

Tragedy of the Yukon.

Wronged Woman Shoots Betrayer on the Frozen Trail.

From the frozen Yukon basin comes the story of the death of Dick Beals, who was shot to death by Mrs. Thomas Herndon while her husband stood by and witnessed the tragedy. For three years Herndon had searched the continent looking for the man who had robbed him of his wife. A chance drew him to the Klondyke.

There at last Herndon ran down the couple and discovered the extent of Dick's Beal's duplicity. He found his broken hearted wife in the cabin of friends, and from her own lips the forgiven husband heard that it was only after Beals had by false proof convinced her that he absent husband was dead that she had consented to marry him and travel with him to a promised new home in the west.

After confessing his deceit to Mrs. Herndon, Beals had gone to the cabin of his partner, Jeff Alexander, and demanded his share of the clean up from the claim. Alexander tried to argue with the liquor frenzied man and refused to give him anything until he was sober. In the heat of the dispute Beals drew his revolver and shot his partner. Without stopping to see how badly Alexander was hurt he seized their whole store of food from the cache under one corner of the cabin, jammed it into the wallet above his waist and started for town. He had a vague idea that he must flee the country in order to escape the penalty for the murder and robbery. This idea took definite shape when passing up one of the streets he saw Joe Andrews' dog team drawn up before the North Star saloon. The sled was loaded with provisions.

Two hours later Andrews came out of the saloon and discovered his loss.

An active search through the haunts of Beals revealed that he had robbed and only slightly wounded his partner. It didn't take those hard-headed miners long to put two and two together. But Beals had now five hours' start and one of the best dog teams in the country to boot. They reasoned that he was striking for either St. Michael's or Nome. Andrews started in pursuit.

Matters were in this condition when the Arndons were ready for the man hunt. A few hours after Andrews left, they too, were headed over the snow and ice to reach Beals. At Anvil they overtook Andrews, who had broken his leg. He gladly turned over his fresh dog team, and the Herndons continued the chase.

The next afternoon Herndon's roving eyes discovered the signs where Beals had swung off the trail to the north-east, evidently aiming to strike the coast above Stuart's. The crafty man was taking no chances of being caught at Stuart's or of leaving any tidings to pursuers that he had been there and was on his way up the coast.

A little later they came upon Beals' camp of the day before. There they found that the rations for his dogs were evidently short, for the hungry animals had eaten most of their walrus hide harness during the night. Bits of blanket and canvas were strewn about

showing how Beals had contrived to mend it.

They knew that Beals had been driven hard, and they realized that he would find no succor in the desolate, lonely country he had elected to cross rather than face the danger of being stopped at Stuart's.

Now that their quarry was almost at hand they pushed on with a reckless impatience that was almost their undoing. In crossing a stream Herndon slipped and fell through a hole in the ice into the water. Without thinking of the consequences he removed his mittens in order to wring the water from his clothing. His left hand was frozen stiff in the cold air, and the right one was almost useless. But he gritted his teeth and bent to the pursuit more resolutely than ever.

Next morning far over a long stretch of snow they caught sight of some moving black objects.

Presently the objects dropped out of sight behind a ridge of hummocks. Another dip in the snow and they loomed into sight again. The man ahead was having trouble with the badly harnessed dog team. On the next rise the man stopped to mend the weak harness, and casually looking back he saw the figures of his pursuers black on the white field. He whipped out his revolver and prepared to make his last stand.

They came closer—so close that they were within 50 paces. Each knew there must be no mistake in that first pistol fire.

Then Dick Beals recognized the Herndons, the man and the woman against whom he had sinned the deadliest sin. He shook like the craven thing thing he was at heart, and his bullet flew wild. Herndon's did not ring much truer for the half frozen hand was unsteady and blazed away, the bullets singing wildly through the air.

There were three quick, sharp reports. Beals toppled over. Then Mrs. Herndon dropped a smoking revolver.

Her woman's hand and fired the fatal shot. She had audited their account with the brute. Some where on the steep far about the "80 mile cut off" they left the body.

DRIVEN INTO THE QUICKSANDS.

New Mexican Cowboys Punish an Indian For Murder of an Army Captain.

Bud Peebles, boss of the Diamond Heart ranch, was in Hermosa, N. M., a short time ago and related in his picturesque manner to a tourist how he and his comrades forced an Apache brave to ride into quicksands of the upper Rio Grande. The incident took place in the early seventies and was to revenge the death of an army captain who had been treacherously slain by the redskins.

The cowboys, six in number, had surprised and surrounded him on the banks of the river. Mr. Peebles tells the story:

"For about ten seconds he sat motionless on his pony, one arm dangling and bleeding, which same blood may have comforted him a bit. I shake loose one load and gits an eagle feather out of that war bonnet. He never moves. Another boy on the off side rakes him across the chest and gits a couple of bear claws from his neck. At that the Injun sits up mighty straight and starts his pony on a slow trot, and as he starts he begins to sing his death song. It was a wild, mournful sort of a chant, sliding up and down in a long wail pretty much like a sick coyote.

"When he comes to the edge, he don't aim to make no stop. It hurts his pride to hesitate, but the pony sniffs them sands and swings off. The Injun pulls his head around and puts it to the pony proper with his heels. The pony

Perils of the Deep.

GREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE ENDURED.

Capt. Adah Burns, of Dayspring, N. S. Tells an interesting Story From His Own Experience.

From the Progress, Lunenburg N. S.

Capt. Adah Burns, of Dayspring, Lunenburg, Co., N. S. is a prominent representative of a large class of men in Nova Scotia, who during much of the year follow the dangerous occupation of deep sea fishing. When not at sea Capt. Burns' avocation is that of ship-carpenter. He is 43 years of age, and is today a hale, hearty, vigorous representative of his class. Capt. Burns, however, has not always enjoyed this vigorous health, and while chatting recently with a representative of the Lunenburg Press, he said he believed that but for the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he would have been a chronic invalid "From 1895 to 1898," said Capt. Burns, "I was a victim of a complication of troubles. I suppose they had their origin in the hardship and exposure I so frequently had to undergo. My illness took the form of dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The foods which I ate did not agree with me, and frequently gave me a feeling of nausea and at other times distressing pains in the stomach. Then I was much troubled with pains in the back due to the kidney trouble. Finally I took a severe cold which not only seemed to aggravate these troubles but which seemed to affect the spine as well, and I became partially rigid in the arms and legs. I was forced to quit work and doctor for a time with little or no benefit. Then I dropped the doctor and began taking other medicines, but with no better result. By this time I was down very much had no appetite, and was depressed both in mind and body. While in this condition I chanced to read in a newspaper the testimonial of a cure made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which in some respects presented symptoms like my own. The straightforward manner in which this story was told gave me new hope and I determined to try these pills. I sent for three boxes. Of course I did not expect that this quantity would cure me, but I thought it would probably decide whether they were suited to my case. I must say they seemed to act like magic, and before the pills were gone there was a decided improvement in my condition. I then got a half dozen boxes more and before they were gone I was back again at work in the shipyard, and enjoying once more the blessing of vigorous health. This was in the spring of 1898, and since that time up to the present I have not been laid up with illness. Occasionally when suffering from the effects of exposure or over work, I take a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they always put me right. Since my own marvelous rescue from premature weakness and suffering I have recommended these pills to many persons who are usually afflicted and have yet to hear of the first instance where they have failed to give good results where they were fairly tried."

It is such indispositions as these that give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their great popularity throughout the world. Neighbors tell each other the benefits they have derived from the use of these pills and where a fair trial is given the results are rarely disappointing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are directly to the point of the trouble, they create new, rich, red blood, stimulate the nerve to healthy action, thus bringing health and strength to all that use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

itches, snorts and then jumps out. It is a good enough jump as jumps go, and send the pony and 'Pache 20 feet out from the high bank.

"By and by the pony gives a big struggle, a last gurgling snort, and his head goes under. The rider is now mud up to his waist.

"The Injun screws around in his saddle and uses the pony's snunk back as a purchase till he pulls himself up. It is a hard struggle, for them sands hates to let go their grip. But at last the sands give a gulp, and the Injun stands upon the pony, knee deep in the quicksands. Gaud! I sometimes see his face now when I'm tapering off a prolonged. It was shore full of hate.

I found that one of my three old masters of Rubens had fallen down and knocked the nose off a piece of statuary which cost me \$8,000 in Florence.

And there were no Injuns?

No.

No grizzly?

No.

Not even a rattlesnake?

No. It was simply the fall of a picture and a broken nose. I called in the butler, the footman and a housemaid, and the debris was soon cleared away.

And you—you—stammered the man who had been waiting to thrill.

Nothing more, except that a car-

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Dr. Chase's Ointment

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THE GENUINE IS



CURES

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints. Safe, Reliable, Harmless, Effectual.



"It looks like the sands git a fresh grip on that pony as he sinks, and the Injun is drawn down fast, first his waist, then his shoulders and then his neck. Did you all ever notice how the sun drops all sudden when it is half sunk? That's the way that Injun goes toward the last. A ripple of the Rio washes up his mouth. He hands out one last yell at us, starts his death chant, bubbles a note or two, and then there ain't no 'Pache, but just a nifty war bonnet floating. Billy he ropes 'em feathers for a souvenir. Some where down in them quicksands there's a mighty brave Injun keeping company with the cows."

IN WILD MONTANA

A Resident of That State Relates an Adventure.

I suppose things are still pretty wild out your way? he queried of the man, who had admitted that he was from Montana.

Well, yes, you might call them wild, was the reply.

And every day brings its thrilling adventure?

One has an adventure now and then, of course, as might be expected.

Anything thrilling happen to you of late? persisted the questioner.

Why, I don't know that you'd call it thrilling exactly. I sat in my library a few evenings ago reading Shakespeare, while my wife was playing on the piano in the parlor and my little daughter was in the conservatory gathering hothouse roses. All at once I heard a crash—

Injuns attacking the house, by George! interrupted the other.

I heard a crash from the grand salon, and, carefully laying aside my book and walking in there with languid step, I found—

A grizzly bear, of course!

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CUSTOM TAILORING.

Mr. J. R. McDonald has moved to the rooms over J. Demers' grocery store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

Pressing, Cleaning, Repairing executed with neatness and despatch.

R. McDonald.

load of tapestries and foreign tricar arrive at an hour later, and a few friends came in to sample some French wine at \$7 per bottle. Yes, things are pretty wild out our way but we manage to pull along somehow.

Mistah Yam—Huh! Ah! ah! skivered ob dat razor. Dah's a hack in it.

Mistah Tar (with emphasis)—Yess, eu dah'll be a hearse in it. if yu' tools wid me.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

MRS. REUBEN BAKER. I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON. Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.

MATTHIAS FOLEY. Riverdale, Oil City, Ont.

The professor—Yes, a caterpillar is the most voracious living thing. In a month it will eat 600 times its own weight.

Dear Mrs. Ernot—Whose boy did you say he was?

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

Let a fireman play on your piano with his hose for a few minutes if you want to get all the music possible out of it.

CORNS! CORNS! CORNS!

Discovered at last, a remedy that is safe and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extract never fails, never causes pain, not even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extract, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh-eating substitutes in the market.

Elderly Lady—Was that your sister I saw you with yesterday, Johnny?

Johnny (aged 6)—Do I look like a fellow who'd waste his time on sisters?

POOR GIRL, PITY HER.

Growing! Yes, into weakness, but not strength. Suffering—plenty of them. Tired, of course she is, and weak too. Does not eat enough, and digests far less than enough. This condition is so frequent, but how seldom noticed by food patients. Give her Ferrazine, then watch her appetite improve, her cheeks and lips grow rosier, her step elastic, her spirits buoyant. All this simply the result of eating and digesting enough, making blood, and thereby strengthening the nerve and brain power. Ferrazine gives a woman's strength to weak girls. Your daughter or wife needs Ferrazine. Get it to-day.—A. E. Shaw.

Jobs—Yes, 13 is an unlucky number. I sat down to dinner with 12 others and what do you think happened?

Knobs—I rally can't imagine. Jobs—The dinner disappeared.

The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Vitch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which only causes an often certain "wood alcohol" or deadly poison.

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Pupil of Johannes Weidenbach, Prof. Gustav Schreck and Dr. Robert Pappert, Leipzig, Germany.

Instruction given in Piano, Organ and Theory.

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Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams

Bacon, Teas, Sugars, Molasses

Barley, Peas, Soaps, Lard

Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats

and Standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in bbls. and 4 bbl

Ontario and Moncton

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