

OR COPY

THE CAMPBELLTON GRAPHIC, CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1914.

WOMAN SUFFERED TEN YEARS

From Female Ills—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bellefleur, N.B., Canada.—"I doctored for ten years for female troubles and did not get well. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. I write now to tell you that I am cured. You can publish my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. SYLVIA E. GUNZ, Bellefleur, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Another Woman Restored. Auburn, N. Y.—"I suffered from nervousness for ten years, and had such severe pains that sometimes I would lie in bed four days at a time, could not eat or sleep and did not want anyone to talk to me or bother me at all. Sometimes I would suffer for seven hours at a time. Different doctors did the best they could for me until four months ago I began giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and now I am in good health."—Mrs. WILLIAM E. GUNZ, No. 15 Pleasant Street, Auburn, New York.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from women's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



PULP MILL NOW ASSURED

Mr. McLean Says That Construction Will Commence Soon as Possible

(From the Gloucester Northern Light) A staff of engineers under the direction of Mr. A. G. McIntyre is now busy with the plans for the new pulp mill, and we are assured that as soon as the snow leaves the ground, men will be put to work on the foundations of the new industry. It is hoped and expected that nearly a thousand men will be engaged in construction of the large buildings all summer, which will be built entirely of concrete and steel. A large number of temporary building for the housing of these men are already being planned for, and will be erected as early as it is possible to do so.

This will be good news to the citizens of Bathurst and should give the town the best year it has ever known.

10 CENT "CASCARETS"

IF BE LIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a still barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fever, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

JACQUET RIVER

A very successful opening of the Amherst Pianos took place here, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. Excellent music being furnished by Miss Marie LeBlanc, Miss Geraldine and Mr. Wallace Sheehan, of Dalhousie.

Mr. Byles of Amherst demonstrated The Famous Amherst Cremonese Piano Player, which was favorably commented on by all present. The opening was largely attended, and a number of homes in Jacquet River are gladdened by being possessors of The Famous Amherst Piano.

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It is the only dye that will dye any color of cloth, and it is the only dye that will not fade or run.

The Sable Lorcha

by Horace Hazeltine

"You bally Yankee!" he was shouting. "Fancy running into me in this fashion! I was just glad to see you, old chap!"

Though my delight at seeing him was at that moment tempered by abiding interest in my mission, it rose a few minutes later to undiluted ecstasy, when I discovered that he was stationed at Fort Said, and occupied what seemed to me just then one of the most important posts in the British Foreign Service—secretary to the Governor General for the Suez Canal. "You're going to Cairo, I suppose?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm going with you, and I shall not let you out of my sight, my friend, until you have proved something more than a figure-head stuck up in the Egyptian sands."

"It there's any little thing I can do," he began; but I interrupted him. "There's a very big thing you can do," I corrected. "And then I told him, 'What a lark!' he cried, refusing to recognize the serious side of it. 'Fancy one of your American multi-millionaires passing coal on a British freighter!'"

"Passing coal!" I exclaimed. "What not! Surely they wouldn't!" "Oh, wouldn't they?" he broke in. "That's just what they would do. He isn't an able-bodied seaman, is he? You can safely wager he's an experienced stoker, or at least a trimmer by this time."

"Don't, Hartley, don't," I protested. "It's too good to talk of." "Never mind, old chap," was his rejoinder. "There's a good time coming. We'll have him out and washed and dressed and sitting at table with us an hour after the old tub lets her anchor drop. And I'll wager you a tanner that there won't be a miss in any part of the programme."

When, at breakfast, I told Evelyn the good news, she, of course, with all reference to the coal-handling suggestion—she demanded that I hunt up Hartley, at once, and present him. Discretion, however, seemed to me in this instance, the better part of obedience. I did hunt Hartley up and I did present him, but not until I had a few minutes time for the first flush of Evelyn's terror to cool.

He was a very good-looking young chap; Evelyn was both grateful and apprehensive, and I—was in love. Our landing at Port Said was made on the morning of Saturday, the 18th of December, and all that day and the next, we waited in more or less constant expectancy and a boiling temperature for tidings of the tardy Glamorganian.

Hartley, meanwhile, was a model of hospitality, but Port Said is primarily a sealing station on the sea-edge of the desert, and aside from the concrete docks, the ships, the light house, and the nearly naked Nubians that swarmed everywhere, it proved utterly lacking in objects of interest.

Sunday night brought some small relief from the intolerable heat, and grateful for the respite, all four of our little party were early to bed. Gradually we had come to believe that waiting was likely to be prolonged. The earthquake at Malta having delayed one vessel would in all probability delay others as well, including that which we had come so far to intercept. So, utterly worn out by nervous tension and the fatigue of the tropical climate, we found rest grateful, and slept soundly. Just how soundly was contrasted when, at an hour after midnight, three resounding knocks on my hotel chamber door only roused me, dully, and left Evelyn and her maid and Dr. Addison, who occupied adjacent rooms, in deep slumber, totally undisturbed.

With what seemed almost superhuman effort, I spurred myself to consciousness and struggled up on elbow. "Who's there?" I called.

"Hartley," came the answer. "Open the door. I thought you'd died of Port Said cholera!" And when I had sleepily risen and admitted him he went on hurriedly. "Make haste, now, old chap! The bally freighter has just come in, and I don't propose to lose that tanner through dilatory methods on your part."

But I needed no urging. Wide awake at his first sentence, I was already flinging on my clothes. He still chattered on in his changing way, but I scarcely heard him. Conscious only of the murmur of his pleasant, cheery English voice, my thoughts were out in the night, across the waters of the harbor, down in the inferno of a rusty ocean tramp, where a sweating stoker was giving battle to despair—a sweating stoker who, in far-away America, owned a pleasure craft almost as big as the ship whose fire he had been feeding for forty days across two seas.

"How bout the doctor?" Hartley asked, as I slipped my arms into my coat sleeves and snatched a cap from a closet peg.

"It's too late now," was my answer. "You should have reminded me. I forgot all about him." And it was true. I had forgotten everything, except the imminence of the rescue and



urgency of haste. To one in Cameron's plight every fretting minute must count a drop of torture.

The heavens were splendid with people stars, and a faint breeze from the sea gently ruffled the spangled black harbor waters, as Hartley's launch, guided by a pilot of experience, headed for the twinkling lights of the recently anchored freighter.

Silently I sat, with gaze straining, watching the indicated sparks grow larger and brighter, moment by moment, until at length their gleams reflected in the waves, and their back-swept, emerged in a great dark shadow, which illuminated itself against the less opaque sky.

"There she is!" Hartley cried in enthusiasm, as her funnel and masts pompously defied themselves above the black of her hull. "We'll be able to hail her in another minute."

Then I heard the voice of our drummer ring out, and presently there was an answering shout from above, and an exchange of greetings, succeeded by directions; and the next moment, I was following Hartley up a swaying rope-ladder to where an outboard lantern glowed overhead.

"Yes, Secretary to the Governor General," I heard my friend saying, as I put foot on the iron deck. "You're Captain Murchison, I suppose."

The captain's affirmative was more than a tall man, but broad, rugged and bearded, with long, powerful, porphyritic arms of all proportion to his stature. I could readily fancy him an ugly antagonist. Unaided by Hartley, I concluded, I should have had small chance indeed of success. But the low-born Briton's respect for official authority was evidently strong in him, and I felt that if Cameron was aboard we should be able to effect his rescue with a minimum of effort.

"I should like to see you in your cabin, Captain," Hartley proposed, and when we were closed there, he continued: "There is a report that you have among your crew a United States subject who was brought aboard, drugged, and forced to remain against his will. His government has interested itself in his behalf, and unless he is restored at once to his friends, serious complications will undoubtedly ensue."

The captain, despite his respect for authority, frowned. "There's nothing to that report, sir," he said, boldly. "I'm not shanghaiing men in these days, sir. Every month or so I've got one of his boat shipped for Hong Kong, sir, of his own free will and accord."

"I dare say you fully believe that," Captain Murchison, was Hartley's diplomatic rejoinder, "but this time you happen to be mistaken. I don't suppose you have any objection to our inspecting your crew, have you? Suppose you have both the watches piped forward, and we'll settle this little business for ourselves. Mr. Clyde, here, knows the man."

Captain Murchison's glance at me was undignifiedly venomous. Reluctantly he rang for his steward. "Send the boy on here," he directed, doggedly.

"We'll begin at the bottom, Captain," Hartley suggested, when the boatswain, cap in hand, stood in the doorway. "First, I want to see every man Jack you have working in the stoke hold."

Although the master gave the necessary directions I mistrusted him. Between the boatswain and himself I felt that there was an understanding which required neither voice nor signal. And as, a little later, we stood on the forward deck, under the bridge, and by the light of a lantern viewed one after another of those swarthy, grimy laborers who had crowded up from below, I was convinced of the correctness of my intuition. For Cameron was not among them.

And then a chill fear gripped me. Could a man of his habits and training, suddenly called upon to assume such labor, survive its rigors? He was naturally robust, but he had been weakened by an illness. Might he not therefore have succumbed to the strain of it, and been buried at sea?

But one consideration sustained me. In their cunning cruelty, the Chinese who had arranged for his transportation must have stipulated that he be delivered in China alive. Otherwise their vengeance would not be complete. It was not likely that anything had been left to mere chance. The probabilities were that Murchison knew definitely what was required of him and was to be well-paid for his services.

Upon his scamed face, now, there was something of a sneer as, our examination concluded, he said: "What next, Mr. Hartley?"

But for a moment Hartley, who was standing thoughtfully with brow contracted, his lower lip gripped between finger and thumb, made no response. Before he spoke his attitude changed. Quickly he had assumed a pose of listening intently. Behind him, somewhere, a clamor had arisen. Voices, excited, hoarse, frenzied.

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yet muffled by distance, echoed dully. "That man, next, Captain," he said, coolly. "The man they're trying to keep below."

It may have been that his hearing was more acute than mine, or it may only have been a guess. I don't know. But, whichever it was, it hit the mark. It scored a bull's eye at long range.

Captain Murchison's indifference gave way instantly to palpable uneasiness. His hands, which had been deep in his coat pockets, came out as though jerked by springs. One of them cast his cap from him, and he saw Hartley belily block his way. And then, almost at the same instant, I saw a tall figure with naked torso as black and shining as polished ebony—black with grime and shining with sweat—come running backward around the corner of the deck house. Saw it with an iron bar held menacingly aloft against its pressing pursuers; and even in the uncertain light of the deck lanterns, recognized it at once, by its outline and the characteristic set of its head upon its shoulders, nude to the waist and soiled as it was, as the figure of the man I sought.

"Cameron!" I cried, chokingly, my fast-beating heart crowding my utterance. And all unmindful of the dirt which covered him I flung my arms about his waist from behind. "Cameron! Cameron! Thank God! Thank God!"

I heard the iron bar drop resoundingly to the deck; I heard Hartley's voice raised in anger, strident, staccato; and I heard the resounding shuffle of feet as those who had pursued now backed away. There followed then a moment of silence, while the body I had held pressed out of my arms, and having released itself, turned, and faced me—a moment of silence, only for against the sudden stillness there now rang out a wild, palpitant cry, born of unshared emotion, as Cameron, casting himself forward into my arms, buried his face in the angle of my neck and shoulder.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Final Problem.

It is doubtful whether in all Egypt there was ever such another period of joyous thanksgiving as that which followed the bringing of Cameron to the little hotel in Port Said. I am inclined to question, too, whether in the space of a single waking day four persons ever talked more, or with more mutual interest, than did the four of us there gathered. The heat, the flies, the poor food, and the miserable accommodations, generally, were not merely gladly tolerated, but absolutely disregarded. In the exuberance of our relieving emotions, which had loomed large on the preceding day dwindled to the imperceptible; and from early morning until late night experienced, we exchanged our stories told and speculations indulged in.

Washed, scrubbed, shaved, shorn and clad in raiment put at his disposal by the indefatigable Hartley, Cameron appeared wonderfully well-looking. Indeed I was amazed by his appearance and by his condition. I had feared to find him a mental and physical ruin. I had feared even for his life. And he had come to us, if we might judge by outward seeming, stronger, more robust, less nervously relaxed than when he disappeared.

"At first," he told us, as we sat at breakfast in a little upper room of the hotel, Evelyn close on his right, Dr. Addison at his left, and I opposite him, "I suppose I did suffer, whenever I was conscious, which, fortunately, I think, was comparatively seldom. They dosed me almost continuously with what I believe to have been some attribute of opium, so that even in my waking moments I was not wholly normal. In this way, of course, I lost all count of time. And so, too, I am unable to give events in sequence. My first conscious moment after being on the deck of the 'Sibylla' found me strapped in a narrow berth on a rapid, but rather rough-riding craft of apparently much smaller dimension than the yacht, and with a Chinese boy sitting beside me. You can fancy my startled amazement at the sudden transition. In vain I asked questions. In vain I struggled to rise. Then I shouted, and the Chinese boy lighted what appeared to be an ordinary Joss stick on a stand at the head of my berth, and withdrew from the tiny cabin. Insensibility followed quickly. After that I have a vague, dreamy recollection of eating something with a strange, spicy flavor, which seemed only to add to my stupor. Once I dreamed—at least I think it must have been a dream—that I was in a dark box, so cramped that my bones ached, and that far away above me were little holes through which the light came in luminous fleck-like rays that glowed against the black."

"I'm inclined to think it was no dream," I put in, recalling the newspaper story I had read in my brother's office, in Wall Street. "The probabilities are that you were shipped in that box from Fall River to New York, and a certain influential Chinaman, called 'Top Sigs,' knew all about it." (To be concluded.)



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