbill gave important testimony for the prosecution. On Monday, August 21, he drove his brother out towards Albert and on his way back he met a stranger who turned out to be the accused in court. He met him about a mile from Father McAuley's house on the road leading to Albert. Accused carried two valises, a small and a large one, and a pair of horse reins. Accused asked him if he saw anything of Father McAuley. Witness answered in the negative but said he saw his horse standing in front of his door as he came past. Collins asked him if he would give him a ride back as far as Duffy's. He did so and landed him a little past Father McAuley's house on the road going to Elgin. After leaving him accused went with Tilman Bannister, whom they met on the road.

Tilman Bannister, of Elgin parish, said he saw the prisoner on August 20. He was going to Albert and met him driving with Bruce Harbill. After passing Collins left Harbill and came after them, carrying his two valises. When he caught up he asked witness if he had seen Father McAuley's horse and wagon on the road. This was about thirty rods from the priest's house towards Elgin. Accused said he had harnessed the horse to go to Albert for goods Father McAuley ordered Friday. He left the horse standing and Mary Ann called him in to get breakfast and while he was eating the horse had gone away and he could not tell where he went. He asked Bannister for a ride to Albert, saying he would go to Albert and probably find the horse upon the road. If he did not he would hire a horse from McAnulty to come home. When told he could have a ride he returned to Harbill's wagon and got the two valises and a pair of reins. In conversation with witness as they passed Father McAuley's house the accused said the priest had gone to the Fredericton Road to attend service Sunday. They came eventually to Kent road, leading to Elgin, and witness suggested the horse might have gone that way. Accused got out, took his valises and reins and started towards Elgin. The accused appeared a little excited and witness thought after it was curious that a man looking for a stray horse should be carrying two valises.

Thomas Mellin told of fiding Father McAuley's horse, partly harnessed, on the side of the main road Tuesday morning, Aug. 22nd., between 6 and 7 o'clock. He led the horse to the barn and found the house open, but apparently no person around.

Ayelsforth Mitton, Coverdale, testified to driving Collins to Elgin from Alex. Bannister's, Monday afternoon about 4 o'clock. He paid $2 for the drive. He had two valises. Accused told him his name was Connors. When he asked to hire a horse from Mitton he said Father McAuley's horse took lame, back on the road, and he wanted to go to Elgin to meet Father McAuley. Accused told him he had lived on P. E. Island, in Halifax and Stewiacke. When they reached Elgin accused asked to be landed at the railway station, but later the witness saw him going to Garland's Hotel. He said Father McAuley had not arrived.

William Berry, a farmer near Elgin, said the prisoner got his supper at his place on August 20th., last. He was walking, carrying a valise and came along about half past six, and asked for tea. He ate very little and paid twenty cents for the meal. Accused told him in conversation he was a stranger and a sailor. He said he was from England and had left a schooner at Mary's Point, and wanted to get back to Dorchester to find a ship. He inquired for the next village and a place to stay all night. He asked if there were any early trains he could get, but was informed that Petitcodiac was the nearest point.

Michael Teahan, one of the fishing party to the lake near Father McAuley's, told the story of the Saturday night and Sunday outing. He knew the accused three days before the murder took place. He had gone to Father McAuley's to teach Collins to split wood, but he was not an apt pupil, he wouldn't do much at it. Saturday night the witness' wife and son, Collins, Mrs. Williamson and daughter, and Miss McAuley went to the lake fishing. They locked everything up securely, and when they returned Sunday afternoon, they found things as they left them. When witness left the priest's house Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock, Mrs. Williamson and daughter were there with Miss McAuley. The best of friendly feeling prevailed among the party at the lake. There were no words between Collins and Miss McAuley. In conversation with Collins, witness was shown $1.75, which accused said was all he owned. He stated that Mr. Cross, of St. John, gave him one dollar, half for himself and half for Duffy, but he wasn't going to pay Duffy. Witness did not know of Collins getting money from any source from that time up to Sunday night.

Mrs. Sarah Williamson, a friend of the murdered woman, who was acquainted with her for nearly thirty years, gave evidence. She and her daughter left Miss McAuley at the priest's house between 5 and 6 o'clock Sunday evening, and that was the last time she saw her alive. When she left, Collins was in the barn. About 7 o'clock Sunday evening Collins came over to her place carrying a tin kettle partly filled with water. He remained ten or twenty minutes and then left with the kettle. She thought nothing of this as he often came and was good company. There was no trouble at the fishing as all were good friends. Witness was not back to Father McAuley's from Sunday evening until she heard Wednesday Miss McAuley was dead. Miss McAuley told her she had $250 in the bank and said when she had money in the house she kept it under the carpet. Miss McAuley told Mrs. Williamson she was going to Albert Monday morning, returning in the cool of the evening. Collins was going with her. She was going out for stuff for the house.

To Mr. Sherren, witness said she had heard something about a robbery at New Ireland last summer but knew nothing about it.

James Doyle, who drove Father McAuley home Tuesday night, August 21, when the crime was discovered, gave a description of the horrible discovery and going into the shocking details. When they arrived at Father McAuley's they found the horse in the barn partly harnessed, which was broken. Father McAuley first sent him to Mrs. Williamson's to look for his housekeeper, then sent him in another direction to Duffy's. Not finding her he brought back with him Kate Duffy and Lena Martin to get supper. Witness described finding the doors of the house open, the closet door in the priest's room being broken and also another door being smashed, apparently by an axe. Then he told of his finding the body of Miss McAuley in the woodshed with her throat cut and skull crushed in. A meal sack was thrown over the body, which had been dragged down the steps. Witness had searched everywhere for the axe but could not find it.

Dr. Luther C. Murray, coroner, who held the examination on the body, testified in reference to the inquest and the condition he found the body and house when he visited the place at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. Deceased was found with her throat cut. Either this or the wound on the head, evidently done with an axe, was sufficient to cause death. There were contusions about the head that might be done with a fist or coming in contact with the floor. The body had been dragged from a pool of blood near the woodhouse door down the steps into the woodshed, leaving a trail of blood. He found a pair of blood-stained overalls, which were produced and placed in the custody of the sheriff.

To Mr. Sherren, Dr. Murray said he didn't think the wound in the throat could be self-inflicted under the circumstances. He first saw the body about 8 o'clock Wednesday morning and thought she had been dead not longer than forty-eight hours.

Dr. Murray's evidence concluded the work of the day and on application of the prosecution the hearing was adjourned until Sept. 27. More witnesses are to be on hand at that date.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

(Continued).

Yes! she often wished to wound him, to make him feel that she too held him in contempt, that she too had forgotten that once she had almost loved him. Loved that inane fop! whose thoughts seemed unable to soar beyond the tying of a cravat or the new cut of a coat. Bah! And yet! . . . vague memories, that were sweet and ardent and attuned to this calm summer's evening, came wafted back to her memory, on the invisible wings of the light sea-breeze: the time when first he worshipped her; he seemed so devoted —a very slave—and there was a certain latent intensity in that love which had fascinated her.

Then suddenly that love, that devotion, which throughout his courtship she had looked upon as the slavish fidelity of a dog, semed to vanish completely. Twenty-four hours after the simple little ceremony at old St. Roch, she had told him the story of how, inadvertently, she had spoken of certain matters connected with the Marquis de St. Cyr before some men —her friends — who had used this information against the unfortunate Marquis, and sent him and his family to the guillotine.

She hated the Marquis. Years ago, Armand, her dead brother, had loved Angele de St. Cyr, but St. Just was a plebeian, and the Marquis full of the pride and arrogant prejudices of his caste. One day, Armand, the respectful, timid lover, ventured on sending a small poem —enthusiastic, ardent, passionate — to the idol of his dreams. The next night he was waylaid just outside Paris by the valets of the Marquis de St. Cyr, and ignominiously thrashed — thrashed like a dog within an inch of his life — because he had dared to raise his eyes to the daughter of the aristocrat. The incident was one which, in those days, some two years before the great Revolution, was of almost daily occurrence in France; incidents of that type, in fact, led to the bloody reprisals., which a few years later sent most of those haughty heads to the guillotine.

Marguerite remembered it all; what her brother must have suffered in his manhood and his pride must have been appalling; what she suffered through him and with him she never attempted even to analyse.

Then the day of retribution came. St. Cyr and his kind had found their masters, in those same plebeians whom they had despised. Armand and Marguerite, both intellectual, thinking beings, adopted with the enthusiasm of their years the Utopian doctrines of the Revolution, while the Marquis de St Cyr and his family fought inch by inch for the retention of those privileges, which had placed them socially above their fellow-men. Marguerite, impulsive, thoughtless, not calculating the purport of her words, still smarting under the terrible insult her brother had suffered at the Marquis' hands, happened to hear—amongst her own coterie—that the St. Cyrs were in treasonable correspondence with Austria, hoping to obtain the Emperor's support to quell the growing revolution in their own country.

In those days one denunciation was sufficient; Marguerite's few thoughtless words anent the Marquis de St Cyr, bore fruit within twenty-four hours. He was arrested. His papers were searched; letters from the Austrian Emperor, promising to send troops against the Paris populace, were found in his desk. He was arraigned for treason against the nation, and sent to the guillotine, while his family, his wife and his sons, shared this awful fate.

Marguerite, horrified at the terrible consequences of her own thoughtlessness, was powerless to save the Marquis; her own coterie, the leaders of the revolutionary movement, all proclaimed her as a heroine; and when she married Sir Percy Blakeney, she did not perhaps altogether realise how severely he would look upon the sin, which she had so inadvertently committed, and which still lay heavily upon her soul. She made full confession of it to her husband, trusting to his blind love for her, her boundless power over him, to soon make him forget what might have sounded unpleasant to an English ear.

Certainly at the moment he seemed to take it very quietly; hardly, in fact, did he appear to understand the meaning of all she said; but what was more certain still, was that never after that could she detect the slightest sign of that love, which she once believed had been wholly hers. Now they had drifted quite apart, and Sir Percy seemed to have laid aside his love for her, as he would an ill-fitting glove. She tried to rouse him by sharpening her ready wit against his dull intellect; endeavored to excite his jealousy, if she could not rouse his love; tried to goad him to self-assertion, but all in vain. He remained the same, always passive, drawling, sleepy, always courteous, invariably a gentleman; she had all that the world and a wealthy husband can give to a pretty woman, yet on this beautiful summer's evening, with the white sails of the Day Dream finally hidden by the evening shadows, she felt more lonely than that poor tramp who plodded his way wearily along the rugged cliffs.

With another heavy sigh, Marguerite Blakeney turned her back upon the sea cliffs, and walked slowly back towards "The Fisherman's Rest." As she drew near, the sound of revelry, of gay, jovial laughter, grew louder and more distinct. She could distinguish Sir Andrew Ffoulkes' pleasant voice, Lord Tony's boisterous guffaws, her husband's occasional, drawly, sleepy comments; then realising the loneliness of the road and the fast gathering gloom around her, she quickened her steps . . . the next moment she perceived a stranger coming rapidly towards her. Marguerite did not look up; she was not the least nervous, and "The Fisherman's Rest" was now well within call.

The stranger paused when he saw Marguerite coming quickly towards him, and just as she was about to slip past him, he said very quietly:

"Citoyenne St Just."

Marguerite uttered a little cry of astonishment, at thus hearing her own familiar maiden name uttered so close to her. She looked up at the stranger, and this time, with a cry of unfeigned pleasure, she put out both her hands effusively towards him.

"Chauvelin!" she exclaimed.

"Himself, citoyenne, at your service," said the stranger, gallantly kissing the tips of her fingers.

Marguerite said nothing for a moment or two, as she surveyed with obvious delight the not very prepossessing little figure before her. Chauvelin was then nearer forty than thirty—a clever, shrewd-looking personality, with a curious fox-like expression in the deep, sunken eyes. He was the same stranger who an hour or two previously had joined Mr. Jellyband in a friendly glass of wine.

"Chauvelin . . my friend . . ." said Maugerite, with a pretty little sigh of satisfaction. "I am mightily pleased to see you."

No doubt poor Marguerite St. Just, lonely in the midst of her grandeur, and of her starchy friends, was happy to see a face that brought back memories of that happy time in Paris, when she reigned—a queen—over the intellectual coterie of the Rue de Richelieu. She did not notice the sarcastic little smile, however, that hovered round the thin lips of Chauvelin.

"But tell me," she added merrily, "what in the world, or whom in the world, are you doing here in England?"

She had resumed her walk towards the inn, and Chauvelin turned and walked beside her.

"I might return the subtle compliment, fair lady," he said. "What of yourself?"

"Oh, I?" she said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Je m'ennuie, mon ami, that is all."

They had reached the porch of "The Fisherman's Rest," but Marguerite seemed loth to go within. The evening air was lovely after the storm, and she had found a friend who exhaled the breath of Paris, who knew Armand well, who could talk of all the merry, brilliant friends whom she had left behind. So she lingered on under the pretty porch, while through the gaily-lighted dormer window of the coffee-room came sounds of laughter, of calls for "Sally" and for beer, of tapping of mugs, and clinking of dice, mingled with Sir Percy Blakeney's inane and mirthless laugh. Chauvelin stood beside her, his shrewd, pale, yellow eyes fixed on the pretty face, which looked so sweet and childlike in this soft English summer twilight.

"You surprise me, citoyenne," he said quietly, as he took a pinch of snuff.

"Do I now?" she retorted gaily. "Faith my little Chauvelin, I should have thought that, with pour penetration, you would have guessed that an atmosphere composed of frogs and virtues would never suit Marguerite St Just."

"Dear me! is it as bad as that?" he asked, in mock consternation.

"Quite," she retorted, "and worse."

"Strange! Now, I thought that a pretty woman would have found English country life peculiarly attractive."

"Yes! so did I," she said with a sigh. "Pretty women," she added meditatively, "ought to have a good time in England, since all the pleasant things are forbidden them—the very things they do every day."

"Quite so!"

"You'll hardly believe it, my little Chauvelin," she said earnestly, "but I often pass a whole day—a whole day—without encountering a single temptation."

"No wonder," retorted Chauvelin, gallantly, "that the cleverest woman in Europe is troubled with ennui."

She laughed one of her melodious, rippling childlike laughs.

"It must be pretty bad, musn't it?" she said archly "or I should not have been so pleased to see you."

"And this within a year of a romantic love match! . . ."

"Yes! . . a year of a romantic love match . . .that's just the difficulty. . ."

"Ah! . . .that idyllic folly," said Chauvelin, with quiet sarcasm, "did not then survive the lapse of . . .weeks?"

"Idyllic follies never last, my little Chauvelin. . .They come upon us like the measles . . .and are as easily cured."

Chauvelin took another pinch of snuff: he seemed very much addicted to that pernicious habit, so prevalent in those days; perhaps, too, he found the taking of snuff a convenient veil for disguising the quick, shrewd glances with which he strove to read the very souls of those with whom he came in contact.

"No wonder," he repeated, with the same gallantry, "that the most active brain in Europe is troubled with ennui."

"I was in hopes that you had a prescription against the malady, my little Chauvelin."

"How can I hope to succeed in that which Sir Percy Blakeney has failed to accomplish?"

"Shall we leave Sir Percy out of the question for the present, my dear friend?" she said drily.

(To be continued.)

Call to Rev. Mr. Dickie

At a meeting of the congregation of St. Stephen's church last night Rev. Gordon Dickie, of St. Stephen (N. B.), was extended a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church, made vacant some months ago by the resignation of Rev. E. A. Wicher. It is believed that Rev. Mr. Dickie will accept.

He is considered to be one of the most brilliant preachers in the lower provinces. He is a young man, being only about 35 years of age. He is a graduate of Pine Hill and took his arts course at Dalhousie University. He studied some time in Germany and on his return to Nova Scotia was assigned by the Nova Scotia Presbytery to a small charge in Colchester county, where his father, Rev. A. B. Dickie, is now stationed.

From there he went as assistant to Rev. Dr. Jack, of St. Mathew's church, Sydney, going from there to his present church, where he succeeded Rev. Mr. Morton, who was appointed professor of church history in Pine Hill.

Rev. Clarence McKinnon, formerly of Halifax but now of Winnipeg; and Rev. Mr. Johnston, now of the garrison city, and Rev. Mr. Dickie were considered three of the finest preachers in the maritime provinces.

Some time ago when the pulpit of St. Andrew's church was vacant Rev. Mr. Dickie supplied there for three months and received a call from that congregation but declined, feeling, it is said, that the work would be too arduous.

Montreal, Sept. 11—The condition of Ex-mayor White, of St. John, who is still a patient at the Royal Victoria Hospital, is reported to be greatly improved. Today he was making preparations to leave the hospital tomorrow and start for St. John in the evening. Mrs. White, who has been staying at the Windsor, will accompany her husband.

U. S. AND CUBAN

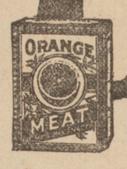
Washington, Sept. 11—The critical situation in Cuba is absorbing the attention of the administration to the exclusion of all other foreign topics as indicated by the activity of the officials in the state, navy and war departments. The president, at Oyster Bay, is keeping in close touch with every development of the revolutionary movement.

The development of the day was the admission that the American cruiser Des Moines, which sailed yesterday hastily from Norfolk, has gone southward to Keywest with the ultimate purpose of proceeding to Havana if developments within the next two days seem to warrant such action. At Keywest the Des Moines will be about eight hours run from Havana, and while waiting there Commander Halsey will be in close communication with the navy department, prepared to immediately carry out any request from the department of state.

There is no intention in this movement of the Des Moines of showing any partiality by the American government towards one side or the other in the present conflict in Cuba. The ship will be at Havana to serve as an asylum in case of need and be at the disposition of the American charge. She is not a formidable craft, being only of 3,100 tons displacement, and with a main battery of six inch guns, but for the duty intended she will be quite as effective as a battleship.

Miss West, of Charlottetown, and Miss Ducan, of Summerside, are registered at the Dufferin.

The Food Value of Orange Meat



CANADA'S CHOICEST CEREAL — THE WHOLE WHEAT

Orange Meat is the most perfectly balanced food in the world.

All the strength-giving gluten---the flesh-forming wheat sugars---of the wheat kernel, are in Orange Meat.

It is a dainty food for dainty people. It is never touched by hand from the time the wheat enters the elevators until the package is opened at your table.

It is MALTED---made doubly easy to digest.

No wonder thin children get plump, and run-down people build up, when they start eating Orange Meat.

A pleased mother in Montreal writes: "For three years I had trouble in getting my little girl to eat. In the morning particularly, she had no desire for food. We started to use Orange Meat. Since then she has improved to a noticeable degree. People remark on the change, which I attribute to Orange Meat."

Hundreds of valuable premiums are given away to users of Orange Meat.
Every 15c package contains a premium coupon.
Write for premium list to "Orange Meat, Kingston."

ORANGE MEAT is sold by all grocers in 15c and 25c packages.
25c packages contain 2½ times as much as the 15c size. 29

The Canadian Drug Co.

Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

Drugs, Patent Medicines
Toilet Articles
Druggist's Sundries, Etc.

Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to
THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 187 St. John, N. B.

What the "Canada Lancet" says about Abbey's Effervescent Salt.



"Many physicians of Canada are now prescribing ABBEY'S SALT.

It is particularly useful in cases of obstinate Constipation and chronic liver trouble. It is especially effective in kidney trouble.

It corrects acidity of the stomach, making it a specific in certain forms of dyspepsia and in gout and rheumatism.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

We consider Abbey's Salt absolutely the best effervescing salt made in any country."

25c. and 60c. a bottle.