

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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. Ayer 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" are but 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 Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, gives healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mothers' Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or a male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties: Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 30 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead, price \$3 per acre.

Duties: Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Duties: Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. COLEY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

T. W. BUTLER BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY AND CONVEYANCER

Offices: Lunenburg Bldg., 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, 10.00
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, 6.30, 7.00, 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, 8.20, 8.40, 9.25
Leave Chatham Head—A. M.—9.20, 10.0, 10.40, 11.40
P. M.—12.40, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 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 boats are waiting on what than boat can take in one trip, it will return for them immediately.

D. MORRISON, Managing Director

ALL THE WAY BY WATER

Eastern Steamship Corporation

INTERNATIONAL LINE

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

DIRECT SERVICE

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.

Metropolitan Steamship Line

Direct all the way by water between Boston and New York.

Leave India Wharf week days and Sundays at 5.00 p. m.

The Great White Steel Steamships, Massachusetts and Bunker Hill.

Through tickets at proportionately low rates, on sale at all railway stations, and baggage checked through to destination.

L. R. THOMPSON, T. F. & P. A. A. E. Fleming, Agent, St. John, N. B.

I. R. C. TIME TABLE

The I. R. C. summer change of day which went into effect on Sunday, June 2, 1912, is as follows:

DEPARTURES—EAST	
Night Freight, No. 40.....	2.50
Local Express, No. 36.....	10.45
Maritime Express, No. 34.....	5.10
Ocean Limited, No. 200.....	13.22
DEPARTURES—WEST	
Night Freight, No. 39.....	3.20
Local Express, No. 35.....	14.10
Maritime Express, No. 33.....	24.10
Ocean Limited, No. 139.....	16.25
INDIAN TOWN BRANCH	
Lackville, dep.....	8.30
Renous, dep.....	8.54
Milerton, dep.....	9.29
De Ly Jct., dep.....	9.56
Newcastle, arrive.....	10.05
Newcastle, dep.....	16.35
Milerton, dep.....	17.10
De Ly Jct., dep.....	18.50
Renous, dep.....	18.01
Lackville, arrive.....	18.35

The way freight carries passengers and runs daily between Moncton and Campbellton, but has no stated time for arriving and departing at the different stations.

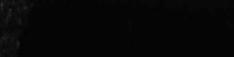
No Summer Vacation

We would greatly enjoy one, but as many of our agents come from long distances, and are anxious to be ready for situations as soon as possible our classes will be continued without interruption.

Then, St. John's cool summer weather makes study during the warm months just as pleasant as at any other time.

Students can enter at any time.

S. KERR, Principal.



"OVER THE PARTY WIRE"

(By George M. A. Cain in the Argosy) If you should take the receiver of your telephone off the hook, and would hear one of the other parties on your wire telling the fire department or the police that your house was afire, or your child run over, or your wife being murdered—well, perhaps, that would excuse your listening to the rest of the conversation.

But, if it should be some other house, or some other child, or merely the plans of a gang of robbers to murder some one—hang up and go about your business.

That is the first rule of party-wire etiquette. There are no exceptions. Once I thought there were. The penalty was a whole lot of things, including a skinned nose, the necessity of working for a living, and the total loss of all sympathetic interest in the welfare or misery of my fellow men.

Pretty heavy penalty! Well, let it warn you. If you own a telephone on a party-wire, if you ever use one, drop the receiver the instant you find some one else is ahead of you; and leave it dropped until you are sure that other person is all through.

But, since there are some who will not be warned, let me add one thing more. If you do begin to listen, keep on listening till the conversation is finished. Do not magnify the offense by quitting and then beginning all over. But I hope the tale I am about to unfold will deter any one from the crime of "listening in" at all.

It was at ten in the evening of the twenty-ninth of last month. I suddenly recalled that Johnson had told me to call him up about the patents for my wireless hot-water boiler, which I have been trying to sell to a lot of capitalists. My telephone being on a party-wire, I fully and naturally expected to go through the following preliminary conversation, when I put the receiver to my ear:

"Number, please?" in Central's mellifluous voice.

"Three-four-six-eight-seven — J. Branch Brook," in my telephone enunciation.

"Branch Brook—three-four-six-eight-seven, party J. Your letter, please?" from Central.

"L" from me.

"L—thank you."

That was what I expected. Here is what I heard—

"Is Dan dead yet?"

The voice was masculine, harsh, domineering; its tone implied that unless the answer was affirmative it would want to know the reason why.

Did I hang up my receiver and wait till the other party was through using the wire? I clutched it tighter and pressed it closer to my ear.

"Not yet, sir," was the apologetic reply that came to me.

If this bit sounded a trifle suspicious, the next was enough to convince any one.

It's safe. But, if you don't do it quick, it will be too late. Good-by," the first speaker ended snappishly.

I heard the click as the receiver was hung up. I was clear on the inside of the dastardly plot to put a human being out of the way. I could not help but think that poor old Dan was lucky that I had overheard the talk. It might not have been heard at all, or it might have been heard by some one who had no conscience such as I possessed. I would be the man to save him.

Without hanging up my receiver at all, I jerked my finger up and down on the hook to call Central and get the police.

While I waited it dawned upon me that I was not quite as far along toward the rescue as I thought. I had not the ghost of an idea who the other parties on my wire might be. You see, I moved into this section only three months ago, and outside of four or five men I had tried to interest in my patent, I did not know a soul around me. I must find out from Central who the parties were that had been talking.

I didn't though.

After I had popped that thing to my own ears about fifty times, and shouted myself nearly hoarse, I discovered what was wrong. The rascal on our wire had left his receiver off, thus putting all the parties out of commission.

For a moment it looked as if I was up against a stone wall. My next neighbor had closed up his house already for the summer. The people on the other side have no phone. If I started out to find one I might land in the very house where the murder was being committed, and while I had no objection to doing my duty, I did not care to overdo it.

Some people might have given up at that. It is not everyone who would have thought of the telephone directory. But that was the first thing that came to my mind. All I had to do was to find the other letters of the same number as mine—3872.

I calculate that I did my eyes about three hundred dollars' worth of damage in the next half-hour. If I had realized that there are seventy thousand listed telephones in this town, and that their numbers take two columns on each of a hundred-odd pages of the local directory, I am afraid I should have let Dan go to what-ever place he was best fitted for.

And that does not take into consideration the strain on my nerves. If you think it is pleasant to race over a mile or two of figures, with a life depending on you striking a given combination before a very uncertain minute, try it.

Once I sat behind a stack of chips that meant a lot to me. Also I was behind four clubs. But, as I watched the cards come gliding, face down, from the dealer, I did not have half the chilly sensations I felt as I shot my eye over page after page of a list I could not possibly finish in time, on the chance that 3872-J, 3872-R, 3872-W belonged to people whose names began with letters early in the alphabet.

Speaking of that game, I might mention that the card I drew was a diamond. All the lottery numbers I ever got proved blanks; all my favorite ponies came in as afterthoughts at the finish. And, as for the telephone numbers—but the editor tells me I must not race ahead of my story.

The big hand of the little clock on my desk had got down to the very bottom. I could just see that Dan was drinking of what he innocently supposed was water. I had a sickening vision of him doubling up in all sorts of pain, crying for mercy, howling for help, gasping, groaning, I had no idea how cyanid might work, or what kind of cyanid it might be.

Perhaps the less victim would choke to death; perhaps he would fall into a ghastly slumber from which there would be no awakening. In whatever manner I pictured him as dying, I imagined I could see that hired thug gloating over his expiring moments. And, somewhere at a safe distance, waiting for word of full success, the cleverer, more cowardly scoundrel who had prompted the dark deed.

And I meanwhile was reading thousands of numbers in a fearful chase for the address to which I should lead the neighbors I could arouse for their rescue.

Why didn't I hustle out and get everyone in the neighborhood up until I found the right party?

Why didn't I draw out of that jacket while it was litig and easy? Why did I ever put my car-fare home on one more horse? Please don't answer. You might hurt my feelings.

I had started to do the thing this way. And every page, every column, seemed as if it must certainly show one of the numbers I wanted.

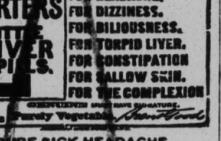
ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Carler's Little Liver Pills.

Must See Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Facsimile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BRUISES, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

the best house in our section. He kept two maids and a chauffeur, besides a wife and child. He had provided to me that he could speak sharply and somewhat profanely, but he certainly was not the sort to plot murder, and none of his names was Dan.

But my luck had changed. Only three pages farther on I came to a name undoubtedly that of the victim of the plot. The number was 2872-W. The name was Horowitz, D.

By this time I had certainly developed an intense interest in what I was doing. My head was whirling; my eyes ached, the perspiration oozed all over me, my finger fairly wavered as I raced if down the lines of figures. But, if just plain Dan had been interesting as prospective victim of a murder, Daniel Horowitz in that role all but paralyzed me.

He was a fine old man. Now that he was either dead or about to be put to death, I regarded him as much finer than he had seemed before. It had been he who had sent me to Hayle with my invention, after making me an offer which I fully intended to accept if Hayle did not do better.

He and his wife lived alone in a house entirely surrounded by vacant lots which belonged to him. While he had not seemed quite in need of a nurse when I had seen him a week before, he was far from being in shape to need one now. It would not have been difficult for any sly relative to persuade the old man that he required more care than his wife could give him.

It did not take me half as long to think of these things as it has taken you to read them. While I had been hunting for the number I had formed a plan. My first move was to jerk the receiver off my telephone once more, with the hope that it might now be back in commission.

It was. For the third time that evening I heard a voice speaking the moment I put the little black horn to my ear.

"Yes, sir, he's been dead for fifteen minutes, sir."

"Good," came the answer. "Take him down cellar. We'll be there in twenty minutes."

This time both receivers were hung up.

It was too late. Daniel Horowitz was murdered!

He would never speak, never hear, never walk about again. A dead man cannot do any of those things. His eyes were closed forever, his soul was gone somewhere. Dead! And his foul murderers gloating over their crime. Dead! And I could go on hunting for some one to buy my patent, if Hayle did not come across.

Well—a thousand curses upon them!—they should not gloat long. Their enjoyment of the fruits of their deed would be turned to sorrow. If I had not prevented, I would at least have Daniel Horowitz's death.

In half a minute I had got into communication with the police.

GHOSTS OF THE TOWER

Phantom Gravedigger and Old Soldier's Adventure With Henry VIII.

It would be surprising if the Tower of London, the scene of so many of history's most ghastly pages, should not be peopled by ghosts. A story is told of the spot where the bones of the young King Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York, are stated to have been found in 1674.

One evening, just about twilight, an official of the Tower heard the sound of digging and the loose sputtering of gravel, and on turning aside saw the shadowy outlines of an enormous man digging furiously at the soil. Much alarmed, the official drew back and as he did so the figure swung round and faced him, when he perceived, to his horror, a skeleton clad in a richly-fashioned garment, on the breast of which was emblazoned the Royal arms. The official uttered an ejaculation, whereupon the figure vanished, though the sound of the digging continued for some seconds.

And here is a cheerful story told by an aged pensioner about twenty years ago:

"I was on duty in the Beauchamp Tower," he said, "just outside the cell where Anne Boleyn was imprisoned. I was thinking of old Henry VIII. and wishing I had his luck with wives for my one and only missus was as ugly as Newgate, when all of a sudden I heard my name called, and on turning round nearly died with fright. Floating in mid-air, immediately behind me, was a face—Heaven help me, it makes me shiver, even now, to think of it—round, red, and bloated, with a loose, dribbling mouth, and protruding, heavy-lidded, pale eyes glist with a lurid and perfectly ghastly glow.

"I knew the face at once, for I had often seen it in the history books—'Henry VIII.'"

"Well! the affair was hushed up in the usual way. We were threatened with the sack if we dare as much as breathe a word that the Tower was haunted. The oddest thing about it is that, on my return home, I found my missus far dead."

HUNTING BLACK FOX

PAYS WELL UP NORTH

Few Perfect Specimens are Found but Valuable Cubs are Shipped South.

Six fox cubs were shipped last week from Connaught station to John Armstrong, of North Bay. The consignment was valued at \$1,200, the cubs being crossed black and red one of them an almost perfect black fox. The animals were secured in the neighbourhood of Connaught by one of the many trappers who are devoting their attention to securing black or partly black foxes. Since the present activity in fox farming started the foxes of this district are having a strenuous time and few of the cubs born this season will escape the clutches of the trappers. So far no perfect black fox has been secured although one cub sent out two weeks ago was valued at \$5,000, being an almost perfect specimen.

Experiments carried out in England recently with regard to grazing cows on manured land and unmanured land show that for a period of two months the cows on the manured plots gained an average of 29 lbs. of milk per week, while those on the unmanured plots lost at the rate of 17 lbs. of milk per week. This demonstrates the value of manuring pasture land, thus promoting a better growth of grass and stimulating the milk yield.

Giving unsolicited advice is one way of borrowing trouble.

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Bradley's Health—Here Own Statement.

Winnipeg, Canada.—"Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth. The doctors said it was a tumor and could not be removed as it would cause instant death. They found that my organs were affected, and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in."

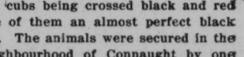
"After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper, and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."

"Mrs. ONELA BRADLEY, 234 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can."

Why will women take chances or drag out a sick, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.



AN AUSTRALIAN ROMANCE

Scotchman Got Site of New Capital For His Two Boats

The district in which the new Australian Capital City is being built is throughout associated with an Argyllshire family named Campbell. Robert Campbell was a Calcutta merchant, who went to Australia in 1799 to make enquiries with regard to a ship which had been lost in the Bass Straits, and apparently was so pleased with Sydney that he remained in that city. He became known as "Merchant" Campbell. In the early years of last century Sydney suffered from a severe drought, and the Governor desired to send ships to India for food supplies.

The only two vessels in Port Jackson suitable for such a purpose were two which Mr. Robert Campbell had in the harbor loaded with sealskins. The authorities commandeered these ships, and sent them away for grain, the only compensation which Mr. Campbell received being two blocks of land, 5,000 and 4,000 acres respectively, and 7,000 ewes. The land which he selected is now part of the site for the Federal capital.

Tinware that has been discolored may be made bright by boiling it in a solution of borax water.

THE REASON WHY
You Should Use
REGAL FLOUR

is that no other brand gives you so much in quality, as Regal.

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

So certain are we that Regal Flour will please you, that if you will buy a barrel and give it a fair trial, we will return your money if you find it unsatisfactory.

THE ST. LAWRENCE FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD. MONTREAL

REGAL GUARANTEED FLOUR

SOLD IN NEWCASTLE BY D. W. STOTHART

EVERY WOMAN

is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Doucho



Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp and treated book—sealed, to the Marvel Doucho Co., 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.