

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.

NEW COMPANIES

Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 1.—Today's Gazette contains the following:

Charlotte—Chas. T. Easton, to be a re-visor for the parish of Claremont.

Madawaska—Jas. E. Clair, to be a re-visor for the parish of Clair.

Rev. Neil McLaughlin and Rev. W. Mc-Masters, of St. John, are registered to solemnize marriage.

Hammond J. Evans, G. C. Jordan, J. L. McAvity, of St. John; W. B. Evans, of Miramichi; E. G. Evans, of Hampton; H. B. Hay, of Chipman; H. Wilson, of Coal Creek, Queens county, apply for incorporation as the "Rothwell Coal Company," with chief place of business at Miramichi, to carry on mining; capital, \$12,000, in 240 shares.

G. F. Atkinson, of Reston; John Nute, of Portland (Me.); C. S. Hickman, J. H. Chapman, C. L. Hamilton, J. H. Hickman, F. G. Palmer, Jas. Priel, W. F. Tait, all of Dorchester, and H. J. McManus, of Memramook, apply for incorporation as "The Crown Wood Working Company," to manufacture children's sleds, sleighs, carts, etc. The chief place of business is to be Dorchester; capital stock, \$50,000, in 500 shares.

Tenders are called for rebuilding Hawks bridge, Kings county; also for rebuilding Mill Stream bridge, Kings county.

Happy Now at Burnt Church

Chatham, Aug. 1.—When Commodore Stewart landed from his yacht at Burnt Church the other day he was greeted by a delegation of summer girls and this was what they said: "The church is lifted, its silver lining is in sight. A host load of young men arrived on Saturday. We are all so happy! There is Mr. McAllister, of Newcastle; Blake McInerney, of St. John; Clarence Adams, of New York; Fred Jordan, Chatham, and Archie Hawland. There are now about 200 men to go around yet, but the ice is broken." The young ladies thanked the editor of the World for having advertised their lonely condition.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; the cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SEND MUCH FLOUR TO

JAPAN FROM CANADA

Ottawa, Aug. 1.—Canada's commercial agent in Japan sends the department a very interesting report on the flour trade. He says that the total flour shipment from Vancouver last year amounted to \$76,430, of which Japan took \$62,000. This he regards as about the surplus which Canada had to send by the Pacific and is therefore not in a position to supply large orders at present.

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XV.

Bradshaw Has an Adventure.

There was a knock at the door, and Lester entered. He and Bradshaw had been thrown together a good deal. Staying, as they did, at the same inn, they met frequently, and each man recognized qualities in the other which tended to establish confidence and friendship.

"Poison yourself," was the American's welcome, as he pushed the whiskey-decanter toward his new visitor.

Hobson, unaware that Lester was acquainted with the thief of Edith's second letter, looked up at the young doctor with the ingratiating smile of one who would have bygone bygone. He was quickly undeceived.

"Well," said Lester, addressing him with scant courtesy, "may I ask you if you have posted that other letter of Miss Holt's, or have you appropriated to your own use the draft contained in it?"

For once, Hobson's inscrutable countenance betrayed emotion. He went deathly pale, and the excuse that was trailing on his lips gave place to the truthfulness of honest indignation. "I don't think I have deserved that," he said with something of natural dignity. "Miss Holt's letter, with the money it held, has been posted safely enough, and I am bound to say, in justice to the young lady, that what she wrote clears her at least from any suspicion. Now, sir, technically, I have committed a crime which might have grave consequences for me. Though you really have no evidence against me, I am not going to attempt any concealment. I have only taken reasonable measures to unravel a mysterious murder, and I am willing to put it to Mr. Bradshaw, here, whether in the interests of justice I did not act rightly."

"Why, say," remarked Bradshaw, "I don't know a thing about the matter yet. You say you have committed a crime. I am open to believe that about anything. Don't be discouraged, Hobson. At your age, it can't be the first crime you have committed. And I am dead sure it won't be the last."

The answer came from Lester, who found the American's lay criticism a little jarring. "Inspector Hobson's crime is simply this," he said curtly: "he has been tampering with the post-office in order to get hold of Miss Holt's private correspondence."

"I don't think we ought to blame him for that," said Bradshaw, dispassionately. "A man does not become a detective, anyway, unless he has the instincts of a horse thief. Sit down, Hobson," he went on, as the official, really hurt, half rose. "I don't mean that as personal—in fact, I am trying to justify you. See now, Dr. Lester, if you face things fairly and squarely, you must realize that no detective work is possible without what you and I would call underhanded methods. After all, nothing of the sort will injure an innocent person in the long run; and your British police have the reputation of being reasonably honest, though," he admitted, when Hobson's countenance cleared a little. "I am not much of a believer in underhanded methods. Look cheerful, Hobson, and have another drink. Dr. Lester is going to forgive you."

William Lincoln Bradshaw suggested the consumption of alcohol with appalling frequency, but as his own habit was to take rather less than a teaspoonful on each occasion, at least, suffered no ill effects from his pressing hospitality.

"I want no forgiveness from anybody," said the detective, sulkily. "I am only doing my duty. Miss Holt may be innocent as you or I, but you can't dispute that Lord Arncliffe was murdered. Mr. Ainger nearly murdered, and possibly other crimes committed which these more serious ones were meant to cloak. I don't profess to be a Sherlock Holmes. My system is to give my attention to the person who benefits most from a crime. And I have never drawn blank yet."

"Well, now," said Bradshaw to Lester, "I was just telling this unerring sleuthhound of some peculiarities which had struck me in the conduct of that analysis. Bradshaw, Warren, Don't wink the nap of your eyelids at me, friend Hobson. Just at present I propose to make my calculations on the basis that Dr. Lester is a square man, and if you don't like it you can do the other thing for the proposition is my own. Now, Lester, I have also been telling our friend here about that poacher fellow whose extraordinary access of wealth we have both noticed. And I have further drawn his notice to the fact that Harry Warren is drinking a good deal

more than anyone takes out of mere devotion to liquor. He gives one the impression of a man so harassed that he is endeavoring all the time to escape from his own vicinity. I am inclined to attribute all this to the workings of a troublesome imp called conscience, which we read about in fairy tales. I have also made some considerable study of Arncliffe Hall lately, and I notice that there is a light in one of the rooms half through the night—conscience again. People who live in a Sleepy Hollow like this go to bed early, in the hope of dreaming they are alive. If we could take a peep into that room we might see something to enlighten us."

"What room is it?" asked Hobson.

"The room just over the library, where old Ainger got soaked on the caber."

Bradshaw had spent his early days amid that delightful society which infests the valley of the Rio Grande. When talking of deeds of violence, he had a habit of introducing here and there, a word of Spanish, which is, after all, the natural language of assassination.

"Oh, but it is no good bothering about that," protested the detective. "That is simply the private sitting-room of Mrs. Warren, the housekeeper."

"So I supposed. But what special care has Mrs. Warren to keep her up so late? I first noticed this burning of the midnight oil on the night of the attack on Ainger. As you know, Dr. Lester, I waited until you decided that your patient was out of immediate danger; and then we came back here together, nearly at daylight. It was reasonable enough that Mrs. Warren should remain awake on that occasion, and I should have thought nothing further of the matter, had not the same thing being repeated night after night. I watched round about the Hall—partly because this business has interested me, and partly because I have been doing a little detective business on my own account. I surmise this much—that Mrs. Warren walks up to talk with this hopeful son of hers. And I am inclined to think that a little knowledge on our part would produce quite a lot of information."

"I don't like spying," objected Lester, a note of decision in his voice. "You have said 'Neither do I,' retorted Bradshaw, 'but I should like still less for that wine-sauce girl to be charged with murder, as Hobson proposes. Anyway, it is not your funeral, I am only telling you a plan of my own.'"

"If there is anything I can do to help Miss Holt," began Lester eagerly. "Ah, you see that side of it, do you? If you really want to do justice to your high-toned feelings, you might just go and mix some liquor with the wealthy gentleman they call Leigh, and send him home, too. I wouldn't be at all surprised if that skunk Warren dropped into the game before you are through."

Bradshaw looked at his watch. "Half-past ten," he concluded. "You have half an hour in which to cultivate Mr. Leigh. Now go away, boy, and leave Hobson and myself to elaborate our lockdown plans."

Lester, half offended, yet conscious that Bradshaw was in the right, went down stairs. But there was no sign of the poacher. He returned, offered to help the others, but was sent to bed.

Bradshaw and the detective, taciturn men by nature, but rendered glibly by the necessity to hide their thoughts, remained silent for a long time, considering their position. There was really little to go upon. A light in a window at an unusual hour might have a dozen adequate explanations. The mere events which had happened at the Hall were enough to account for the sleeplessness of an elderly woman to whom Arncliffe Hall had practically represented the world for so many years.

But Hobson, finding himself completely at a loss, ready to follow the slightest clue. Bradshaw, like Lester, had declined from the beginning to admit even the possibility of Edith's guilt; but he realized nevertheless that there was a negative evidence in existence against her which, though it might place her life in peril, yet might embitter it irrevocably. And, as far as lay in his power, he resolved to save her.

"I have been studying the geography pretty carefully," he explained to his companion when the lighting of a new cigar roused him from a reverie. "There is a tree which looks conveniently into a bird's-nesting might fix himself up comfortably."

"Perhaps," interrupted Hobson, acidly, "you could suggest something suitable to a man of forty-five who suffers from rheumatism?"

"I haven't any rheumatism," replied the

American, cheerfully, "and I guess I can climb that tree. I will tell you a fairy tale about what I see afterwards. Things ought to be reasonably quiet at the Hall about eleven; and if we reach there half an hour later, that will do. Smoke!" and he handed over a Havana from his waistcoat pocket. "But don't talk to me; I want to figure things some more."

And so they sat again in silence, until presently Bradshaw looked at his watch and closed it with a snap.

"Ten past eleven," he said. "Twenty minutes' walk to the Hall. Come along, partner, we had better make a move."

They went downstairs softly. "Jolly Jim" Jones was just clearing away the empty tankards of his village customers.

"Going out to breathe for awhile, boss," said Bradshaw. "Don't worry about me; I have my key."

"All right, sir. You won't take a drop of special to keep the cold out before you go?"

"No, thank you, I have people dependent on me in the United States. Good night."

The country lane was utterly deserted. It was silent except to the ears not tuned to the myriad voices of the night—the chirp of the cricket, the rustling of a dry leaf as an errant breeze kissed it, the trembling of a branch touched by a weasel gliding forth on foray, the sudden soft whirr of wings as an owl swept down on its prey, the stirring of the undergrowth in the Park by the unseen animals which abounded in its fastnesses.

And so the two advanced, as noiseless as possible, until there came a fitful gleam between the trees. It was the light for which they had come to look; the light which had shone night after night—telling what story? Perhaps only the story of a mother's anguish, the anguish of a mother whose son was coming home with dimmed eyes and faltering step. All this Bradshaw thought of, but he thought of Edith Holt too, and went on.

A short cut through the woods and they found themselves beneath the lighted window. There was an ask what spread its branches close to the room, thirty feet above. Without a needless word, Bradshaw drew his companion close to the trunk and climbed upon his shoulders to reach the first stout limb of the tree.

Once within the boughs, the American climbed up like a school-boy, and settled himself on the branch nearest to the window, perching precariously at the extreme limit of safety. He found that the window was closed; therefore, nothing could be heard, yet the scene within the room offered ample material for speculation when he came to ponder on it afterwards.

Harry Warren, looking utterly cowed, was sitting in an arm-chair, while his mother stormed up and down the room like a very fury. There was, through all her anger, the repression characteristic of the woman. It was no exaggeration to say that she stormed, yet her voice was never raised; strain his ears as he might, Bradshaw could hear no syllable of the conversation. He waited until the grew cramped and until Hobson beneath was hoarsely impatient, and still Mrs. Warren went on, as if nothing were the matter.

Then, at last, she quitted the room. Her son, who had sat dejected and nervous during the harangue, jumped up alertly. He pulled open drawer after drawer of the desk and searched them so frantically, that Bradshaw, hanging beside him, did not notice his mother's return. She entered, with a certain stealth, and stood behind him, impassive as ever. Warren apparently found what he sought and thrust it guiltily into his pocket. And so the incident might have rested a more matter of course, had not Bradshaw, who had not noticed his mother's return, been a little cough, altogether too slight to be noticed, one would have thought.

Mrs. Warren laid a caressing hand on her son's shoulder, seeming to reason with him. Then she stooped to one of the drawers he had been manœuvring, and turning swiftly fired point-blank through the glass at the figure she could see dimly outlined in the branches of the oak.

(To be continued.)

BE A STRONG MAN?

Increase your vitality. Restore your nerve energy and feel as you ought, brisk, hearty and ever ready for work. You need Ferrozene—it is just the remedy for men. It creates a keen appetite, gives prodigious digestion, promotes richness and vitality into the blood.

It takes power to rebuild a worn out man, but Ferrozene has that power and Mr. Walter Wood of Beaufort, N. B., supplies the proof.

"Ferozene has given me a new lease of life. A year ago I suffered terribly from Nervous Headache weakness. I was scarcely able to drag myself around, my appetite was gone, I had no color or ambition and I felt used up. The first box of Ferrozene started me back to health. I took a lot of Ferrozene, but it was worth while, as my health was completely restored."

The ablest restorative known to man is Ferrozene. Get it today. 50 cents per box at all dealers or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn.

DROPPED DEAD IN

BARKER HOUSE STABLES

Fredericton, Aug. 1.—A colored man named John Dean dropped dead in the Barker House stables this evening. He had been in ill health for some time past and today complained of suffering pain in the vicinity of the heart. He was about fifty years of age and for the past year had worked about the stables.

Coroner McNally will hold an inquest tomorrow evening and has sworn in as a jury: Dr. Torrens, L. A. Joubert, Thomas Fowler, W. E. Seery, A. Limerick, Thomas Morris, P. Farrell. It is thought heart disease was probably the cause of death.

2,400 AT DINNER,

STRATHCONA'S GUESTS

Montreal, Aug. 1.—(Special)—Of the many social functions to be held in connection with Aberdeen University quarter-century celebration, the most gigantic will be that which will be given by Lord Strathcona, in what will be known as Strathcona Hall. The interior of the dining hall will be 150 feet long by 185 feet in width. The chairman's table is to be 100 feet long. Guests to the number of 2,400 are expected to attend.

At a meeting of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board yesterday, arrangements for the annual meeting, which will take place this year in Liverpool (N. S.) on Aug. 25, were discussed.

The EVENING TIMES

"The Enterprising Paper."

Read this popular afternoon journal. It publishes all the news as, well as special features, from day to day to make it interesting reading.

25c. a Month

Brings this up-to-date paper to your door. You will crave the TIMES regularly once you become acquainted with it.

'Phone 705 TODAY and order THE TIMES sent direct to your home every afternoon.

All the local, Telegraphic, commercial and sporting news of the day.

Twelve pages on Saturday.

REV. DR. MCCARTHY

Interesting Biographical Sketch of the New Archbishop.

(Halifax Recorder.)

Dr. McCarthy, as a boy, gave promise of a brilliant career. In his college days he was conspicuous as an athlete and scholar, and as manhood developed he took up the more serious side of life. Among his school mates were the present Rev. Gregory O'Brien, S. J., of Montreal; Rev. Father Underwood, Rev. Father Grace, Rev. Father Manning, Rev. Father Scott, Rev. Father Driscoll, J. C. O'Malley, James J. Hopewell, and many others who have earned a reputation in church, state, and the community in which we live, and among his teachers was the Right Rev. Monsignor Daly, V. G., administrator of the diocese. Before his ordination to the priesthood, Rev. Dr. McCarthy, with Rev. Father Scott and Rev. Father Driscoll went upon a three days' retreat in the little cottage at Mt. St. Vincent, and at the conclusion of the retreat treat he was ordained at St. Mary's Cathedral by the late Archbishop Connolly.

Dr. McCarthy celebrated his first mass at Mount St. Vincent, and which was served by the present Sir M. B. Daly. Shortly afterwards he was sent to Kentville, the parish of the late Rev. Father Holden, and it was here that the latter became so warm a friend of Dr. McCarthy. He spent three years with Father Holden, and upon the occasion of his transfer to Chester, Dr. McCarthy was presented with an address and a horse and wagon. The parishioners at Kentville and surrounding districts reluctantly parted with him, and it was upon this occasion that Father Holden, whose veteran services in the priesthood won for him the esteem of the whole province, predicted a brilliant career for Dr. McCarthy. Before parting with him, Father Holden said: "Keep on, young man, and one day, though I may not live to see it, you will be Archbishop of this diocese." In after years Father Holden repeated this expression, and the words of the old priest have been justified. At Chester, Dr. McCarthy spent six years, in charge of a parish that was almost a diocese, covering, as it did, the following New Brunswick parishes: Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, Bridgewater, New Dublin and Chelsea. For his splendid work in this parish, he was elected for the more important charge of Yarmouth, where he spent some fourteen years. Here he continued his brilliant career, and besides winning the hearts of his people, built the present beautiful church, as fine as there is in the province, and one which will stand as a monument to his energy and work for years to come. Upon the death of the late Monsignor Carmody he was transferred to Halifax, and was made rector of Saint Patrick's church in this city. Before leaving Yarmouth he was presented with an address, a gold headed cane and purse of money. These came not only from the parishioners but from the Catholic societies of that place, among them being the A. O. H. U. for whom he has always had the kindest regard. Coming to Halifax he soon won the admiration of St. Patrick's parish, and organized one of the finest and most successful fairs held by that parish, realizing \$7000, with which he purchased the magnificent organ now in St. Patrick's Church. After spending six years at the latter place he was transferred to St. Mary's, upon the death of the late esteemed rector, Rev. E. F. Murphy, D. D. In the Cathedral parish he has continued his splendid work, and by his earnestness and scholarly traits, his great devotion to the people—especially the poor—he has won the hearts of his parishioners, and the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

Dr. McCarthy is a scholar and orator of the superior class. His sermons at the

Cathedral rank him among the most able ever heard there, and he has the reputation of never preparing a discourse. He speaks from inspiration, and having faith in his finger-tips, is able to quote from the important events of any age in a manner that at once proclaims him well read. His language, too, is always strikingly good, and there is soundness and conviction in his pulpit discourses. As a lecturer he is one of the most successful in our midst, and taking as a sample, "Monsignor's Home," which he delivered before the Art School and before the A. O. H. in this city, he must be classed with the most finished and interesting ever heard in Halifax. He is also a splendid English scholar, an astronomer of repute, and one of the best mathematicians in this province, and combined with these qualities are tolerance and diplomacy, which have made him so popular, not only with his own with the people of all denominations. He is an earnest and approachable pastor to the poorest in his flock, and a clever business man with great executive resources.

Mrs. Andrew Irom and daughter, of Halifax, are visiting Mrs. B. J. Murphy, Leinster street.

GEO. HAM SAYS ROOSEVELT IS TO TOUR THROUGH CANADA

Winnipeg, Aug. 1.—(Special)—A special from Victoria (B. C.) says: "At a banquet to Washington newspaper correspondents, George H. Ham announced he had been informed by President Roosevelt that when his term of office had expired he would make a trip 'from pole to pole' of Canada to the other of a railway whose name modesty forbids me to mention."

The Preference Lost Anchor and Part of Chain

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Aug. 1.—Schooner Preference, from St. John (N. B.) for Bridgeport, lost starboard anchor and fifteen fathoms of chain while anchored off Chatham during a heavy southwest wind on the 30th ult.

Dr. W. W. White, who is in Montreal to consult specialists, was successfully operated on Tuesday, and yesterday was progressing favorably. His condition is not serious.

Grand Clearance Sale In Every Department.

GREAT BARGAINS IN SEASONABLE GOODS.

BOOT and SHOE DEPARTMENT.

Men's Patent Calf Boots, - - - -	\$2.68, were \$3.50, \$4.00
" Tan Boots and Oxfords, - - - -	2.68, " 3.50, 4.00
Women's Chocolate Boots and Oxfords, - - - -	1.58, " 2.25, 2.50
Women's Chocolate Oxfords, - - - -	1.18, " 1.75
Women's Chocolate Oxfords, - - - -	1.08, " 1.50
Girls' Chocolate Laced Boots, - - - -	1.18, " 1.65
Girls' Chocolate Low Shoes, - - - -	.98, " 1.25
Children's Low Shoes, - - - -	.88, " 1.20
Boys' Chocolate Boots, - - - -	\$1.28 and 1.48, " 1.75, 2.00

If you prefer Black Shoes, we have them at the same Bargain Prices.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Colored Shirts, 38c. - - - -	Reduced from 50c and 60c.
" 48c. - - - -	75c
" 58c. - - - -	85c
" 78c. - - - -	\$1.00 & \$1.25

All this season's goods and every one a bargain.

Linen and Straw Hats, 48c. - - - -	Were - 75c, 1.00 and 1.50
Washing Vests, - 78c. - - - -	Reduced from \$1.25 and \$1.50

Custom Tailoring Department.

Suits to Order for \$13.50 - - - -	Reduced from \$18.50
" " 15.00 - - - -	" 20.00
" " 16.50 - - - -	" 21.50
" " 18.50 - - - -	" 23.50
" " 19.50 - - - -	" 25.00

These are all Imported Suitings suitable for any season of year.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

All Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices. Come and Inspect Them.

C. B. PIDGEON,
Corner Main and Bridge Streets, North End.

A Request to Test.

All we ask is that every housekeeper who has not already done so will give "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR a fair and unprejudiced trial next Baking Day.

Has it not occurred to you that there must be a more substantial reason for the enormous sales and the great popularity of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR than could be achieved simply by advertising? No one will buy a poor article twice, however much it is advertised, and the reason why "Five Roses" is the most popular brand on the market today is because it is the best value to be had.

Test it and see for yourself that the statements we have made regarding its merits are true, but use it the "FIVE ROSES" way.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal.

St. John.

Winnipeg.



PROOF. A trial of DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT will be more convincing than pages of explanation, or arguments. The best pain expeller known to Modern Medical Science. Try it. Large bottle 25 cents.