POOR CO

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W. N. DUCHEMIN, Manager. LESLIE B. McMURDO, Managing Director.

NEWCASTLE, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPT. 6, 1910

CENSUS OF MORTALITY ETC.

The date of the next census for Mortality, Disability and Compensation is 1st June of next year, which is the same as the date for Population. It is a record for one year, and gives the information concerning all persons to whom the schedule relates for the year counting to the hour of midnight of 31st May 1911.

Personal description of every person who has died in the year or suffered disability by accident or sickness and has received compensation therefor is required in the schedule, and for more complete identification reference is made to his family or household in the first schedule.

The name and sex of each person, and whether single, married, widowed, divorced or legally separated, together with the month of birth, the year of birth, the age at last birthday and the country or place of birth are required under personal description. His or her racial or tribal origin, religion and profession, occupation or trade, will also be recorded under the general heading of personal description, whether the reference is to persons who have died within the year or to persons who have been disabled within the year by accident or sickness, and to persons who have sustained loss of time and earnings and to allowance or compensation for loss of life or time.

Under the heading of Mortality records will be entered showing the month of death in the census year, the disease or cause of death as described by the Bertillon nomenclature, the place of death if it occurred away from home, and the name and address of the attending physician.

Disability and Compensation relate to accident or sickness, and under these heads records will be entered of the nature of loss or injury caused by accident in the year, cause of the accident, weeks of disability due to sickness or accident, and loss of salary or other earnings caused by sickness or accident.

Allowance or compensation made to employees is recorded under three heads: 1. The voluntary allowance which may be made to employee by employer for lost time through sickness or accident during the year. 2. Compensation in the year by employer under statute for (1) loss of life by accident, and (2) for injury by accident, which is required in some provinces of the Dominion. 3. Compensation by insurance for (1) loss of life and (2) for sickness or injury.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

[The Busy East[
Published in St. John, N. B.
(The following editorial appeared in the August numbers.)

July 11th last the prosperous town of Campbellton was entirely destroyed by fire—only seven houses remaining, and those are on the outskirts of the town, so complete was the devastation. The flames started in the cook house of Richard's mill, and with a strong northwest wind blowing had soon enveloped the whole town in less than four hours. All was ruin. The thrifty little town, with its many fine buildings, many industries and hundreds of happy homes, was now a smouldering heap of debris. Five thousand people were shelterless—without even sufficient clothing to keep them warm. Men, women and children, some sick and weak, some feeble with age—all homeless—so rapidly did the fire do its work, they had saved nothing, thankful to have been spared themselves. Providentially, there were but one fatality—being a small child which was smothered.

The loss has been estimated at $7,000,000; the insurance was $1,500,000. This was mostly held by the large manufacturers, so the greatest loss was sustained by the middle and poorer classes. They were without food, clothing and money. Now the cold season will soon be at Campbellton; the temporary shacks and canvas tents—in which the town had been sheltered—will be uninhabitable in a climate where the thermometer registers 38 degrees below. People cannot live in the open, especially women and children. In less than seven weeks they will need warm, comfortable quarters, or else their suffering will be increased ten-fold. They have suffered—bravely suffered enough. Do not, for humanity's sake, allow them to suffer the severities of cold. Campbellton's crying need is money; the hungry have been fed, the needy clothed. Now she needs money—money to rebuild comfortable homes. How can the father house his family between now and the cold season without money? His labor will be little enough to clothe and feed them until snow flies; therefore he must have money. Some cities have given generously, others have been more delinquent, but each and all must realize the necessity for giving, and giving quickly, financial support to Campbellton.

The following clipping from the Winnipeg "Telegram" aptly puts the situation in a great many cases:

"Four thousand sufferers camping on the waste of ashes which mark the site of the once prosperous town of Campbellton need help—instant, adequate, and given not as charity, but as sympathy's generous and prompt offer.

Days have passed since Campbellton was all but swept from the earth. What succor has come? By far and away the most substantial aid has come from an American city. Canada has failed in her duty. Montreal? little. Toronto? less. Winnipeg? nothing.

Rich and prosperous Canadian communities have given freely of passing sympathy. "Too bad." "Hope they quickly recover from their awful blow." Sympathy unexpressed in cold cash—how can it help the helpless?

Canada is discrediting itself by its neglect to immediately and fully meet the needs of the fire-swept Canadian town of Campbellton. Montreal's responsibility is her own; Toronto's responsibility is likewise her own.

But Winnipeg? What is she doing to help the Campbellton victims in their hour of necessity?

Campbellton is already raising from her ashes; money will be appropriated for her public buildings. The I. C. R. and Internationel are reconstructing and shall build a large depot, the site of which has not as yet been determined upon; its location depends upon the many changes that will take place in the rebuilding, the streets will probably remain the same, as Campbellton has a very efficient water and sewerage system, which has not been affected by the fire. The Town Fathers are agitating reserving a plot of land in the centre of the town for a park and playground. This was much needed, and we hope will be one of the many improvements to the New Campbellton. The re-constructed Campbellton will have many fine stone and brick blocks; the people will rebuild, and build better; land values have even raised since the fire, showing how the people are desirous of holding their property.

The town carries a debt of $300,000 This might seem heavy for such a small town, but it was not the result of poor management. It speaks—it but shows how prosperous and how rapidly the town was growing. Their bonds always sold around par, showing that the market had the same confidence in the indebtedness as the townspeople, themselves, of course, this indebtedness, especially as the year's taxes had not been collected (as the assessor had only the day prior to the great calamity finished the assessments) will be a drawback to rebuilding. But this matter has been taken up, and a deputation is at present in Ottawa waiting to ask the Federal Government to take over the indebtedness. It seems reasonable that they will meet with a favorable reply. This has been done before by governments, so it is making no precedent, and in this case seems most worthy and a just appropriation from parliament.

Time will not be long until we shall again see Campbellton the busy commercial and distributing centre she was before the fire. Her citizens are not despondent, they are still optimistic, and retain much of that enthusiasm which was fast forcing their town to a foremost place in the Maritime Provinces. Let us assist them in their heroic efforts to overcome such a dire calamity. They, indeed, demand not our sympathy, but our admiration and every help in rebuilding of their town; and especially let us aid the home-builder—the middleman—and the poor, they who sustained the greatest loss and bear the greatest burden. Their crying need is money. Let them have all the financial support possible. They have proven themselves an energetic, progressive people, and well worthy of assistance.

The following facts will give an idea as to the extent of the business done in Campbellton:

The population of Campbellton is 5,400, and the floating population is 2,700.

The customs receipts for 1909 were $30,000.

The tonnage at the port of Campbellton annually is 150,000 tons. This tonnage has increased 300 per cent, during the last seven years.

The cut of lumber on the Restigouche river for the year 1910 was about 110,000 superficial feet, and of this quantity nearly 100,000,000 is manufactured in Campbellton or its immediate vicinity.

The total loss by fire on July 11th last was 7,000,000, and the insurance only amounted to $1,500,000.

The revenue derived by the Dominion from Campbellton annually is $41,956, whilst the Intercolonial Railway receipts amount to $165,000, or a total of $206,956.

Flying Machines

A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was

Scott's Emulsion

in summer. Now *Scott's Emulsion* is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS MONTREAL SEPT. 6-11

Headed by a special representative of His Holiness the Pope, and with five cardinals, two hundred and sixty bishops, innumerable priests, the list of those who will officiate at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal is certainly an imposing one. And when it is considered that Montreal is the greatest stronghold of Roman Catholicism on the North American continent, with its halo of church romantic history, its magnificent churches,—the Parish Church of Notre Dame and St. James' Cathedral of world wide repute, its hundreds of Roman Catholic institutions, there is no wonder that the Canadian Metropolis feels the honor conferred upon it and will once more display that hospitality for which it is noted. Aside from its educational aspect visitors will have an opportunity of taking part in or seeing some of the most impressive ceremonies, such as the official welcome of the Cardinals, the official opening of the Congress in St. James' Cathedral Sunday, Sept. 3rd., the civic reception to the Papal Legate, the midnight mass in the Church of Notre Dame (seating capacity 15,000, aad has been known to hold 20,000), the Pontifical High Mass in the open air on Friday at the alter specially built at the foot of Mount Royal. Sunday the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Intercolonial Railway is making specially low fares to Montreal in this connection the tickets being good for travel September 3rd to 10th inclusive and god for return leaving Montreal not later than Sept. 15. A large delegation is expected from the Maritime Provinces, many reservations having already been made and those intending witnessing this unique event in Canada's history should lose no time in consulting the lasca Intercolonial ticket agent who has full particulars.

For bowel complaints in children always give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil. It is certain to effect a cure and when reduced with water and sweetened is pleasant to take. No physician can prescribe a better remedy. For sale by all dealers.

"Take the Siding"

A Warning by Which an Accident Was Averted.

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

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After an absence of four years from Radnor, James Casey had returned as superintendent of the eastern division of the railroad and had married Libbie Nelson. The wedding was only yesterday, and now that it was over and they had started for the east the villagers had time to revert to the story. The Nelsons were so proud of their new son-in-law that they could not restrain themselves from telling, despite the protestations of Libbie and Jim.

Shortly after the night of the church concert when Casey heard Libbie Nelson sing that song which had something in it about "angels in charge" he commenced to think things about angels, and one day his imagination evolved an angel, or something as near like one as he could picture. When Casey's mental vision beheld it he broke into a satisfied grin. If brought forth to visual observation it would have appeared strikingly like Libbie Nelson.

Things went along quietly for two months and then something happened.

While Casey was on his way to the yards at Buffalo to board 300 for the return trip an ambulance went galloping past him. Ambulances pass people frequently in a big city, and there was nothing about this one in particular to apprise Casey that Nat Taylor, fireman for Bill Whalen, who was running 809, was inside. It was a nasty night, and Taylor had slipped on the icy tracks and broken a leg.

When Casey, with a few extra minutes on hand, sauntered into the train dispatcher's office he found that institution in voiable ferment. Of course everybody was sorry for Taylor, but a fireman with a broken leg was of small concern in comparison with the awkward situation in which he had left them.

A special, carrying the president of the road from New York to Chicago on business of vital import, was at that moment only ten miles from the station and coming at the rate of a mile a minute.

Bill Whalen, one of the best engineers on the road, and 809, the pick and pride of the roundhouses, were out in the depot yards waiting to relieve the incoming and already overheated locomotive. Whalen and 809 were ready to couple on at a moment's notice, but no substitute had yet been found for Taylor, and there were precious few minutes to spare.

Casey was not given long to ponder on the excitement of the office. He had no more than crossed the threshold when Thompson, the train dispatcher, literally leaped across the room and grasped him by the arm.

"Get out to 809 as quick as you can!" he shouted. "Hurry! For God's sake hurry! Don't stop for anything! Run! Whalen 'll tell you!"

Casey peeled off his coat as he was climbing into the cab, and he had scarcely grabbed a shovel and commenced to throw coal when the special, straining and wheezing, crunched on the track alongside.

Switching and coupling were matters of seconds only, and, although the night was intensely cold, two men stood on the platform of the single coach anxiously watching proceedings. One was a large, stern visaged person. He was restless. He chewed at his short white mustache, buttoned and unbuttoned his fur coat and never took his eyes off the engine until they were getting under headway.

"Do your best, boys!" he shouted across the tender to the men in the engine as they shunted on the main track and set off. The determined nods he received in reply were assuring.

Wakeful farmers and belated villagers were puzzled by the unusual traveler as 809 with her single consort momentarily flashed on their view like a monster one eyed demon wraith, sliding, gleaming, screeching across country.

The special had left murky Cleveland and had climbed the long west grade to the bluff land bordering the lake. The snow had turned to sleet, and everything indicated that it had been sleeting for some time in that locality. The landscape glistened, telegraph poles and fences shone like crystal specters, wires were thick with incrustations, and after a distance they were sagging, and then some were broken and dragging on the ground.

"There's no use talking," growled Whalen, "I've got to slow down some or we'll be blown into the middle of nowhere. Get away from this devilish lake, then we can make up."

He eased 809 a bit. Yet she puffed and pulled and stuck nobly to her task.

"If orders to clear the tracks didn't get through before those wires went down we may be all in," observed Casey.

"You're about right," replied Whalen glumly, "but the only thing I can do is to watch [illegible]."

"And [illegible] like this there might [illegible] signal."

They [illegible] and to another for minutes would reach Redner. [illegible] conditions the [illegible] at this point, but if no error in orders had occurred she should be waiting now on the siding at Putnam, the station beyond, giving right of way to the president's special.

The strain was beginning to tell on both men and on Whalen in particular.

Casey was turning away from coaling when he noticed Whalen lean against the window post.

"Come, take the lever for a minute," he called. "I'm feeling bad"—Before he could finish he slid to the floor of the cab.

Casey, bending over him, saw he was unconscious, but whether dead or in a faint it was impossible for him to determine in the cramped space and under the stress of responsibility which suddenly presented itself. In a flash he realized his position. He recalled afterward how he was planning what to do even as he stepped across Whalen's prostrate form and grasped the throttle lever.

The fire bed would last to Putnam, and there he would coerce some one from the sidetracked local to finish the run. Yes, he could do it—that is, if the track was clear.

Casey was leaning half out the cab window in his eagerness to watch the track and catch the signal. His dark eyes pierced into the great invisible; his head was bare and his black hair was a disheveled mass; his neck, which was bare also, despite the sleet and cold, seemed to spring out twice its usual size from his masterful shoulders. His face was tense. He had called into command every bit of human vitality he had in him to battle with the horrible possibilities he was facing and was facing alone.

Finally the signal came to view—very faintly, waveringly and indistinctly at first, then a trifle plainer until he caught its full significance.

"Clear track!" it indicated.

He reached toward the lever to throw on more speed, but instead, out in the black night and just ahead of the cab window, glided the spirit form of Libbie Nelson. She was peering intently ahead.

"Take the siding!" she motioned to Casey, and instantly his hand was impelled to the whistle and 809 was shrieking for the switch to the Radnor sidetrack.

Casey felt as if a kind of insanity had seized him, yet he slowed down and then found himself watching for the switch signal, and watching eagerly, impatiently.

He brought 809 to a full stop. He waited.

Why, didn't they send the signal? Would the siding never be opened? Was it ice locked? What was wrong anyway? He asked himself a thousand questions as he grew more and more frantic with apprehension.

It seemed that he had waited there a hundred years when he finally caught the flash of the waving lantern.

Then he had to get 809 into action again. It took only a few seconds, but those seconds seemed hours.

When the locomotive moved forward Casey, pressing forward also as if to carry the great, throbbing engine with him, looked half mad with dread of the imminent—the imminence of something terrible and near.

But 809 didn't fail him. She obeyed the commanding touch which he applied to the levers.

And Casey was obeying the commands of the recognized supernatural, yet for the life of him he couldn't understand.

The special shot on the siding with not a second to spare from colliding with the local.

Then he understood, and his gray, trembling lips murmured one word. That word was "Libbie!"

When Casey staggered down from the cab he was weak, so weak that it was all he could do to stand. At first he seemed to forget who or where he was. Then gradually his mind cleared and he looked about him.

"Whalen's come to," some one told him. "Had some kind of a spell."

They had taken Whalen into the station.

Stamping up and down in the snow and the slush was the president of the road, blustering with mingled gratitude and severity and firing questions at the dazed Casey.

When Casey fully regained his senses it was wonderful what things he remembered, things that he had scarcely noticed when they happened, even details after he gave way to the supernatural. One thing, however, he failed to mention when telling of the peculiar influence that had controlled him, and that was the name of Libbie Nelson.

"It was a premonition," he insisted.

"Young man," said the president, gripping Casey's rough hand when they were parting at Chicago, "those who were responsible for that affair back yonder will be dealt with summarily.

"As for yourself, the rules of this company compel employees to run trains by orders and signals instead of by premonitions. As you have disregarded a signal, even though it would have proved disastrous if you had obeyed it, it would be the duty of your boss to dismiss you. I shall, however, take it upon myself to do that. This is your last trip. Consider yourself discharged."

Casey was weary and jaded almost to the end of human endurance. He was the picture of woe and would have turned away, but the president still [illegible] his hand.

[illegible] continued, with [illegible] about his mouth, "there [illegible] calls for better things [illegible] locomotive [illegible] address [illegible] a chance [illegible] two [illegible] a tremendous [illegible] for your [illegible]did

[illegible] Casey called on the president and received his award.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any mail 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 the 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 culivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father mother, son, daughter, brother sister.

In certain districts a homesteader good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 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 $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. Cory.
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.— Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. May 24, 6 mo.

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