

# RACES ON ICE SPEEDWAY NEW YEAR

Large Crowd Congregated and  
Races Were Fast And Exciting

(From Gloucester Northern Light)  
The races on the Bathurst Ice Speedway, New Year's afternoon aroused a great deal of interest, not only among the lovers of the sport, but among the citizens generally, great crowds viewing the different events in hundreds of teams along the course, and at different vantage points on the shore.

In the Free-for-all, three fast record racers faced the starter. Hal L. 2:11 3/4, Candy Girl, 2:17 3/4, and Major Wilkes, 2:17 3/4. Candy Girl drew the pole, Major Wilkes took second and Hal L. came on the outside. On the second lap down the work was given. It was a pretty race for the first quarter between the three horses. Then Hal L. drew away and won the heat quite handily. Time 1:15. There was a bad spill between Candy Girl and Major Wilkes shortly before the quarter was reached. Major Wilkes going to a break, caused Driver Cormier who was coming close behind, to go into a snowbank alongside the track, and unseating him, the mare finishing the course almost out alone. Mr. Cormier's sulky was put out of commission by having a shaft broken. No protest was made to the judges, as the accident was considered unavoidable on account of the narrowness of the track. The second heat was won by Hal L. in faster time, 1:08 3/4, Candy Girl winning out from Major Wilkes by a length. At the start of the third heat, Major Wilkes and Candy Girl stood even for third money, and owing to Candy Girl's overdraw breaking on first score, considerable delay was caused, so that when Starter Dunlop gave the word dusk had fallen. Hal L. won the heat in 1:09, Candy Girl taking second place and second money by a close drive. Hal L. was driven by his owner, Mr. W. G. Fenwick, Major Wilkes by Mr. E. R. Shirley and Candy Girl by Henry Cormier.

In the three minute Trot and Pace, purse \$400, three well known pacers faced the wire.

Northern Jack, owned by Mr. Bruce McBeath of Campbellton.  
Dolly, owned by Mr. Charles Miller of Bathurst.

John, owned by Secretary Landry of Bathurst.

Northern Jack won the race in three straight heats, Dolly forcing him to go the fast half in 1:10, and taking second place in each heat.

3:00 Trot and Pace, purse \$400.

Northern Jack 1 1 1  
Dolly 2 2 2  
John 3 3 3

Time 1:12, 1:10, 1:14.

Free-for-all Trot and Pace, Purse, \$100.00.

Hal L. 1 1 1  
Candy Girl 2 2 2  
Major Wilkes 3 3 3

Time, 1:15, 1:08 3/4, 1:09.

Starter, Mr. J. H. Dunlop.  
Judges, Messrs. Rolt, Godfrey of Chatham; J. Underhill, of Campbellton; A. T. Hinton of Bathurst.

Timers, Messrs. A. O'Donnell and F. Thibodeau.

The races were made possible by the generosity of Messrs. A. Landry and W. G. Fenwick, who personally donated the cash necessary for the purses. On account of the heavy storms of late, the ice track cost something over twenty dollars to make and keep in shape, only fifteen dollars of which was secured from parties besides the above named gentlemen. In view of these circumstances, it would seem that the general public had an opportunity to enjoy a splendid afternoon's sport, for which their thanks are entirely due to the public spirit and sportsmanship of Messrs Landry and Fenwick. Judging from the keen interest taken in these races, it is hardly likely that it will ever again be necessary for two private citizens to shoulder between them the entire expenses for a public affair of this kind.

## MARRIED IN ST. JOHN

(From Gloucester Northern Light)  
Mr. Chesley G. Eddy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Eddy of this town, and one of the county's most enterprising young men, was one of the principals in a particularly interesting event that took place in St. John, New Year's Day. At the home of Capt. and Mrs. J. F. Cheyne, of Dredge No. 3, for the past three years working in Bathurst harbor, 101 Elliott Row, their daughter, Miss Grace A., became the bride of the well known Bathurst man. At the same time and at the same place, Harold J., son of Mr. and Mrs. Cheyne, was married to Miss Katherine Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard of Toronto.

The double ceremony was performed in the drawing room which was appropriately decorated for the occasion, by Rev. Wilfred Gatz, pastor of the Queen Square Methodist Church. Both brides were dressed alike, wearing white silk with bridal trains and bridal veils, and carrying bouquets of white roses and chrysanthemums. Miss Violet Wood, niece of Capt. and Mrs. Cheyne, acted as flower girl, and was dressed in white, and carried roses and chrysanthemums. Only immediate relatives and friends were present at the ceremony, and at its conclusion an elaborate wedding supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddy are to spend a honeymoon in the Maritime Provinces, and will then take up their residence in the splendid new house just completed for them, at the corner of Andrews and Murray Sts. The Northern Light extends best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Eddy.

# The Sable Lorcha

By Horace Hazelton.

"Miss Clement has never seen one of them," Evelyn continued, "but some of the Chinese have told her of them, and of the wonders that they perform. She says the chemical, whatever it is, is very expensive and so they are seldom used, but that in China, especially in secret government enterprises, they are employed on occasion. The effect is seemingly to make invisible the person who uses them. Really, they don't do anything of the sort; for they are nothing more than a thin, transparent, and with a peculiarly acting, anesthetic, an anesthetic so quick and powerful in its action that the victim falls into unconsciousness without warning, and emerges, after an interval of ten or twelve minutes, without knowing that he has been unconscious or that more than a single second has elapsed."

"The idea seems ingenious," I returned. "I was interested, surely, but very far from convinced. But," I objected, "how is it that the anesthetic does not anesthetize himself?" "Oh, he doesn't break the pearls under his own nose," Evelyn explained. "He casts them. The slightest concussion fractures the shell, and every one within a certain radius drops instantly into a temporary trance."

"And the swine before whom the pearls are cast, do they drop to the ground to rise again when the tea or twelve minutes are concluded?" I ridiculed.

"Oh, not at all. Your muscles are not relaxed. You stand or sit as if turned suddenly to stone. If your arm is extended, for instance, it remains in that position until the effect ceases." She was very much in earnest, and tried to persuade me that, aided by these pearls, it would be a very easy matter to commit all three of the deprecatory acts which had so amazed and shocked us.

I am the last man to regard anything as impossible in this day of wonders, yet I was by no means willing to accept such a solution merely on the hearsay evidence of a woman who had spent a decade and a half amongst the Chinese of New York City. "Yes, Evelyn," I said, tolerantly, "it is worth considering, and at the first opportunity I shall look into it. But just now there must be more important matters for you and me to discuss. Did Miss Clement, by any chance, see Yip Sing?"

At the question the girl's pale cheeks flushed to her temples and her violet eyes blazed.

"I asked her to see him, and she did," was her answer. "I thought I might learn from him when and where you parted, and what led up to the plight in which you were found. But he told her that you had failed to keep an engagement with him. He intimated that you had come to Chinatown intent upon making trouble, and upon declaring that he had no time to devote to answering the co-undrum of such a harebrained American as you had proved yourself. Did you ever hear of such impertinence? I wanted Miss Clement to take me to him—that I might tell him what I thought of his outrageous conduct, but she refused. She says he stands very high amongst his people, and that it is not well to antagonize him."

I smiled at her indignation. "After all," I said, "he isn't so much to blame. I must have cut a rather undignified figure chasing Mr. Johnson through Doyers street, and then falling down cellar stairs. When I am able to get out again, I shall go to Mr. Yip and apologize."

But before I was able to get out again, I changed my mind. To be quite definite I changed it that same evening, when, in reading the reports of O'Hara, the detective who for nearly two weeks had been shadowing the red giant, Philatus Murphy, I came upon this entry:

At 5:27 he entered the most street store of the Yip Sing Company, remaining until 6:42, when he came out with a tall, thin, well-dressed Chinaman, said to be Yip Sing, himself. Together they went to Cheong Wang's restaurant on Doyers street. From there a Chinaman known as Muk Chuen returned with Murphy to Cos Cob."

And the date of this occurrence was the day following my Chinatown misadventure.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A Slump in Crystal Consolidated. The week of my convalescence was not eventful. Evelyn and Mrs. Lancaster called daily, and the reports from O'Hara came each morning with unvarying regularity and equally unvarying lack of import. The artist, after his visit to Yip Sing, had returned to his Cos Cob hermitage, accompanied by a successor to his former unfortunate Chinese servant, and now rarely left his own grounds. Gravid with suggestion as his appearance in Chinatown had seemed at first, I now came to realize that it might possibly bear no more vital significance than that altogether commonplace proceeding, the quest of a cook. And in the absence of any confirmatory evidence to the contrary, and with the knowledge gleaned from Miss Clement that Yip Sing, as he was called, had to his regular business of man-

handling that of an employment agent, I saw no reason to attach an undue importance to the incident. Nevertheless I relinquished none of my suspicions regarding Murphy, but continued the detective's surveillance with a fresh impetus to vigilance. A part of her day's work in her chosen field, and that her day's work was her passion. And yet it was this part of our interview which gave me my strongest insight into her exceptional ability. Absolutely unselfish, she joyed in a life that even a religious fanatic might well have qualified before; finding flowers in mud heaps and jewels amid tinsel.

In five minutes, too, I glimpsed her abounding optimism, the moving agent in that rare efficiency which was part and parcel of her. Later, I learned of the weight of her influence among the dwellers in the Chinese colony; not from any direct narrative of what she had accomplished—for she was chary of speaking of herself—but by deduction, purely. Moreover, my watch, a few trinkets and a little money, taken from me that night by Doyers street, had all been returned through Miss Clement's good offices; and if, thus far, she had afforded us no real clue in our absorbing exigency, I felt that ultimately her knowledge, coupled with her resourcefulness, would prove to us of unbounded value. And, as events shaped themselves, I was not wrong.

It was now nearly four weeks since Cameron's disappearance, and a fear that he had met death in some desolate form at the hands of his abductors had come to be with me very nearly an obsession. The care I exercised in hiding my real state of mind from Evelyn could not well be exaggerated. When I appeared to her most hopeful I was actually most despairing. With Miss Clement, however, I had no reason to dissemble. With all frankness I told her of my despair; and when, instead of trying to comfort me with empty words of encouragement she agreed with me that the chances of her seeing Cameron again were very small, I liked her the better for being straightforward.

"I sometimes feel," I said to her, "making full confession, 'that we made a terrible mistake in not at once notifying the authorities. Even now I am loath to lay the matter before them. Anything would be better than uncertainty. A few arrests and the third degree might work wonders.'"

"Where would you start?" she asked in a blunt, logical way that reminded me of Evelyn's faculty of going to the root of things. "You see, you know so little. The story about the portrait and the mirror, the police would regard as more amusing than convincing. And besides, you haven't any proof. Yip Sing, you tell me, has the only original letter, and by this time he may have lost it or have forgotten that he ever had it. If you had seen as much of the Chinese as I have, you would appreciate how wily they are. My belief is that the police would conclude that Mr. Cameron fell overboard from his yacht and was drowned. Indeed it would be fortunate if they did not take the view that he jumped overboard and committed suicide. Or, worse still, it would not be beyond them, Mr. Clyde, to charge that you pushed him over. The yellow papers would almost certainly intimate such a possibility." Had some one else voiced this suggestion I should probably have resented it, but I understood Miss Clement. She was as kind as her eyes indicated; and that is speaking very strongly.

"Nevertheless," I said, with growing determination, "I shall make the case public. It is my duty, and I am willing to run all the risks you point out. I shall start by making a complaint against Peter Johnson. We'll have him arrested, get his record, and follow along that trail until we turn up the other conspirators. If poor Cameron's shares fall in the market, they'll have to fall. If the notoriety precipitates a delayed fatality of which Cameron is the victim, it cannot be helped. I simply will not longer shoulder the responsibility of silence."

The way she had of silent deliberation was almost masculine. I can see her, even now, as she sat there that afternoon, her hair the same shade of gray as her cloth gown, her fresh clear complexion lined in thought, her kindly eyes half closed. For the better part of a minute she pondered. Then, suddenly, her face awoke, and she asked me:

"Will you wait three days longer? That is all. I have channels of information that are closed to the police, even. There are men in Chinatown, and women too, who would lay down their lives for me. I think some of them would even betray their friends, which is still a greater assurance. Wait three days, Mr. Clyde, and if at the end of that time I have not learned for you what you want to know, go on with your publicity idea."

It was here my turn to be thoughtful. Evelyn believed in the woman's ability to aid. She had said as much

to me. And I myself possessed a certain degree of faith in feminine intuition. Aside from that, though, Miss Clement had demonstrated that she wielded a certain power in her ball-wick—was not my watch, at that moment, in my pocket?—and her whole personality proclaimed inherent capacity for accomplishment.

"Very well, Miss Clement," I agreed. "I will wait three days. It is now Saturday, November 14. If by this time Tuesday afternoon we are not, at least, on the track of something tangible, I shall be on my way to Mulberry street."

Sunday was with me a day of impotence. I fretted now at confinement, for my ankle was quite strong again, and I was perfectly well in other respects, too. But my physician had set Monday for my first day out, and he refused to concede even a quick lunch restaurant, with white painted bulk window, beneath which a pair of cellar doors spread invitingly, one of them resting against a conventional American milk can. On the theater's right was a laundry, dim and evil-looking, two pipe-smoking celestials decorating its low step. And beyond this was the wide opening to a basement, above which, in white Roman lettering on a black ground, I read the legend: "His Sing Tong."

Again and again my gaze persisted in returning to this sign and the dimly lighted caverns beneath it. The place held for me the inexpressible, faithless shams of the mysterious, beside which the heathenish racket of the theater across the way, the sinister aspect of the dismal laundry and its pair of pipe-smoking guardians, even the constantly changing procession of varied types in roadway and on sidewalks, seemed but meager allure.

From time to time dark, silent figures glided vaguely into view only to disappear within this maze of mystery. Once, while I stood, I had seen a figure issue forth to be lost again instantly in the distant gloom of the curving street. Now, reverting once more to this magnet, after a moment's truancy, my eyes were rewarded by sight of three slowly emerging forms, silhouetted nebulously against the dusk.

At the head of the steps I paused, uncertainly, and then, instead of gliding swiftly away in the direction of Peel street as did the others, I stepped in my direction, passing almost at once into the comparatively glowing radius of the street lamp opposite.

I saw then that it was a man, thin to emaciation, round-shouldered, and crooked limbed. Whether some one startled him, or a voice from the roadway startled him, I don't know. But for some reason he turned his head suddenly, and the light from the lamp fell full upon a face, stubble-bearded, disheveled, and repellent, the face not of a Chinaman but of a white man; a face into which I had looked but twice, and then but for a brief moment; yet a face as indelibly fixed in my memory as were the grim fronts of the buildings now behind it—the face of Peter Johnson, the pretended madman.

I think I must have had it in mind to pick him up bodily and carry him away with me that night by inequitable torture wrings from him a confession. Otherwise I should have adopted a less eager and more subtle method of bringing the miscreant to book than that which I rashly attempted. Before I considered the situation I was across the street and at his heels. My finger tips, indeed, were at his shoulder. In the fraction of a second I should have had him gripped and have been hustling him through the crowd as my prisoner. But at the instant of seeming success, he eluded me. In some strange way he caught alarm and, shrinking beneath my hand, darted sinuously off, between this pedestrian and that, with the flashing speed of a lizard.

But, though he escaped my clutch, my eyes were more nimble. With them I followed him until I saw him drop beneath the cellar doors which gaped beneath the white bulk window of the quick lunch room. And where my eyes went, I went after. Another brief moment and, without thought or heed, I was plunging in pursuit down that short, steep flight of steps—plunging from a lighted, peopled, noisy public street into the coiled gloom and dead silence of a low underground basement.

And, as misfortune would have it, I must needs catch my heel on the edge of one of the treads, and go sprawling on my hands and knees; while a poignant pain shooting cruelly through my ankle told me that a sprain was added to my mishap.

To be Continued.

## NEW TELEPHONE LINE

The final links to the chain of telephone communication with Miscou Island, was forged a few days ago when the New Brunswick Telephone Co. opened a new line to Miscou Harbor. This now makes it possible to speak to Miscou Light, the most easterly point in New Brunswick, over the New Brunswick Telephone Co.'s long distance line.

## SEVEN SOLDIERS KILLED.

TWELVE BADLY WOUNDED. METEZ, Germany, Jan. 3.—Seven soldiers were killed, twelve badly wounded and twelve slightly injured yesterday at Wolpitz station, when a fast express telegraphed a military train, returning to Metz, with men who had been on furlough for the Christmas holidays.

As illustrating that old customs still survive in the old land, it is interesting to notice that from France alone, Great Britain imported \$300,000 of minuettes for Christmas.

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