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## SERIOUS DEPLETION IN FUNDS

### HARD TIMES HARD ON THE POOR CONSUMPTIVE

Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives Makes Urgent Appeal for Money.

\$25,000 Required to Cover Bank Overdraft and Provide for Maintenance of Poor Patients.

These head-lines tell the story of our needs.

They are heavy and urgent. Many times during the past twelve months the question has pressed itself upon the Trustees, "Can we continue the work further?"

Every month brought its quota of accounts for salaries and wages of staff, bills of butcher, milkman, eggs, groceries, heavy coal bills—a serious item—and other uncontrollable expenses so long as the doors were kept open.



These had to be paid somehow. Contributions—especially after the turn of the year when the financial depression was felt at its keenest—fell off to such an extent, that each month the burden became heavier.

During all this period there was only one thing to do, and that was to lean on our banker—swelling the bank overdraft.

The trial was the severest in the history of these Muskoka Homes, in which nearly 3,000 persons, stricken by the dread white plague, have been cared for.



Snack Life at Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

But never for a single hour did the doors of the Free Hospital fail to swing open, and give a welcome to suffering ones without money and without price.

The good news has gone forth of a rich harvest the wide Dominion over.

Friends, we come to you at this time, when the clouds of depression are being lifted, asking that you now—in the direness of our extremity—help to lift the burden being carried—not for any personal gain, but solely, alone, only on behalf of suffering sisters and brothers.

Our plea is on behalf of the sick ones.

What will you give?  
Do not say nay.  
Help generously.  
Help all you can.  
Help some.  
Help now.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. GAGE, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee, 84 Spadina Avenue, Toronto; or J. S. ROBERTSON, Sec.-Treasurer National Sanatorium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Run Always Buy  
Beware of Imitations

## BRAITHWAITE TELLS OF GAME KILLED.

Sensational Evidence Given at Inquiry at Fredericton on Wednesday.

FREDERICTON, Wednesday.—This morning the investigation into the charges of violation of the game laws by Arthur Robinson, the wealthy New York broker sportsman near his sporting camp at Holmes Lake on the Miramichi, was continued. "Uncle Henry Braithwaite, the veteran guide, is the informant. A. J. Gregory, K. C., and A. J. J. F. Winslow appeared for Braithwaite, while H. A. Powell, K. C., and R. A. Lawlor, K. C., appeared for Robinson.

Several guides watched the proceedings.

Mr. Gregory called Braithwaite, who said that he went to the Surveyor General's office with the Solicitor General, who said he was wanted and there the charges were laid. He had formerly been employed for four years with Mr. Robinson. Mr. Braithwaite said he found five carcasses of 'is game in the close season. One was at Jack Lake, where a cow moose was found dead. Witness was at Gover Lake on June 29th and heard a shot in the direction of Jack Lake and on July 6th at Jack Lake he found the cow moose carcass. The day after he heard the shooting the witness said, on information from Chas. Love, he went out to find a clue to who did the shooting. A fresh trail made by a sporting boot running to and from Mr. Robinson's camp was found. Witness believed this trail was Mr. Robinson's, and later he made a search about July 6th and found the carcass of the cow moose about 50 feet in the lake from the shore. The animal had apparently been shot about 10 days before and killed by bullets from a small bore rifle, such as the Purdy express rifle bore 360, that Mr. Robinson owned. This was the only rifle of that kind in the country.

Mr. Robinson reached his camp on the morning of June 29th, and the shooting took place that afternoon.

The sporting boot tracks referred to were traced by the witness to the shore of Jack Lake at a point 150 yards away from where he found the carcass of the cow moose, and marks of the butt end of a gun were found. The return trail led to Mr. Robinson's canoe landing.

Some weeks later the witness was accompanied by Hon. H. F. McLeod and another carcass of a cow moose was found by them further up Jack Lake. No clues were found to indicate who did the shooting as the carcass had been badly destroyed by rotting and the bears. Later a dead moose was found lying alongside a trail at Moccasin Lake. This was early in September before the season opened. This animal had been killed during the summer and had been shot by a small bore rifle. Another cow moose carcass was found on the dead water, about three miles below Gover Lake. This was on the 6th of September. This animal had been killed during the early part of the summer, but there was no identification of how it was killed.

On the 13th of September he was taking Mr. Stanton of Pittsburgh, to Logan Lake to make some photographs and found the carcass of a cow moose, which had been dead not more than six weeks. An empty cartridge case for cartridges of 360 bore, such as used by Mr. Robinson's Purdy express 360 rifle, and labelled for use in such rifles as the Purdy express, was found ten feet away from the carcass. It was placed in evidence. He produced a 360 bullet, cut out of a moose by Mr. Unger, a member of the Stanton party; none of the rifles of this party used a bullet.

This concluded the direct examination.

**CATARH CANNOT BE CURED.**  
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifier acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists price 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**HOP SUBSTITUTES IN BEER**  
Lloyd-George Introduces a Bill Prohibiting Their Use  
LONDON, Tuesday.—A bill prohibiting the use of hop substitutes in the manufacture of beer was introduced in the House of Commons today by Chancellor of the Exchequer David Lloyd-George. The bill, which the tariff reformers hail as a protective measure, was read for the first time. In addition to stopping the use of hop substitutes, it prohibits the importation of hops, except in bags properly marked.

## Settled Through The Settlement.

By LULU JOHNSON.  
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

No one watching the line of girls ahead of it, they were the sales of the museum would have imagined that the serious faced young woman who acted as guide was the rich Miss Moultaire. Indeed, judging from the brilliancy of appearance, the other girls looked far more the social stratum than did the lady of millions in her severely tailored dress and quiet hat.

To Brookfield, wandering among the antiques on the lower floor, Irma Moultaire looked a teacher conducting her fashionable charges on one of their prescribed educational tours. To him the fiery of the girls was real and the costly tailored gown of their self-appointed guide a simple and unpretentious garment.

He could not realize that the elegant perfection of cut and cloth was the envy of every girl in the settlement class. The girls would have laughed aloud in their glee could they have read in Brookfield's thoughts the pity that he felt for their beloved leader.

This was the regular Saturday outing of the Settlement club, and Irma took great delight in piloting the girls to the museums and galleries, where she hoped real works of art in time would give them a truer sense of artistic values.

Every week she planned something for the girls, winding up with a little lunch at her home. For the sake of the luncheon the girls endured the art lectures. So both they and Irma were happy.

They passed before a case containing an Aztec collection. The labels were on the opposite side of the case, where Brookfield, who did not require labels, was standing. Antiquities were



not Irma Moultaire's forte, and when she innocently ascribed the collection to the Egyptian section Brookfield interrupted with a correction.

Miss Moultaire, seeing that enthusiasm and not a desire to open a flirtation with her charges was his motive, courteously acknowledged the correction, and Brookfield, mounding his hobby, rode it hard and fast.

He had the trick of interesting his hearers, and Miss Moultaire, finding that the girls really were absorbed in his little lecture, thankfully retreated into the background.

She, too, found the chat interesting and was very sorry when the last case was reached and they found themselves at the foot of the stairway leading to the art galleries.

"Here is where I shall prove myself," he said to Irma, with a smile. "I thank you very much for letting me run on as you have. I love the collection. I was one of the exploration party that dug it up."

"We should—and do—thank you," disclaimed Irma. "I am sorry that our schedule does not permit us more time. I should be glad to hear the rest."

"Why not?" he suggested. "I am here almost every afternoon."

Irma shook her head smilingly as the little party went up the stairs, leaving Brookfield looking after them, but a couple of weeks later she found herself in the vicinity of the museum and with a little spare time on her hands in the intervals of her social duties.

Brookfield was leaning over one of the cases when an attendant had opened for him, but at Irma's approach he closed the case and hurried toward her.

"You did find time to come!" he cried. "I have half an hour to spare," was the smiling explanation. "I thought you might be there. I wanted to ask you if you could give a lecture to my class on the exploration work."

"With pleasure," was the prompt answer. "If you will give me the address and name the day, I shall come with pleasure."

Irma named an evening and gave the address of the settlement house. Then they looked over the collection, and the girl marvelled at the breadth of his information. His specialty was the Aztecs. He knew the entire field, and there was a genuine enthusiasm about Tom Brookfield which compelled respect.

Almost before she realized it the closing time had come, and she had spent an hour in his company. She

had sent away her carriage, intending to walk home from the museum, so she permitted him to walk beside her.

From taking an interest in Brookfield's talk she was beginning to take an interest in Tom Brookfield himself. She found him well worth her interest by comparison with the idle men of her own set. Irma admired action, and though Brookfield had only just passed thirty he had been a worker for half his lifetime.

He had not become a monomaniac on his hobby, but he was a good general talker, and though they met only at the settlement house or in the museum, a real friendship soon sprang up between them. Irma had a feeling that to invite him to her home would spoil it all, and his dense ignorance of the fashionable and affluent Miss Moultaire was not lifted.

He believed her to be a teacher in a fashionable school who gave a part of her time to settlement work, and they met on a plane of equality which was refreshing to the woman after the fortune hunting she had so often to endure.

One afternoon late in the spring Brookfield came to meet the class and escort them to a private view of a college collection. They had acquired some of his enthusiasm, and he had obtained private views of many collections for them.

Today he came, with a beaming face, and all the afternoon his high spirits were apparent. He never shared the little luncheons which wound up the expeditions, but today he detained Miss Moultaire for a moment.

"There is something I would like to say," he pleaded. "May I walk home with you, or do you have to go with the girls?"

"I cannot very well leave them," she explained. "Then I shall have to tell you here," he said resolutely. "I can't keep it any longer. I am to be curator of the Cheeswick collection in the fall and at a salary enough for two. Will you share it?"

Only for a minute did Miss Moultaire hesitate; then she placed her hand in his.

"I will share it," she promised, with a radiant smile. "Come this evening, and we will talk it over."

She handed him her card with its engraved address and hurried after the girls, while Brookfield beamed upon her from the top step.

But the beam had faded from Brookfield's face when Miss Moultaire came toward him in her reception room that evening. Instead of clasping her in his arms he held her hand an instant and then waited for her to be seated.

"You must think me a presumptuous fool," he began, "to ask you to share the paltry salary which this afternoon seemed so great. I did not learn until later that you really were. It seems that I have been very dense."

"You are still dense," suggested Irma. "Do you come to ask me to withdraw my promise of this afternoon?"

"You must know how impossible it would appear," he reminded. "I believed you to be a teacher."

"You were the teacher," she corrected. "You taught me what love really is. What does it matter that I have more than you?"

"I would not be considered a fortune hunter," he said slowly. "And I will not marry one," she retorted. "It is because you are not a fortune hunter, because you love me for myself, that I said 'Yes' this afternoon, and I shall hold you to your promise. Instead of your being curator of the Cheeswick collection we shall have a collection of our own."

Silently he came toward her and looked down into the tender eyes. No word was spoken, but a message was exchanged, and Brookfield knew that such love was not lightly to be set aside by pride. Slowly he sank into the seat beside her and took her in his arms.

"I am sorry that you are not what I thought you to be," he murmured. "Am glad that you are what I know you to be."

"I'll try to be all you think I am," he promised as he bent to kiss the smiling lips.

And so Miss Moultaire's dread of fortune hunters had been settled through the Settlement.

**Salt Water Questions.**  
The capacity of the average small boy for asking questions is practically unlimited, but we do not remember ever hearing a more searching lot of inquiries than those propounded by a New York boy to his father, who had taken him for a steamer trip on the sound. Here is a partial list:

"Do they call this a sound steamer because of the noise?"  
"Is that water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic ocean?"

"What makes the water wet, anyhow?"  
"How many men could be drowned in water deep as that?"  
"If a mamma fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish, would she go ashore and dig for them?"

"Suppose a whale came along and sat for three days on an oyster, so that he couldn't open his shell, would it suffocate the oyster?"  
"Doesn't the dampness ever give claims malaria?"  
"Does it hurt to get drowned?"

"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them to?"  
"Who are those men up there in the little house on the roof playing with the bicycle?"  
"Where do all those soapbuds behind the boat come from?"  
"Could a locomotive go as fast as the water as this boat?"

## DIDN'T FEAR BULLETS

A Sheriff Who Was as Brave as He Was Tender Hearted.

HOW HE COLLECTED A DEBT.

The Man Who Owed the Money Was Well Able to Pay, and the Grim, Determined Old Sheriff Made Him Realize That It Was Time to Pay.

There is a spot in the memory of Greene county, N. B., sacred to Jim Cosgray, one time sheriff, whose heart was as tender as his courage was stout. As he came down the steps of the courthouse one day in Waynesburg a white haired old man near at hand who had been waiting for him fired at him three times from a revolver. Cosgray quickly walked over to him, took his gun away and said:

"Now, look here, daddy, if you do that again I'll prosecute you."

It had fallen to Cosgray in the line of duty to serve an execution on the old man, who, worried by financial difficulties, had got lopsided mentally and conceived the idea that Cosgray was personally responsible for his troubles.

The late Judge A. E. Wilson of Uniontown was at that time holding court in Waynesburg and had witnessed the shooting from the window of his hotel. Many others had seen it too.

"Now," remarked the judge to his stenographer, L. L. Minor, at his side, "when that shooting comes up for investigation in court we'll learn how many different stories the witnesses will tell about it."

The judge knew from long experience how many viewpoints there are to such episodes, but this case never came up to trial.

In 1876 a Greene county man who had become bankrupt—at least to the extent of inability or unwillingness to pay his debts in Greene county—went to Philadelphia, where he secured a valuable concession in connection with the Centennial exposition. Reports were brought back to Waynesburg during the summer by visitors that he was making barrels of money. Cosgray listened with much interest, but without comment, to all these stories, because this man had left Greene county owing him \$5,000. Finally Cosgray one day packed his grip and left town. Next day he turned up in Philadelphia at the hotel where his prosperous debtor was stopping and was shown by request to the latter's room. His reception was notably hilarious.

"Why, hello, Jim! Glad to see you, old boy. What in the world brings you to the city?" He shook Jim's hand with every external appearance of great joy. But the sentiment was all one way.

"I come to git that \$5,000 you owe me," Jim's eyes reflected no feelings of esteem. He was simply out for his stuff.

"Sorry, Jim, very sorry, indeed I am, but I haven't got it and therefore can't pay ye. I would if I could."

"Well, I rather guess ye'll have to git it somehow or other. I came here from Waynesburg especially for what ye owe me, and I'm not goin' back without it."

Cosgray got up, walked to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Then he said:

"It's just this way, my friend. Waynesburg people have been coming home from Philadelphia all summer telling how much money you've been makin' here, and I think they've been tellin' the truth, for I've been very careful in my inquiries about you. Now, I want that money."

Here he took a revolver from his pocket and ominously tapped on the table with the muzzle.

"I'm an old man, with but a few more years to live, and I'm not a bit particular whether I live 'em all or not. That \$5,000 'll make 'em pass a sight easier. I don't intend to live without the money, and I don't intend you shall live with it."

The man knew Cosgray meant every word he said. He feared and trembled, but there sat the silent, grim old sheriff, gun in hand, ready to touch it off any instant. His determination never wavered. He was a man of few words, and the outcome was exactly as he had resolved it should be. The man went to a corner of his room, opened a safe and counted out \$5,000 to Cosgray. The sheriff returned to Waynesburg and put it in the bank, and no one ever knew how he came by it until the victim himself finally disburdened his heart of its weight of woe.—Uniontown or Pittsburgh Gazette-Times

**Diamond Versus Paste.**  
It's curious how little vanities keep one man keyed up to a point where they are on good terms with themselves," was the philosophic comment of a private detective who is a figure in the daily life of the Wall street district.

"What I mean is this, for example: It's my business to know a good many men, high and low, down here. Now, you can take it from me that four out of five of those you see dashing along the street or in and out of big buildings with worried expressions or faces which suggest that their owners are bearers of stupendous business cares and responsibilities are really underlings whose work is routine and who would be staggered if they had to risk personally a thousand dollars while the real burden bearers move off from the net appear with untroubled brow and without undue precipitation. It's a part of the game."

"Queer, isn't it? Just a little aside, light on New York's 'Vanity Fair.'"

New York Globe.

## THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Seem To Be Nature's Provision For Keeping Man Healthy and Warding Off Disease.

Cereals, vegetables and meat supply the elements needed for man's nourishment. Yet fruit—though it has very little food value—has proved to be absolutely necessary for perfect health.

Careful investigation has shown that all the common fruits act on the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. These are the organs that rid the body of dead tissue and waste products, and the fruit juices stir them up to more vigorous action, thus keeping the whole body clean and healthy.

But few people eat enough fruit. Realizing this, after several years of experimenting, a prominent Canadian physician succeeded in combining the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes in such a way that the medicinal action is many times multiplied. Then he added valuable tonics and made the combination into tablets called "Fruit-a-lives." They are really Nature's cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilelessness and Stomach Troubles. Mild as Nature itself—but more prompt and effective. Sold by dealers at 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50—trial size box 25c. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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Building is of Brick with Asbestos Protection.

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