

HAIR LIFTING MYSTERY

Young Lady Loses Her Locks During Sleep.

North Sydney, Oct. 27.—Probably the most surprised person in North Sydney this morning was a young lady, who shortly after arising found that her golden tresses had mysteriously disappeared during the hours she spent in the land of Nod. It was not until some time after arising that the loss was discovered, and the realization that the beautiful locks had disappeared, and in such an unaccountable manner, caused consternation in the household when it became known. The young lady in question was the proud possessor of a head of hair that, when braided, hung considerably below the waist line and was the admiration of all beholders. It was her custom, on retiring at night, to carefully brush and braid her tresses, and last night as usual this duty was faithfully performed. It was when about to start for the bathroom to make her toilet this morning that the hair was missed, for in reaching to her back to seize the braid and prevent it from becoming caught in the jamb of the door through which she was about to pass, she could not find it. Repenting the attempt to secure it, and with the same results she put her hand to her head and found it close cropped. Filled with horror at the realization that her beautiful tresses had disappeared, she rushed to her sister's room with her tale of woe, and eventually surprised the rest of the household of the occurrence.

After standing as a target for a volley of questions she was utterly unable to answer. A search for the missing hair was begun, and it was not until every nook and corner of the house had been repeatedly searched that the probable solution of the mystery was found. Lying on the young lady's dressing table, and hitherto unsuspected of having been instrumental in the tragedy—for tragedy it was—was a pair of manicure scissors, to which clung a few short hairs. This discovery led the sister of the unfortunate girl to look out of the window, and the first object that met her astonished gaze was the braid of hair, fastened at one end with a bow of ribbon, lying on the ground. How it came to be separated from the young lady's head was a mystery too deep to be solved, but after a long family council it was finally determined that the young lady herself, in a fit of somnambulism, had accomplished the difficult task. The job, however, was not performed in an artistic manner as was desirable, and a visit to a professional tonsorial artist was deemed necessary to complete the work so inauspiciously begun.—Sydney Post.

About three years ago a Newcastle girl, while slumbering in the public square, met with a similar misfortune. In his case, one half of his handsome bronze moustache disappeared. Various persons were blamed for the foul deed. But perhaps he too did it during his sleep.

JOE PAGE IS A FREE MAN AGAIN

Montreal, Oct. 28.—Joe Page was acquitted this morning before Judge Choquette in the court of special sessions of the charge of seeking to bribe a crown witness in the case in which Moore and Johnston were accused of trying to swindle Donaldson. In the court this morning Page told that he was responsible in the course of his duty to the C. P. R. for looking after race track men at Delorimer Park, and had been told by a man named Buck that Moore and Johnston had been arrested. When they were called the first day and Donaldson did not appear against them, he had gone up to see what was the matter. Donaldson had then offered to have the case withdrawn if he was paid \$500. That bargain Page had refused. Donaldson was in court and repeated his story. No other evidence was offered and Judge Choquette discharged Page, saying there was no evidence against him.

Social Personal.

Mr. W. E. Fish, C. E. returned from Campbellton Thursday morning. Mr. John Betts of Millerton was in town on Wednesday.

Judge McLatchey was in town Wednesday. A. C. Duchemin of the P. E. Island Salt and Dye factory, Charlottetown was at the Miramichi yesterday.

Mr. John Bannan of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in town, having come to Newcastle in consequence of the critical illness of his brother. He is the guest of his sister, Mrs. P. Hennessy.

Miss Ethel Wilson who has been visiting her home at Wilson's Point, returns to Boston today.

Miss Manservant, of Amherst, is visiting Miss Irving here.

Mr. Chas. W. Anslow of The Graphic, Campbellton, was in town Thursday.

Misses Burtie Ray and Evelyn Williamson spent Wednesday in Chatham.

Mrs. L. R. Leighton was visiting her daughters, Mrs. F. N. Moore and Mrs. W. A. Appleton at Moncton during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. N. McLeod and her little son master Miller, who has been visiting her home here, left Thursday morning for her home in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. R. S. McGilvery of the Royal Bank of Canada staff, late of Shubenacadie, has been removed to the Newcastle branch to relieve J. MacKendie on vacation.

Mr. Chas. Robertson and Mr. Benson, Everett and Clara, spent Thanksgiving with the former's mother, Mrs. John Robertson, at the "Pines".

Mrs. Henry Ingram returned from Campbellton, Saturday, where for the past two weeks, she was the guest of Mrs. John C. Morton.

Miss Edna Payne is spending this week in Chatham the guest of Miss Hattie Gunne.

Mr. Henry Wyse spent Thanksgiving in Moncton.

Mr. O. K. Black, of Richibucto, is in town, the guest of his sister Mrs. D. W. Stothart.

Mr. Frank Curran, Lunenburg, of Richibucto is a guest at the Miramichi. Edward Sinton, Rexton, was in town yesterday, attending the District Division.

BATHURST

BATHURST, Oct. 25.—Miss Emma Power has been making a visit to her friend, Mrs. Paul Doyle in Junction River.

Mrs. P. J. Robert, Inspector of Schools, and Mrs. Brown are being congratulated on the arrival of a wee girl at their home.

Mrs. J. J. Power is spending the Thanksgiving holidays with her sister Mrs. Dugdale in Chatham.

Miss Addie Johnston, who was visiting friends here, has returned to her home in Chatham.

Mrs. P. J. DeWolf of Rosebank, is spending a week here with her husband, who is in the employ of the Bathurst Lumber Co.

Miss Mayme Power has returned from Moncton, where she was visiting her friend Miss Leahy.

Mr. J. Storer of Dalhousie, is spending Thanksgiving with friends in town.

Miss Greta McTomney has returned from a short visit to Carleton Place.

Miss C. Landon of Boston, is making a visit to her home people here.

Mrs. G. Metzler of Campbellton, is visiting her home.

Mr. Eddie Shirley has accepted a position in the town store of the Nipisquit Lumber Co.

Miss Nellie Branch and Miss Marion Miller were the delegates from here to attend the Methodist Mission Board's convention in Campbellton.

Miss Miller while in Campbellton, visited her friend, Miss Pawcett.

The Agricultural meeting held on Saturday evening, which was addressed by Dr. Standish, well known farm expert of Walkerton, Ont., was very well attended and was of much interest to those concerned in farming and stock raising.

Rev. Louis O'Leary, D. D. of Chatham, was a guest at the Presbytery last week.

The parish of the Holy Family, in Bathurst Village is in charge of Rev. John Doucet, during the absence of the pastor Monsignor Varrily, who is in Quebec, attending the Plenary Council.

W. McInerney of Richibucto, is in town this week.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Be careful of cheap imitations.

Perhaps that was why the time passed so quickly until the train came to a long stop and a passing

AN INTERESTING THANKSGIVING STORY

(Continued from page 2.)

knew the voice at once. I never forgot a voice."

"But to ask you to lunch in this way? That's delightful. I like people who go out of the way things, and the more out of the way the things are the better I like them."

He entered the sitting room with her as he said the last words, and Drusilla was there, but alone—Wilfred had vanished.

"I didn't think that you would come," he said jovially. "You are a brave man."

"But I knew," the voice said Thorstall, shaking hands with him also. "Of course I hadn't known the voice I wouldn't have come."

Mrs. Durham laughed then, and Thorstall himself laughed, quite as if he knew what they were laughing over. They laughed afresh then.

"I take it very kind of you to have me to lunch in this way," he said when they had controlled their mirth.

They looked at each other, but suddenly wondering where Wilfred had gone and why he didn't reappear. But at that second she stepped out from behind the picture.

"Thorstall," she exclaimed.

Thorstall made a sort of bound and seemed to swallow her up as completely as the picture had done.

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Durham. She turned quite pale, and looked at her husband, who turned deep scarlet and looked at her.

"You see, I'm engaged," said Wilfred putting her head out.

"Yes, so we—we see," they stammered together.

"Of course," said Thorstall, "turning toward them, 'you understand now that I spoke the truth when I said I knew the voice.'"

Mrs. Durham sank weakly into a chair.

"I telegraphed him from Indianapolis, too," said Wilfred in great glee, "but coming up on the train I couldn't help thinking what sport it would be to fool you both—so I did it—and I did it real well, didn't I?"

"I don't think that we were ever better fooled—were we dear?" said his wife.

"No, never."

"I do love to do unexpected things," "Yes, so we—so we—see," they said, another.

"Oh, admirably," said Durham. She said, in great content.

Then Wilfred came out in the open again.

"Change cars at Jackson Junction," said the conductor.

Drusilla nodded and looked dreamily out of the window at the unfamiliar landscape, while she wondered what it really would be like at her grandmother's—her grandmother on her papa's side—to whom she was going for her Thanksgiving vacation.

She had come all the way from New York to make the visit, and now the train was fast leaving Chicago behind her on the main line, from which she had branched out the suburban road which passed through Wellington, the little town where her grandmother on her papa's side had lived ever since she, Drusilla, was a baby.

Drusilla herself had lived in Paris and in London and only for a year past in New York. Her grandmother on her mamma's side, with whom she lived, was fond of travelling, and that was why Drusilla, a big girl of eleven now, had never made her grandmother's acquaintance. She did not know much more about Thanksgiving than she did about America or her other spent the holiday either in a hotel or in travelling or perhaps in a boarding school, and none of these places are likely to give one a very accurate idea of Thanksgiving—a real American Thanksgiving. That was one of the reasons that Grandmother Dalton was so anxious to have her pay the visit promised for so many years at time of the Thanksgiving holidays, and so since Grandmother Schved, the travelling one, didn't care to come so far Drusilla was making the journey alone.

It was getting dark and the landscape was scarcely visible from the lighted cars any longer, so Drusilla drew from her bag the bulky letter that she had received from her papa and mamma just before she left New York. Not every little girl has a papa who hunts crabs in equatorial swamps and a mamma who accompanies him on those perilous and interesting journeys. Whenever Drusilla received one of the wonderfully fascinating letters telling about the adventures and the orchids she counted her blessings and felt that she was the most favored girl on earth, although there were other times, when the other girls' mothers and fathers had her home to tea, for instance, when she almost wished that she had more ordinary parents instead of the orchid hunting kind. Now, however, she was in her most contented mood, for the bulky letter was as fascinating as a fairy tale, in which her own parents figured truthfully as hero and heroine.

Perhaps that was why the time passed so quickly until the train came to a long stop and a passing

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employee of the road said, "Getting out, miss?"

Drusilla looked up startled. Every body had left the car. She remembered what the conductor had said about the junction.

"Is this the junction?" she called after the man who had spoken to her.

But the man did not hear her, and hastily gathering up her bag, Drusilla disembarked. The train ran up on a siding and Drusilla found herself on a little platform all alone, with not a person in sight anywhere. Evidently no one had come to meet her, and there was no ticket agent in the station, which was a small one, such as are only opened at train times.

"I will wait," said Drusilla, bravely. "Surely some one will come for me."

She waited patiently. The train once left the cars, and she saw them going away in the dusk and had an impulse to call after them, but did not do so.

Then to her relief she heard footsteps and looking around, saw an old lady coming up on the station. She was a thin old lady, with a sweet sad face, and Drusilla ran toward her eagerly. "Oh," she cried, "are you my grandma?"

"I was afraid you weren't coming."

"I couldn't get over just the moment the train stopped," explained the old lady, "because, you see, I was getting supper, and I was afraid the things would burn, but I knew you couldn't very well get lost in such a little place."

She kissed Drusilla and gave her a warm welcome. They, taking her by the hand, she led the way across a piece of waste land to a tiny little tumble down house back some distance from the station.

It was the smallest house Drusilla had ever been in—the very smallest. There were only two rooms, and both of these had very low ceilings and were not much larger than Drusilla's grandmother, because she had always little bed room at school. It looked as if the roof leaked, too, for in one place the rafters showed through the plaster and there were big stains on the whitewashed walls. But it was very neat and bright. The lamp burned cheerfully and an appetizing smell of fried potatoes greeted Drusilla as she entered. She felt a little surprised that her grandmother should have such a small house and she wondered if she could be so very poor, but there was no doubt that she was a very pleasant grandmother and Drusilla was quite contented.

For supper there were apple sauce and an egg for Drusilla besides the fried potatoes. Drusilla also had a sugar cake, with a large raisin in it. She noticed that her grandmother had neither an egg nor a raisin cake, but it never occurred to her to ask why.

After supper Drusilla felt so tired and sleepy that she fell into a doze while she was petting the great grey cat, which was her grandmother's, and was awakened by a pleasant voice in her ear saying that perhaps it would be better for her to go to bed and talk things over tomorrow. Drusilla had been wondering all through supper time where she was going to sleep, for she had seen only one bed in the small inner room, and that she had supposed belonged to her grandmother. They had talked very pleasantly about her journey and the cat, etc. while they were at supper and her grandmother had not asked her many questions, for she saw Drusilla was a little shy and wanted to get acquainted in her own way.

Once or twice Drusilla caught her looking at her peculiarly, as she was studying her granddaughter's appearance.

But she did not think much about it and tumbled comfortably into the bed which her grandmother said was to be hers. "I sleep on the couch in the other room," she explained. Still in spite of her sleepiness there was one thing that lurked in the back of Drusilla's mind. How different her grandmother looked from the photograph which had reached them in London three years ago. The lady had been quite imposing, with a jewel at her throat and her white hair piled high in a fashionable coiffure. This lady seemed much smaller and

her soft hair was arranged most simply. Still people change very much often in three years, and evidently her grandmother had also grown poor in that time. That would account for her not looking so splendid. The Sand Man refused to wait a minute longer by the time Drusilla had considered the situation thus far, and in a moment she was sound asleep.

However, it all came back to her next morning, when her grandmother came to help her dress. Drusilla's bag had been unpacked and her toilet things were spread out on the window sill. Drusilla saw her grandmother gazing curiously at the contents of the bag.

"It doesn't seem much for a whole two weeks," laughed Drusilla, "but my trunk's coming tomorrow. They had it expressed to save bother."

Her grandmother had picked up a silver backed brush and was studying the monogram. "My, what pretty things," she said. "Who gave them to you, my dear?"

"My papa," explained Drusilla. "All my initials are on them, D. L. D., Drusilla Langworthy Dalton."

"There," said Drusilla's grandmother dropping the brush and growing perfectly white, "I suspected something was wrong; yet I couldn't see how it was possible, but if that's your name, then I'm not your grandmother."

"For goodness' sake," cried Drusilla, jumping out of bed and staring about her wildly. "Then, where is my grandmother?"

"And where," said the old lady, "is my granddaughter?"

The whole situation seemed incredible. Drusilla could do nothing for a full five minutes but stare at her supposed grandmother and that lady for the same space of time could do nothing but return the stare.

Then with Drusilla's help she began to reason it out. "My granddaughter," she said, "started from New York on the same train as you did, and she's got off at the wrong place, while you've come on here when you should have changed at Jackson and gone on to Wallingford. I only hope that my granddaughter has found your grandmother, but it isn't likely. The only thing for us to do is to find some lady who's going to Wrightsville—that's the nearest place we can telegraph—and get them to send a telegram to your grandmother. There's no train out of here today, because it's a holiday, so you'll have to stay here until Friday. You see I'd never seen my granddaughter before, either. She's coming out to me because her parents are dead and he's going to live here with me right along. I only hope she's as sweet natured as you seem to be, my dear."

And the kind old lady beamed on Drusilla and patted her as if she really wished she were her granddaughter.

Mrs. Creighton—for that was the name of Drusilla's hostess—soon found someone who was going to have done so much public good as the proprietor of the "Telegram," acting like a sulky child, because his ideas are ignored by every one else. It would be ungracious to even think of a swollen head in his case, but the public admiration for his many public acts, does not justify the belief that all wisdom is gathered in his opinions. The action of the "Telegram" is certainly injuring Toronto, and will not improve his own standing.—Canadian Municipal Journal.

DR. SAMSON ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

PERCE Oct. 21.—The Crown began yesterday to examine its witnesses. The first evidence heard was that of Dr. Jos. Arthur Pidgeon, surgeon of

Perce, coroner for the district of Gaspe East. On the 11th of March last he was called to Grand River by a telegram from Dr. Samson, who is now the prisoner at the bar. On that day he held an inquest at the prisoner's house on the body of Celarine

Lafontaine, wife of Dr. Samson. Before the inquest, the prisoner handed him a bottle labelled "Tincture of Colombo." Witness tasted contents of bottle and marked it "Fluid Extract of Nox Vomica." After the inquest, he forgot the bottle on the window sill in the room where the inquest was held. A short time after, he noticed it, and sent his son Joseph William and George Beaudin for the bottle. Witness swears positively he got back the same bottle and same liquid he had left on the window sill at Samson's house, but three fourths of the contents of the bottle was missing. There was enough left in the bottle to make a good analysis.

The two next witnesses, George Beaudin and Joseph William Pidgeon, both bailiffs of the Superior Court, explain that they were sent on the afternoon of the 11th of March by Dr. Pidgeon to get a certain bottle he had forgotten at prisoner's house. The bottle was not where the Coroner had left it. After a search that lasted about five minutes, Dr. Samson found the bottle on a shelf under a counter in the house. Before handing the bottle to George Beaudin he poured part of contents into another bottle, which he kept. Cross questioned by Mr. Lafontaine for the defense, Mr. Pidgeon declares that the prisoner looked very sore, but acted like a man who had nothing to hide.

The next witness is Dr. Arthur Vallee, professor of pathological anatomy and medical chemistry at Laval University, Quebec. Also Analyst for the Corporation of the City of Quebec. His evidence is mostly technical.

On the first of July last, at the request of the Attorney General, witness had body of Celarine Lafontaine exhumed in his presence. He made an internal and an external examination of the body. He took out the stomach and its contents, the intestines and their contents, two kidneys, the bladder, the heart, part of liver and spinal columns and placed them in glass jars, which he took with him to Quebec for analysis. He also took to Quebec for analysis a bottle he received from Dr. Pidgeon labelled "Tincture of Colombo" and then "Tincture of nox vomica." This bottle was found to contain tincture of nox vomica, composed of strychnine and brucine. The contents of the bottle and the contents of the organs of the dead woman were tried on animals. The effects were practically the same: poisoned by strychnine. Witness swears positively that strychnine was administered to Celarine Lafontaine before her death. The body was too much decomposed to ascertain the cause of her death.

Eugenie Mercier, wife of Wm. Lafontaine is the aunt of the deceased. She lives next door to Dr. Samson's house. On the 10th of March last at about two o'clock in the afternoon she paid a visit to Mrs. Samson. The prisoner was out at the time. Mrs. Samson seemed to be in proper health. Witness left at about 3 o'clock. At four o'clock from his verandah, Dr. Samson called witness saying: "Come quickly. Celarine is very sick; don't you hear her scream?" When I went in the house she was sitting on the floor screaming and holding her husband by his braces. He was telling her to let him go and he would get her some medicine. She continued holding him until she lost consciousness. I helped to carry her to her bed, and I remained with her. When she regained consciousness, she said to me: "I have a lot of trouble." The prisoner then said: "She is crying because I lost the medical attendance of the men working on the railroad."

"No," she says, "it is not for that. The God God knows why I am crying." Witness left the house before Mrs. Samson died. Deceased was a very good woman and an excellent wife; was always very kind to her husband. Her general conduct was irreproachable.

There does seem to be something new under the sun. In Hamilton a man was sent to jail for stealing an umbrella. If that is not absolutely new it must be a revival of the old, for it is a long, long time since such a thing was heard of before.