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Superior flour means superior bread—success in your baking and palatable, nutritious bread, excellent in everything that makes bread worth eating.

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## Eastern Steamship Corporation

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Fares Newcastle to Boston \$11.05, to Portland \$10.55.

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Direct Route—Leaves St. John at 7:00 p. m., Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays for Boston direct.  
Returning leaves Central Wharf, Boston, at 10:00 a. m., Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays for St. John direct.  
Leave St. John at 9:00 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.  
Returning leave Central Wharf, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9:00 a. m., and Portland at 5:00 p. m., for Lubec, Eastport and St. John.

**MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE**  
Leave Franklin Wharf Mondays at 10:30 a. m., and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 p. m.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY AND CONVEYANCER

Offices: Leunbury Block, Newcastle

## Newcastle Steam Ferry TIME TABLE

(Every day except Sundays)

Leave Newcastle—A. M.—6:50, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00

P. M.—1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45

Leave Chatham Head—A. M.—7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45

P. M.—12:15, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:15

### SUNDAY TIME TABLE

Leave Newcastle—A. M.—9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:20

P. M.—12:30, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:25

Leave Chatham Head—A. M.—9:20, 10:10, 11:40

P. M.—12:40, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:45

During the months of May, June, July, August and (unless previous notice of a change be given) September, and up to and including the 15th day of October

After the 15th October the last boat will leave Newcastle at 8:45 unless otherwise advertised.

If more teams are waiting on wharf than boat can take in one trip, it will return for them immediately.

D. MORRISON,  
Managing Director

# Justice of the Wilds

BY GARNET WARREN

Dull, famished, whipped by hunger, the two men—the red man and the white—drifted spiritlessly through a veil of fog. The Indian in the bow slept, Craddock, faint and in a daze of consciousness, slowly paddled the canoe.

For a hundred hours they had thus come forward, they had fled from creeks and the fight for gold, which for three relentless months they had waged, till food was gone and it was death to stay. So they floated with three pitiful ounces of dust, their goal a Hudson Bay post fifty miles down the Stickeen, in British Columbia.

Craddock roused himself and mechanically looked about him. A profound depression was everywhere. A film of raw, unceasing drizzle softened the outlines of the mud-banks that stretched back to dense walls of spruce and pine, behind which rose ragged mountains, piercing the murk of sky.

Craddock shivered, his eyes sadly ahead till they concentrated on a dim spot which had come grayly in the pathway of the river, at which his apathy fell away and the canoe moved more swiftly under his stroke. The spot gradually resolved itself into a canoe. A solitary figure in it mechanically paddled ahead. Craddock hailed him, and the man turned round, desisting from his stroke.

"Hello!" said he with a grin strange to his deserted surroundings. "You look better'n father 'n' home to me," shouted Craddock. "We're almost all in. Got any supplies?"

"Uh-huh," said the man as Craddock drew alongside, "guess I have."

He was a huge, broad-faced fellow, with dark skin, high cheek-bones, and a wide mouth like a slit, which showed discolored, uneven teeth. His shoulders were deep and heavy underneath his fur, and there was something slow and massive about his movements as he turned to talk.

"Yeh," he said, "I suppose I've got all the supplies you need, if you need any."

"Need any?" exclaimed Craddock—"need any when we've been trying for days to make our appetites convince our stomach that salmon is this season's good for it, and our stomach can't see the argument. Need any 'ole'd guess yes! I think we need about all you can spare us—like 'n' me, I think we can make record gold."

The man nodded heavily, his burning eyes on Craddock's face, and he looked at the Indian who, craned at the ball, sat stolidly in the bow.

"You seem to be up against it, all right," said the stranger at length. "Mind up above, I suppose?"

"Right—if you like to call it mindin'!" returned Craddock, whose dull apathy was gone at the immediate prospect of a meal. "We worked up here in them creeks, Joe 'n' me—worked like blazes for three ounces of dust—about what we could have made in an ash-can in the city. That's the mindin' we 'bin doin'."

"Huh!" repeated the stranger dryly. "You been up against it, all right. I done well enough 'til my Indian dropped off a week back, 'n' I'm comin' down to get another. Done pretty good up there. Do you want to light a fire?"

"My Heaven—yes!" replied Craddock, and they turned to an open space on the river, where the flat mud-banks that stretched back were comparatively high, and a break in the wall of brush showed behind.

They disembarked and drew the noses of their canoes up. About them the cold drizzle had for an instant stopped, though without change to the bleakness of their surrounding. The high, jagged mountains seemed like the walls of some Titan jail.

"I guess a fire won't feel good here, huh!" observed Craddock cheerfully, as the Indian moved toward a rich of half-fallen wood, and from the drier portions built a fire on a higher part of the bank.

The flames leaped up, and their glare fell upon the stranger, whose body was long like a corolla's, whose legs were slightly bowed, and whose eyes were still set unwaveringly on Craddock's face.

"Well, all ready, cap'n!" exclaimed the latter with an unsteady note in his voice.

"All right," said the man slowly, rubbing his face with a touch of hesitation.

He went to his canoe and bent over it, rummaging behind the shelves in its center and withdrawing a heavy piece of bacon, some freshly baked bread, and two old mustard tins that contained sugar and tea.

"Bacon," he said, "I 'bin 'n' bread 'n' plenty of sugar, huh?"

"Lots of sugar," laughed Craddock rather unsteadily, affected with positive faintness by the proximity of the eatables.

"Lots of sugar," repeated the man. He was stooping over the objects which he had laid on the earth, but his eyes were fixed on Craddock. "Say—you expect to—pay, don't you?"

The Indian—emaciated, thin like a skeleton—looked up from where he leaned over the fire. Craddock, squatting near it on his haunches, sat for a full moment without a change of movement or expression.

"What?" he said at length. "You mean to say you're goin' to—"

"Make you pay? Sure," replied the man. "Why not? I had to pay for the stuff, didn't I? I can't afford to buy food 'n' keep it 'n' give it 'way like that. You had yours, an' you got rid of it. You liked pluggin' away for gold better. All right, but if you want my stuff you got to pay for it."

He spoke with a snarl from his wide-lipped mouth, with the voice of a man cold as ice. The Indian looked at Craddock and at the stranger again as the former spoke falteringly.

"You know, we ain't got much. I—I told you all we got—three ounces for three months' work. It ain't enough to make a fresh start—"

"Oh, cut out all that!" interrupted the other. "How much do you want?"

Craddock gestured with hopeless disgust.

"Oh, anything you say," said he. The man stood looking at him for a moment, huge and square-shouldered, with an appraising glance that hadn't moved from Craddock's face—a glance that was cold as the mist about them.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you both a good meal for what you've got, for the three ounces you brought with you."

Craddock rose slowly to his feet.

"What?" cried he. "You'd take all we've got for—one meal? You'd take what we swined three months to get for—one meal?"

The man showed his uneven stumps behind his lips.

"No one forcing the stuff on you," he said. "Take it or leave it."

Craddock shrugged helplessly.

"You—rat!" he said. He put his hand within his shirt, producing a small buckskin bag containing "dust"—all he had for his months of toil.

"Here it is, you—you—" He turned away. "Ugh! you make me sicker 'n' the salmon."

The stranger took the bag silently, opening it and pushing his fingers down into the dust. Then, without a word, he cut a careful slice of bacon, took the bread, and handed over the tins of sugar and tea. The Indian watched him, as the man stood in the flicker of the flames, which threw their shadows across the mud-flats and licked the edges of the water.

Craddock took the food without a word, and the man watched them as they cut the bacon into slices and tried it at the fire with forked sticks that the Indian had taken from the trees—watched them without a word as they ate it ravenously at first, but afterward with care to make the most of it.

They had eyes and consciousness for nothing else—only for the smell and the taste of the food that they took with full animal content, and a great figure came among them silently round the elbow of the brush, till it was almost in their midst.

It stood for a moment awkwardly poised, its great, clumsy body rising mountain-like in the gloom, its small, bulging head lowered, its eyes glowing like scrubber embers in the fire—a grizzly come along the mud-flats—the sounds of it drowned by the crackle of the fire and the lapping of the waves—came for his meal to the frozen sludge heaped on the banks of the river.

The Indian and Craddock saw the beast first, and were the first to jump. They dashed for their canoe and slid into safe water, brushing against the paddle of the other canoe as they did so, and knocking it out into the stream.

The stranger started an instant later, but the bear moved toward him in the line of the canoe, and he made for the open space in the brush where a single tree stood out. In a flash he had gripped it, and in an instant swung himself up with his powerful arms, missing by a foot the heavy swirl of the great paw that was swung at him as he went.

The bear stood grunting at the bottom of the tree, silhouetted against the dark by the fitful flame of the fire, while the man held grimly above, staring down.

The Indian in the canoe had taken a gun and the thud of a bullet sounded on the bear, that looked round, coughing. He turned about furiously, threw himself forward, grunting his rage along the edges of the shore, but another bullet took him, raking his entire body, and he fell at the edge of the mud-bank.

It was a pointblank shot, for the Indian was close in, his rifle smoking in the stern, while Craddock paddled in the middle of the canoe. The man in the tree waited a moment to make sure that the grizzly was dead, and then began awkwardly to descend.

The whining drone of a bullet near his ears checked him. He stopped suddenly, as if petrified.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Hey—stop! You stop—um—tree!"

The voice came from the Indian in the canoe, his rifle still leveled yet at the man who was staring out over the water, the meaning of the incident dawning in his face. The Indian, his gaunt face reflected in the high moon which came for a moment behind the gray mantle of clouds, seemed like some merciless, grim statue.

His head was up, silently looking at the man in the tree, the gaunt face, the muffled body showing in silhouette against the steelgray of the river.

"Say, Joe, quit that," protestingly began Craddock, but he cut himself off, for there was something about the Indian that was curiously changed. Something stark was upon him that held a hint of danger to any that might cross him.

"How much gold you got um at trick?" he shouted.

"A thousand ounces," said the man. "Say, look here—" Another shot whined by him, and he quailed as if by magic.

"You give um 'f' hundred o'nces—you come down!" decided the Indian passionately.

The man hesitated a moment, then take 'em," said he.

The Indian reached into the other canoe, near which they had now drawn, and after an instant took out some bags, while his right hand still presented his rifle.

"Right—you come down!" he commanded. The man lowered himself, jumped to the ground, and began lumbering to advance toward the canoe.

"You stop—um—there!"

The voice of the Indian rang out again, and in the face of the rifle the stranger shrank back a yard, his face drawn, and staring in the light of the moon and the fitful fire.

Craddock made a mere protest, but the Indian's eyes were turned toward him almost menacingly, and Craddock stopped for the second time. An implacability was stamped upon the Indian's face that Craddock knew, armed as the fellow was, it would be useless to combat.

"Five—hundred—dollar—you—get—um—canoe!" he said.

The man looked desperately at the craft, and it seemed for a moment as if he would burst violently out, but he glanced at the shining barrel and at the Indian's unmoving face, then he licked his lips and spoke dryly.

"Take it," said he shortly.

The Indian leaned into the other canoe, with his rifle still raised in his right hand, reached with his left, took other bags, and then a craft that lay within.

"Right—you come!" he said, lowering his voice.

The fellow walked slowly forward, his lips drawn back and showing his ugly teeth, his forehead knotted down over murderous eyes—slouched up to the canoe, while the Indian with a step reached the shore and watched him with eyes like Fate's in the moonlight.

The man leaned into his canoe and looked swiftly for his rifle, which the Indian held in his left hand. Then he looked up and understood. Far out in the river the paddle of his canoe floated in the track of the moonlight.

He looked at the Indian and at the paddle. The water was cold as death, and though there was no weakness about him, he hesitated. The life was strong on the canoe, the chill of months was in the water, and if the cramps came, he looked at the Indian's face and paused.

"My paddle," said he shortly.

"What um worth to get—how much um food?" asked the Indian, his gun still pointed.

"Oh, the deuce!" said the man, and then paused. "I—I was only jokin' about sellin' the grub that time," he said.

The Indian, his rifle pointing still, searched for food in the man's canoe. He found flour, dried meat, and bacon. He took all while Craddock and the man helplessly watched him. Then with infinite skill and with one hand he cut some bacon from that piece from which their own meal had been taken, and which lay on the ground near the remnants of their feast.

He scrupulously set forth a loaf of bread of the size that had been given. Then he regained the paddle, placed it in the man's canoe, and slantly with Craddock gilded out into the track of the river, and behind the veil of mist that hid them from the fire.

For minutes Craddock remained silent, looking at the Indian's face. For a time it was set like stone, that quality of savage relentlessness yet upon it which the white man had never seen before. Then the light died from it.

"I say, Joe Bill," began Craddock—but stopped the third time at the flicker of a look upon the other's face. Then the Indian became Joe Bill again.

"Him," said he—"him no white man—him dog!"

A new English mine rescue apparatus does away with the helmet, and weighs only 28 pounds, yet with it a man can work in deadly gases more than five hours.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

### COL. CODY KILLED BY FALL FROM AEROPLANE

Was Most Fearless and Accomplished Aviator and had Won many Prizes by His Prowess

Col. F. S. Cody, a famous Anglo-American aviator, was killed in an aeroplane accident at Aldershot Thursday. He was trying out a new aeroplane. In the machine with him was a passenger named Evans. They were flying over the open country in the Aldershot district when their aeroplane fell with a crash. The dead bodies of Cody and Evans lay among the ruins.

Cody was one of the most interesting figures in aviation, more especially in the British Isles. He was a real soldier of fortune with a very varied career behind him. He was well known to the public in England as he attracted general attention by his peculiar make-up. He wore a sombrero, a long mustache and an imperial with long hair and was almost an exact copy of "Buffalo Bill."

The machine used by Cody at the time of the accident was a new hydro-aeroplane which he was tuning up for the forthcoming race round England and Scotland, in which a prize of \$25,000 is offered. The machine weighed over a ton. It was fitted with a motor of 100 horse power and had a wing span of 60 feet.

The secretary of state for war, in telegraphing his condolences to Mrs. Cody on the death of her husband, said:

"The science of aeronautics owes much to his mechanical genius and courage and perseverance. The British war office has special reason to mourn the loss of his valuable services, both in regard to man-lifting aites and to his contributions to military aeronautics."

It is interesting to note that the death of Cody's death characterized his as undoubtedly the greatest military aviator in England.

Almost simultaneously with his victory in the war office competition in 1912, when he won a prize of \$20,000, he was awarded \$25,000 in an arbitration case with the British war office in respect to the rights of his invention of man-carrying kites.

Bloomington, Ill., has just held its public "fishing day." Once a year, on a day chosen by the Park Commission any one is permitted to fish in the waters of Miller Park Lake. The chosen day is always made a public holiday, and the shores of the 40 acre lake are lined with fishermen trying their luck.

Three women fainted and one had to be taken to a hospital at a particularly brutal wrestling match in Toronto. However, as these "ladies" evidently got their money's worth, nobody has anything to complain of.

## DROWNING FATALITY NARROWLY AVERTED

A sad drowning accident was narrowly averted at Cape Tormentine Tuesday morning, when three young ladies, Misses Ada Ford, Edith Hutton and Marie DesBarres, went in bathing, accompanied by Irving Anderson, all belonging to Seckville.

The young ladies had gone out some distance when Ada Ford and Marie DesBarres were swept off their feet by the surf. The tide at the time was also very high, Irving Anderson, who could not swim, realizing the danger the young ladies were in called to a young man named John E. March, of the St. John Standard staff, who immediately came to the assistance, rushed into the water with all his clothes on and with difficulty rescued Miss DesBarres who was going down for the last time. Miss Ford, who was able to swim, strained every effort to rescue her friend, but at last had to leave her and only got to shore herself in safety.

When Miss DesBarres reached shore she was in an unconscious state and it was some time before she was revived. Dr. Carter, of Port Elgin was communicated with and was soon on the scene and rendered the necessary aid and Dr. Calkin, who is the family doctor, took charge of the patient and she continues to improve as rapidly as can be expected.

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