

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Dr. J. C. Fitcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fitcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 21 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

SHIPPING THE LATE STANLEY THOMPSON

St. John, January 2, 1911.

Sir,—Having had an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Thompson for many years I would like to say a few words to his memory. At the early age of fourteen he found himself facing the world without a father's guiding hand, and bravely did he take up the task of being a kind of little father to his family. He joined himself to that noble army of newspaper boys and very early and late he did his work, and cheer the loved group at home. As the years went quickly to the young, he soon found himself merging into young manhood. Then he had advanced in his chosen work and received an appointment in the office of the Telegraph and there he did his best and was paid accordingly, and devoted himself to his work and to his loved ones. He seemed unable to do enough for them. Many long talks we had on what he would like to do for them to make them happy. Being ambitious, he determined to fit himself for a journalistic career; therefore he applied himself to the study of French, in which language he became quite proficient for a beginner, ere the fatal day dawned on him that terminated his bright young life at the early age of twenty-one years. After being attacked with the flu he put up a strong battle with the help of dear friends and a most devoted mother, but after all the long and weary days he succumbed to the disease.

Right in the midst of the joyful Christmas season his spirit took its flight to realms of endless day, where joy will fill the soul forever and sorrow will come no more. He has joined the great army of glorious young men who have left St. John forever and gone to Paradise, or perhaps they are all around us—who dare say, they are not?

When Stanley found death very near, in the night he prepared himself for his leaving taking from his loved ones. To one of his young brothers, he said: "Good by, I'm gone home to God. Be a good boy." Could there have been a more beautiful assurance left to mortal man?

How sweet it will be in that beautiful land to meet one another again.

I remain sincerely
A. TURNER B. HOWARD.

WONDERFUL CLAIMS FOR NEW INVENTION

Sit at Home and See Theatrical Performance or Watch Arrival of People in Depot

St. Petersburg, Jan. 3.—Professor Rosing of the Institute of Technology, is announced to give a public lecture on a discovery which he claims to be one of the most remarkable ever made by a scientist. He declares that, after fifteen years of incessant labor, he has succeeded in constructing an electro-telescopical apparatus which has all of the virtues of what might be termed an "electric eye," and which will enable the fortunate owner to see anything and any one he chooses.

By an adjustment of the apparatus an employer sitting in his office will be able to see at the expiration of the main direct at the expiration of the Elder Dempster service next month.

THIN HAIR A Liberal Offer

When the hair thins out on the top of the head, and the bald spot is getting ready to appear in public, don't get discouraged or irritated. Just go to your Druggist and ask for Parisian Sage Hair Tonic. He will charge you 50c. for a large bottle, but if he has a hair thinning out nothing on the top of the head, you can have your money back. Parisian Sage isn't the best hair restorer ever, hair restorer and hair regenerator on the market today.

It stops itching scalp and falling hair, and makes hair grow thick and abundantly. All druggists everywhere sell Parisian Sage or you may order from The Givons Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn hair is on every bottle. Sold and guaranteed by E. J. M. Hooley and A. Chipman Smith & Co., also sold and guaranteed in Fairville by Allan's Fairville Drug Co.

IS HELD IN KINDLY REMEMBRANCE HERE

St. John graduates of the nurses' training school of St. John's Hospital in Lowell, Mass., have received word of the death of Sister Teresa, a member of the community of the Sisters of Charity in charge of the hospital. She had been a Sister of charity for forty-five years and for forty of those had been in St. John's Hospital, where she was born. She died on the morning after Christmas at 11 o'clock and attended mass with the other Sisters in the hospital chapel, receiving the Holy Communion as it proved for the last time. Then she prepared breakfast for the house staff, and at 7 o'clock went to her room to rest. Before she reached her place she was stricken and in a few minutes passed away. Her disease, to which she had been subject, was the cause of death.

V. J. Lane of Kansas City, Kan., founder and for 29 years editor of the *Wyandotte Herald*, will suspend publication of his paper for the week ending Jan. 15, as he wishes to retire. He has refused an offer to sell and will refund subscriptions.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE THE CHEERFUL LOCKSMITH

By Charles Dickens

From the first chapter of *Harnaby Ridge*, 1841.

FROM the workshop of the Golden Key there issued forth a tinkling sound, so merry and good-humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music. Tink, tink, tink—clear as a silver bell, and audible at every pause of the street's harsher noises, as though it said, "I don't care; nothing puts me out; I am resolved to be happy."

Women scolded, children squalled, heavy carts went rumbling by, horrible cries proceeded from the lungs of carriers; still it struck in again, no higher, no lower, no louder, no softer; not thrusting itself on people's notice a bit the more for having been outdone by louder sounds—tink, tink, tink, tink.

It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, harshness or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning, felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing—still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gayly from the workshop of the Golden Key.

Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unshaded window and cheerer the dark workshop with a broad patch of light fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his eyes turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.

Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their look and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke and jest with their admirer.

There was nothing surly or severe in the whole scene. It seemed impossible that any one of the innumerable keys could fit a church strong-box or a prison door. Store-houses of good things, rooms where there were fires, books, gossip and cheering laughter—these were their proper spheres of action. Places of distrust and cruelty and restraint, they would have quadruple-locked forever.

Tink, tink, tink. No man who hammered on at a dull monotonous duty could have brought such cheerful notes from steel and iron; none but a chirping, healthy, honest-hearted fellow, who made the best of everything and felt kindly towards everybody, could have done it for an instant. He might have been a coppersmith, and still it seemed as if he would have brought some harmony out of it.

THE DE BERCY AFFAIR

By Gordon Holmes

Author of "A Mysterious Disappearance," "The Five Circumstances," etc. (Copyright by Meland & Allen, Toronto)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I wonder what?"

"Wonder what?" he said, "you cannot be so stupid as to think that a girl's death that never her death would be her husband or a disaffected lover."

Now, the chief inspector had learnt that every man who had been in the room at the time of the murder had expressed this same sentiment, yet it came unexpectedly from Furneaux's lips. Furneaux never said the obvious thing.

"Clarke believes," Winter leathed the words he put up a strong reference to Clarke—"Clarke believes that she was killed by one of two people, either a jealous husband or a disaffected lover."

"As usual, Clarke is wrong."

"He may be."

In spite of his prior agreement with Furneaux's estimate of their colleagues' intelligence, Winter felt nettled at this announcement. From the outset, his clear brain had been puzzled by this crime, and he was sure that the murderer was not the least bewildering feature about it.

"Oh, come now," he said, "you cannot have been here but a few minutes, and it is early days to speak so positively. I have been hunting you up for some time, and I have never seen what a ticklish business this was likely to prove—and I don't suppose you have managed to gather anything out of it into your fingers so rapidly."

"There are so few," muttered Furneaux looking down on the carpet with the morbid eyes of one who saw a terrible vision there.

"Well, it is a good deal to have discovered the instrument with which the crime was committed, and I think that Furneaux's mobile face instantly became alive with excitement.

"It was a long time," he said, "before I was able to get it out of the room."

"Something in the surgical line, I imagine. Who found it, and where?"

"Some men in Winter's shoes might have smiled in a superior way. He did not. He knew Furneaux, profoundly distrustful.

"There is some mistake," he contented himself with saying. "The instrument was killed by a piece of flint, shaped like an axe-head—one of those queer objects of the stone age which is tucked carefully away in a hole in an ancient cave, and then put away in a glass case. Clarke searched the room this morning, and found it in the hair-dressing room, and he turned round to point to the foot of the honoir grand piano on its rosewood with Watteau panels on its rosewood, that stood in the angle between the door and the nearest window."

The situation died out of Furneaux's features as quickly as it had appeared there.

"Well, of course," he murmured. "Do you bring it?"

"No; it is in my office."

"But, Mlle. Madeleine de Berce was not killed in that way. She was supplied, active. She would have struggled, screamed, probably overpowered her adversary. No, the doctor admits that after a hasty examination he jumped to conclusions, for not one of the external cuts and lacerations could have produced unconsciousness—not all of them dead. Mlle. de Berce was stabbed through the right eye by something strong and pointed—something with a thin, bludgeoned blade. I urged a thorough examination of the head, and the post-mortem proved the correctness of my theory."

Winter, one of the slowest officials who had ever won distinction in Scotland Yard, did not fail to notice that curiosity of a syllable before "Madeleine," but it was explained a moment later when Furneaux used the English prefix "Mlle." Winter spoke French fluently—like an educated Englishman—but Furneaux spoke it like a native of Paris. The difference between the two was clearly shown by their pronunciation of "de Berce." Winter pronounced it "de Berce," while Furneaux pronounced it "de Berce." "By the way," said Winter, with seeming irrelevance, "if you were in Brighton and Kentenstone yesterday afternoon and evening, you had not much time to spare to see his life."

"Then the station-keeper at Finchley Road was mistaken in thinking that he saw you that locality about six o'clock."

description of your movements."

"I was there at that time."

"How did you manage it?" St. John's Wood is far away from either Victoria or Charing Cross, and I suppose you reached Kentenstone by way of Charing Cross."

"I returned from Brighton at 2 o'clock, and did not visit Sir Peter Holt until half-past nine at Kentenstone. Had I distributed him before dinner, the consequence might have been serious for her ladyship. Besides, I wished to avoid the local police at Kentenstone."

Both men smiled constrainedly. There was a barrier between them, and Furnaux, apparently, was not inclined to remove it; as for Winter, he could not conquer the impression that, thus far, the conversation was of a nature that might be looked for between a police official and a reluctant witness—assuredly not between colleagues who were also on the best of terms as comrades. Furnaux was obviously on guard, controlling his face, his words, his very gestures. That so outspoken a man should deem it necessary to adopt such a role with his close friend, was annoying, but long years of forced self-repression had taught Winter the wisdom of the biggest silence—never a word might be regretted afterwards. Indeed, he tried valiantly to repair the fast-widening breach.

"Have a cigar," he said, proffering a well-filled case. "Suppose we sit down and go on smouldering the war from A to Z. Much of our alphabet is missing, but we may be able to guess a few additional letters."

Furnaux smiled again. This time there was the faintest ripple of amusement in his eyes.

"Now, you know how you hate to see me mistreat a good Havana," he protested.

"This time I forgive you before the offense—anything to jolt you and your usual ordinary man alive, here have I been hunting you all day, yet no sooner are you engaged on the very job for which I am sending you, than I find myself cross-examining you as though—as though you had committed the crime."

The chief inspector did not often flounder in his speech as he had done tonight. Winter was so conscious of the "as though" I suspected you of killing Rose de Berce yourself," but his brain generally worked in front of his voice, and he realized that the hypothesis would have sounded absurd, almost insane.

Furnaux took the cigar. He did not light it, but deliberately crushed the wrapper between thumb and forefinger, and then smothered it with the air of one who dabbles with a full-sectored rose, passing it to and fro under his nostrils.

"Meaning," he said, "during several small rings of smoke through one wide and slowly dissipating circle, both being now seated, a bundle of nerves under rigid control was sunk back into the depths of a large and deep-seated chair, and seemed to shift the next tick, imposed on his power of endurance. Winter was so conscious of the singularly unexpecting behavior on his friend's part that his conscience smote him."

"I say, old man," he said, "you look thoroughly done up. I have not had a sleep since you were here last at work all day. Have you eaten anything?"

"Had a sandwich," said Furnaux, throwing a little under this alibi.

"Perhaps you didn't want enough. Come, own up. Have you not lunched?"

"Where did you lunch?"

"I ate a good breakfast," said Furnaux, springing to his feet again.

"By Jove!" he cried, "this affair seems to be a good breakfast."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Winter, sending for the hall-porter and the French maid—Pauline is her name, I think; she has been in the house since my wife and her mistress's earlier life—but we can leave that till tomorrow. Come to my club. A cocktail and a glass of wine will make a new man of you."

Furnaux rose at once. Anyone might have guessed that he was not at all in the proposed examination of the servants.

"That will be splendid," he said with an air of relief that compared markedly with his reticent mood of the past few days. "The mere mention of food has given me an appetite. I suppose I am ragged out, or as near it as I have ever been. Moreover, I can tell you everything that any person in these Missions knows of what took place here between six and eight o'clock last night—good deal more, though, than Clarke has found out by the score a point over that score."

Where is it in the office, you said. I should like to see it—in the morning."

"You will see more than that. Clarke has arranged to meet the taxicab driver at 10 o'clock. He meant to confront him with Rupert Osborne, but he never came. I was going differently. Of course the man's testimony may be important. Ah! or no! It will be awkward for Osborne if a credible witness swears that he was in this locality for nearly a quarter of an hour about the very time that poor young lady was killed."

Furnaux, holding the broken cigar under his nose, offered no comment, but as they entered the hall, he cast, glancing at his quaint decoration.

"If I remember the thief, so I imagine, does it sometimes inspire the murderer. Given the correct moment of the theft, the fact, can't you picture the effect those bizarre surroundings would exercise on a mind already strung to the madness of crime? For every wild slayer of a fellow human being is mad—mad."

Ah, there was the genius of a murderer in the choice of that flat as to rent Miralbe Armand smooth skin—yet she had the right to be called—

(To be continued.)

COLDS CAUSE HEADACHE

LAXATIVE BRINGS ON THE WORLD'S WIDE GOLD AND GRIP COLIC SIGNATURE E. W. GROVE, 25c.

SPECIAL SALE

-- OF --

DRESS SUIT CASES

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union Street

I PRESENT TO YOU A "HEALTH BELT MAN"

He is 55 Years "Young"

He is 55 years young; not 55 old, for my Health Belt poured vitality into his blood, nerves and tissues until

HIS VIGOR WAS RESTORED

My marvelous HEALTH BELT, is a Wizard Worker, a mechanical self-treatment of the highest therapeutic value. It stands by you and never abandons its task until you are brought back to a state of vigorous manhood without an ache, pain or weakness. No drugs, no dieting, no restrictions, any sort, excepting that all dispensation must cease. Worn during the time you are sleeping, it opens its food gates and drives a great, soft, warm stream of electricity into your blood, nerves and weakened organs throughout the entire night. It cures forever the weak, restores to you your strength, and rises in your back; it seeks out and expels from your system all rheumatic pains. The electric suspensory attachment is there for a purpose; it is the strong feature of my Health Belt, and



ambition and new life, with full self-confidence, surely delivers the vitality to the parts most needing it. Causes results of the biggest kind. I have never seen the "HEALTH BELT MAN" cannot grow old, for he knows the secret of perpetual youth. It will wondrously restore your Health. Use my name as you see fit." So writes Samuel Ward, Box 915, Belleville, Ont. So have thousands before him.

I MAKE ALL THE RISK

All I want is a chance to prove to you the truth of my claims. Write to me, or call at my office and you can arrange to get the Belt, and pay for it when cured. If not cured, send it back. If you prefer to pay cash down you get a discount.

This Wonderful Book is FREE

Call or Write for it Today

Call at my office for free test of Belt, or, if at a distance, fill in the coupon and let me get this wonderful Health Book into your hands. It is sent free, sealed, by mail, and gives certain health and nature facts which every man (young, middle-aged or old) should have. It fully describes my Health Belt, and is beautifully illustrated. I have known 100,000 men who sought my aid—I should know you.

DR. E. F. SANDEN CO., 140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

Name.....

Address.....

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays until 9 p.m.

The Famous Rayo

The Lamp with Diffused Light

should always be used where several people sit, because it does not strain the eyes of those sitting far from it.

The Rayo Lamp is constructed to give the maximum diffused white light. Every detail that increases its light-giving value has been included.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp. You may pay \$5, \$10 or even \$20, for other lamps and get a more expensive consistant—but you cannot get a better light than the Rayo gives. It is a sturdy, strong, reliable shade-holder keeps the shade on firm and true. Easy to keep polished, as it is made of soft brass, finished in nickel.

Once a Rayo User, Always One.

Desires Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company

Limited.

LADIES' HATS MUST GO

Your last chance to get one of our Ladies Winter Hats at about what it would cost for making alone

Our Ladies' Trimmed Hats that sold from \$6.00 to \$8.00, - - - - - To Clear at \$2.50

Our Ladies' Trimmed Hats that sold from \$4.00 to \$5.50, - - - - - To Clear at \$1.50

Our Ladies' Untrimmed Hats that sold from \$1.50 to \$3.75, - - - - - To Clear at 50c

These Are Bargains You Should Not Miss

Dock Street **WILCOX'S** Market Square