

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

To Mrs. R. D. BAMBURCK:
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother—
I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son,
Rob.
Manufactured by the
Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.
Yarmouth, N.S.

THE FIRST V. C.

The first V. C. was won by a sailor. In the Crimean War he became of the utmost importance to destroy the enemy's stores. With this in view the town of Genicki was bombarded, and during the course of the action seventy-three vessels were destroyed with all the stores of corn. When the smoke cleared away, however, it was discovered that several magazines had not caught fire, and three valiant men, Lieutenant Buckley, Lieutenant Burgoyne—who was afterwards to meet his death on the ill-fated Captain—and Mr. John Roberts went ashore, fired the stores with the burning ends of their cigars, and got back to the boat. They were each awarded the Victoria Cross, Lieutenant Buckley being the first to receive that honor.

THREE VITAL QUESTIONS

Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good digestion is the foundation of good health? Pain and oppression in stomach and chest often ending, with constipation, headache, dizziness, are sure signs of indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great herbal remedy and tonic, will cure you.

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MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP AND BANISH STOMACH TROUBLES

At all Druggists, or direct on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00. The large bottle contains three times as much as the smaller. A. J. WATTS & CO., LANSING, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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Come in and pick out the book that best suits your business, or write us for prices on the book you are now using, if it fills the bill.

THE UNION ADVOCATE

JACK MUNROE HAS JOB AT OTTAWA IN HOUSE OF COMMONS

Jack Munroe, the miner-pullist, who fought Jim Jecris, is back in Canada after doing his bit for 14 months in the trenches. He is now a notable figure in the Parliament Building at Ottawa, where, in uniform he has charge of issuing passes to the galleries of House of Commons. He stands 6 feet 2 in. in height and weighs about 250 pounds, making an impressive figure. Munroe went to France with the Princess Pats in the first contingent, and he returned with his right arm paralyzed. He was shot through the shoulder.

WILL FIGHT GERMAN DYE INDUSTRY

The National Aniline and Chemical Company, an American concern has just been formed and will take over three of the most important chemical and dye companies in the country with a capital stock of approximately \$20,000,000. The purpose of the formation of the big company is not only to develop American dye manufacture, but to offset the German competition that will come after the war.

Pire Wednesday badly damaged the buildings and contents of the large tannery of Frank W. Hunt and Co. at Island Falls, Me. The loss is \$100,000. One hundred men are thrown out of work.

Charles McDonald, found guilty on charge of stealing a uniform, coat and a pair of navy boots, was sentenced to serve two years in Dorchester penitentiary by His Honor Judge Armstrong at St. John last week.

Woodstock Board of Trade has decided in favor of the Dominion-wide application of the daylight saving scheme.

Enlistments in the Canadian Expeditionary Force totalled 7,663 for the month of March, bringing the total enlistments since the outbreak of war up to 407,302.

Replenish Your Blood In the Spring

Just now you are feeling "out of sorts"—not your usual self. Quite exhausted at times, and cannot devote real energy to your work. Sleep does not rest you and you wake up feeling "all tired out." Perhaps rheumatism is flying through your muscles and joints, or maybe your skin is disfigured by rashes, boils or pimples. Headaches, twinges of neuralgia, fits of nervousness, irritability of temper and a disordered stomach often increase your discomfort in the spring. The cause—winter has left its mark on you. These troubles are signs that your blood is poor and watery, that your nerves are exhausted. You must renew and enrich your blood at once and restore tone to your tired nerves, or there may be a complete breakdown. The most powerful remedy for these spring ailments in men, women and children is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, because these Pills cleanse bad blood and strengthen weak nerves.

New, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring—is plentifully created by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and with this new, pure blood in your veins you quickly regain health and vigor. Your skin becomes clear, your eyes bright, your nerves strong, and you feel better, eat better, sleep better, and are able to do your work.

Begin your spring tonic treatment today for the blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the Pills that strengthen.

These Pills are sold by most druggists, but do not be persuaded to take "something just the same." If you don't get the genuine Pills from your nearest druggist, get them by mail for 50 cents a box or \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. (adv.)

THEORY AND PRACTICE

"Never state as a fact any thing you are not certain about," the great Editor warned the new reporter "or you will get us into libel suits. In such cases use the words 'alleged,' 'claimed,' 'reported,' 'rumored,' and so on."

And then this paragraph appeared in the society notes of the paper: "It is rumored that a card party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was hostess. It is alleged that the guests, with the exception of Mrs. Bellinger, who hails from Weathermere, were all local residents. Mrs. Smith claims to be the wife of Arthur, the Hon. Man, trading in Walton St."

And when the editor had read the report, a whirling mass, claiming to be the reporter, was projected through the window and struck the street with a dull thud. Selected.

Von Bernstorff, former German ambassador to the United States has been appointed Germany's diplomatic representative to Sweden.

The Chalice of Courage

(Continued)

Armstrong was beside himself with fury at her words, and Newbold's cool indifference to him personally was unendurable. In battle such as he waged he had the mistaken idea that anything was fair. He could not really tell whether it was love of woman or hate of man that was most dominant; he saw at once the state of affairs between the two. He could hurt the man and the woman with one statement; what might be its ulterior effect he did not stop to consider, perhaps if he had he would not then have cared greatly. He realized anyway that since Newbold's arrival his chance with Enid was gone; perhaps whether Newbold were alive or dead it was gone forever; although Armstrong did not think that, he was not capable of thinking very far into the future in his then condition, the present bulked so large for that.

"I did not think after that kiss in the road that you would go back on me this way, Enid," he said quickly. "The kiss in the road," cried Newbold, staring again. "The kiss in the road?" repeated she, with one swift venomous glance at the other man, and then she turned to her lover. She laid her hand upon his arm, she lifted her face up to him. "An God is my judge," she cried, her voice rising with the tragic intensity of the moment and thrilling with indignation, "he took it from me like the thief and the coward he is, and he tells it now like the liar he is. We were riding side by side, I was utterly unsuspecting, I thought him a gentleman, he caught me and kissed me before I knew it. I drove him from me. That's all."

"I believe you," said Newbold gently, and then for the first time, he addressed himself to Armstrong. "You came doubtless to rescue Miss Maitland, and in so far your purpose was admirable and you deserve thanks and respect, but no further. This is my cabin, your words and your conduct render you unwelcome here. Miss Maitland is under my protection; if you will come outside I will be glad to talk with you further."

"Armstrong beside himself," sneered Newbold, "after a month with you alone I take it she needs no further protection."

Newbold did not leap upon the man for that mordant insult to the woman; his approach was slow, relentless, terrible, he caught her and kissed her. Armstrong met him half way, his impetuosity was greater, he sprang forward, turned about, faced the full light from the narrow window.

"Well," he cried, "have you got anything to say or do about it?"

But Newbold had stopped, appalled. He stood staring as if petrified; recognition, recollection rushed over him. Now and at last he knew the man. The face that confronted him was the same face that had stared out at him from the bracket he had taken from the bruised breast of his dead wife, which had been a mystery to him for all these years.

"Well," tauntingly asked Armstrong again, "what are you waiting for, are you afraid?"

From Newbold's belt depended a holster and a heavy revolver. As Armstrong made to attack him he flashed it out with astonishing quickness and presented it. The newcomer was unarmed—his Winchester leaned against the wall by his fur coat and he had no pistol.

"If you move a step forward or backward," said Newbold with deadly calm, "I will kill you without mercy."

"So you'd take advantage of a weaponless man, would you?" sneered Armstrong.

"Oh, for God's sake," cried the woman, "don't kill him."

"You both misjudge me," was the answer. "I shall take no advantage of this man. I would disdain to do so if it were necessary, but before the last resort I must have speech with him, and this is the only way in which I can keep him quiet for a moment, if as I suspect, his hate measures with mine."

"You have the advantage," protested Armstrong. "Buy your say and get it over with. I've waited all these years for a chance to kill you and my patience is exhausted."

Still keeping the other covered, Newbold stepped over to the table pulled out the drawer and drew from it the locket. Enid remembered she had hastily thrust it there when he had handed it to her, and there it had lain unnoted and forgotten. It was quite evident to her what was toward now. Newbold had recognized the other man, explanations were inevitable. With his left hand Newbold sought the catch of the locket and pressed the spring. In two steps he faced Armstrong with the open locket thrust toward him.

"Your picture?" he asked.

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"Mine!"
"Do you know the locket?"
"I gave it to a woman named Louise Rossier five or six years ago."

"My wife."
"Yes, she was crazy in love with me, but—"

With diabolic malice Armstrong left the sentence uncompleted. The inference he meant should be drawn from his reticence was obvious.

"I took it from her dead body," cried out Newbold.

"She was beside herself with love for me; an old affair, you know," said Armstrong more explicitly, thinking to use a spear with a double barb to pierce the woman's and the man's hearts alike. That he defamed the dead was of no moment then. "She wanted to leave you," he ran on glibly. "She wanted me to take her back and—"

"Untrue," burst forth from Enid Maitland's lips. "A slanderous, cowardly, cowardly truth!" roared he. But the man paid no attention to her in their excitement; perhaps they did not even hear her. Newbold thrust his pistol violently forward.

"Would you murder me as you murdered the woman?" gibed Armstrong in bitter taunt.

Then Enid Maitland found it in her heart to urge Newbold to kill him where he stood, but she had no time if she could have carried out her design, for Newbold flung the weapon from him and the next moment the two men leaped upon each other, straining, struggling, daring, battling like savage beasts, each seeking to clasp his fingers around the throat of the other and then twist and crush until life was gone.

Saying nothing, fighting in a grim silence that was terrible, they reeled, crashing about the little room. No two men on earth could have been better matched, yet Newbold had a slight advantage in height and strength, as he had also the advantage in simple life and splendid condition. Armstrong's hate and fierce temper counterbalanced these at first, and with arms locked and legs twisted, with teeth clenched and eyes blinded and pulses throbbing and hearts beating, they strove together.

The girl shrank back against the wall and stared frightened. She feared for her lover, she feared for herself. Strange primitive feelings throbbled in her veins. It was an old situation, when two male animals fought for supremacy and the ownership of a female, whose destiny was entirely removed from her own hands.

Armstrong had shown himself in his true colors at last. She would have nothing to hope from him. If he was the victor; and she even wondered in terror what might happen to her if the man she loved triumphed after the passions aroused in such a battle? She grew sick and giddy, her bosom rose and fell, her breath came fast as she followed the panting, struggling, clinging grinding, figures about the room.

At first there had been no advantage to either, but now after five minutes—or was it hours?—of fierce fighting, the strength and superior condition of her lover began to tell. He was forcing the other backward. Slowly, inch by inch, foot by foot, step by step, he mastered him. The two intertwining figures were broadside to her now, she could see their faces inflamed by the lust of the battle, engorged, blood red with hate and fury, but there was a look of exultation on one and the shadow of approaching disaster on the other. But the consciousness that he was being mastered ever so little only increased Armstrong's determination and he fought back with the frenzy, the strength of a maddened gorilla, and again for a space the struggle, clinging grinding, figures about the room.

The table, a heavy cumbersome, four-legged affair, solid almost as a rock, stood in the way. Newbold at last backed Armstrong up against it and by superhuman effort bent him over it, held him with one arm and using the wall as a support, he wrenched his left hand free, and sunk his fingers around the other's throat. It was all up with Armstrong. It was only a question of time now.

"Now," Newbold guttered out hoarsely, "you slandered the dead woman I married, and you insulted the living one I love. Take back what you said before you die."

"I forgive him," cried Enid Maitland. "Oh, for God's sake don't kill him before my eyes."

Armstrong was past speech. The jealousy of his hatred could be seen even in his fast glazing eyes, the indomitableness of his purpose yet spoke in the negative shake of his head. He could die, but he would die in his hate and in his purpose.

Enid ran to the two, she grappled Newbold's arm with both her own and strove with all her might to tear it away from the other's throat. Her lover paid no more attention to her than if a summer breeze had touched him. Armstrong grew black in the face, his limbs relaxed, another second or two it would have been over with him.

Once more the door was thrown open; through it two snow-covered men entered. One swift glance told them all. One of them at least had expected it. On the one side Kirky, on the other Maitland, tore Newbold away from his prey and in time to save Armstrong's life. Indeed the latter was so far gone that he fell from the table to the floor unconscious, choking almost, dying. Enid Maitland

who received his head in her arms helped bring him back to life while the panting Newbold stood staring dully at the woman he loved and the man he hated on the floor at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Becoming End.

"Why did you interfere?" asked Newbold when at last he got his breath again of Maitland who still held him firmly although restraint was now unnecessary, the heat and fire of his passion being somewhat gone out of him. "I meant to kill him."

"He'd oughter die sure nuff," drawled old Kirky, rising from where he had been kneeling by Armstrong's side, "but I don't know's how you're bound to be his executioner. 'He's all right now, Miss Enid," said the old man. "Here"—he took a pillow from the bed and slipped it under his head and then extending his hands he lifted the excited almost distraught woman to her feet—"taint fittin' for you to tend on him."

"Oh," exclaimed Enid, her limbs trembling, the blood flowing away from her heart, her face deathly white, fighting against the faintness that had been overcome, while old Kirky supported and encouraged her, "I thank God you came. I don't know what would have happened if you had not."

"Has this man mistreated you?" asked Robert Maitland suddenly, tightening his grip upon his hands, breathing but unresisting passive prisoner. "No, no," answered his niece. "He has been everything that a man should be."

"And Armstrong," continued her uncle. "No, not even he."

"I came in time, thank God!" ejaculated Newbold.

By this time Armstrong had recovered consciousness. To his other causes for hatred were now added chagrin, mortification, shame. He had been overcome. He would have been a dead man and by Newbold's hands, if the others had not interfered. He almost wished they had let his enemy alone. Well, he had lost everything but a chance for revenge on them all.

"She has been alone here with this man in this cabin for a month," he said thickly. "I was willing to take her in spite of that, but—"

"He made that damned suggestion before," cried Newbold, his rage returning. "I don't know who you are—"

"My name is Robert Maitland, and I am this girl's uncle."

"Well, if you were her father, I could only swear—"

"It isn't necessary to swear anything," answered Maitland serenely. "I know this child, and I believe I'm beginning to find out this man."

"Thank you, Uncle Robert," said Enid gratefully, coming nearer to him as she spoke. "No man could have done more for me than Mr. Newbold has, and no one could have been more considerate of me. As for you," she turned to Armstrong, who now slowly got to his feet, "your insinuations against me are on a par with your charges against the dead woman, beneath contempt."

"What did he say about her?" asked old Kirky.

"You know my story?" asked Newbold.

"He said that my wife had been unfaithful to me—with him—and that he had refused to take her back. Great God!"

"And it was true," snarled Armstrong. It was all Maitland could do to check Newbold's rush, but in the end it was old Kirky who most effectively interposed.

"That's a damned lie," he said quietly with his usual drawing voice. "You can say so," laughed Armstrong, "but that doesn't alter the facts."

"And I can prove it," answered the old man triumphantly. It was coming, the secret that she had tried to conceal was about to be revealed, thought Enid. She made a movement toward the old man. She opened her mouth to bid him be silent and then stopped. It would be useless she knew. The determination was no longer hers. The direction of affairs had been withdrawn from her. After all it was better that the unloving wife should be proved faithful, even if her husband's cherished memory of her love for him had to be destroyed thereby. Helpless she listened, knowing full well what the old frontiersman's next word would be.

"Prove it," mocked Armstrong. "How?"

"By your own hand, out of your own mouth, you dog," thundered old Kirky. "Miss Enid, where are them letters I give you?"

"I—I—" faltered the girl, but there was no escape from the keen glance of the old man; her hand went to the bosom of her tunic.

"Letters," exclaimed Armstrong. "What letters?"

"These," answered Enid Maitland, holding up the packet. Armstrong reached for them, but Kirky again interposed.

"No, you don't," he said dryly, "them ain't for your eyes yet. Mr. Newbold, I found them letters on the little shelf where your wife first struck when she fell over onto the butte where she died. I figured out her dress was tore open there, and them letters she was carrying fell out and lodged there. We had ropes an' we went down over the rocks that way. I went first an' I picked 'em up. I never told nobody about it, an' I never showed 'em to a single human being until I give 'em to Miss Maitland at the camp."

"Why not?" asked Newbold, taking the letters. "There wasn't no good tellin' nobody then, jest for the sake o' stirrin' up trouble."

"But why did you give them to her at last?" (To be continued)

One of the ordinary blackboard erasers with the wooden back makes an excellent stove polisher.

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Notice is hereby given that the partnership subsisting under the title and firm name of James A. Tindle & Co., between James A. Tindle of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick and the undersigned James Robinson of Millerton in the County said province aforesaid under partnership agreement bearing date the fourth day of October 1906 made between said parties whereby the said partnership was to continue for a period of ten years from said last mentioned date, has been dissolved since the expiration of the term for which said agreement of partnership was entered into and which expired on the fourth day of October last past.

Dated the seventh day of November, A. D. 1916.
JAMES ROBINSON.

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