

Prevents as well as Cures

"Father Morrice's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Goes a Step Further Than Other Cough Medicines.

Left to themselves, most "Common Colds" will run their course and depart, but they leave reminders in the shape of lingering, irritating coughs and weak throats and lungs.

There are many cough medicines on the market that help to stop a cold, but they do not remove the cause of the trouble. It goes straight to the root of the trouble and removes the cause of the cough. It restores lungs and throat to a healthy condition, tones them up, and makes them stronger than ever.

"Father Morrice's No. 10" is made of Roots, Herbs and Balsams, without a trace of Morphine or any other harmful drug. It goes straight to the root of the trouble and removes the cause of the cough. It restores lungs and throat to a healthy condition, tones them up, and makes them stronger than ever.

Small, Medium and large sizes. **Bacon Hams** **New Smoked Meats** at close prices. Pails and Cakes of finest pure lard. **Sausages.** Orders filled promptly.

JOHN HOPKINS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
IS NOT CLOSED IN SUMMER.

Two or three months' vacation at the end of your course, may mean the loss of that many months' salary at the other end.

ENTER NOW. Catalogue giving full information sent on request.

ADDRESSES:
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal.
Fredericton, N. B.

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES.

Having had a wide experience as a granite cutter, I am sure I can please you.

A. M. Henderson,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

South Shore Line
S. S. Senlac

J. H. CROSSLEY, Master.

Commencing June 2nd the above steamer will leave Campbellton for Gaspe and intermediate ports every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

For rates, reservation of staterooms, etc., apply to C. D. Robinson, Traffic Manager, or F. S. Blair, agent Campbellton.

Wm. Thomson & Co. Managers, St. John, N. B.

MORTON.

The True Test

of value is not the price you pay but the style, comfort and fit you get. Don't imagine that all tailors work is alike. Nor the good style in garments sold at similar prices. Not at all. Good, bad and indifferent describes it. Some excel. We make it a point of honor to give value and perfect fit. Can we do more.

HENDERSON.
FAT BLOCK.

HOLDING UP THE STAGE COACH

(Continued from page 5)

He instructed Little to carry out his part of the programme, but to make sure that Carr and Parker were not permitted to fire their guns. In the meantime, the coach started on its nightly trip as usual. It was a cool, clear night; the moon was shining brightly, and everybody was in the humor for an adventure. The passengers, as usual, took their places in the coach before it left Marystown, but there were three additional passengers who were unknown to the other occupants of the conveyance.

One was Detective Eames, and the other two were Deputy Sheriffs, armed and equipped for the occasion. The strong box was in its usual place under the driver's seat, but on this occasion it was empty. If, by chance, the bandits should be successful, they would get no gold. That much had been provided for.

Immediately after supper that night Carr and Parker, who boarded at the same house with Little, beckoned to the man from Maine and he followed them. They had on slouch hats which they pulled down over their eyes, and heavy overcoats with the collars turned up about their necks. The trio walked rapidly until they were entirely out of sight of the town, and then stopped behind a clump of bushes for the purpose of completing their disguise for the approaching performance.

This was simple but effective. It consisted of a black mask covering the eyes and nose, and when they arose, to resume their journey, all three were suggestive of the highwayman who flourished in the days of good old Dick Turpin. At about a quarter of eight in the evening they reached their rendezvous. The coach was not due for about a half hour, and during that time the three thieves and the courageous Little engaged in semicircular of their past lives. Presently Carr turned to Little, saying:

"By the way, is your gun in good shape?"

"It is in prime condition," was the response, and the big fellow, to prove his assertion, pulled out his gun and exhibited it to his companion. They examined their weapons and then mentioned him on the roughness with which it had been prepared for the unusual enterprise.

"Oh, it's all right," was the laughing response. "Before we go through with this business I may be able to give you fellows cards and trumps. I'll show you just how a first-class stage robbery should be conducted."

All three laughed heartily at this, the tears of the man from Maine rising above the voices of his companions. Presently he turned to the others and said:

"By the way, you better let me look at your guns to see that they are in proper shape. You know I was quite a marksman out in the Pine Tree State."

Laughingly they reached out their weapons and handed them to Little. He made a great show of examining the revolvers, and while they were engaged in conversation he managed, deftly, to extract the chambers of the two guns.

The coach was expected now at any moment. The night was quite cold, and the men shivered as they lay there in the bushes waiting for their prey. All three were keyed up to a high pitch. Little, if anything, felt less concerned than the others because he was confident of the outcome. Within a mile of the rendezvous the stage coach stopped while Detective Eames and his assistants escorted the passengers into a little house by the wayside, and the three men remained there until they returned. The three officers then resumed their places on the coach with the driver, and they started off with their empty strong box for the purpose of being robbed. As they reached the designated spot, they could see the three men rising out of the sage brush with their guns in their hands coming in the direction of the stage coach. They crept along slowly inch by inch. Little was slightly in

front.

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HENDERSON.
FAT BLOCK.

FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE

For Four Long Years He Suffered—Then "Fruit-a-Lives" Brought Relief.

Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que. May 12th, 1909.

I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through the wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-Lives." I suffered for four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pains from indigestion. I used every known remedy, and was treated by physicians, but the dyspepsia and headaches persisted in spite of the treatment.

ALFRED HEDDER.

I was told to try "Fruit-a-Lives," and I did so. The first day I took it, I felt much better. I am now entirely well. I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I thank this wonderful medicine. "Fruit-a-Lives" is well known in this vicinity and you may publish the statement.

See a box for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. It is for sale everywhere. It does not handle "Fruit-a-Lives," they will be sent postpaid. Write to Fruit-a-Lives Limited, Ottawa.

ALFRED HEDDER.

The three men continued to crawl toward the coach, and the driver, who had been waiting for them, saw them in the distance. He called out to them in a loud voice:

"Halt!"

The driver professed the greatest surprise and amazement, and giving a pull on the lines, brought the prancing horses up with a short turn. Then he looked down at the three men in the road and cried out in a scared voice:

"What do you want?"

"Your money or your life," cried Carr with great solemnity.

"You seem to have," was the unexpected reply.

"Then take the consequences," was the reply. As Carr uttered these words he turned, in a whisper to his companions, and said: "Shoot in the air. We will scare them that way."

He pulled on the trigger of his gun. Parker did likewise. The triggers clicked, but there was no response. A feeling of fear overcame the two bandits. Simultaneously they turned to Little and in a voice filled with rage, cried out:

"What did you do with that gun?"

"Pulled its teeth," was the reply, with a burst of laughter. "It is perfectly harmless now. Neither of you could kill a flea with those guns."

They turned as if to murder their supposed confederate, but with a gleeful expression, he stretched out his two big, hairy arms and grabbed each of them by the back of the neck and bumped their heads together, until they yielded with pain and begged for mercy.

Detective Eames and the two deputies jumped from the coach, and in less time than it takes to tell the story, the two amateur bandits had been taken into custody. The thing happened so quickly that Carr and Parker could not understand it.

They seemed dazed and unable to get their ideas together. The only thing concerning which they were absolutely certain was the fact that each of them possessed a very sore head, and looking opposite on the other side of the coach they saw that their late confederate, the giant from Maine, with a placid smile on his face and in his two big, blue, gleeful eyes.

The morning after the sensational event, Detective Eames walked into the office of the president of the London Mining Company. That official was at his desk writing. He looked up inquiringly.

"I thought I'd make a report," said Mr. Eames, smilingly.

"That's very good," retorted the president, "but you remember what I said?"

"Very distinctly," you said you wanted results."

"Well, in a challenging tone, 'where are they?'"

And the door was opened and in filed the deputy sheriffs with the man from Maine and the two crestfallen bandits.

The trial took place at Canon City, and the men were sent to the State penitentiary for 25 years. That was the last of the stage coach robberies in that section of the country. Soon afterwards the steam railroads penetrated the desert and the days of the highwaymen were numbered.

As for Little, he took his adventure as a matter of course. He saw nothing remarkable in the exploit; but every time that he thought of how he had grabbed the bandits by the neck, and knocked their heads together, he would sit down and laugh until the tears came into his eyes.

DIDN'T FEAR BULLETS OLDEN DAY SURGEONS

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

They Were Exempt From Jury Duty in Capital Cases.

HOW HE COLLECTED A DEBT. IN A CLASS WITH BUTCHERS

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 Green 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 hopped 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, well 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 1870 a Green County man who had become bankrupt at least to the extent of inability or unwillingness to pay his debts in Green 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 he was not to be deceived. He knew that this man had left Green County one day packed his grip and left town. Next day he turned up in Philadelphia at the hotel where his prosperous delinquent was stopping and was shown by request to be the sheriff's son.

His reception was not particularly friendly. "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 get that \$5,000 you owe me," Jim's eyes reflected no feelings of joy. He was simply out for his money.

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

"Well, I never guess you'll have to get it somehow or other. I came here from Waynesburg especially for what you owe me, and I don't go 'till paid 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 making here, and I think they've been telling 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.

"In an old man, with but a few more years to live, and I'm not a bit particular whether I live 'em at all or not. That \$5,000 I 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 fanned and fumed, threatened and spat, but there was the silent, grim old ex-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.

Thasman went to a corner of his room, opened a satchel and counted out \$5,000 to Cosgray. The sheriff returned to Waynesburg and put it in the bank, and no one knew how he came by it until the victim himself finally disclosed his heart of his weight of woe.—Uniontown Co. Pittsburg 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: 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 place personally a dozen dollars while the real burden bearers more often than not appear with untroubled brow and without undue precipitation."

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

Alcohol to Children

Ask your doctor how often he prescribes an alcoholic stimulant for children. He will probably say, "Very, very rarely. Children do not need stimulating." Ask him how often he prescribes a tonic for them. He will probably answer, "Very, very frequently." Then ask him about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla as a tonic for the young. Follow his advice. He knows. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it."—Mrs. Henry Clark, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Another woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy in the world for women.

Fox Creek, N. B.—"I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me and cause sickness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better, and I can walk with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world for women. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. William Bourque, Fox Creek, N. B., Canada.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

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If automobiles are needed anywhere at all they are in the country. One of the speakers of the Women's Institute, at Guelph, recently predicted that the time was near at hand when farmers would run their own automobiles. Not the prediction of a visionary. Like the telephone and the trolley, the automobile seems destined to add to the comfort of country life, and the auto will not interfere with your buying. We can sell.

Good Second-Hand Machines

At a mere fraction of original cost. These cars are taken by us as part payment for the newest and latest models, and as such we would run them in our own cars. Not the prediction of a visionary. Like the telephone and the trolley, the automobile seems destined to add to the comfort of country life, and the auto will not interfere with your buying. We can sell.

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Undoubtedly the best brewed on the continent. Proved to be so by analysis of four chemists, and by awards of the world's great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received ninety-six points out of a possible hundred, much higher than any other Porter in the United States or Canada.

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We have been appointed agents for the celebrated "CARBO MAGNETIC" Razors and Griffon Cutlery. We have in stock a full line of this brand, and quote a few of the leaders as follows:

GRIFTON "BARBERS FAVORITE" 1.25
GRIFTON "OUR KING" 1.50
FAMOUS "CARBO MAGNETIC" 2.00
CARBO MAGNETIC CUSHION STROP, 1.00

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