

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—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 our druggist to refund the money if they fail to cure. See a box of boxes for \$2.50, at your druggist or we will send you a box free if you write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

R MEDICAL RECIPROCITY

Canadian Doctors Should be Permitted to Practice in Great Britain and vice versa

At the British Medical Association meeting in Toronto this week, in the Therapeutic Section, Dr. Donald MacAlister, of Cambridge, the president, delivered an address advocating an Imperial pharmacopoeia. This he felt would be an important step in the direction of an international pharmacopoeia. Another suggestion of Dr. MacAlister was in favor of medical reciprocity between Canada and Great Britain. He would like to see Canadian doctors permitted to practise in Great Britain and British physicians allowed to carry on their labors in the Dominion. Every year Canadian graduates crossed the ocean to study in the Old Land.

"When I observe your splendidly equipped medical schools and hospitals I cannot help wishing that a strong reverse current might be set up, and that our own students and graduates might acquire the habit of crossing the Atlantic to complete their medical education in Canada. That mutual recognition of professional qualifications would further and foster this tendency I am convinced, and I am not less sure that such educational interchanges would exert a powerful influence for good, not only upon us, but upon the world, which has been expending so much for foreign missions, home missions, Northwest Indian work and the Grand Ligne mission."

The Missionary Aid Societies number 260, sixteen more than last year. Amherst had the largest number of societies, with the first Baptist church, Halifax, with \$310. Life members added since the last convention number 75.

The report of the treasurer of Mission Bands, Mrs. Ida G. Crandall, showed 106 bands, 115 in Nova Scotia, 44 in New Brunswick and several in the Maritime Provinces. The total amount raised was \$3,169.19, the increase being \$727.80; life members, 71.

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The reports of the provincial secretaries followed: For New Brunswick, by Mrs. M. S. Cox; for Nova Scotia, Miss E. Hume; for P. E. Island, Miss A. Wadman. The oldest living members, Mrs. M. Brown, of Lunenburg, and Mrs. J. J. Harry King, of Digby, and Mrs. W. B. C. of Liverpool.

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Mrs. W. J. Robinson, of Kingston (Ont.), is visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Cope Rothwell at their summer home on the St. John river.

James Jack has returned from the Pacific coast.

Miss Claire O'Connor, who is studying nursing in the Massachusetts General Hospital, left yesterday for Boston, after spending her vacation in St. John.

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HOME FROM CONVENTION

St. John Delegates to W. B. M. U. Meetings Returned Yesterday—Interesting Sessions Held.

Yesterday the St. John delegates to the 22nd annual gathering of the Women's Baptist Missionary Union of the Maritime provinces, which was held at Bridgetown, N. S., commencing Tuesday, returned home. There were 250 delegates present at the convention from all parts of the provinces. The executive held several meetings Tuesday.

The opening session of the convention was held Wednesday morning. In the absence of the president, Mrs. J. W. Manning, the vice-president for New Brunswick, Mrs. David Hutchinson, wife of the Main street pastor, was called to the chair. Devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. W. J. Rutledge, of Port Maitland.

At 10.30 the business of the convention began. The treasurer, Mrs. Mary Smith, reported the amount raised for the year ended July 31 was \$14,303.99, an increase of \$1,354.55 over last year. Of this sum, Nova Scotia contributed \$8,702.62; New Brunswick, \$2,735.43; P. E. Island, \$702.10. Lesser amounts came from various sources made up the total, which has been expended for foreign missions, home missions, Northwest Indian work and the Grand Ligne mission.

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Doubled in size in three years.

AND NOW OPERATE PRIVATE FREIGHT CARS.

The Mooney Biscuit and Candy Company, Limited, Stratford, Canada, is the fastest growing business in the Dominion.

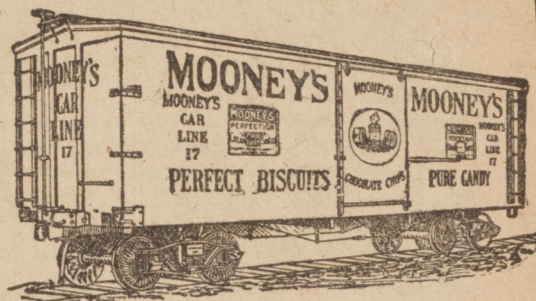
Started in 1903, more ovens were necessary in nine months. In eighteen months, another wing was added to the original building, increasing the floor space by 18,000 square feet.

Building operations now under way will double the size of the Mooney Bakeries and Candy Manufactories, and give a total floor space of from 150,000 to 200,000 square feet. The illustration in the upper left corner shows the enlarged works when the addition is completed.

True to their policy, of adopting latest methods, the Mooney Biscuit and Candy Company, Limited, have had built and now operate, their own private freight cars. This company is the first in Canada to adopt this economical and rapid system of shipments.

Mooney's "Perfection Cream Sodas"

—are now known all over Canada—and this new line of freight cars will still further keep the name constantly before the public.



COLLINS DIDN'T GET PRIEST'S MONEY

Moncton, Aug. 24—Father Savage, pastor of St. Bernard's church, returned today from New Ireland, where he has been with Father MacAulay and gave The Telegraph correspondent some interesting incidents in connection with the murder.

The residents of the settlement, Father Savage says, are terrified beyond description and cluster together in alarm discussing nothing but the tragedy. The murderer, being still at large, adds to the terror of the people. Woman, who were accustomed to stay at home while their husbands work in the mills outside the village, refuse to be left alone and the men have to remain at home.

Father Savage says the murder was undoubtedly committed after tea Sunday evening. Sunday Mrs. Williams and little daughter Collins stayed at the priest's house with Miss MacAulay. About 5.30 she went home with the intention of returning to spend the night. Between 7 and 8 the same evening Collins appeared at Mrs. Williams' carrying a can of water. He found to his surprise Mr. Williams in the house. He started to the priest's house immediately. The supposed priest's house was immediately. The supposed priest's house was immediately.

It is estimated that their firm has in the neighborhood of 25,000 accounts to be adjusted throughout Canada and the United States. A New York despatch says that it is estimated that the losses will be about two million dollars.

One of the Montreal victims says that he believes the Montreal losses will foot up at least \$125,000.

The cause of the failure is due largely to the tremendous advance in the stock market. The small traders here were playing Union Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Copper. Many men made a big killing, and they were the lucky ones who collected their profits. There were, however, a great number who lost their money there, and it is these men who are today waiting anxiously for some word from the firm as to whether or not they will be paid. The general impression is that they will lose all.

IT IMPARTS STRENGTH. Just think of the enormous strengthening power. Perrozene possesses—consider what it did for H. V. Potter, well known in Kingston. "I was subject to spells of dizziness. For eight months I had intense pain in my right side between the shoulders. I was almost incurable with weakness and lack of vigor. Often I scarcely ate any breakfast and felt miserable all day. Nervous, easily excited, troubled with heart weakness, I was in bad shape. Perrozene restored and nourished me back to health in short order. Whatever your weakness may be, Perrozene will cure. Price 50c. per box at all dealers.

MONTEAL CLEARING BIG. Montreal Clearing House returns continue to show satisfactory gains. The comparative figures follow:

Total for week ending Aug. 23, 1906 \$27,853,300
Cor. week, 1905 25,696,332
Cor. week, 1904 18,951,923

Miss Katherine I. Stevenson, of Boston, passed through the city yesterday en route from the Newton Hospital, where she is training for nurse.

Abbey's Salt has a pronounced and gratifying effect on the kidneys—and is most beneficial in all Kidney Troubles.

It is invaluable in reducing the feverish condition—and in making the bowels move regularly.

Uric Acid affections—Gout—and Rheumatism—promptly disappear under the proper treatment of

25c. and 60c. bottles.

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THE BASE BALL CAPTAIN'S FATHER

(A story of the Harvard-Princeton Game.)
By Ralph Henry Barbour.

The hero sat in the window seat, and nursed his knee and frowned. He was rather young to be a hero, he lacked a month of being 20; he looked 18. His eyes were blue, and his hair was as near yellow as hair ever is. For the rest, he was of medium height, slim and well built. His name was James Gill Robinson, Jr. Throughout college he was known as "Rob" on the baseball diamond, the players, according to him the respect due a superior, called him "Cap."

His father with the privilege of extended acquaintance, called him "Jimmie." It was mid-June, warm, clear, and an ideal Saturday.

Mr. Robinson drew his eyebrows together while he silently marshalled his arguments. "I have never," he said, "opposed athletic sports in moderation. On the contrary, I think them—ah—beneficial. Mind you, though, I say in moderation, distinctly in moderation!" In fact in my own college days I gained some reputation as an athlete myself!

The hero suppressed a smile. His father's reputation had been gained as a shortstop on a senior class nine that, with the aid of pistols, old muskets and brass bands had defeated, by a score of 27 to 16, a sophomore team, his father having made three home runs by knocking the ball into a neighboring back yard. The hero had heard the history of that game many times.

"But you, sir," continued Mr. Robinson, severely, "you, sir, are overdoing it. Why, confound it, sir, you are you here at Harvard? What do I see in the morning papers?" Robinson is confident!

"Plucky captain and first baseman of the Harvard nine looks for victory over the Tigers." That's the sort of stuff I read, sir! A whole column of it! That's who you are, sir; you're just the baseball cartoon; you're not James Robinson, Jr., not for a minute. And the papers are full of silly talk about you, and refer to you as 'Rob.' It's disgraceful, if nothing else!"

"Well, dad, I don't like that sort of notoriety any better than you do, but I don't think it's fair to blame me for it. When you win a big case at home it's just the same, sir; the papers even print your picture sometimes, and that's no more than they do with mine, because they can't get it."

His father glared silently. "And," continued the hero, "in either case it's a matter of using your brain and doing your level best and keeping your wits about you. The result may not be on a par with importance, why, although—" he smiled slightly—"maybe it depends some on the point of view. I tell you what, sir," he went on, "you come out to the Princeton game this afternoon and if, when it's over with, you say that trying to win a big game of college baseball isn't worth doing, why, I'll give up the captaincy and have nothing more to do with such things next year! What do you say, sir?"

"I refuse to enter into any such agreement, sir. Moreover, I have no intention of sitting on a plank in the hot sun and watching a lot of idiots run and throw the ball. No, sir, if you've got to take part in that game, as I suspect you have, you go ahead and I'll look after myself. Only I must have at least one undisturbed hour with you before my train goes."

"Certainly, dad; I'll be with you all the evening. I hope you'll be comfortable. I will be back here about 6.30."

The yard looked inviting, and so Mr. Robinson took a book and went out under the trees.

It was very cool and restful there on the grass, with the whispering of the little breeze in the leaves above him, and he laid the book down and closed his eyes and his hands and closed his eyes. The yard was deserted now save for the squirrel and birds, and so for quite an hour none disturbed Mr. Robinson's slumber. When he woke it was just four o'clock. He felt rather stiff, but the nap had rested him, and so he returned to the book to read with the idea of taking a walk. Swinging his gold-headed cane jauntily, he passed through the square and made his way toward the river. The breezes would be refreshing, he told himself. But long before he reached the bridge disturbing sounds came from the house, and the little west wind that blew in his face.

"Ha-a-a-va! Ha-a-a-va! Ha-a-a-va!" Mr. Robinson frowned, but kept on his way. He was back of the stands now. The scene was hidden from the street by a long strip of canvas. The gate a few feet ahead stood about. Mr. Robinson approached one of them and asked with elaborate indifference:

"What—ah—what is the score?" "Seven to six in favor of Princeton. They've knocked Miller out of the box."

"Indeed?" Mr. Robinson glanced at his watch. "I—ah—suppose the game is about over."

"Last of the sixth. There, that's three out. This is the seventh now." From the left somewhere came cheers for Princeton.

With sudden resolution Mr. Robinson stuck his cane under his arm.

"Here, do you want to see the last of this?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the eager answer. "Two tickets, please."

Mr. Robinson strode through the gate followed by a freckle-faced, rather tall, stout youth of 18, and sought a seat.

"You come along with me," he said to the boy. "I may want to know who some of these fellows are."

Princeton was at the bat. Mr. Robinson turned to his new acquaintance.

"Supposing you tell me who some of the non are," suggested Mr. Robinson.

"Sure thing. That's Hamlin pitching. He's pretty good, but he ain't as good as Miller, they say. I guess 'Miller' must have had an off day. And that's Morton catching. Say, he's a peach!"

"Indeed?"

"You bet. You just keep your eye on him."

Losing it, day after day? And doing nothing to save it? As though you can lose your hair and keep it too! Then stop this falling. Stop it at once! You can certainly do it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It feeds the hair, gives it strength, keeps it in place. And it makes the scalp healthy, cures all dandruff, and keeps the hair soft and glossy. Try it and be happy!

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Three hours later the hero and his father were at dinner in a Boston hotel. Mr. Robinson dropped a crumb into his empty soup plate and smiled across the table in the manner of one well pleased with the world.

"I haven't seen a game of baseball like that, Jimmie," he said, "since we were in the class championship back in '73." He looked reminiscent for a moment; then asked suddenly: "By the way, didn't you say they'd make you captain again next year?"

"They will, if I'll take it, sir."

"You'll take it? What's to prevent your taking it? Don't be a fool Jimmie!"

The hero applied his napkin to his lips to hide a smile.

"Very well, sir," he replied, gravely, "I won't."

Capt. Bishop, Lieut. White, Lieut. Capt. Sergeant, Foster and Sergt. Willets, of the 74th Regiment, Annapolis county (N. S.), passed through the city last evening en route to Ottawa to attend the annual meet of the D. R. A.

A five year old boy named Joseph Briggs, of Moore street, was bitten in the face yesterday by a dog belonging to Phillip George, of No. 64 Moore street. It is alleged that the dog previously bit the same lad.

Charles J. Murphy, of the Boston Herald, accompanied by his two daughters, arrived in the city yesterday. They are at the Clifton House, and left this morning for Digby, taking a trip through Nova Scotia, after which they will sail for home from Halifax. This is Mr. Murphy's first visit to St. John, and he expressed himself as pleased with the city and its ways. Mr. Murphy is prominent in Catholic circles in Massachusetts. He is a past grand knight of Elm Hill Council, Knights of Columbus, Boston, known as the Newspaper Council. He was welcomed yesterday by local knights.

Hon. F. J. Sweeney came in from Moncton yesterday.

A MOTHER'S STORY

She Tells How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Her Daughter.

Anæmia is the doctors' name for bloodlessness. It is an ailment that affects almost every girl in her teens. Womanhood makes new demands upon her blood supply that she cannot meet. Month after month her strength, her very life, are being drained away. No food and no care can do her any good. No common medicine can save her. She needs new blood. New blood is the one thing—the only thing—that can make a healthy woman of her. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. That is why they never fail to cure anæmia. That is how they save from an early grave scores of young girls who bleed and strength depend upon their blood supply. Mrs. Anson Clark, Arden, Ont., says:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing in my family, as two of my daughters have used them with marked success. When my eldest daughter was about seven years old she began to fail in health. Her blood seemed to have turned to water. She was troubled with headaches and dizziness; the least exertion would cause her heart to palpitate violently and she could not walk up stairs without stopping to rest. She doctored for upwards of a year, and the doctor said she did not have an ordinary healthy person would have in one arm. The doctor's treatment did not do her a particle of good. She seemed slowly fading away. Then she became afflicted with salt rheum and her hands were almost raw. About this time a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she began taking them. After using the pills for a few weeks we could see an improvement, her appetite began to improve and a trace of color came to her cheeks. She continued taking the pills until she had used thirteen boxes when she was as well and strong as ever. Every trace of both the anæmia and salt rheum had disappeared and she has since enjoyed the best of health. Later on my youngest daughter, aged fifteen, began to lose her health, but thanks to our experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we knew where to look for a cure, and after using a box of both the anæmia and salt rheum had disappeared and she has since enjoyed the best of health. Later on my youngest daughter, aged fifteen, began to lose her health, but thanks to our experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we knew where to look for a cure, and after using a box of both the anæmia and salt rheum had disappeared and she has since enjoyed the best of health. Later on my youngest daughter, aged fifteen, began to lose her health, but thanks to our experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills we knew where to look for a cure, and after using a box of both the anæmia and salt rheum had disappeared