

### A STRANGE CASE.

Mr. Jas. Crosgrey, of Port Hope, Tells an Interesting Story.

His Right Leg Swollen to Three Times Its Natural Size—Ulcers Followed, and for a Year and a Half Doctors' Treatment Failed to Help Him.

From the Port Hope Times.

"It was nearly as large as that telephone pole." These words were used by Mr. Jas. Crosgrey, for eight years a resident of Port Hope, Ont. Mr. Crosgrey is in the employ of Mr. E. K. Scott, who has a feed store on Walton street, and is well and favorably known in town and vicinity. Less than two years ago Mr. Crosgrey was the recipient of much sympathy on account of a severe affliction which befell him, depriving him of the use of his right leg, and from doing any labor except a few odd days work. His recovery was wrought so suddenly and completely that the Times considered the matter would be of sufficient interest to its readers to obtain an interview with Mr. Crosgrey. In substance Mr. Crosgrey told the following story of his illness: "In April, 1895, I was laid up for seven weeks with typhoid fever, and after I recovered from the fever my right leg began to swell. It was very painful indeed, and in a few weeks it was three times its natural size—nearly as large as that telephone pole," and he pointed to a stick of timber ten inches in diameter. "Nothing the doctor did gave me any relief, and I consulted another with the same result. I suffered for nearly five months, when I noticed that the swelling began to decrease and I became hopeful of recovery. But the improvement only continued for a short time and then the swelling became greater, and two big ulcers formed on the inside of the leg above the ankle. These ulcers were right through to the bone and you could put that much into them," and Mr. Crosgrey indicated on his thumb an object an inch in length. "For the next year and a half I was treated by four or five doctors, but my leg and the ulcers were as bad as ever. The doctors pronounced the disease phlebitis, or inflammation of the veins. They didn't seem to know what to do for me, however, and I despaired of getting well." Mr. Crosgrey's relief came in a strange manner, almost by chance one might say. He tells of it this way: "I had a relative living near Teeswater, named William Baptist. He heard of my condition and sent word to me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. His reason for recommending them, he stated, was because they had cured him of serious trouble in both legs, when all else had failed. I decided to try them, and in less than five weeks the ulcers were completely healed and the swelling in my legs disappeared. The ulcers never returned, and my leg is just about as sound as the other one. I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone cured me, when doctors and all other medicines failed, and I am willing that the details of my illness and cure be made known." Mr. Crosgrey, who is 41 years of age, is now at work every day. The nature of his work, that of lifting heavy bags of flour and feed, is proof of his complete recovery. He is a lifelong friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and never lets an opportunity pass of speaking a good word for them.

The above statement was sworn to before the undersigned at Port Hope on the 17th day of February, 1898.

D. H. CHISHOLM.

### A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

(Continued.)

His spirits had received a dampener, not in a few minutes he seized upon a cigar and began smoking; as the wreaths curled over his head he began to talk and this time it was on a subject totally foreign to myself and even to himself. It was good talk; that I recognized, though I hardly listened to what he said. I was asking myself what time it had now got to be and what was the meaning of my incarceration, till my brain became weary and I could scarcely distinguish the topic he discussed. But he kept on for all my seeming and, indeed, real indifference, kept on hour after hour in a monologue he endeavored to make interesting and which probably would have been so if the time and occasion had been fit for his enjoying it. As it was I had no ear for his choicest phrases, his subtlest criticisms, or his most philosophic disquisitions. I was wrapped up in self and my cruel disappointment, and when in a certain access of frenzy I leaped to my feet and took a look at the watch still lying on the table, and saw it was four o'clock in the morning, I saw a bound of final despair, and throwing myself on the floor, gave myself up to the heavy sleep that mercifully came to relieve me.

I was roused by feeling a touch on my breast. Clapping my hand to the spot where I had felt the intruding hand, I discovered that my watch had been returned to its pocket. Drawing it out I first looked at it and then cast my eyes quickly about the room. There was no one with me and the doors stood open between me and the hall. It was eight o'clock as my watch had just told me.

That I rushed from the house and took the shortest road to the steamer, goes without saying. I could not cross the ocean with Dora, but I might yet see her and tell her how near I came of giving her my company on that long voyage which now would only serve to further the end of my rival. But when, after torturing delays on cars and ferry boats, and incredible efforts to pierce a throng that was equally determined not to be pierced, I at last reached the wharf, it was to behold her, just as I had fancied in my wildest moments, leaning on a rail of the ship and listening, while she abstractedly waved her hand to some friends below, to the words of the man who had never looked so handsome to me or so odious as at this moment of his unconscious triumph. Her father was near her and from his eager attitude and rapidly wandering gaze, I saw that he was watching for me. At last he spied me, struggling aboard and immediately his face lighted up in a way which made me wish he had not thought it necessary to wait for my anticipated meeting with his daughter.

"Ah, Dick, you are late," he began effusively as I put foot on deck.

But I waved him back and went at once to Dora.

"Forgive me, pardon me," I incoherently said, as her sweet eyes rose in startled pleasure to mine. "I would have brought you flowers, but I meant to sail with you, Dora, I tried to—but wretches, villains, prevented it and—"

"O it does not matter," she said, and then blushed, probably because the words sounded unkind, "I mean—"

But she could not say what she meant, for just then the bell rang for all visitors to leave, and her father came forward, evidently thinking all was right between us, smiled benignantly in her face, gave her a kiss and me a wink and disappeared in the crowd that was now rapidly going ashore.



DR. A. W. CHASE IN CONSULTATION.

### TEST THE KIDNEYS

They Are the Great Feeders of Our Bodies—the Purity of the Blood is Dependent on Their Cleansing Powers.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the Only Combined Kidney and Liver Pill—What They Have Accomplished is But a Guarantee of What They Will Do.

There's a time to all, old and young, man or woman, when poor health brings trouble, anxiety, and burdens hard to stand up under, and one's efforts to rid himself or herself seem only to be baffled at every turn, and we are prone to grow discouraged. That is not the time to give up—but the time for action, the time to seek out the seat of the trouble, and act as your best judgment and the experience of others will help you, guarding against mistakes in the treatment adopted for your particular ailment.

### READ WHAT AMOS CARTER, MELBOURNE, ONT., SAYS:

Spasms Lasted for Hours at a Time—Left Great Aching and Soreness—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Proved His Deliverer.

I was for over six months troubled with very sharp pains in the region of my kidneys, the spasms lasted for half an hour at a time, and left me with great aching, soreness and pain. I tried many remedies, but they did me no good. I commenced taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills according to directions. I had not much faith that they would cure me, but after taking one box I noticed a change for the better. It may seem incredible, but after taking the second box the pains all left me entirely, and I have not had them since.—Amos Carter, Melbourne.

Price 25 cents per box, all dealers.

The look of amazement and chagrin with which her father met my reappearance on the dock, can easily be imagined.

"Why, Dick," he exclaimed, "aren't you going after all? I thought I could rely on you. Where's your pluck, lad? Scared off by a frown? I wouldn't have believed it, Dick. What if she does frown to-day; she will smile to-morrow."

I shook my head; I could not tell him just then that it was not through any lack of pluck on my part that I had failed him.

When I left the dock I went straight to a restaurant, for I was faint as well as miserable, not having had any supper the night before or any breakfast this morning. But my cup of coffee choked me and the rolls and eggs were more than I could face. Rising impatiently, I went out. Was any one more wretched than I was that morning and could any one nourish a more bitter grievance? As I strode towards my lodgings I chewed the end of my disappointment till my wrongs loomed up like mountains and I was seized by a spirit of revenge. Should I let such an interference as I had received go unpunished? No, if the wretch who had detained me was not used to punishment he should receive a specimen of it now and from a man who was no longer a prisoner, and who once aroused did not easily forego his purposes. Turning aside from my former destination, I went immediately to a police station and when I had entered my complaint was astonished to see that all the officials had grouped about me and were listening to my words with the most startled interest.

"Was the man who came for you a German?" one asked.

I said, "Yes."

"And the man who stood guardian over you and entertained you with wine and cigars, was not he a German too?"

I nodded acquiescence and they at once began to whisper together; then one of them advanced to me and said:

"You have not been home, I understand; you had better come."

Astonished by his manner I endeavored to inquire what he meant, but he drew me away, and not till we were in a stone's throw of my office did he say: "You must prepare yourself for a shock. The impertinences you suffered from last night were unpleasant no doubt, but if you had been allowed to return home, you might not now be deploring them in comparative peace and safety."

"What do you mean?"

"That your partner was not as fortunate as yourself. Look up at the house; what do you see there?"

A crowd, that is what I saw first, but he made me look higher, and then I perceived that the windows of my room, of our room, were shattered and blackened and that part of the casement of one had been blown out.

"A fire?" I shrieked, "Poor Richter was smoking—"

"No, he was not smoking. He had no time for a smoke. An infernal machine burst in that room last night and your friend was its wretched victim."

I never knew why my friend's life was made a sacrifice to the revenge of his fellow countrymen. Though we had been intimate in the year we had been together he had never talked to me of his country and I had never seen him in a company with one of his own nation. But that he was the victim of some political revenge was apparent, for though it proved impossible to find the man who had detained me, the house was found and ransacked, and amongst other secret things was discovered the model of the machine which had been introduced into our room and which had proved so fatal to the man it was addressed to. Why men who were relentless in their purposes towards him should have taken such pains to keep me from sharing his fate, is one of those anomalies in human nature which now and then awake our astonishment. If I had not lost Dora through my detention at their hands I should look back upon that evening with sensations of thankfulness. As it is, I sometimes question if it would not have been better if they had let me take my chances.

Have I lost Dora? From a letter I received to-day, I begin to think not.

THE ENL.

### SLICK PETE'S WATCH DEAL

An old time detective the other day was discussing with some sleuths new in the profession the methods of up to date swindlers. After deprecating the originality of the modern crook he told of what he considered the sharpest game he ever saw worked.

"I suppose you fellows know," he said, "that during Centennial year Philadelphia was a hotbed of bunco steers and sharpers of every description. Well, I was detailed to keep an eye on these gentry, and in time I became acquainted with most of the 'big ones,' who were generally exceedingly bright men. One in particular, who was known as 'Slick Pete,' I took a great liking to, for he had an inexhaustible fund of humor and was a good hearted chap. Toward the end of the Centennial exhibition one day I dropped into a down town auction room where some fake jewelry was being sold. A lot of watches were offered, and I saw that they had been made evidently for bunco steering purposes, for the works were good, and the cases were made to look like solid gold. They were finally knocked down for \$2.15 apiece, and I saw that the buyer was 'Slick Pete.' Jewelry was out of his line, but I knew he had some scheme in view. Two months passed before I again saw Pete, and then I asked him what he had done with the watches. He began to laugh and said, 'Oh, skinned some swindler with them!' Then followed the explanation. He had hired a room and inserted an advertisement in various papers something like this: 'Found—A solid gold watch; Elgin works; loser pay costs. Apply, etc.' Nearly every crook in town answered the ad. and claimed the watch. Pete, who made up as an old man, seemed a mark, and the 'fly' crook, in the hurry to depart, made but a cursory examination. 'The costs,' \$10, were invariably handed over, and in two days Pete had disposed of his stock."—Philadelphia Record.

New dotted velvet at Perkins'.

# MACKAY Mid Summer Sale.

No exaggeration, we both talk and give bargains; with this special list of goods and prices we have no occasion to exaggerate, as a call will convince the most fastidious.

1 e5ilkread gloves	12c, for 5c	Prnts	per yrd
Better glove	25c, for 12c	Black and colored sateens, former price	
Sunshades, former price	90c, now 25c	ow 12 to 15c per yard	
Silk cord for fancy work worth 10c, now 2c		Colord and black vsilk elvet 1/2 pric	
Fancy black braid for dress trimming 1c, 3c, 5c per yard, worth from 10 to 25c		50c for 25c yard	
Ladies undervests, 10, 18, 22, good value		75c for 25c yard	
Hooks and eyes	1c card	1.00 for 50c yard	
Silk dress laces worth	10c, now 2c	1.65 for 80c yard	
Table doyles worth	10c, now 5c	Aberdeen skirt closer	
Colored Trimming silk from 10c to 25c yard worth double what we ask for them,		Dress Goods—see our prices on a few lines	
Black sewing silk	1c skein	33c for 15c yard	
Colored twist worth from 4c to 6 per yard, now 2c.		36c for 19c yard	
Hamstichei hdkfs	4, worth 10c	55c for 29c	
Lace trimmed	10c, worth 20c	for 30cyade	
		for 32c yard	
		63c for 40c yard	
		1.45c for 75c yard	

## W. D. MACKAY

### A Japanese Dinner.

He found the great room up stairs half full of people, who were seated in a semi-circle at one end, writes Mrs. Mimoli C. Fraser in The Pall Mall Magazine. Charteris was a little late, and the rest had begun the indescribable meal which is called Japanese dinner. All the strangest products of earth, regardless of precedence, hustled each other on the small square table before the guest and little by little overflowed its bounds and are placed on the floor around him—a growing nebula of tiny plates, many of which he will not touch if he be wise.

What strikes him first perhaps is the uncanny familiarity of some of them. If this is really his first visit to little Japan, where could he possibly have seen three pink shells lying on golden straw in a scarlet plate or a large white fish, with beseeching countenance, comfortably put to bed among sprouting rushes, all apparently growing out of the meshes of that fairy basket work? Where, in the name of sanity, has he had sugar peonies and chrysanthemums done to the life double their natural size or octopi and red crabs artistically chasing each other on plates of corrugated glass? Is this the stuff that dreams are made of?

Then he remembers. Of course they have all come out of the embroideries and off the lacquered tables of his childhood. The dinner is an object lesson in exquisite arrangements of form and color and should be regarded as such. Viewed as food it is distinctly unsatisfactory and far, far too satisfying. The impression on rising stiff and dizzy from the floor is that of having watched a kaleidoscope and swallowed Mont Blanc.



There is no more inspiring sight in the world than the picture of the stalwart young farmer and his rosy-cheeked wife starting out to fight the battle of life. There is no reason why all such couples should not live long, happy, healthy lives. Much depends upon the wife herself. To some extent, she must be a jack of all trades. Her husband must be a little of a blacksmith and a little of a harness maker and a little of a veterinary surgeon as well as a farmer. It is the same with the wife. It is a long way to town, and she must have a handy hand at many things. It is possibly many miles to the first physician, and the farmer's wife should be able to see that every member of the family is kept in good health.

If the young farmer's wife is wise, when her husband shows that he is out of sorts, when he is suffering from biliousness or torpidity of the liver or indigestion, she will not permit him to neglect these disorders, but will have at hand Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine is not a cure-all, but as most diseases have their inception in a torpid liver or a disordered digestion, it is a cure for a great many of them. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all malarial troubles and rheumatism. Medicine dealers sell it, and keep nothing else "just as good."

The farmer's wife may frequently save the life of her husband or that of one of her children by owning a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells how to treat all the ordinary ills of life and how to care for serious accident cases while awaiting the arrival of a physician. It contains 1008 pages. It used to cost \$1.50 a copy; now it is free. For a paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Honest druggists do not recommend something else as "just as good."

Another lot of those cheap dinner sets that sold so well this summer.—W. P. Colwill.

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