

HOW TO FIND OUT

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfils every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in Canada in 75c. and \$1.25 sizes. You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, and a book that tells all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the St. John Daily Times. 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.

RIFLE MATCHES AT SUSSEX

Sussex, N. B., Aug. 14.—Two St. John men, Lieut. E. K. McKay, 62nd Fusiliers, and E. F. Gladwin, of the St. John Rifle Association, were prize winners in today's shooting. The former won the eursery and midside, and the latter the Donville cup.

The Prince of Wales cup, a handsome trophy, was won by Major Guy S. Skinner, of the active militia, but the individual scores will not be made up until tomorrow for in the latter match the shooting did not conclude until 7 o'clock. There will be a shoot off between Major Skinner and H. H. Bartlett, of St. Andrews. The wind interfered with the competition and served to reverse the bullets to such an extent that particularly skillful firing was essential in order to score a bull's-eye.

In the Nursery match the prize winners were:

	Points.
E. K. McKay, 62nd, cup	34
Seth Jones, Sussex	33
G. A. Mowat, St. Andrews	31
S. J. Munlock, Mt. Pleasant	31
H. A. Hagerman, Fredericton	31
Sergt. Dyer, 62nd	31
G. M. Farren, St. John	30
G. O. Jags, Sussex	30
J. J. Price, Moncton	30
H. H. McAdam, St. Stephen	30
J. F. Archibald, 3rd R. C. A.	30
W. Balmain, Woodstock	29
J. F. Dustin, St. Stephen	29
C. E. Fairweather, Sussex	29
D. D. Freeze, Sussex	28
E. Anderson, Sackville	28
Sergt. H. Haines, A. S. O.	27
Corp. P. Pettigill, 62nd	27
J. S. Burton, St. John	27
J. Anderson, Sackville	27
Corp. W. J. Anderson, 3rd R. C. A.	27
L. Carter, Point de Bute	27
Corp. H. J. Smith, 62nd	27
In connection with the nursery match, the first prize was won by the Sussex Rifle Club; score, 85 points; second, Sussex Rifle Association, 83 points. The marksman this year are encamped on the grounds, the tents presenting a very tidy and trim appearance.	

Harvesters Paid Big Wages

Toronto, Aug. 14.—About 5,000 harvesters, who have been brought into the city by trains from all parts of western Ontario, left this afternoon for Manitoba and the west by eight special trains. The wages being paid this year are very high. A majority of those who left on the Maritime excursion last week received \$2 per working day and board, or \$45 per month, rain or shine and board. Many of those leaving on today's excursion are assured of a daily wage of \$3 and board, the increase resulting, it is understood, from the absolute necessity of western farmers securing competent help at the earliest possible moment.

The Manitoba government officials decline to quote wages to harvesters. That, it claims, is a matter to be decided between employer and employee.

Acadian Society Convention

New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 14.—The convention of the Acadian Society closed this evening with the election of officers. The next session will be held in Memramcook (N. B.) in two years. The following officers were elected: Grand chaplain—Mgr. M. F. Richard, Rogersville (N. B.); Grand president—Dr. E. T. Gaudet, Memramcook (N. B.); First vice-president—C. F. Cormier, Waltham; Second vice-president—W. Comeau, Sackville (N. B.); Grand financial secretary—J. H. LeBlanc, Fitchburg; Grand recording secretary—F. Richard, Gardiner (Mass.); Grand treasurer—H. Burt, Fitchburg; Sergeants-at-arms—Dr. D. V. Landry, Buctouche (N. B.); C. Cormier, Barachois (N. B.); Auditors—R. Benoit, Lowell; J. L. H. St. Couter, Cambridge; C. A. Poirier, New Bedford.

Why everybody likes Abbey's Salt.

It is so pleasant to the taste that even children take it with pleasure. It does not "cake" or flake on top of the water. It effervesces slowly—may be drunk leisurely, without choking or blinding the user like seidlitz powders. The granules all dissolve—thus the full benefit of the salt is obtained with every dose. It is the ideal laxative and tonic to purify the blood—regulate stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels—and build up the system.

25c. and 60c. a bottle.

Abbey's Salt

A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE

Miss Mattie, gathering peas in the old garden in which vegetables had taken the place of flowers—though here and there a decrepit crepe myrtle or rose, a dim trace of walk or parterre, testified of the higher estate from which it had fallen—suddenly descried upon the long red ribbon of road which stretched away into the still distance a moving speck and a pale flicker of excitement kindled upon her face. A little wasted figure, in a scant black calico dress, carefully pinned up around her waist, she stood absorbed in speculation; the blank, many-paned windows of the hip-roofed house looking down upon her.

"I don't reckon it could be anybody coming here," she said. "The Clarks have been here, and the Warrens and the Forde and the Wilburs and the Robinsons and everybody. But some of them may be coming back."

With childish intensity she watched the approach of the object of her curiosity.

"They may turn off the road at the blacksmith's shop," she said.

"But they didn't!" she exclaimed with thrilling excitement. Catching up her basket of peas, she hurried with it to the open window of the old brick kitchen.

"Have these for dinner, Aunt Dilsey," she said. "Have all of them, boiled with a little bacon. And stew some tomatoes if there are any left, and see if you can't find some ears of corn. Company's coming, and they may stay for dinner."

The old woman took the basket grimly. "Go 'long, honey," she said, "dey ain't gw' stay to dinner; I lay dey know what good fer 'em better 'n dat."

She hobbled infirmly to the door. "You go 'long to de sto' Ebenezer," she said to a bent old negro thawing his rheumatism in the welcome warmth of the August sunshine, "and see wheder dey'll trus' us fer 'nother poun' o' bacon an' a bushel o' meal. Tell 'em de sale gw' be nex' week, an' we ain' got no change tell den. An' we des boun' to eat!"

Miss Mattie upon the time-stained stone steps awaited the approach of the spring wagon which had turned into the gaunt lonely avenue before the house.

"I don't know who it could be," she said, half aloud. "It looks like—it looks like—it's Anna Harding!"

A pretty, plump, blonde woman, in a much-embroidered linen dress and a resplendent hat, alighted briskly from her incongruous vehicle with the help of the negro youth who had driven her, and embraced Miss Mattie with a solemn impressment under which her furrowed smile of welcome faded and the tears rained from her eyes. And yet her face shone.

A vague excitement had throughout the week kept off from her the full pressure of grief. She was a centre of respectful interest a recipient of unprecedented attention. Even the half-realized ruin of her world widened her horizon, making room for nebulous hope. And now, to crown all, Anna Harding had come—Anna Harding, a mere chance glimpse of whom now and again during her occasional visits to her old home had been to Miss Mattie an event of magnitude, a thrilling reminder of life's sunlit side.

She had never dreamed of her coming. And yet, modestly conscious of being the prime repository of authentic "particulars," it seemed to her not unnatural that she should have come. Conscientiously she began at the very beginning, sitting in her seat of ceremony on the old lyre-backed sofa, facing her visitor, who bloomed in the dusky, high-wainscotted room like a brilliant flower.

"Brother," she said, wiping her eyes, "always was delicate. Over and over again I've heard ma say she never did expect to raise him—he was such a puny baby. Then, when he was two years old he had meningitis; 'twas that that left him deaf. And afterwards he all but died of scarlet fever. I don't remember all that, because it was before I was born. (He was the oldest and I was the youngest.) The three children—between two girls and a boy—all died when they were babies.) But I remember like it was yesterday how low he was with pneumonia when he was just grown, because I helped to nurse him. They put fly blisters over his lungs, and did everything they could think of, and with it all he just did pull through by a narrow margin."

"That was the year before ma died—thirty years ago next October. There was just us three then, and ma died and there were just brother and me. And after that spell he never did really have any health, though he worked the farm some sort of way up to three months ago. And then—he took that chill!"

She paused to dry the tears that streamed over her cheeks.

"Dear, dear!" Anna Harding said, "how sad! how terribly sad! We simply can't understand these things! How many children, Miss Mattie, have you to match that sofa?"

It took time for Miss Mattie to take in the question and to arrive at the answer. "These four," she said, "are all the good ones—if you can call these good. The covers of the two in the garret are so worn out—"

"Two the garret!" said Anna Harding, thrillingly. "Six chairs and this sofa; and that delicious marquetry cabinet, and that double-triangle corner table, and those adorable glass vases with the dangling prisms, in this room alone!"

A curious feeling of not being sure she was awake came over Miss Mattie. She looked about her, as if for some key to the amazing mystery of Anna Harding's enthusiasm.

"I always thought it was pretty to see the light through the glass dangles of the vases," she said, timidly. "It makes rainbows! But I didn't think you would come old like this!"

"I just dote on 'em," said Anna Harding. "Do show me everything."

She darted about the dim old house like a mammoth butterfly. Miss Mattie, dazzled by the delightfully following—rather than leading. In her slow-moving mind (in ten years she had not learned to call Anna Harding by her new name) credence lagged behind experience. Even though with her own eyes she saw Anna Harding pouncing with ecstasy upon one and another of the unconcerned things which had been immemorial constituents of her spare humdrum life, it was too preposterous for belief. It was dreamlike, unreal. But everything had been unreal, more or less, since the happening which had put a definite period to the things that were. She could not float upon the current of events, too bewildering to be coped with. And Anna Harding was pleased. That at least was clear. With simple-hearted elation she abandoned herself to the enjoyment of that strange, indisputable, most flattering fact.

In a way obscurely personal it flattered her—almost as she might have been flattered by praise (if such a thing were thinkable) of hand or eyes or hair. They were not to her possessions, the things her visitor eulogized, save in the sense almost precisely that hands and eyes and hair were possessions; appurtenances rather—elements of selfhood almost. Not the least factor in the sensation of strangeness of unreality, which had come upon her, was the prospect of being, as it were, disembodied by divorce from life's familiar envelope of visibilities. But that, too, however just beyond the full grasp of apprehension—inagle toward novelty.

"Everything, I understand, is to be sold next Thursday," Anna Harding said. "Dear, dear! how you must hate to part with them! It would simply break my heart, I know. But since you must sell them, I positively must have that lyre-backed furniture, and the marquetry cabinet, and that corner table, and those dear dangle vases, and this claw-foot dining table, and these Chippendale chairs, and these brass andirons—and I don't know what else! Before we go any further and I lose all my senses over these enchanting things that look like they might be straight out of Noah's Ark, won't you tell me what you will take for these? Suppose we begin with the parlor sofa and chairs. Now, what would you be willing to take for the set, including the two in the garret, which you say are very shabby?"

She led Miss Mattie back into the parlor. "May I have a little more light?" she said. Miss Mattie assenting, she threw open the blinds, admitting an unfriendly glare upon the faded furnishings of the room.

"Now, what," she urged, "would you take for these?"

"For these?" said Miss Mattie, helplessly. Obviously it was a mere echo, yielding nothing.

"Would you be willing to take ten dollars for the set?" the visitor inquired after a reasonable pause.

The marvel of her wanting them, the strangeness of parting with them, left no room for detail in Miss Mattie's mind.

"They've got to go," she said. For the first time something like a realization of the fact was dawning upon her. Her face took on a touch of blankness. "They've got to go," she said. "But what in the world you want with them—"

"Will you take ten dollars for the set?" Slowly Miss Mattie took hold of the question. "Do you think they are worth it?" she queried, anxiously.

Four dollars and a half for the claw-foot table in the dining-room, two dollars for the marquetry cabinet, a dollar for the corner table, seventy-five cents apiece for the dining-room chairs, thirty cents for the andirons, twenty-five cents for the pair of vases—it was very wonderful, very exhilarating. If she just could be sure the things were worth it!

"I'm afraid there isn't anything that's really worth buying," she said. "All the silver's gone long ago—the little that was left after pa bought a pair of mules with it. And there isn't any jewelry now, either, except this breastpin I've got on with ma's and pa's hair. It's old. And I couldn't just part with that!"

"I wouldn't ask you to!" said Anna Harding, cordially. Her competent glance was travelling swiftly over the dark old dining-room.

"Do open that fascinating cupboard. (I wish I could afford that, but I've got one something like it, and I must make that.) There might be something in glass or china—"

There was, there was blue china, with the right duck-egg complexion of ground jugs and platters, cups, saucers, plates and bowls; there were quaint vine-glasses and decanters and dishes of cut glass—

"And a pewter tea-set!" said Anna Harding. "A pewter tea-set! What will you take for that, Miss Mattie?"

"For what?"

"Ebe struggled through the speechlessness of her surprise."

"It isn't silver," she said. "It isn't even plated. It's just—"

"It's just old pewter," said Anna Harding, crisply. "What will you take for it, Miss Mattie?"

"I couldn't take anything," said Miss Mattie, distressfully. "It isn't worth anything!"

"It is worth at least thirty cents," Anna Harding assured her; and reluctantly by Miss Mattie submitted.

"And the glass and china," said Anna Harding. "Would you think three dollars for the lot—?"

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Mattie.

"I don't know, after all," said Anna Harding. "Whether I can resist this dear, diamond-paned press. I could sell the one I have, and what would you take for it, Miss Mattie?"

Something like a scale of values was beginning to formulate in Miss Mattie's mind; the excitement of the traffic to take hold upon her.

"It is worth, do you suppose," she ventured. "Two dollars?"

"Perhaps it is," Anna Harding said. "But I am not sure, after all, that I want it. It is certainly worth a dollar and a half. If you care to sell it for that—"

"It's a plenty!" said Miss Mattie, eagerly.

"This," said Miss Mattie, "is my room. I don't reckon there is anything you want—"

Anna Harding took it in with a glance.

"The bureau is a darling, with that little swinging glass and those cute little drawers under it, but I don't particularly care—for the bed. I do want a wardrobe, though; and there doesn't seem to be any—"

"There's a closet I hang my other dress in," Miss Mattie said, "but there's a wardrobe in brother's room."

"It's the bed he died in!" she said. "I couldn't—"

"But, my dear Mattie," said Anna Harding, "how in the world will you travel around with a four-post bed? And you will be moving about from place to place, won't you, all the time?"

"I'm going to visit around in the neighborhood a little while, till I decide what to do," Miss Mattie said absently. "She thought distractedly a few minutes. "I don't mean to be macramoching," she said anxiously. "But I couldn't sell it. I couldn't sell it to save my life. But I wouldn't be the same thing to give it. I'd be too glad for you to take it off my hands—just so—without giving me anything for it—"

"You dear thing," said Anna Harding. "You're so lucky you came in the wagon, which was." Miss Mattie said. "I suppose the carriage is broken?"

"Oh, no," said the other carelessly, "but the wagon is nearly as comfortable as that antiquarian carriage of ours (country carriages are such marvellous things, aren't they?) and it holds so much more. It positively breaks my heart to leave anything behind, but I'll send over for the rest in the morning."

"Dumpled, daisy, radiant, she stood on the porch making her adieux, in one hand a pair of painted bellows, in the other a tarnished ornate screen, which, with other things, including a lacquered wine-cooler, a set of mahogany bed-steps, and an invalid kidney desk lacking one roller, she had rummaged from the garret, to her own delight, and Miss Mattie's further enrichment by a dollar and seventy-five cents.

"But can't you stay to dinner?" Miss Mattie said. Her tone was almost pleading, so imperative the impulse to stave off a little longer the waiting loneliness.

But Anna Harding kissed her, resisting the invitation.

"And thank you so much," she said. "For the bed. It is a perfect darling! And you were the loveliest thing to give it to me!"

Miss Mattie's eyes filled and overflowed. "Oh, no!" she said. "I hadn't any place—"

She lingered upon the steps even after the road dwindled to the horizon empty, and under all the blue vastness there was no sign of life but the nearby shrilling of summer insects in the rank grass.

"I hadn't any place for it," she said aloud, as if arranged before the bar of silence. An intolerable reproach was in the air, in the strident voices rising from the ground, most of all in the sombreness of the ravished house, upon which she turned her back, temporizing.

"I hadn't any place for it," she said, "or anything. I don't know where I'll be or what I'll do—"

Appalled, she faced the strangeness of the thought—then rose to meet it.

"But I've got friends!" she said. "Just think of Anna Harding's coming!"—Annie Steger Winston, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Methodist District Financial Meeting

The financial meeting of the St. John district of the Methodist church will be held in Fairville commencing on Tuesday, Aug. 21st, at 9.30 a. m. The programme is:

Tuesday, August 21.

9.30 a. m., business of district.
7.30 p. m., open air meeting.
8 p. m., evangelistic service in the church.

Wednesday, Aug. 22.

9.30 a. m., devotional exercises.
10 a. m., address on "What a Christian Life May Mean and Ought to Be."
11 a. m., address, "The Minister's Ideal."

2.30 p. m., devotional exercises.
3 p. m., address, "The Revival we Need."

4 p. m., address, "Unused Forces in Our Church."
7.30 p. m., open air service.
8 p. m., evangelistic service in the church followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

C. P. R. Plan

So far as can be learned, no definite word has yet been received from Montreal regarding the action that the C. P. R. intends to take with reference to the purchasing of the strip of land back of Protection street, between the present Sand Point wharves and Beatty's rocks. As it is getting late in the season and there has been no decision yet and the purchase price of the tenants' rights in addition to the amount asked by the city, is said to be prohibitive, it is stated to be very doubtful if the C. P. R. can carry out the work as planned.

In addition to the cost of the property the improvements to be made would call for an expenditure of about \$80,000 and the total cost of the projected improvements would amount, it is said, to about \$130,000 or \$140,000. However, whether that work is done or not the company will make extensive improvements in the Bay Shore yard. Twelve additional tracks will be put down there on the inland side of the present rails at a cost of about \$35,000 or \$40,000. This will provide accommodation for some 400 additional cars and give a total capacity of about 1,100 or 1,200 cars in these yards.

This work will be commenced as soon as a steam shovel can be procured and it is expected that it will be completed in time for the winter port business.

HEADACHES CURED FOR 25c.

Not by powders—they are dangerous, but by the health-giving action of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Any headache is cured, and stays cured because the cause is removed; 25c. at all dealers.

K. OF P. MEMORIAL DAY TOMORROW

A meeting of the memorial day committee of the Knights of Pythias was held last evening when final preparations for the annual observance of memorial day were made. Tomorrow afternoon at 1.30 o'clock the Knights will meet in their hall in German street and parade via German and Queen streets, headed by a band, to the Queen's rink, where they will be met by two barouches bearing floral tributes to place on the graves of deceased members.

The march will be resumed along Charlotte street to Union and Waterloo street and over the marsh bridge to the Church of England burial ground and thence to Fernhill, where services will be held as usual.

Members of the committee will be in the Queen's rink this morning after 2 o'clock and tomorrow morning to receive flowers. Baskets left in the baggage room at the station will be called for.

Ladies' night at the St. Andrew's rink last evening was another success. The gentlemen, now that they have an evening for fast skating, gracefully complied with the rules which are in force on "ladies' night," and the result was very satisfactory.

The 62nd Band will be present tomorrow evening. On Wednesday evening next the first fancy dress carnival will take place. See advertisement for particulars and prizes.

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(THE PURE FOOD) No. 1
Canadian from field to table.

ORANGE MEAT is made from the best wheat grown in Canada. That's the reason why it is the best cereal in the world. From the Western wheat fields, it is brought by rail and lake right to our elevators at Kingston. Then our experts cook, malt and toast it changing wheat starch to wheat sugars. From the time it enters our elevators as wheat—until it comes on your table as ORANGE MEAT—the wheat is entirely handled by machinery. It is a Canadian cereal—perfected by Canadians—to build up the health and delight the appetite of Canadians.

ORANGE MEAT contains all the body, brain and vigor building elements of wheat. Analysis shows that ORANGE MEAT contains more wheat sugars than any other cereal. It's not merely "something good to eat." It is a perfect FOOD. It contains the whole wheat—the outer shell omitted from flour and the wheat germ which supplies Phosphorus to the nerves and brain. ORANGE MEAT weighs $\frac{1}{2}$ more than any other package.

Your grocer has ORANGE MEAT in 15c. and 25c. packages. 15c. size contains coupons good for new premiums. 25c. size contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the 15c. quantity. Write "Orange Meat, Kingston", for new premium catalogue.



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	1901.	1906.
Manitoba—		
Brandon	5,620	10,400
Carleton Place	1,430	4,530
Dauphin	1,125	1,971
Edmonton	731	2,288
Gresham	666	646
Killarney	685	1,117
Lebanon	617	716
Minneapolis	1,052	1,300
Morden	1,622	1,438
Nepawa	1,418	1,835
Pilot Mound	446	569
Portage la Prairie	2,801	4,985
Regina	2,019	6,129
Souris	823	1,413
St. Walburg	583	1,074
Winnipeg	42,340	90,218
Totals	64,918	124,947
Increase in five years		59,329
Saskatchewan—		
Alameda	104	322
Arco	129	652
Carleton Place	190	491
Davidson	111	620
Indian Head	768	1,645
Lebanon	1,553	6,320
Moore Jaw	230	520
Oxbow	230	520
Qu Appelle	424	778
Regina	2,249	6,217
Saskatoon	113	3,021
Wapella	371	691
Whitewood	357	501
Weyburn	499	838
Totals	6,940	22,142
Increase in five years		15,202
Alberta—		
Calgary	4,091	11,097
Cardston	625	1,002
Edmonton	2,626	11,534
Fort Saskatchewan	336	686
Lacombe	499	1,016
Leduc	112	331
Lehrbridge-Stafford	2,072	
Lehrbridge	2,325	
Stafford	623	
MacLeod	706	1,144

CURES THE LITTLE CHILDREN
When they get sick with cramps, indigestion and bowel trouble, give them Peppermint Cure. Cure is immediate. Sold everywhere in 25c. bottles.

THE LOVER'S TEST
(Denison Sunday Gazette.)
A lady asked the writer last Sunday which factor is the most essential for a young girl to bring to the married state. That's a dead easy question, good house-keeping. A young man with only moderate means can not afford a servant or cook. Then there is a genuine pleasure eating a meal prepared by your wife. Girls should be able to show their admirers that they can cook and keep house like mother used to, then when they win husbands they will be sure they will be appreciated. Young ladies who possess these accomplishments are more sought for as wives than those who have no qualifications other than good looks, and who delight in spending their time and money in seeking pleasure and amusements. All young men have their friends, and when they see that Mr. Jones, who had been married only a year or so, has a wife who is not a good housekeeper or cook, they are apt to wait a long time before entering matrimony. The result of all this is that spinsters and bachelors are rapidly increasing in numbers.

Last night in the board of trade rooms there was a meeting of the delegates to the maritime board of trade session in Amherst. Final details of the trip were arranged. The names of the delegation who left last night on a special car attached to the 11.45 train are: W. S. Fisher, J. A. Lukely, W. F. Hatheway, A. H. Wetmore, R. Maxwell, M. P. P., R. W. Frink, S. S. Hall, J. N. Harvey, J. W. Snider, T. H. Estabrooks, J.

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