

REMARKABLE GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF GOVERNORS ATTENDING CONFERENCE AT SPRING LAKE, N. J.



GOVERNORS AT SPRING LAKE CONFERENCE. COPYRIGHT BY PAUL THOMPSON
Front row, left to right, Messrs. Norris, Ray, Kitchin, Cross, Neal, Harmon, Wilson, Tenar, Polkier and Glasgow; second row, left to right, Carey, Gluchter, Plafied, Aldrich, Wilson, Stadler, Crothers, Mann, Smith and Shadroff; third row, Messrs. McGovern, Fox, Burke, Hawley, Stubbs and Vassar; back row, Sadler (Adjutant General), William George Jordan, Quimby, formerly Governor of Vermont, and Post, formerly Governor of New Jersey.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

A Political Conspiracy.

The S. S. Lesson by Evangelist.
Sept. 24, Daniel 6: 10-23.

Fifty years had passed since the events of last lesson.

The grand old man—Daniel—now ninety years of age had served as secretary of state, finance minister and premier under four sovereigns.

Dishonest and scheming politicians were growing impatient of his tenacity of life.

"If the old hypocrite would only drop out I might have a chance to feather my nest!" was the unspoken thought of many.

"How he does look after Government interests! How very exacting he is in auditing accounts. No matter how we may watch his disbursement of public funds is always accounted for to a farthing. If we could only catch him embezzling we could easily out him."

What a chance in a position like his to speculate on Margin.

Not to rob the government, of course, but just to use Government funds and when the right moment comes to sell out and return the borrowed capital. No one would ever know.

At length these government office seekers put their heads together and the result of their deliberations and confabulations was as follows:

"We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." (Vt. 5).

What a tribute!

Imagine the opposition making such a declaration against a minister of the Crown in our own land. We did our best to prove him guilty of graft and of superannuating capable government officials in order to fill the vacancies with his own relations but we could prove nothing. In fact the only true charge that could be brought against him is that he is too straightlaced, too great a stickler for honor, too good for anything.

Well, as I said, the opposition put their heads together. They probably said, "Daniel has such exaggerated ideas of his own importance while standing in the shoes of Cyrus the Great that anything that tickles his vanity will go."

Let us get him to sign a paper that if any man shall make a request of any God or man except himself for thirty days that he shall be buried in a den of lions.

Agreed—agreed.

Now then let it be fully understood that there is to be absolute secrecy or the game will be lost.

All preliminaries having been attended to the conspirators stand before the king.

The silver-tongued orator of the party makes a salutation and proceeds to entice the king by flattery into the carefully concealed snare.

King Darius live forever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the governors and princes, the counselors and the captains have consulted together to establish a royal statute and to make a firm decree that whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee O King, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O King, establish the decree and sign the writing that it be not changed according to the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not."

I can see him as he takes the document and looks it over hastily.

"I see no reason why I should accede to the request," he says, and stamps it with his signet.

"Now he's in for it," they whisper, on leaving the court. And not only the king is dumbfounded. Every drop of his blood.

Bells With indignation.

"Fool that I am," he mutters, "to have allowed myself to become the tool of these designing rascals. What is to be done?"

The law will have to take its course and we shall have to look to the God of Heaven to defend the right.

With firm and resolute step he follows the officers who lead the way to the lion's den. They toss him in and roll the stone against his mouth.

What followed is known best to the angels. Whether he sang the 61st Psalm or spent the night revelling in the presence and love of God or whether he pillored his head on one of the sleeping monsters and rested like a child, is not told.

One thing we know. That as the first ray of light filled the eastern sky a humbler and wiser king was found at the den calling anxiously for his prime minister.

"O Daniel, servant of the living God is thy God, whom thou serveest continually able to deliver thee from the lions."

And that the prime minister responded.

"O King, live for ever! My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Ten the man who had walked in letters returned by the same route, the honored guest of the king in his chariot while the rascals who plotted his ruin met the fate they had designed for him.

Is there anything in the story for you or for me?

Could you be trusted to live "in the swim" of a gay court life—of a corrupt political life—of a false religious life, in the world which is ever at variance with God and yet not be of the world?

"I pray you not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but that thou shouldst keep them from evil!" was the prayer of the Lord for His own.

Can you be trusted to show your

known. I wish he were more diplomatic. Hush! Hark!

What is it I hear? An officer of the law—two—three—come to arrest him?

As he walks between the officers, handcuffed, he is followed by crowds talking excitedly.

"I knew he wouldn't yield an inch." "He does not seem the least excited or nervous."

Soon they reach the court and the prime minister stands before his sovereign.

"What does this mean?" asks Darius.

"This man whom you have set over us is charged with violating the act just passed in that he persistently supplants his God rather than you, O King."

The king is dumbfounded. Every drop of his blood.

Bells With indignation.

"Fool that I am," he mutters, "to have allowed myself to become the tool of these designing rascals. What is to be done?"

The law will have to take its course and we shall have to look to the God of Heaven to defend the right.

With firm and resolute step he follows the officers who lead the way to the lion's den. They toss him in and roll the stone against his mouth.

What followed is known best to the angels. Whether he sang the 61st Psalm or spent the night revelling in the presence and love of God or whether he pillored his head on one of the sleeping monsters and rested like a child, is not told.

One thing we know. That as the first ray of light filled the eastern sky a humbler and wiser king was found at the den calling anxiously for his prime minister.

"O Daniel, servant of the living God is thy God, whom thou serveest continually able to deliver thee from the lions."

And that the prime minister responded.

"O King, live for ever! My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

Ten the man who had walked in letters returned by the same route, the honored guest of the king in his chariot while the rascals who plotted his ruin met the fate they had designed for him.

Is there anything in the story for you or for me?

Could you be trusted to live "in the swim" of a gay court life—of a corrupt political life—of a false religious life, in the world which is ever at variance with God and yet not be of the world?

"I pray you not that thou shouldst take them out of the world but that thou shouldst keep them from evil!" was the prayer of the Lord for His own.

Can you be trusted to show your

Would You Rather Be Hung than be caught even by your own wife or children on your knees before God?

Are you a miserable coward deep dyed in the wool when it comes to taking a stand for God?

Brace up, old boy—Dare to be a Daniel. Dare to stand alone. Dare to have a purpose true. And dare to make it known.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

FOR A BAD COLD.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

Nothing cures so quickly as the healing Pine essence in Catarrhose. It fills the breathing organs with a healing, soothing vapor that relieves irritation at once. Ordinary colds are cured in ten minutes. Absolutely sure for Catarrh, and in throat trouble it works like a charm. Catarrhose is a permanent cure for bronchitis and throat trouble. Not an experiment—get a temporary relief—but a cure that's guaranteed. Get "Catarrhose" today. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes.

LETTER FROM BOSTON GIRL

Boston, Sept. 22.—Come to Boston and see the Pteranodon. But come perfectly sober, for, if the plans of certain scientists are carried out, there will be some time in the near future, a weird and fantastic fathering at Franklin park, near the new municipal zoological garden. It is proposed to produce lifelike cement images of the monsters that fed on New England's marshes and hills ten million years ago, and place them in Franklin park, as an unrivaled lesson in the history of evolution. Some of the members of this group would answer to the names of Iguanodons, Diplodocus Carnegiei, Rhinoceros Saurians and Pteranodons, and it would be a sorry day for any gentleman with too much ballast to wander into their domain. Seriously, the value of an exhibit like that planned would be undeniably far ahead of the well known, little appreciated dinosaur of the stuffy natural history museums. To find these life-like monsters among the trees and puddlingstone ledges or beside small ponds, in Franklin park would be to gain an entirely new conception of the prehistoric conditions in our little corner of the world.

A new kind of striking up at the Massachusetts state prison, for the first time in the history a real military band concert has been given the inmates. Thirty members of Teel's band, gathered on the roof of a shed in the prison yard, where about 800 prisoners were waiting impatiently.

There followed a programme of classical and popular music including the overture, Post and Peasant, Il Travatore, and other high grade selections.

The crowd at 42nd street and Broadway and 7th avenue had now grown to enormous proportions and followed the parade of the parade float with upturned cheeks.

They arrived about half an hour after the events just chronicled and after proving their identity to the police set out to recover the balloon.

Moore was still in the red tights, green trunk and black shirt and skull cap in which he was to have made the ascension and when the crowd caught sight of him, they surged about him and the reserved had several busy moments before they got traffic moving in proper shape.

Moore and Thaller had the balloon carried out through the house at 225 and placed in a wagon. They got the parachute at the police station and then started back to Jersey to prepare for more flights.

NOTED EGYPTIAN REBEL PASSED AWAY THURSDAY

Cairo, Sept. 23.—Ahmed Araba Pasha, the leader of the military insurrection in Egypt in 1912, died yesterday. He was convicted of rebellion, pleading guilty and condemned to death but the sentence was commuted by the Khedive to perpetual exile from Egypt. With other leaders in the rebellion, he was sent to Ceylon in 1913. Later he was pardoned.

No Buyers.

He (loftily)—I will marry no girl because she has money. I would not sell my soul.

She (caustically)—Don't worry. A girl with money enough to buy any kind of a husband who wanted her never pick you out for a bargain.—Baltimore American.

Charming Woman.

Philadelphia Record.—Wigwag—The secret of a happy married life is to marry one's opposite.

Cynic—Yes, I do frequently remark that your wife was a most charming woman.

CHASING A BIG BALLOON

Broadway Crowds Had a Veritable Picnic Last Sunday Afternoon, with a Wandering Balloon and Occupant.

(New York Sun)

A big hot air balloon which was sent up yesterday afternoon with a parachute performer to amuse the Plattdeuschers who were picnicking at Schutzen Park in Union Hill, N. J., after being relieved of its human burden, swept over the Hudson to Manhattan, hovered around over the west side of the city for an hour or so and finally brought up in the back yard of a theatrical boarding house at 217 West Forty-second street.

A crowd which gathered at Longacre Square rushed through the front door of the boarding house and swarmed out on the roof and into the yard in a scramble to get a part of the balloon as a souvenir.

The balloon was sent up about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was owned by Prof. William E. Thaller. Thaller himself didn't go with it, but sent a substitute Tom Moore, a young assistant. Both Thaller and Moore live at Hillside Park, N. J.

Moore had announced that he would use three parachutes in his drop from the balloon; and at an elevation of almost a thousand feet he started to carry out his promise. Something went wrong, however, for one of the parachutes still hung to the balloon and Moore went sailing down under but two of them.

The wind was blowing from the west and the balloon started toward the river on its course for Manhattan. Thousands of folks on ferry and excursion boats caught sight of the big bag as it swept over the water and many more on land had their eyes on it before it reached the eastern shore. The air with which it had been inflated began to cool in the currents over the river and the bag sank steadily.

It came into this state at a spot over 42nd street and the river. The third parachute was still flapping from beneath the basket and was mistaken by not a few persons for the aeronaut. Dropping still nearer to the rooftops, the balloon sailed west to 18th avenue and was then caught by a northerly current which blew it to 45th street. James Gallo, of 245 West 25th street, who spends his Sunday afternoons on a motorcycle, led the chase for the balloon. He kept on to 45th street and saw his quarry swing back in a still lower current which carried it down to 38th street in an easterly direction over 9th avenue.

Here the air drove the balloon back again and it floated over the roofs of the houses and came to 42nd street. It had been dropping nearer to the earth and every moment it seemed to Gallo and the other watchers that it must catch on some chimney. Veering still to the east, it just escaped the spire of the Central Baptist church and came to 42nd street near 7th avenue and crossing 42nd street brought up smack against the side of Hammerstein's theatre.

The balloon rebounded over to the west and dropped at the rear of the Lyric theatre.

The third parachute which had stuck all this time, was shaken off by the jar and dropped on the roof of 255 West 42nd street, a theatrical boarding house. The balloon itself swooped down and covered the rear yard of 217, a similar boarding house kept by Edward Hovey.

The crowd at 42nd street and Broadway and 7th avenue had now grown to enormous proportions and followed the parade of the parade float with upturned cheeks.

They arrived about half an hour after the events just chronicled and after proving their identity to the police set out to recover the balloon.

Moore was still in the red tights, green trunk and black shirt and skull cap in which he was to have made the ascension and when the crowd caught sight of him, they surged about him and the reserved had several busy moments before they got traffic moving in proper shape.

Moore and Thaller had the balloon carried out through the house at 225 and placed in a wagon. They got the parachute at the police station and then started back to Jersey to prepare for more flights.

NOTED EGYPTIAN REBEL PASSED AWAY THURSDAY

Cairo, Sept. 23.—Ahmed Araba Pasha, the leader of the military insurrection in Egypt in 1912, died yesterday. He was convicted of rebellion, pleading guilty and condemned to death but the sentence was commuted by the Khedive to perpetual exile from Egypt. With other leaders in the rebellion, he was sent to Ceylon in 1913. Later he was pardoned.

No Buyers.

He (loftily)—I will marry no girl because she has money. I would not sell my soul.

She (caustically)—Don't worry. A girl with money enough to buy any kind of a husband who wanted her never pick you out for a bargain.—Baltimore American.

Charming Woman.

Philadelphia Record.—Wigwag—The secret of a happy married life is to marry one's opposite.

Cynic—Yes, I do frequently remark that your wife was a most charming woman.

CHANLER WOULD GIVE \$70,000 TO BE FREE



Robert Winthrop Chanler, the New York millionaire whose marriage to Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful actress, created a sensation at the time, is seeking a separation from the diva. He has offered her \$70,000 for a severance of the bonds of matrimony, which has proved unhappy to both.

HER DOGS TRAVEL IN LUXURIOUS STYLE



On board a special car ten of the French and English bulldogs owned by Miss Mary Winthrop, of Brooklyn, are on their way to Chicago, where they are to be exhibited. Miss Winthrop, who is less than twenty years old, but well known as a breeder, had a freight car specially fitted up so that her dogs and their keeper will travel in luxury.

WAR ENGINE EXPLODED AND KILLED SIX MEN

Milan, Italy, Sept. 22.—A war engine invented by Marquis Imperiali while undergoing tests at Montichiari today exploded with terrific force. Six persons were killed and sixteen seriously injured. Among the wounded is the Marquis.

Ungrateful Beast.

"You horrid thing!" exclaims the lady who has just clambered over and through the barbed wire fence leaving her red parrot in the pasture with the angry bull.

"You horrid thing! I shall resign at once as president of the Anti-Vivisection Society and secretary of the S. P. C. A., and shall withdraw my application for charter membership in the Vegetarian League."—Chicago Post.

A. C. SMITH & CO.

WHOLESALE Hay, Oats AND

Millfeeds

Choice White Middlings and Manitoba Oats Now on Hand

Telephones West 7-11 and West 81

West St. John, N. B.

The Spirit of Progress

Keeps the Underwood Standard Typewriter

In the Lead

UNDERWOOD

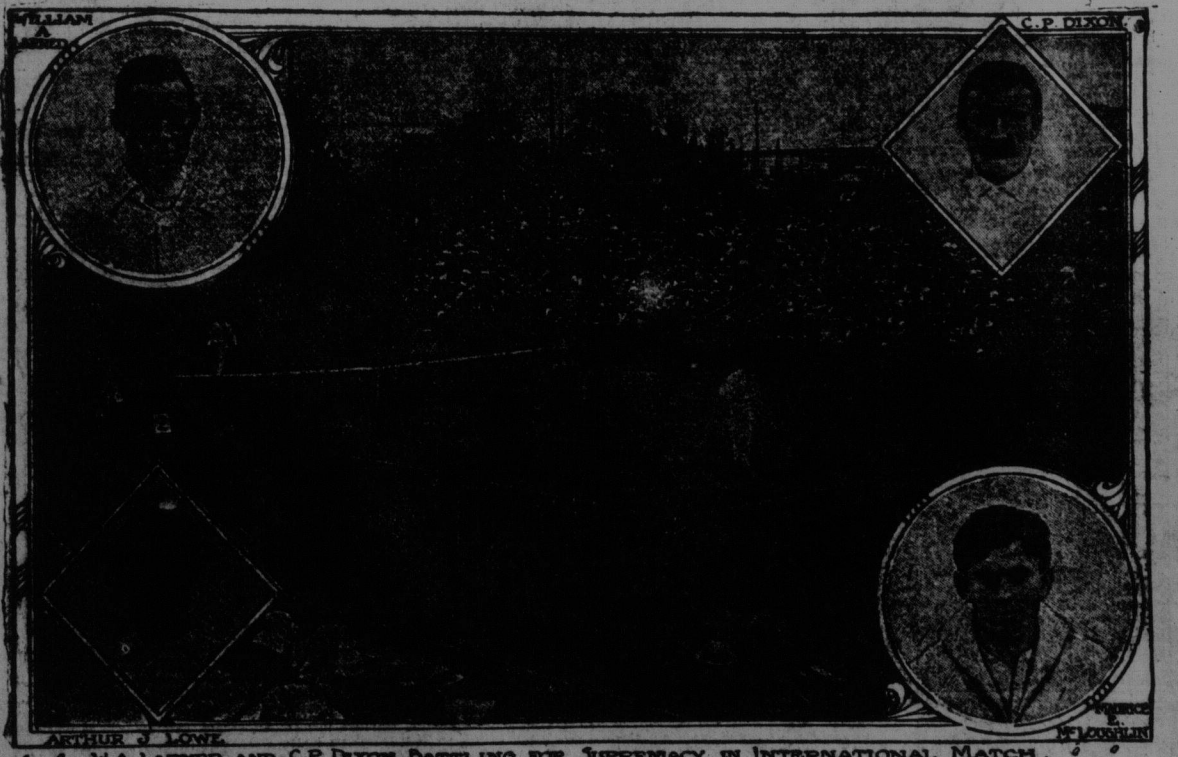
"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy."

Get our prices on rebuilt and second-hand machines.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK UNITED TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.

50 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

SCENE AT FIRST DAY'S PLAY FOR INTERNATIONAL TENNIS SUPREMACY.



Arthur J. Lowe and C.P. Dixon battling for supremacy in international match.

Herein are shown some of the players now engaged in matches for the Davis International Tennis Cup, which is now being held in New York, by American and English experts. In the opening day's play William A. Larned and Maurice M. McLaughlin, Americans, defeated Charles F. Dixon and Arthur J. Lowe, Great Britain's representatives, in singles, each match requiring five sets.

de a new world's automobile driven in twenty-four hours 5, going twenty-five miles in