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In New Richmond Office, 1st Monday every Month

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Lodge Directory. L. O. L. A. Malcomber, W. M., G. A. Duncan, R. S. Nights of meeting 2nd and 3rd Thursday.

ROYAL ARCANUM - No. 1005, meets every second Friday, J. C. Ferguson, Regent; Jos. Stevens, Secretary. I. O. O. F. - North Star, No. 48, meets in Oddfellows' Hall every Tuesday 8 p. m. W. J. Miller, N. G.; L. W. Stevens, R. Sec'y

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH" Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a weakened bronchial organ, allays irritation and soothes the inflamed parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

FALL TIME TABLE Atlantic & Lake Superior Railway In Effect August 1st 1906

Table with columns EAST and WEST, listing stations and times for various routes.

Trains make connection with Maritime Express for East and West, also with all other trains of the I. C. R. at Metopopolis. Ferry at Cuck Point for Cuck Island. Trains always on hand. All other points indicated by asterisk.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY On and after Sunday Oct. 14th, 1906, Trains will run as follows:

Table listing train routes and times: TRAINS LEAVE CAMPBELLTON EAST AND SOUTH BOUND, "ATLANTIC STANDARD" No. 34 EXPRESS for St. John, Halifax and the Sydney (Daily except Sunday) 4:55

34 EXPRESS for Quebec and Montreal (Daily except Sunday) 3:45

33 EXPRESS for St. John, Halifax and the Sydney (Daily except Monday) 3:45

30 MIXED from Moncton (Daily except Monday) 12:00

Wood's Peppermint Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Disorders - strengthening the organs to healthy action.

THE BENEFACTOR Continued from sixth page

It was an egregious blunder on his part. Surely the feeblest perceptive powers should have sufficed to inform him that the check had been sent in error. The who's name of the note which accompanied it was irrelevant of Langdale's design. He had maliciously renewed his contribution of \$50 to Macmillan's charity fund in order to imply that he believed the clergyman had called upon him for the purpose of reminding him of it.

Macmillan had spent about \$2,500 of the money in such a way that he could never get it back, and Amy would not be benefited one penny unless he should disburse about \$1,500 more on Monday, and this, of course, he could not do. How he was to return the \$2,500 to Langdale within a reasonable time he did not know. He had stolen it, in effect, for the simplest common sense should have kept him from such frantic haste. Monday would have served him quite as well as Thursday for the payments and would have given him opportunity to assure himself of the reality of Langdale's generosity.

Mr. and Mrs. Langdale returned from a Christmas visit on Monday morning, and the lady went on alone to the home in Larchmont, whence she telephoned to her husband at his office about 11 o'clock. The chief part of her message was that she had found some very pretty presents that had been sent by Miss Amy Branford and Miss Martha Macmillan. How did her husband account for this? Had he not told her of a quarrel with Mr. Macmillan a year ago? Had he not advised her against sending anything to Miss Branford and Miss Macmillan? Langdale had neglected to tell his wife about Macmillan's call and had willfully concealed his own malign jest in the matter of the fifty dollar check. Now therefore he disclosed the one and still hid the other.

"You'd better hustle around and get them something," said he, "something rather nice, and invent some excuse for the delay." The incident passed from his mind immediately, for he was called to consider a matter of considerable gravity. This developed in the visit of a Mr. Gridley, one of the very few persons to whom Mr. Langdale told the truth.

"Well, Gridley," said he when that gentleman had dictated noisily into the office, "have you looked him up?" "It's Dr. Hayward, all right," responded Gridley. "I took one of your boys up from Ottawa. The count racket is a fake, and I don't suppose there's any doubt that somebody has got Hayward to make a report on your behalf, though I can't find out who it is."

"It's the Dey Street bank gang, of course," responded Langdale. "The accounts for the bluff that they're making. They think I'm going to break down, that do you think about it?" he demanded upon a sudden in a pulse, for he had caught a look in the detective's eye. "What change do you notice in me? Come! You're a keen-eyed chap, tell me!" Gridley hesitated.

"Well, sir," he said at last, "aside from your general appearance, which is fine, I notice a kind of something in your speech, a sort of hesitation. Now, there was a man I knew who got into a state where if he wanted to say 'dollar' he couldn't think of the word, and sometimes he'd say 'what old thing, perfectly ridiculous. I believe they call it apasia.'"

"Yes," said Langdale, paling, "that's what they call it." An attendant entered, bringing Macmillan's card. "Here's the fellow that put us on to Hayward," said Langdale. "I thanked him heartily, but of course he didn't know what I was talking about. Well, he'll have to wait now till Hayward shows up. He's my first duty now. I'll give him a job, and then he'll run to his employers, of course, and you'll see where he goes."

Langdale was waiting grimly when Hayward's presence was made known to him. He had prepared a greeting consisting of the single word "doctor," which he knew would startle Hayward more than any other utterable sound. The door opened. Hayward entered. Langdale drew breath to speak, but what was that word? The word, the word! He knew the meaning as well as ever in his life, but not the word. Phantoms of words enveloped through his brain, but of them all he could catch only a phrase that Gridley had used, and it was that which he uttered:

McGale's Butternut Pills are safe to take in any season - in any climate. No calomel, no mercury - just the concentrated extracts, combined with other vegetable ingredients - very gentle in effect. They quickly Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Disorders - strengthening the organs to healthy action.

"Perfectly ridiculous." "I beg your pardon," said Hayward.

"Time - time was what Langdale needed - time in which to triumph over this enemy in his own brain, whose state must be concealed from this man at all costs."

"I was thinking about a man who is waiting to see me," said Langdale, and, to his own surprise, he now spoke sanely enough. "Would you mind stepping into this other room while I see what he wants? He's a minister and a relative of my wife's, and I don't like to keep him out there with the rabble."

"Certainly," said Hayward and entered the adjoining room. Langdale sank into his chair and tried to bring the word "doctor" to his lips, but he had not succeeded when Macmillan entered. "Mr. Langdale," said the clergyman, "I want to speak two words, one for myself and one for an unfortunate young man in your employ, a Mr. Turnbull. It appears that in drawing a check to my order he mistook the amount. He has had great trouble and suffering from what I should call nervous prostration. Probably a little rest will bring him round all right, and if I may venture to speak in his behalf I would urge you to grant him a bit of a vacation with, perhaps, a friendly word or two to start him on his recovery."

"What did he do?" said Langdale. "He drew the check for five thousand."

Langdale stopped him with a gesture. The door between the two rooms was open, and he dared not close it now, and doubly he dared not leave Hayward hear this story. Rich lunatics throw away their money. That is why they are locked up by anxious relatives. If Hayward should report this to the Dey street crowd they would withdraw even the proposition which they had made.

And with that proposition Langdale was now content. He had seen the handwriting on the wall. A man who can't say "doctor" when he tries is in no state for a long and bitter warfare of wits with clever enemies. His one duty was to keep up his condition from Hayward's knowledge. But his decision to accept the proposition of the Dey street people he desired Hayward to know, and report, for the reaction following a quiet tip of that kind would help him to dispose of the stock which he had acquired. Insiders would buy greedily, thinking that they were acting upon stolen information.

All this passed through Langdale's powerful mind in a moment. "For five thousand?" he said, echoing Macmillan's words. "Over, why? Now I'll stake him to a good one, so don't worry about him, and, as for his tale, it's mere moonshine. I told him to draw the check for \$5,000, and I signed it with great good will. I understood that you needed the money to pay Miss Branford's property out of the fire, and, heaven knows, I'd like to see you do it. And, besides," he continued, with the expansive freedom of a man who finds that he is lying exceptionally well, "besides, I owe you something for yourself. Yes, sir, I've never had the law laid down to me as you laid it down. It made me see that business in the right light, and what with that and all this talk in the papers and my own conscience (which she generously shares with me) I've decided to let the whole thing go. Those fellows have made me a decent proposition, and I'm going to accept it. Then I'm going to take my wife to Europe for six months and have a nice, quiet time. She's been begging me to go, and now I'm going to do it as a sort of belated Christmas present. Mind you, this is all confidential."

"But, my dear Langdale, all this money -" "My dear Richard, it's a Christmas present to you and Amy, so say no more about it."

As to any expressions of gratitude which he may have had the grace to utter Macmillan retained only a vague memory. He was so completely unmannered that he thought best to go to his office and be quiet for a few minutes before transacting the business which was now so easy.

He had barely had time to address a few appropriate remarks to Amy's picture and indite one brief letter when a knock at the door announced Dr. Hayward. The distinguished physician had come to make a little explanation. Doubtless Mr. Macmillan had remarked some change in Mr. Langdale of late. Doubtless he knew of Mr. Langdale's prejudice against doctors. Mrs. Langdale, however, was a very sensible woman and had been reasonably anxious about her husband, so she had prevailed upon Dr. Hayward to depart from the usual routine of professional life and call upon a patient in need.

"I'm afraid I gave Mr. Langdale a hint," said Macmillan. "I deeply regret it."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the doctor. "It makes no difference now. You've done more for him than I could. If he stops this confounded scandal and goes away to Europe he'll be all right. How you ever persuaded him to do it I don't know."

"I cannot understand it any more than you can," responded Macmillan. "Don't let the Mistletoe Drop. It's very unlucky if the mistletoe should fall from the place where it has been hung up."

It is easy to SAY that this or that clothing is best. "Progress Brand" Clothing PROVES its superiority by the style, fit, quality of every garment. Look for the label that protects. Fraser, Fraser & Co.

LEGEND OF THE TOPAZ. Why the Jewel is Called the Stone of Gratitude. The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend, from which the stone derives this attribute: The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days, hearing and putting to rights the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, an immediate admission into the presence of Caesar was obtained. One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him of her wish.

The snake bent her crest lowly in homage and straightway told the following tale: Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast, covered with sharp needles, had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Caesar grant her justice? The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent girdled into the palace, up the steps and into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz.

PASSPORTS IN FRANCE. The Kind That Were Issued in the Time of Louis XVI. The mysterious cards of the Count de Vergennes each contained a brief history in cipher of those to whom they were given. De Vergennes was Louis XVI's minister of foreign affairs, and when strangers of a suspicious character were about to enter France he issued to them these strange cards, which acted as passports, and were also intended to give information concerning the bearer without his knowledge. In the first place, its color indicated the nationality of the man who carried it. The person's age, address, etc.

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