

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY

Anderson's Scotch Gingham

This is the Supreme Cotton Fabric for Spring and Summer, 1910 Dresses

Every piece in whatever quality is tested and guaranteed reliable from the raw material to the finished cloth.

The colorings are absolutely fast, consequently will not fade with either sun or water. These wash fabrics excel all others for attractiveness and durability.

16c. to 33c. a Yard

Huge assortments of Dainty Stripes and Checks are exhibited here in all the most wanted color effects.

Make your purchases for these goods early while stocks are fresh and varieties unbroken.

Get in the habit of visiting the one hour morning sales, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 10.30 to 11.30.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

Special Prices on Mink Stoles and Muffs For This Week

We will make special low prices on Mink Stoles, Ties and Muffs in stock.

One BROAD-TAIL COAT, Chinchilla trimmed, \$265.00, was \$395.00. An exceptional bargain.

D. Magee's Sons, 63 King St.

Co-ro-na Medicator

The Latest Scientific Discovery for the CURE OF CATARRH and all Diseases of the Air Passages of the Head, Throat and Lungs

FOR SALE AT S. H. Hawker's, Prescription Pharmacy, Cor. Mill St. and Paradise Row.

THE COST OF LIVING, A TIMELY ARTICLE

Many Causes Which Have Worked To Make it Higher

The enormous increased cost of living in recent years naturally presents an interesting problem not only to the heads of families, but to the students of social and political economy. What is its cause? Many explanations all agree that the natural operation of the law of demand and supply. There is no denying the great influence for evil that is exerted by protective tariffs and artificial legislation which gives to some advantages at the expense of others.

The increase per capita in the proportion of commodities does not keep pace with the production of gold, which is the measure of exchange value, prices naturally advance. The cost of circulating medium means high prices. Another factor in causing higher prices is decreased efficiency of labor. In spite of progress in many directions it must be admitted that individual productivity has in many lines actually decreased.

SUFFERED FROM VIOLENT CATHARTICS

The Warning of Mrs. Geo. C. Fox is One That Should be Heeded By All.

Few men on the road are better known than genial George Fox, whose friends throughout the West are legion. In the following letter he expresses gratitude for signalservices rendered by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. He goes on to say: "Until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills and experienced their wonderful mildness and curative powers, I estimated the value of every pill by its activity. Talking about this to a well-known physician I met on the train the other day, he explained there are different kinds of drugs that act upon the bowels, the most active being known as drastic. Except in extreme cases where the life of the patient depends upon speedy evacuation of the bowels, pills should never be drastic. Purgatives cause catarrh of the bowels and inflammation; their dose must be increased, causing even more harm. With such a clear explanation I could see why Dr. Hamilton's Pills are curative and not irritating, why they are mild, yet most searching.

Then we have to consider the artificial restraints placed upon production. Combinations exist in almost all lines. Manu-

facturing combines, commercial combines, mercantile combines, and trade and labor combines. Not one of them is devoted to cheapening the cost of living; each is striving to increase it in order that it may get for itself more of the money of the public. And they get it; but those who are not able by such combinations to squeeze the public suffer inevitably.

FREDERICTON NEWS

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 23.—With the thermometer down to the freezing point this evening and the wind southwest, it looks as if the protracted spell of mild weather is at an end. The river ice has become unsafe in places and the change in the weather is coming on too soon. Argument in the case of Jones vs. Burgess, which has been before the supreme court since yesterday morning, was discontinued at 6 o'clock this evening and judgment reserved.

BATHING FOR MULES

A coal company in Wilkesbarre, (Pa.) has installed in one of its collieries a bath-tub with shower attachment for the mules working in the colliery. The mules take a bath at the close of each day's work, and it is said that they enjoy it so much that it is hard work to drive them from the shower to the stalls.

BRONCHITIS

Colds, Coughs, Catarrh and Throat Trouble.

Every sufferer from coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and chest ailments needs a soothing, healing medicine, which goes direct to the breathing organs in the chest and lungs, attacks the trouble at its source, dispenses the germs of disease, and cures the ailment thoroughly. And this medicine is "CATARRHOZONE."

ISLAND IS GRADUALLY FADING AWAY

Nix's Mate in Boston Harbor Where Many Pirates Met Doom

Only Remnant Now Left — One Victim of Rope, Asserting Innocence, Prayed Island Might Sink, is Legend — A Tale of Olden Days

What are they doing to Nix's Mate? Of all the questions that excitationists have asked about Boston Harbor of late none has been more frequent. For months a row of all the questions that excitationists have round the reef between Gallop's and Long Island that is topped by the grim little black pyramid. Many persons have thought the government intended building a breakwater to prevent the shoal from washing further out into the channel. Others have supposed the stakes meant that the government intended to eliminate the reef altogether.

As a matter of fact the stakes have nothing at all to do with Nix's Mate. They are range stakes, set up for the guidance of dredgers at work in broad sound. Nothing has been done to Nix's Mate lately, and the government has no thought of doing anything to it in the future. Indeed, nature is taking care of the problem pretty well without any assistance. Ever since the slow, sea-going glacier dropped Nix's among the other harbor islands, 10,000 years ago the winds and surf have been manning at it steadily.

With astonishing swiftness Nix's Mate is disappearing. When the Puritans first sailed up the bay in 1630, it was a pleasant grassy island of twelve acres. In 1700 it rose above the water to a considerable height, its furrowed, seaworn hillsides flanked with green soil and disconcerting for a long distance down the harbor. Only 137 years ago it was an island large enough to support a pasture for sheep and to host a headland sufficiently imposing to bear a name of its own—North End Point.

Not a grain blade, not a spoonful of soil remains. Today Nix's Mate is a slender spit of gravel not more than an acre in extent—just big enough to moorance ships and so require the beacon without which it would be almost unnoticed. The present shoal that stretches southwest from the beacon would be the most perilous point in Boston bay if it were not marked.

Therefore about a century back the Boston Marine Society advocated and obtained the erection of the present marker. All the stone blocks that compose the 40-foot square platform are fastened together with copper rivets, and this foundation is practically indestructible. The platform is twelve feet high, and the wooden pyramid rises twenty feet above it.

Barren and vanishing, as if indeed blasted by the curse of Nix's Mate, this remnant of an island seems to have a peculiarly fitting sentiment in the black beacon that looks like a monument reaped above the dead, or at a little distance, not unlike a gibbet.

The story goes far back in the days when Boston was young. Captain Nix was murdered at sea and his mate accused of the crime. Declaring himself innocent with his last breath, the mate was hanged on the island. When the news was about his neck, the sailor cried to the man who stood ready to execute him: "I am no murderer. You are the murderer. If you do kill me, may the solid ground you tread sink beneath those waves in token of your guilt and mine innocence."

If subsequent geological fact is any proof, Nix's Mate was innocent. Alas, for tradition however, the island doubtless began to melt into the waves long before the headless Captain Nix was murdered. There are not wanting those who discredit the legend altogether, pointing out that the place was called "Nix's Island" before any such malefactor had been hanged in any Massachusetts. That was as far back as 1638, when the colony granted Nix's to John Gallop, of Gallop's Island. It is impossible, though, that some ill-starred sailor met his death here on some early voyage before the advent of the Puritans, and that his fate may really have inspired the tradition.

There are many versions of the story, which indicates that nobody knows just how Nix's Mate got its name. One form of the legend is that Nix was a pirate who sailed into Boston bay, about 1680. His ship was loaded with treasure, and he and his mate went ashore on the island at night to hide it. When the treasure was safely bestowed, Nix fearing that his companion might not keep the secret, killed him and buried him near the gold.

But it is not necessary to seek out legends for wild tales concerning the gruesome little island. History, authentic and indisputable, furnishes a list of many sanguinary scenes enacted in the fields of Nix's Mate. Here it was that pirates were regularly brought for execution. A score of them were hanged here in Colonial times when the Massachusetts coast was beset with freebooters.

There was William Fly, boatswain on a three-masted scow, the Elizabeth, bound from Jamaica for Galilee in the spring of 1720. He induced the crew to mutiny, they drowned the captain and his mate and christened the vessel calling her the Fame's Revenge. Off the coast of North Carolina they captured a ship on which one William Atkinson was a passenger. Atkinson induced Fly's crew to mutiny in turn, threw Fly and three of his officers into irons and brought the Fame's Revenge in to Boston.

In the Boston courts Fly and his officers were sentenced to death. All were executed on Nix's Mate. Fly being hanged in irons. His three companions were buried at the foot of the gallows were burly, in its creaking chains, swung on its gibbet, a horrible warning to seafarers, till it fell to pieces. The record states that his companions died repentant, praying that others might be warned by their fate. Fly as he mounted the gallows, exhorting sea captains "not to be barbarous with their men." For this, he said, made pirates.

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