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SUBSCRIBE TO-DAY

FORTIFYING SAMOAN TUNNEL

Italy and Switzerland fortify Simplon Tunnel.

Both Italy and Switzerland are taking measures to fortify the entrances of the Simplon Tunnel, while in the tunnel itself engineers are engaged in constructing mines and strengthening those already in place, in order to be able to blow it up at a moment's notice in the event of war. Near the middle of the tunnel, a few yards from the Swiss frontier, Italian engineers have put in place a double iron door that can resist the push of an express train travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour. This iron door is worked by electricity from Iselle, the station at the Italian end of the tunnel, and under ordinary conditions it is hidden in the rocky side of the tunnel. The door is carefully tested once a week. The mines are connected with Brigue and Iselle by electric devices, so that, by the mere pressure of a button, the Simplon Tunnel could be destroyed in a second.

In The Name of Charity.

Nearly all the giddy youth of the neighborhood attended the charity bazaar, and one by one they drifted to a stall where a tiny, shapely, sea-green, grey-faded glove lay on a soft cushion. Attached to the cushion was a notice written in a delicate feminine hand, which ran:

"The owner of this glove will, at 7:30 this evening, be pleased to kiss any person who purchases a two-cent ticket beforehand."

Tickets were purchased by the score, and at 7:30 a long row of sheepish, not to say dogfish, young boys, dressed in their best, and then, punctual to the second, and Tom Porson, the local pork-butcher, who weighs two hundred and twenty pounds, and is almost as beautiful as a side of bacon, stepped to the front of the stall.

"Now, young gent," he said, in his best "buy, buy, buy" tones, "this glove belongs to me. 'Bout six this morning. Now, I'm ready for you. Come on! Don't be wastin' me at a time!"

But nobody came on.

Pullman Etiquette.

That our system of railroad travel is not perfect is argued by "An Englishman" in a recent article. "When you travel in England you are master of your time and your baggage," writes this author. "Here, the baggage travels several hours behind its owner. But in Pullman cars at night is the most uncivilized thing on the American continent, and one of the most hateful to quite fashionable travellers. I sit crumpled in the dirty portico, my seat with other people's belongings, holds a pillowcase in his back and squeezes the pillow into it, and burl sheets and mattress cloth, and pulls at chairs and tablecloths, and levers and curtains. I usually manage never to master either the art of the etiquette of a Pullman car. I never know where to put my shoes, and I shall never learn how to take off my trousers while sitting in a seat."

E. R. Knowles Frow His Concentration

It was a very interesting thing that the house of Robt. E. Knowles, the well known preacher and author, Mr. Bryan was entertained at Knox Mansie while in Galt. The attendance at the lecture proved disappointingly small, and the discerning lecturer laid his at the door of the rather large admission fee. As is well known, Galt is the Scotch town in Canada.

After regarding the man, a few friends in the present, Mr. Bryan turned to his host and asked him why, in his opinion, the audience was so small.

"The thing that spoiled it," replied Mr. Knowles, "was the same thing that disorganized the Democratic party."

"What was that?" enquired the statesman.

"It was the silver question," replied the novelist.

Newspapers in Salonica.

In Salonica, Turkey, there are fifteen newspapers and five weekly or monthly reviews published, with a total circulation of about 50,000. The newspapers are mostly small two sheet affairs, badly printed on cheap paper. The reading of the newspapers, however, has increased greatly in the last two years and will increase still more when more liberty is given to the press.

Salonica is the meeting-place of the East and West. Nearly all religions in the world have representatives there, and every day of the week is a Sunday to one or other of these religious organizations.

Not So Particular.

At a dance recently a young gentleman somewhat inferior in social position to most of those present represented an alderman's daughter rather diffidently asked for the favor of a dance.

"The girl looked at him steadily in the face for a moment, then turned away with the remark, 'I'm—well, rather particular as to whom I dance with.'"

"Ah, indeed!" was the quiet retort, "then we differ in that respect, I'm not a bit particular. That was why I asked you!"

Then he left her.

England in 1800.

The British census figures show that at the beginning of this century the population of England and Wales was under nine millions, not very much greater than that of Canada today. In 110 years this population has been quadrupled; a very substantial increase when the smallness of the area is considered, and when account is taken of the large emigration to vaster and more sparsely settled regions.

BASEBALL IN JAPAN.

It Beats Jiu-Jitsu Says a Japanese Sportsman.

According to Sutikichi Matsuda, captain of one of the Japanese baseball nine which is now playing in America, the great game has taken a wonderful hold in the far east. He says that excitement runs so high in Japan that the deciding game of one series was called off for fear that the students would resort to bloodshed. In an interesting statement Captain Matsuda, of the Waseda University nine, says:

"The game of baseball is the gift of West to East. Only a few years ago we knew nothing of this honorable game. Now the little games in the streets of Tokio play it. The excitement which attends a game of baseball with us is so great that for four years there has been no contest between the team of Waseda and the team of Keio, her rival in Tokio."

Baseball is the first group game we ever have played in Japan. We formerly had Jiu-Jitsu, fencing and archery but no outdoor sport in which teams would play against each other. That is the great advantage of baseball—that many can play at it once.

We like the game because it is new, so different from our other sports. It is a most exciting game. We find that the most difficult thing to learn in baseball is the batting. That is hard—to hit the ball, and so that it runs one can run to first base before the ball thrown by the hand of the fielder reaches that place. We have not had so much practice in batting as we have needed. In Japan most of our games are with too young players, who do not make it difficult enough for us to defeat them. We should have more experience.

One Boy's Inspiration

A musician who is attracting wide attention in England, is a blind boy sixteen years of age. His name is John when he was born he was blind.

He spent two years in a school for the blind, from which he was expelled one morning by the owner of a canary bird. It occurred to him how limited was the bird's equipment for life, and yet how cheerfully and beautifully the little creature expressed the joy of its heart.

This was the boy's inspiration. He took up the study of the violin, and, remembering the joy of the bird, he owned to the canary, he tried his best to win the little bird's companionship. He practised on his violin, close to the cage; the bird entered into the spirit of the music, chirping his sweetest notes to the accompaniment of the boy's music.

Finally the bird grew so tame, under kind treatment, that he would fly out of the open door of the cage, sit on the boy's hand, and sing to him as he drew the bow across the strings. The boy has thus found not only a means of entertainment in his own soul and expression of his feelings, but the bird is giving him a means of large profit, and the boy has found his means of livelihood.

A Record Run.

A shot in an uptown Toronto hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness of the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a passin' de Union de."

Tit for Tat.

A physician of Fort Dodge, Iowa, had a grave made for a man who was dying; but the man got well, and the doctor was joked about it for many years afterwards.

Once, in consultation with three other physicians, he attended a patient who died. After the death, one of the physicians said:

"Since a quick burial is necessary we might inter the body temporarily."

"I understand that Dr. X has a vacant grave on hand."

"Yes, I have," said Dr. X, "and I believe I am the only physician present whose graves are not all filled."

Criticism.

When we are severely criticised it is far better to try and profit by the criticism than to attempt to take vengeance on our critic. Criticism is a rule, especially in a business, and the former is likely to stir us up to correct our faults; the latter tends to make us satisfied with ourselves and our attainments. Extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism is an indication that we think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. He who is blind to his own faults is not likely to amend them.

Boys generally need directing much more than they do correcting. When they do wrong they should be shown the right way, and never be punished for the blunders of ignorance. Their first lessons should teach them the ways of right and wrong. They should be carefully guided, not driven.

Sayings Of To-Day—And Yesterday

Too many of us complain of the injustices of this world, forgetting there may be more justice than we require in the next.

Englishmen and Americans are now so friendly they can make fun of each other. All friendship is in a state of unstable equilibrium until that point has been reached.

If we are going to do good to our struggling and tempted neighbors, we must try to be better than they.

There can be sympathetic silence which is also unselfishness. Don't break a person's heart by chatter.

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Seasoned Logging Sleds, Heavy and Light Portage Sleds and Light Single Sleds.

Persons are invited to call and examine these home-made sleds, which cannot be excelled by any other make.

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The flavor of Tillson's!—well just taste it and describe its deliciousness if you can. Tillson's is made to meet the most exacting demands. Made of choice, selected oats. Beautifully clean—free from black specks or hulls. You'll be proud to serve such oats on your table.

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AND WHEREAS it has been represented to us that there are still some good Canadians, and even some mothers and heads of families who have not yet tried this great balm, we hereby offer a **REWARD** of one free trial box of Zam-Buk to every person who has not yet tried this wonderful balm;

PROVIDED they send by mail to us this proclamation together with one-cent stamp to pay return postage of such box;

AND FURTHER PROVIDED that they address such application to our offices at Toronto.

Given under our hand this day.

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