

Amatite ROOFING

"THIS IS THE ROOFING THAT NEEDS NO PAINTING"

There was a time when everybody bought roofings that required painting. It was the regular thing to do. In fact there was nothing else to do, for all roofings were "smooth surfaced" and required painting regularly to keep them from deteriorating.

Now there is Amatite, an improvement over painted roofings, having a real mineral surface imbedded in pitch—making a kind of flexible concrete.

This mineral surface needs no painting. The waterproofing material, Coal Tar Pitch, is the greatest enemy to water known. It is the base of many waterproof paints. Only in a paint the pitch is diluted and made into a thin film, whereas the Amatite waterproofing is solid pure Pitch—two layers of it. It would take something like a dozen coats of pitch paint to equal in thickness that upper sheet of pitch in which the Amatite mineral surface is buried. And under that heavy sheet of pitch is a layer of wool felt and under that another sheet of pitch, just as thick as the outer one. And below them all is another layer of strong felt. That makes two roofs in one.

If the storms were away the mineral surface and dug through the pitch and destroyed the felt, they would still be only half way through. And if the weather then removed the next sheet of pitch, you would still have left a final layer of felt—nothing more or less than an ordinary smooth surfaced roofing which could keep off the rain very nicely if painted every year or two.

But as a matter of fact, the weather never gets past that mineral surface securely gripped in its matrix of pitch. The mineral surface is there to stay. No painting—no bother—no further expenses after the roof is once laid.

We should be glad to send you a free sample of Amatite, and you can see for yourself how much better it is than the smooth surfaced kinds.

Address our nearest office.

The Carritte-Paterson Mtg. CO., Limited.

St. John, N. B.,

Halifax, N. S.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

There is many a ditch in the teamsters' business.

It takes a sharp ax to carve out a big fortune.

We might enjoy work more if we didn't have to do it.

It's safe to judge a man by the object for which he strives.

Many a man fails to get ahead because he has the backward glance habit.

The average man's word is considered as good as his hand—by a stranger.

A woman likes to have some one coax her to do something she wants to do.

It's usually the things you haven't that would seem to make life worth living.

It sometimes happens that a young man puts his foot in it when he asks a girl for her hand.

A man doesn't fully realize the blindness of justice until he gets the short end of a lawsuit.

Nothing tires a man like being married to a woman who considers herself to be the wingless angel class.

There is something wrong with the backbone of a young man who can be bluffed by a kissable girl's "don't."

Loves leads; greed drives.

Truth hid in the heart never stays secret.

Charity always goes further than sin is sold.

Good nature ought to be natural to the good.

Coals of fire are not intended for roasting purposes.

Honey on the lips does not cure hatred in the heart.

Many think they are shining when they are only glaring.

The sins we wink at today are the ones we wail tomorrow.

Tomorrow's burdens always prove too much for today's back.

Repeat it: "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The subtlest slavery is that of being ruled by our pleasures.

You have no right to set up your tail as another man's faith.

If you would be frightened you must learn to live on the heights.

Repeat it: "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

You never know how much patience a man has until he has power over others.

No wheels are turned in this world by the man who is proud of those in his head.

No matter what his titles, he is a slave who lets his belly run away with his head.

A man's riches on earth are in inverse ratio to his attachments towards humanity.

MOONEY'S

Perfection Clean Sodas

— the choicest product of Canada's bountiful harvest. In pails and packages.

THE MOONEY BISCUIT & CANDY CO. LIMITED

Strafford, Hamilton, Ottawa, Sydney, Winnipeg, Toronto

THE TEN HOUR DAY RESTORED.

2,000 Intercolonial Employees Have Gone Back to Old Conditions of Employment.

The following telegram from the Minister of Railways and Canals was received:

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 25, 1909.

The Transporting Montreal, N. B. Orders given full time beginning March 1st.

GEO. P. GRAHAM

OTTAWA, Feb. 25.—The minister of railways, Hon. Geo. P. Graham, has given orders that on March 1st the mechanical staff of the Intercolonial shall be again employed at full time of ten hours a day. A couple of months ago it was found necessary to reduce the working hours of the staff to eight, on account of a temporary falling off in traffic. After the first of the month the men will again work full time and the pay will be proportionately increased. Nearly 2,000 I. C. R. employees are affected.—Transport.

Havana cigars quoted at \$5 each were recently shown at a London tobacco exposition.

What will the cable correspondents do for a war cloud now that Britain and Germany have kissed and made up?

GOVERNOR MEETS ACCIDENT

As Lieut. Governor Tweedie was leaving the train at Chatham Junction on his way home from St. John he sprained his ankle very severely. The limb quickly became greatly swollen and it is yet impossible to tell whether or not any of the bones are broken. It is probable that the governor will be unable to leave his residence for at least ten days. He was stepping from the parlor car when the accident occurred.

You cannot tell much about the size of a man's living from the size of his income.

STOMACH DISTRESS

And all Misery from Indigestion Vanishes Five Minutes Later.

Every family here ought to keep some Diapiesin in the house, as any one of you may have an attack of Indigestion or Stomach trouble at any time, day or night.

This harmless preparation will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour stomach five minutes afterwards. If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of Indigestion.

Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin and take one tripartite after supper tonight. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go and besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin is a certain cure for all stomach misery, because it will take hold of your food and digest it just the same as if your stomach wasn't ill.

Actual, prompt relief for all your stomach misery is at your Pharmacist, waiting for you.

These large 50-cent cases contain more than sufficient to cure a case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

DALHOUSIE

DALHOUSIE, Feb. 23.—The festive season closed here with a very enjoyable drive whilst party of six tables, given on Mardi-gras evening by Mrs. Peter Sheehan. Between the hours of 7:30 and 9 o'clock, the hostess and her daughters entertained the young ladies of the Dalhousie sewing circle. From nine till eleven, cards were played followed by a dainty luncheon.

Prizes were won by Mrs. C. H. LaBelle, Miss Kate White, of Barrhead, Mr. LaBelle and Mr. Frank Maguire.

Among the guests present were Miss Maguire Halifax; Miss Edna Alexander, Campbellton; Miss White, Barrhead; Mr. Curran, Rexton.

Hon. John Morrissey Chief Commissioner of Public Works, has been spending a couple of days in the shiretown.

Mr. A. H. Hilyard, manager of the Dalhousie Lumber Co. has gone to the south coast to inspect the lumber operations.

MEN RETURNING

(Graphic.)

Many men are arriving from the woods, getting paid off, and unfortunately some of them are finding their way to the police station.

RESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS.

They combine the germicidal value of Cresole with the soothing properties of slippery elm and are in a form that is pleasant to take in water.

Price 25c. London, Agents, Australia.

Miss Kilroy Investigates

By TROY ALLISON. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

To the casual observer Miss Kilroy did not seem exactly fitted for an investigator of sociological problems. The government had probably been prompted by some wise head when it appointed women to that branch of work.

Formerly when men, important in uniforms and brass buttons, or men in plain clothes, augmented by much pomp, had made the rounds of the foreign settlements such dignity had frightened or embarrassed the women and children to such an extent that it was an impossibility to obtain freely spoken opinions as to what they liked in America, what they did not like, what they expected Uncle Sam to do for them or what they themselves could offer as a just reason for Uncle Sam doing anything at all for them.

Nobody, however, could possibly take fright at pretty Miss Kilroy, who, dressed in the noblest white shirt waist suit, a rather gay ribbon on her hat, knocked at the humblest door of the humblest tenements and generally found a welcome.

Grantley, in charge of the temporary quarters provided while the investigation was being carried on in this city, looked up as she entered the office in the afternoon, tired, but jubilant.

"Seems to me I have secured enough information today to make a complete report upon the sociological problem in America," she said, throwing her notes upon her desk.

"Good work," he answered, wondering why she ever undertook such a job. "It's strange that the youngest, most—"

"Oh, don't mind me! Go on and say it—the doll baby of the force, the woman who is so pink faced and blond haired that one wouldn't suspect her of having an idea concealed about her, had?"

"No, by George, I didn't mean that! I hesitated because I didn't know that it was exactly proper for me to finish my sentence. I was going to say, since I must refute your impression, the 'most attractive, dainty girl, who looks like a piece of high art'—I don't see how it is that she beats the others all hollow when it comes to turning in the results from a day's labor. Would you mind telling me about your methods of procedure, Miss Kilroy?" Grantley was clearly interested in knowing how she did it.

Miss Kilroy laughed somewhat shamefacedly. "I'm afraid I'm not really businesslike," she admitted, "but I proceed upon an instinctive knowledge of human nature. Today I went to interview a great big Irishwoman. When she came to the door and saw me, notebook in hand, she positively glared. There certainly wasn't a glimmer of hospitality in her face. 'What would the likes of ye be after wanting?' she demanded.

"When I reeled off my set of questions her indignation increased. 'How long have I bin in America an' what av the wurrik I have done? Faith, an' I think it impudence for a yellow haired chit of a gurrel who evidently spends her time dressing up an' wearing blue ribbons on her hat to come an' call an honest woman from her wurrik to ask questions about her private family. Ye might as well be after taking ye-self off. Bridget Maguire don't answer no fool questions.'

"I believe, Mr. Grantley, that if she hadn't been so scathing about my blue hatband I would have walked off and abandoned the interview, but that hatband had to be avenged.

"I leaned against her door dejectedly, tried to turn pale and said: 'You mustn't think I want to do it, for I so hate to be rude, but I have to do it for my living. I'm so tired and so warm'—leaving against the door with an attitude indicating an early approach of tears—and if I don't find out things for them they will dismiss me and I'll have nothing to live on.'

"Mrs. Maguire's bark was fiercer than her bite. Her face changed, she took hold of my arm gently and led me into her one room. 'Ye poor little creature,' she said, 'I'll make ye a cup of tay right off, an' you'll soon be better.'

Miss Kilroy waved her notes gayly. "I felt somewhat hypocritical, but I have fitted her into the proper place in the sociological report."

Her chief smiled approval. "It takes a woman to beat all," he said. "Don't you ever meet with more serious annoyances?"

The girl blushed. "Sometimes I meet stare at me a little more than I like. There is a party of Syrians in Jim's court. One of them is a fine specimen. He was dressed in beaded jackets and—er—things and had a red sash and a red turban or something fantastic on his raven locks. He would inspire an artist to paint a 'Son of the Desert' or a 'Type from the Orient.' I have had several interviews with him, because he speaks less fractured English than the others, and yesterday he insisted upon presenting me with a string of red glass beads. He—well, he was slightly offensive and called me a maid of the dawn whose hair was kissed by the rising sun. I decided that I wouldn't interview him any more. He seemed inclined to be impulsive."

Grantley smiled. "Good thing you have cleared up the episode. The next chapter in your investigation—the oriental son of the desert bearing away upon a flying cloud the maid of the dawn, who straggled and protested

that she preferred Americans and their customs. Might have caused international complications by abducting you. Even as it is, he may spot your window ledge and twang a guitar or a zither, or whatever it is that Syrians do twang. He may cause you to lose a whole night's sleep."

Miss Kilroy commenced transcribing her notes tranquilly. "He's relegated to the past," she declared airily. "His song is sung."

The elevator boy stuck his head through the doorway. "There are two queer looking females, fixed up in some kind of foreign trappings, that want to see Miss Kilroy," he announced.

"Show them in, Tommy—that is, if you don't mind, Mr. Grantley." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Not at all. I will step into the adjoining room if they will be embarrassed, or I'll listen to your style in interviewing," he said teasingly.

Miss Kilroy smiled when her visitors entered in the very evident throes of formality. "Oh, it's you, is it, Zuleika, and your pretty daughter."

The old woman smiled and nodded until her ear pendants jingled. "We come see maiden like dawn," she announced genially.

Miss Kilroy remembered the origin of the compliment and had the grace to blush. "Did you come to tell me some more about your beautiful country?" she asked graciously.

The woman shook her head. "Come to tell-a you of my son," she beamed.

"Has he succeeded in getting a position?" interestedly.

"No, not on the work we come, is it, Hareede?" She appealed to her daughter delightedly.

The girl's black eyes glowed with importance. "We—we women—it is always so," she explained ingratiatingly, "it is for us to tell the fair one that she is beloved."

"An' you marry my son—yes?" broke in the mother eagerly.

Miss Kilroy sank back in her chair weakly. "Of all things"—she gasped.

"You like-a my son?" urged Zuleika, leaning over and patting caressingly the limp hand of the object of her son's affection.

Miss Kilroy looked dazed. "I—I can't marry your son," she announced feebly.

"But my son—my son! He-like-a you, he marry you. The way you smile make him happy. I ask you to marry my son!" her gestures expressing a fervent solicitude that exceeded her vocabulary.

"But I don't want to marry your son. I—hate your son!" declared Miss Kilroy desperately.

The eyes of the two matrimonial agents flashed and their voices rose angrily. Miss Kilroy put her blond head upon the desk and sobbed. Grantley considered this an auspicious moment for interference. He rose and spoke blandly to the mother, who stood panting with indignation at the slight to her offspring.

"It is perhaps best for me to explain the situation, madam," he bowed low in a manner which he hoped would impress them with an idea that he had learned his manners in foreign court circles. "It is not that Miss Kilroy scorns your son; it is that"—He hedged for time to invent something soothingly plausible. "It is only that you have come too late. Miss Kilroy is already betrothed," he added gravely, "and therefore expresses regret that she cannot consider your son."

The blond head of the sociological investigator was raised abruptly from the desk. Zuleika, however, repeated uncomprehendingly "Betrothed?"

Grantley said slowly, "Betrothed—affianced—to be wed—espoused," he added desperately.

The mother and sister of the rejected looked at each other with a flash of understanding. "Ah-h!" they breathed.

"To me—to me," Grantley tapped his breast convincingly.

The woman's face was again wreathed in smiles. "I tell-a my son. I tell-a him that the beautiful maid not strong to cook—to wash. He marry Syrian now. May the rising sun forever kiss your hair, mees, and may your children be as many as the pomegranate seed," she said to Grantley with growing cordiality.

When the door closed behind them Grantley stood with his feet apart and his hands in his pockets, according to the method of meditating men.

"By Jove!" he said finally.

A slight sniff was Miss Kilroy's only contribution toward relieving the awkwardness of the situation.

"We're engaged," he announced cheerfully.

"You're a brute!" she answered chokingly.

"I must say your interviews are conducted upon rather original lines," he teased.

Miss Kilroy's shoulders were shrugged resentfully. "I'll never interview another foreigner so long as I live," she declared.

"Certainly you must give that up when we are married," he suggested, a twinkle in his eye.

She showed for an instant a pair of indignant, tearful eyes. "We are not engaged," she declared stormily, and her head went back to cover of the desk.

Grantley leaned over her gently. "I wish—we were," he suggested softly.

A sudden tense quietness settled on the bowed figure.

"I have wished for a long time—that we were," he repeated insistently. "He stooped down until he could whisper. 'Aren't we, dear?' and the blond head nodded acquiescence.

The Man's Way.

"Is your husband suffering from the toothache?"

"Well," answered the woman with a tired expression, "he says he's suffering, but from the way he's bragging about it I'm half suspicious that he's

CELERY KING

The Only Way

Don't believe rheumatism can be cured by rubbing liniment or oil on the sore spot. The disease cannot be reached in that way. It must be driven out of the system. Only Celery King will do this quickly. 25 cents. Dealers or by mail. S. C. West, Toronto.



Halifax, N.S.—

Dear Chum:

I am enjoying my visit with grandpa and grandma hugely. Yesterday grandpa took me down to the docks to see the ocean liners. Gee! they're whoppers. I bought me my third box of Moir's Chocolates. They are the sweetest candies ever. The chocolate is deliciously smooth and rich, and in the inside are cream, jubes and nuts. Those called Moir's Chocolate Chips taste like honey dipped in chocolate. Another kind called Moir's Nougatins are so good that I teased grandpa into promising me another box tomorrow. ***** not a bit homesick.

Your old chum,
Tommy.

Moir's Chocolates

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New Brunswick Representative: W. J. WHITMORE, St. John, N. B.

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT, York Co. Jan., '07.

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Gentlemen:—For several years have used your ACADIAN LINIMENT, but recently have been unable to obtain it. I can truly say it is the best LINIMENT I have ever used, and can confidently recommend it to the public.

Yours very truly,
ALFRED CHRISTIE

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