

North End

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(Continued)

in a flash he saw what he should have done. It was all so ridiculously simple—a mere question of division of labor. He had to stop preening and start to understand business. Back in his old Vermont home were a dozen honest men who would be glad to do the work he was now proposing. Nothing would have been easier than to have combined these men with his own and to have returned quietly to his people, concealing his discoveries from the men of the city. But he had been in the city three weeks! time equipped for his new occupations. Now it was too late. He had to stay. He had to make his money, jump his claim. Peter's mind worked slowly. If he had felt himself less driven by the city, he might have been able to— that of wiring or writing East for help. But he had not. He had been merely bold possession of the claim. At it was, the terror and misgiving, having obtained a right, he thought he had earned a right. He could see no dread before him but the inevitable and blind beginning with the first step of a scheme behind him but the mistake of starting the book to him.

At the morning, he saw the men were all so busy, engaged in chipping out the snow, engaged in building up the piles, engaged in

laxed. The old western stars, like fine silver powder, seemed to glimmer in some light stronger than their own, as dust-mirrors reflecting the sun's rays. In the air there reigned the soft, invisible hands of a woman's bent head. Certain homely night sounds, such as the creaking of the poor wiles, stole here and there through the pine siles like living creatures on the wind. The door came with them. Peter arose, and drew a deep breath, and went to his cabin. The peace was his own.

But then in the darkness of his low bunk, the old doubts, the old fears, rose above him and compelled him to look at them until his eyes were hot and red. "Do, do," he said to himself, "I must get up now." At the child of dawn, he walked the three miles necessary for the inspection of his claims. Everywhere he found the same thing. From the gulch grew a drowsy porcupine

This could not go on. It would be weeks before he could hope even to open his negotiations. Peter cooked himself an elaborate breakfast—and drank half a cup of coffee. Then he sat, as he had half a day before, staring straight in front of him, seeing nothing. After a time he placed the girl's picture and the square mirror side by side on the table and looked at them intently.

He rose, kicking his chair over backward, and went out to his claims once more.

One of the latter, the same individual who had joked Peter in the saloon caught sight of the prospector as he approached.

"Hello, Happy!" he called, pointing at the weather-beaten notice. "What do you call this?" He winked at the rest of the party.

The history of Peter's losses was well known.

"What," asked Peter, strangely.

"You ain't got this readin' right. She says 'fifteen hundred feet'; the law says 'eighty'; the read fifteen hundred means 'eighty' is n.g. I'm givin' you a jump bar on you."

The statement was ridiculous; every body knew it, and prepared to laugh him out-mouthed.

"What about a word, shot the speaker through the throat. Men said at his trial that it was the most brutal and unprovoked murder they ever known.

STOP, WOMAN!
AND CONSIDER
THE ALL-
IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pink-
hank you are wonder-
fully good. I am
suffering from
illness to a woman—
a woman who has
experience with women's
diseases covers a great
many years.

You can talk freely
to a woman when it is
revealing to relate
your private trou-
bles to a man—
besides, a man
does not under-
stand simply be-
cause he is a man.

Many women
suffer in silence and drift along from
illness to illness, not knowing that
they ought to have immediate assist-
ance, but a natural modesty impedes
them to shrink from exposing them-
selves to the questions and probably
examinations of even their family
physician. It is unnecessary. Without
money or price you can consult a w-

Mrs Pinkham's Standing Invitation

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with me, and I will give them my own advice. All letters are received by me, read, and answered by women who are themselves afflicted with the same private illness as a woman; thus I have been established the eternal confidence of my fellow sufferers. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only medicine of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of correspondence which I receive, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will restore her health, and I will return except your good-will, and the advice has relieved thousands. Surely, if you are afflicted with any ailment, if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

Write at once, and I will get you a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write me again when you receive it.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, it is not surprising that without trying it

FROM the little
satisfaction in
Mother wants
the little feet want p
All these they
For over half a
Look for it when y

CANA

R. E. T. Pringle Co. Ltd.

Dr. Wood's.

received a number of valuable presents. A. E. Wall made the presentation on behalf of the guests. Refreshments were served before the happy gathering dispersed.

The new Presbyterian church was dedicated yesterday. Rev. Geo. Woods, of Amherst, preached the dedicatory sermon at 11 a. m., assisted by Rev. W. W. Kainie, of St. John, and the pastor of the church, Rev. F. G. McIntosh. The afternoon service was conducted by Mr. James

noon service was conducted by Mr. James H. Carter, pastor of the American Methodist Episcopal church, Charlotte town. At the evening service Rev. W. W. Rainnie gave the invocation and the prayer. The choir filled on each occasion. Excellent music was furnished by the choir. Miss Bessie Carter conducted the musical service. The following were soloists: Mrs. W. W. Rainnie and evening by Miss Dorcas Johnson. Richard D. Harper arrived home about 10 o'clock, and about 11 o'clock he left St. Johns, Quebec, where he took a tug's boat to come, at St. Johns Military school. He is expected to occupy the pulpit of Main St. Baptist church next Sunday.

At 10 o'clock, a service was held on Temperance in the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

At 10 o'clock, the recently wedded couple, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rainnie, of Missoula, Montana, now settled with his son Beverly on a ranch a mile square. He is starting with 275 head of cattle and horses, and is well satisfied with the outlook there.

At 10 o'clock, who recently returned from the coast, is now settling up his business and is about to start on a small sheep show at an early date.

James O. Award, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town.

The funeral of H. Helen Berry, a former resident of Sackville, occurred at Neponsett, Mass., on the 17th instant after an extended illness. Deceased was 48 years old. The body was taken to the funeral home where it remained until yesterday afternoon from Woodpoint Baptist church, a large number assembling to pay their last tribute of respect. Remains were interred in the cemetery.

Mrs. Berry is survived by her husband, all her parents Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Snowdon, Woodpoint, and six sisters; Mrs. Mary Ann Snowdon, Woodpoint; Mrs. Mary A. E. Gibbons, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. William Egan, Neponsett, and Mrs. James Snowdon, Mass. Her mother's one brother, John, died many years ago.

Funeral services will be held at Woodpoint

Mr. Thomas Walker left last night for Halifax as a visitor to the Halifax branch of the Women's Association of the Church of England in Canada.

FROM the little tot to the head of the family there is a store of satisfaction in "Canadian" Rubbers.

Mother wants comfort—sister wants style—father wants durability—and

the little feet want protection.

All these they find in "Canadian" Rubbers bearing "the mark of quality."

For over half a century the best rubbers have borne this "mark of quality."

Look for it when you buy.

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