

**FREE ADVICE  
TO SICK WOMEN**

Thousands Have Been Helped  
By Common Sense  
Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

**LIVERY STABLE.**

I am prepared to take pic-nic crowds to any part of the surrounding county, as I am fully equipped with hacks, also double seated, rubber tire waggons. (Something special). 4 rubber tire, single waggons, all new, and good horses to draw them.

H. P. DOYLE, Proprietor

**Bay Des  
Chaleurs Route****THE CAMPBELLTON-GASPE  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LTD.****R. M. S. "CANADA"**

Sails from Campbellton every Wednesday and Saturday at 11.00 a. m. for Bay Chaleurs ports, returning every Monday and Friday.

**SATURDAY EXCURSIONS**

Good for every Saturday during season of navigation 1913.

From Campbellton, Dalhousie and Carleton to Gaspé and return \$5.00.

From Maria, New Richmond and Bonaventure to Gaspé and return \$4.00.

From Carleton Place, St. George, Port Daniel, Gascons, Newport, and Pabon to Gaspé and return \$5.00.

From Grand River, Little River to Gaspé and return \$2.00.

From Cape Cove, Percé, Barachois, and Malbay to Gaspé and return \$1.50.

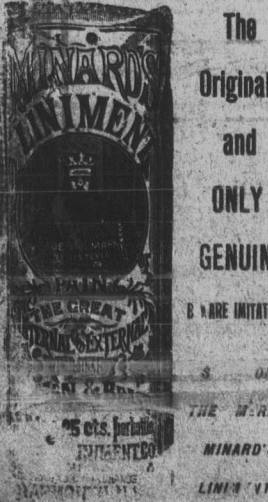
From Douglass to Gaspé and return \$1.00.

A "Through Rate" arrangement has been made with the Intercolonial Railway, from all its points to all ports reached by S. S. Canada.

Tourists and travellers will find a great advantage by using this route and shippers a substantial benefit.

For all particulars apply to

G. A. Binet,  
Pres. and Mgr.

**The  
SABLE  
By  
HORACE  
HAZELTINE  
LORCHA**

"Then had out," was his courteous story. "I'm sure I shan't tell you." "Maybe the Chinaman will be more obliging," I suggested, and turning to Jerry, who had stood in silence, all the while, a few steps behind me, I said, "Look around at the back, my lad, and if you can find Mr. Murphy's man fetch him here."

But before I had quite finished, the big man in the shadow of the veranda was storming:

"Don't stop just where he is. If he dares to come another step nearer this house, I'll throw the pair of you over the hedge, neck and crop. Do you hear me?"

"And if you dare to interfere with an officer or his deputy in the discharge of his duty, the authorities will settle with you," was my calm rejoinder. "Trot ahead, Jerry! His bark's worse than his bite."

Jerry, quick to obey, disappeared on the instant around the corner of the bungalow, and Murphy, after a pretended dash forward, halted on the lower porch steps.

"See here!" he demanded, cumbrously. "What's all this, anyhow? You come here after gasoline, ostensibly, and then declare you're game wardens after a law-defying, Chinaman poacher?"

At last I saw him half-way amenable to reason. Now that he was out of the shadow, I saw too, more clearly, what manner of man he was. His head, as I had already discerned it through the gloom, was abnormally large, yet not out of proportion with his Herculean torso. His red hair, frowzy, unkempt, was of such abundance that, in the dark, its outline had given me a grotesquely magnified impression. His red beard, too, was thick, long, and untrimmed. What little of his face showed, was sunburned to what, in the dim light, seemed the color of ripe russet apples. His eyes were nearly indiscernible, deep set, under bushy red brows.

"If you had shown the least bit of humanity to brother men in distress," I retorted, in a half-jocular vein, "I probably never thought of this being your place, and you being you; and the incident of the morning might have been forgotten."

I thought I heard his teeth grit together in his effort to suppress a rising rage. I certainly saw his hands clench; and then, with an assumption of indifference, he took a final puff at his cigar and tossed it, sparkling, among the weeds of his lawn.

It was evident to me, now, that in spite of the nonchalant he affected, my reference to the Chinaman's poaching, and his presence at Cragholt, had aroused his interest, and so hoping to draw him out, I continued: "Your man told the lodge-keeper that you sent him over to borrow a rifle."

"You don't mean to tell me you'd believe a Chinaman, do you?" he returned.

"It wasn't for me to believe or disbelieve. The lodge-keeper believed him."

"And so he borrowed a rifle, and then with one of Cameron's own instruments of destruction proceeded to destroy Cameron's game? Is that it? What did he shoot? A deer or one of those starved-looking wild dogs that Cameron has following him about?"

Apparently Murphy knew much more of my friend than my friend knew of Murphy.

"Neither, I fancy. In fact, I'm not sure just what he did shoot in the way of game. But he seems to have indulged in a bit of target practice. He found a piece of an old portrait, tacked to a tree, and shot holes in it. Rather silly, eh? Foolish for him to chance getting into trouble for child's play of that sort."

"How do you know that?" he growled, with an inadvertent dropping of his mask. There was no mistaking, now, that I had made captive his attention.

"I saw the target," I answered, simply.

"That's like saying, 'I caught a twelve-pound bass. Here's the hook and line to prove it.'"

"I have a scale of the bass."

"Something your Chinaman dropped beside the tree."

Phlegmatic though he was, something very like a start followed upon my words. Then, as if to cover the movement, he shrugged his shoulders, and chuckled ponderously.

"His visiting card, I suppose."

"Nearly as good," I supplied. "The bowl of his opium pipe."

At that moment Jerry came around the corner of the house and stopped abruptly, stupefied by surprise; for from the open mouth of the giant there issued a roar of bass laughter, that reverberated in wild discordance through the night silence.

"You're a funny fellow!" he cried, his guffaw ended. "I suppose no persons except Chinamen smoke opium, eh? And that being so, no Chinaman but my Chinaman could have made a target of a piece of an old portrait and dropped his pipe bowl at the foot of a tree. Go on with you, you make

me sick!" And then, seeing Jerry, who had quickly joined me: "Didn't find him, eh? Well, that's not strange. Having lost the bowl of his pipe, he's probably gone to borrow another from a laundryman friend in Coe Cob; and that, by the way, is about the nearest place for you to buy gasoline."

The next day I spent at my office, in New York, busy with the hundred details that go to the making of a periodical which aims to focus popular sentiment to a righteous viewpoint concerning matters of national and social import. For the time being my consideration of Cameron and his strange problem was suspended. Now and then the subject recurred to me, dragged into the mental light on the train of Evelyn Grayson; but almost immediately it was buried beneath a question of editorial policy or a debate regarding a contract for white paper at an extortionate increase in price.

When, however, my business day was ended, and I had boarded the train for Greenwich, the whole involved enigma spread itself again before me, demanding attention. And in the midst of it, dominating it, stretching its great shadow over it to the farthest limit, appeared that frowzy red giant, Murphy, a mystery within a mystery; for, though he seemed to pervade it, there was no point at which I could discover him quite touching it.

In vain I tried to detect a real connection. I started with the letters. They bore no single characteristic mark of this uncouth creature. As an artist he might have devised the curious silhouette signature, but there was something about that—some cunning, inventive subtlety—which I could not reconcile with the ogre I had played upon, stung to anger and aroused to curiosity.

That he could either have conceived or executed the ruin of the portrait I did not believe possible. The conception, bore evidence of a craftiness too fine for such a he; and to fancy him, mammoth that he was, stealing unobserved into Cameron's study, was to fancy the incredible.

And so, though the impression of intimate relationship persisted, I could find no point of contact, closer or more definite than through his servant's rifle practice, which after all might have been quite without motive.

There was little, therefore, in the line of reason, to convict Murphy of any knowledge of the matters which had so disturbed us. And yet, as I have said, I felt intuitively that he possessed an intimate acquaintance with the whole affair.

At the Greenwich station, I found my touring car waiting; my mother in the tenebrous. My chauffeur touched his cap as I approached.

"You may drive, Francois," I said, and I took the place at my mother's side.

"You look tired, Philip," she announced when I had kissed her. "Was it very warm in the city?" Her eyes were ever quick to note infinitesimal changes in my appearance of well-being.

"Not uncomfortable," I answered, indifferently. "I had a very busy day, though. But I'm not the less fit because of it."

"We have had some little excitement here," she hastened, eager to give me the news. "Old Romney called you up on the telephone about

**A LIBERAL SWEEP  
IN GLOUCESTER**

Thirteen Liberals And Only  
Five Tories Elected

Bathurst, Oct. 15.—The Gloucester county election took place last Monday, resulting as follows:—Beersford, J. Roy Ed. Cormier, opposed by Francis Frenette and J.R. Hachey. The latter were defeated. Bathurst elected by acclamation, J. B. Hachey and J. Miller. New Brandon, J. B. Blanchard, H. Good, opposed by Ed. Sullivan, D. Albert; the latter defeated. Paquetville, Charles Gouvin, J.R. Theriault, opposed by J. A. Poirier, Carquet, S. R. Leger, E.L. Legere, Chas. Poirier, Jas. Lauteigne, Jos. Sewell; the first two elected. Inkerman, Edmund Arsenault, Max Arsenault elected. Park Blanchard defeated. Tracadie elected Wm. Ferguson, F. L. Basque defeated. J. Raymond Young, Shippeau, elected; J. G. Robichaud and Edward Chiasson defeated S. G. Robichaud, Jos. Gaudin, St. Isidore by acclamation, Chas. Brisson, 13 Liberals, 5 Conservatives.

**Ayer's Hair  
Vigor**

Then you will have a clean and healthy scalp. No more hair loss. No more rough, scraggly hair. Does not color. Ask Your Doctor.

noon. I happened to answer it, myself, and when I told him you were in New York, and would not be back until six, it just seemed he couldn't wait to unburden himself. "Won't you please tell him, Mrs. Clyde," he said, "that Mr. Murphy's Chinaman was found at daybreak this morning, lying dead, just outside Murphy's back door?"

"Found dead!" I cried, in amazement.

"That is what he said. Then he added that the poor fellow's head had been crushed with some heavy instrument, and that Mr. Murphy had been arrested on suspicion and was in the Coe Cob lockup."

For a full minute, I think, I sat in silent amazement. Then theories and conjectures in infinite variety gave chase, one after the other, through my excited brain. But it was more than ever difficult, I found, to reach anything like a satisfactory conclusion concerning the position the now lifeless Celestial and his accused master held in the chain of mystery. I wished so much to solve. That they were both of them more or less important links, however, I had small doubt.

"Did you know Mr. Murphy?" my mother asked. And all at once I realized that her question was a repetition in my absorption. I had not heeded the original inquiry.

"Nobody knows him," I answered, unconsciously echoing the words voiced by the man in the cab on the previous night. "Nobody knows him. But I've met him in a rather casual way."

**CHAPTER VI.**

With the approach of the twenty-first of the month, which is to say the seventh day following Cameron's receipt of the second letter, I observed in him a growing nervous restlessness, which with praiseworthy effort he was evidently striving to overcome. Of my visit to the red giant and the tragedy which followed it, he was, of course, informed; as he had been of the incident in the wood, including the finding of the bullet-pierced piece of canvas. Everything, save only that Evelyn was the discoverer of the portrait, remained which I thought best under the circumstances to keep secret—was told to him in detail, and with all the circumstantiality necessary to an intelligent discussion of even the minutest point.

My description of Murphy elicited from him a recollection. He remembered having seen the man once. It was on the Fourth of July. Evelyn and Mrs. Lancaster, Cameron's housekeeper, had accompanied Cameron to what is called "The Port of Missing Men," a resort for motorists, on the summit of Titicaca mountain. They had lunched there and were returning by a route which took them over a succession of execrable roads, but through some of the most glorious scenery in the whole state of Connecticut. For a while they had been following a stream, willow-girt, that went babbling down over a rocky bed which at intervals broke the waters into a series of falls and cascades. At the foot of one of these they had stopped the car and alighted for a better view, and so had come upon the unexpected.

Seated upon a great boulder, his easel planted between the stones of the stream's shallows, was a red-headed, red-bearded Colossus, in a soiled suit of khaki, and a monstrous straw hat such as is worn by harvesting farmers. Cameron told me that all three of them made bold to peep over the painter's shoulder at his work, and then, though it was of the most mediocre quality, to shower him with laudatory and congratulatory phrases.

(To be Continued)

**King George's  
Navy Plug****KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG  
CHEWING TOBACCO**

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

**HOTEL KEEPER CURED OF  
DRINK HABIT.**

He had been a confirmed drunkard for over 18 years and was a physical wreck. He came to the Gatlin Institute, took our treatment, and was cured in three days. Although surrounded by liquor constantly, he is now a total abstainer.

Letters of thanks and appreciation, and full particulars of the above case may be seen at our office.

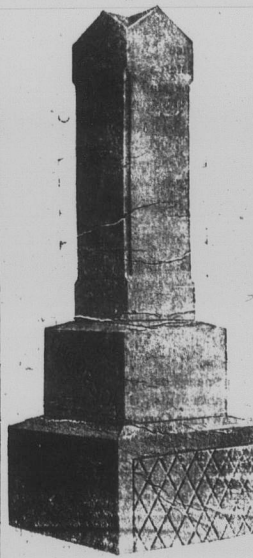
We give a Written Guarantee to cure any case, no matter how serious, in 3 days. The Treatment is perfectly harmless, and is permanent. There are no drugs or poisonous hypodermic injections. All cases, or enquiries, are strictly confidential.

The Gatlin Home Treatment is for those who cannot find it convenient to come to the Institute. Certificated Nurse can be sent within a reasonable distance, without extra charge.

Write today for Booklet and full particulars, sent free.

THE GATLIN INSTITUTE CO., Limited.

46 Crown St., St. John, N. B. Also Montreal and Toronto.

**Tombstones  
and Monuments**

Manufactured of the wonderful New Egyptian Stone will stand the test of time better than anything. It costs less and looks as good as finished marble.

Write us for catalogue and prices. They will interest you. We guarantee satisfaction.

**A. C. BELLE-ISLE,  
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.****The Manufacturer's Life Insurance Company**

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS"

Insurance Issued and Revived 1912	\$16,005,653.00
Increase over 1911	\$3,515,011.00
In Force	\$73,989,319.00
Increase	\$7,884,904.00
Premium and Interest Income	\$3,542,130.17
Increase	\$274,708.31
Assets	\$16,135,431.07
Increase	\$1,533,763.05
Paid Policy Holders in 1912	\$1,332,276.63
Reserves	\$13,920,476.00
Surplus	\$1,343,635.31

The E. R. MACHUM Co., Ltd., Mgrs. for Mar. Prov.  
St. John, N. B.

HUGH A. CARR, Agent, Campbellton, N. B.

**BELL PIANO AND ORGANS.****GOURLAY PIANOS**

Typewriters and Office Furniture, Fireproof Safes, Vault Doors, Etc. Ask for Price List and Catalogue.

Sole agent for Restigouche Co., for McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles.

**SAMUEL LAUGHLAN,  
Campbellton, N. B.**