

The Clothier

completely cured." "I have been satisfied from the new world into the old and back again. When this pastime palled on him the doctor, having divested himself of several overcoats in deference to the genial temperature 25 cents per vial, or 5 for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt by The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Canadian Bear grease will surely grow hair. That's why Bearine, the pomade made from it, makes hair grow. 50c. a jar.

RECOMMENDED AND SOLD BY
Dalhousie Mercantile Co., Ltd.
DALHOUSIE, N. B.

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CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1909

made arrangements to humble Harri-
son. The great railroad man is in
the clutches of a foe that will in due
time humble all three.

Miss B. A. Stewart spent Monday
the new building for the Royal Bank
Canada is nearly completed.

... twenty three grand children.

USON BROS. CAMPBELLTONFERGUSON BROS. CAMPBELLTONFERGUSON BROS. CAMPBELLTONFERGUSON BROS. CAMPBELLTON
USON BROS. CAMPBELLTONFERGUSON BROS. CAMPBELLTONFERGUSON BROS. CAMPBELLTONFERGUSON BROS. CAMPBELLTON

S. Laughlan,
Agent for Smith Premier and Empire Typewrite



Leaders of Fashion

FIT-REFORM Garments could never have become so famous, had not the makers succeeded in producing the finest Suits and Overcoats in Canada.

As leaders of fashion, Fit-Reform stands pre-eminent for originality, exclusiveness and authentic styles.

Fit-Reform garments for fall and winter are creations notable for their richness and elegance.

The illustration above shows our Novelty Y Style—one of the handsomest effects of the season in Sack Suits.

W. L. McRAE, OAK HALL, Campbellton, N. B.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any 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 the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of the 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 80 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 for \$100 per acre. Duties.—Must reside 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 take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$100 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$100.00.

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

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+ The Graphic guarantees its +
+ advertisers four times the cir- +
+ culation of its local correspond- +
+ any in the Town of Campbellton +
+ and suburbs. Our books and +
+ lists are open to the inspection +
+ of advertisers who wish to +
+ verify this statement. +

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Every Man
who Hunts, Fishes, or plays any Outdoor Game to get our large free Catalogue. Prices right, satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock, prompt shipment.
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T. W. Boyd & Son,
27 West, Dundas St. West, Montreal

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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited
Mills at WINNIPEG, GODEFRICH, BRANDON.

PURITY FLOUR

WOULD YOU CONVICT ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE?

Between the setting and the rising of a summer's sun the little agricultural village of Vieby, in Denmark, underwent a change—for overnight it developed a sensation. Neils Bruns, a farmhand employed by Soren Qvist, the pastor, and a man whom everybody knew, whose whereabouts had been known by the farmers of every one within ten miles, had disappeared, leaving no trace. Throughout the day the clock of comment sounded beneath the warm colored roofs, and still the wonder grew. Gossip followed the matter through its successive phases of mystery, speculation, suspicion, and discovery, and by the end of the week the murder of Neils Bruns had been established.

In one of the most pretentious houses of the kindly rural community dwelt Eriksen, the District Magistrate of Vieby, an able official, possessed of a keen, analytical mind, a native knowledge of his own countrymen, a strong sense of duty, and considerable intuitive insight into the ways of trespassers that had won him distinction in such cases as small thefts and breaches of the peace. As the appointed agent of the crown in matters affecting the public peace the investigation, as well as the magisterial disposition of crimes up to actual trial, lay within his province.

Thus, the mysterious disappearance of Neils Bruns soon fell under the attention of Eriksen. He was the more interested in this singular case, for the membership of the parish, by reason of his close friendship for Soren Qvist, the clergyman, who had been the last employee of the missing man, Soren Qvist, who generally believed by his parishioners for his piety, learning, hospitality and upright living. He was a powerful man, of commanding presence, by a few thoughtful overhauling and prone to assert his facile in holding the esteem of those who knew his qualities. He was still in the prime of manhood and successfully conducted a farm, the products of which, added to his other, brought him to a prosperous way of life. His housekeeper was his daughter, a handmaid of marriageable age, who efficiently ruled the parsonage and the lands of her father, long a widower. Qvist bore a particular reputation for honesty, and one of his characteristics, which had been made the subject for humorous remark among his neighbors. It was said of him that in the heat of dispute he could see the face of his opponent, but that when his passion cooled he could see none upon his own.

Eriksen hastened to the parsonage on gathering the first few fragments of news. He was surprised to find him painfully agitated. The clergyman could tell him little of the matter, but the further he went the more serious view of the disappearance. Eriksen instinctively made light of the case, while he talked. The man had been merrymaking, he believed, and would return as soon as he was able to hold his legs. But the pastor waved the suggestion aside and said he feared the further he went the more serious view of the disappearance. Eriksen instinctively made light of the case, while he talked. The man had been merrymaking, he believed, and would return as soon as he was able to hold his legs. But the pastor waved the suggestion aside and said he feared the further he went the more serious view of the disappearance.

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Eriksen left the parsonage with a troubled mind. He dared not admit to himself the suggestion that had flashed across his mind. He had himself instituted an inquiry, he declared, and no person in the place had been in his company or had seen him. "And who was the last to see him?" asked Eriksen, in a voice unconsciously sharp as his incisive brain began to grasp with the problem. Qvist did not answer and the magistrate, looking up quickly, saw that his face had gone quite white.

"I think—that no one saw him after he parted from me," was the unready reply. Eriksen left the parsonage with a troubled mind. He dared not admit to himself the suggestion that had flashed across his mind. He had himself instituted an inquiry, he declared, and no person in the place had been in his company or had seen him. "And who was the last to see him?" asked Eriksen, in a voice unconsciously sharp as his incisive brain began to grasp with the problem. Qvist did not answer and the magistrate, looking up quickly, saw that his face had gone quite white.

Receptive to the suggestions of village talk, the Magistrate soon observed that the breadth of rumor began to blow evilly about the name of Soren Qvist. Affection, the life-long habit of thought regarding the clergyman, Qvist's sacred calling, a dozen other considerations, a train of inference, but he was undeniably shocked that his friend should thus be unnamed by a circumstance that could surely not touch him closely. But might it not touch him? He was steady, inward question of his other self—his crime detecting self.

Eriksen easily established that Qvist had engaged in a series of alterations with Neils Bruns during the three months the farm hand had spent under his roof. Service was scarce and the laborer was worthy of his hire or they must have parted, so bitter had been the strife on several occasions. The Magistrate thrust out this phase until he found farmers who could swear to having seen Qvist his employ during one dispute.

Inquiry then led Eriksen to the Widow Kartsen and her daughter Elsie, who had let fall dark hints concerning these doings. In a village where the very afternoon of the disappearance, when Neils Bruns had called to them through the hedge, and had thrust out a handful of nuts, which they accepted. They asked him what he was doing, and he replied, "I am going to dig the garden, but the task was not to his liking and he was shirking it. The conversation was interrupted by the clang of a door and Neils remarked that Soren Qvist was coming.

"Listen," he said, to the women, and Soren Qvist made a good impression upon his presentation at the bar and his plea of "Not guilty" was delivered with firmness and a ring of sincerity. He followed the testimony with pained attention, but with no change in his demeanor up to the introduction of the witnesses who swore to having seen him dragging the sack, and the others that brought out the significance of the soiled gown. As the import of this section of Eriksen's evidence came to him he uttered a terrible cry and collapsed. So pitiable was his condition that the trial was postponed and the prisoner was hurried back to his cell.

Having regained his senses he sent an urgent message for the man who had been his friend for so many years and who had now found him close in the coils of a succession of incriminating incidents from which there could be no escape but the scaffold.

And there, in the prison cell, overpowered by the weight of the evidence Soren Qvist made full confession. "From my childhood," he began, "I have been passionate, quarrelsome, and proud, impatient of contradiction and ready for a word and a blow. Yet have I seldom allowed the sun to set upon my wrath and I have borne no ill will to any one. That I can remember because knowledge this far is my own. For my deeds of violence conceived in an unchecked spirit behold me now properly punished. I feel that my present trouble has been visited upon me as a judgment."

"I will now confess the crime which I do not doubt I committed. I have already told you that Neils and how he came away. Three or four times in my life it has happened to me to walk in my sleep. The last time—about nine years ago—I was to preach a funeral sermon, the next day I was searching for a text for my discourse. I was impressed by the appalling truth of an ancient Greek saying, 'Call no man happy until he is in his grave.' I was encouraged to base my remark upon this saying if I might find a Christian text of like import. I seemed to recall such a one, but it eluded me. I must have followed him there at night. I had been unable to find it up to the time I retired for the night."

"On arising next morning I found on my table a paper bearing the extract for which I had vainly sought. 'Let no man be deemed happy before his end cometh' (Syra XI 34). 'Likewise I found a funeral sermon upon this theme, well written in my unmistakable hand and far finer thought and language than I thought myself capable of producing. Again, on an earlier occasion, I made my way to the church in my sleep and recovered thence a handkerchief which I had dropped unknown to myself. You will thus observe that I am surely a somnambulist, if only at rare intervals."

"You can guess the rest. While your strongest evidence was being introduced against me today I followed in amazement, seeing how true the whole thing must be. It convinced me completely of my guilt. It flashed across my mind that I had accomplished the latter end of that dark deed in my sleep. Neils must have fallen dead in the woods as a result of my blows after fleeing from me. I must have followed him there at night finding his body by some strange subconscious sight. Then must I have dragged his body to my yard and buried it while my voluntary brain was locked in slumber. Yes—the Lord have mercy—so it was, so it must have been. And I, a father! for his unfortunate friend, reported for his extraordinary confession to the court, as his duty lay. No doubt now remaining as to the pastor's guilt and his somnambulant tale falling to effect, on the following morning Soren Qvist was condemned to death."

The sentiment of the village had been lurking with the pastor through out, and when the confession was made, known, indicating the lack of evil intent beyond a sudden blind stroke in anger, a conspiracy was set on foot to foil the operations of the law. The jailer was outwitted and a boat was made ready to sail with Qvist for Sweden. These preparations were brought to a stop, however, by the clergyman's refusal to permit the attempt. He was convinced that his crime and execution had been divinely ordered and he was resolved to bear the penalty with what fortitude he could summon. It is fairly certain that had any serious steps been taken as planned they would have been frustrated at any point. Eriksen, the inexorable servant of justice, the student of his fellow men, the exponent of circumstantial evidence, was too keen to permit the law to fall of its object.

Not seen his face, for that was covered by a flap of sack, but only too well they said, they knew the clothes he wore.

Now came Eriksen's triumph, the cap stone of his structure. His imagination was caught by this constant reference to the green dressing gown, familiar to every one in the parish, and he found here the point to which his whole circumstantial creation should tend.

He found the famous gown, examined it with meticulous care, noted certain marks and stains upon it, and then instituted quiet inquiry among those who knew the garment best. He proved that on the morning after the alleged burial it had been found covered with mud and soiled with earth. It had afterward been cleaned, but not thoroughly. He also established that it was lying on the floor of the pastor's room that morning instead of hanging from its accustomed peg against the wall. What the magistrate had made all this secure for purposes of production in court he knew the satisfaction of work well and thoroughly done. His chain of circumstantial evidence was complete.

The case came to trial in due time. Soren Qvist made a good impression upon his presentation at the bar and his plea of "Not guilty" was delivered with firmness and a ring of sincerity. He followed the testimony with pained attention, but with no change in his demeanor up to the introduction of the witnesses who swore to having seen him dragging the sack, and the others that brought out the significance of the soiled gown. As the import of this section of Eriksen's evidence came to him he uttered a terrible cry and collapsed. So pitiable was his condition that the trial was postponed and the prisoner was hurried back to his cell.

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The beneficial effect of iron upon the system weakened through illness, overwork or anemia, is well known. Ferrovin is a preparation which supplies the valuable element in the most efficient way, combining with it the nourishing qualities of beef and the mildly stimulative effect of sherry wine. Ferrovin costs \$1.00 a bottle at druggists.

The MENTHOL PLASTER

FOR BACKACHE, SCIATICA, PLEURISY, STITCHES, CHICKEN, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM

Each 25c. in air-tight tin box; yard rolls \$1.00, can be cut to any size.

Beware of worthless imitations.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

Friend or enemy, the pastor had been condemned and must die. On the scaffold Soren Qvist was permitted to address his parishioners for the last time. He delivered a sermon of great power and pathos in which he used his own fate to impress his hearers with the danger of a quick and hasty temper. He implored them to put passion and fury from them, pointing to the consequences to which he had himself been submitted and saying that his crime was not only a stern visitation of divine justice upon himself but a striking lesson to others. He showed perfect possession up to the very moment of death.

Twenty-one years after the clergyman had been tried, convicted and executed for the murder of Neils Bruns, an aged beggar was noticed one day along the highway which ran through the parish. It was remarked that he bore a strange resemblance to Morten Bruns, the wealthy cattle farmer, who had died within a year of his execution. The man was questioned and, all unconscious of the importance of his revelation, announced himself as Neils Bruns, whose body had supposedly been buried in the garden by Qvist.

When the facts were revealed to him he professed the utmost sorrow for the course of fateful events and placed the entire responsibility upon his brother Morten. The cattle farmer, he said, had applied to the pastor for the hand in marriage of his handsome daughter. Being rejected with some spite, he nursed his bitterness and vowed revenge. He had caused the penniless Neils to take service with Qvist and had urged him to quarrel, expecting some violent outcome.

On the day when the clergyman struck Neils with the spade he hurried to Morten with an account of his wrongs and his brother chided him until night, promising that they would even matters finely with Qvist. At a late hour the two then sneaked from the cross roads, where all such are buried, the body of a young man who had recently committed suicide. Morten then caused Neils to change clothes with the body and as a final touch took the leaden ring from his hand and thrust it in the left ear of the dead.

They bore the body to the woods near the parsonage, and Neils was left to guard it while Morten stole away toward the house. It is not the custom in rural Denmark to fasten doors, and the vengeful man found it an easy matter to enter, make his way to the clergyman's room and don the well known green dressing robe, and which he topped with a nightcap.

On his return Neils asked what strange comings and goings might portend. The question angrily struck Morten with an understanding of some latent honesty in his brother that irritated him. He produced a fat purse, and giving a hundred dollars to the penniless Neils, told him, threateningly, to take himself off.

"Travel any way thou wilt," he sternly ordered, "but get beyond the parish at dawn and keep on. Never set foot again on Danish soil as thou valuest thy life."

Neils was properly impressed and obeyed. When he was gone Morten achieved his revenge upon the pastor by burying the body, returning the gown to the house and setting the conclusions Eriksen upon the trail. Having after many years, heard of his brother's death, Neils ventured to return in the hope of confronting thereby. The detective magistrate who had so ably collected his circumstantial evidence had been many years in his grave when the name of Soren Qvist was thus finally cleared of shame.

WHAT THE BOY WROTE.

A young man once wrote to his father, saying, "I am well, only I don't feel like making any sort of physical exertion." Thousands of people feel exactly like that young man—and they are generally lazy people, either. They are generally dyspeptic, with a fast touch of indigestion; they need a short course of Mother Seely's Syrup, to put their stomach, liver and bowels into healthy activity, so that their food will nourish and strengthen them. Mr. George J. Henry, of Shippagan, P.O., Gloucester Co., N.B., who suffered for years from Dyspepsia, writes: "I became weak and almost unable to work. After trying many medicines without success I took several bottles of Mother Seely's Syrup, and it gave me relief at once. I could now do my work as usual. I recommend it to all other persons for stomach troubles." Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere. J. W. Seely & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

S A F E

FRIDAY.

Royal Bank of Canada,

INCORPORATED 1867

Capital \$4,800,000.

Reserve \$5,500,000.

Total Assets, \$58,000,000.

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Branches in Gloucester and Restigouche Counties

(CAMPBELLTON)

DALHOUSIE

BATHURST

JACQUET RIVER

Social & Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Boudin and little

son of Grand River, are in town.

Miss Minnie Kerr of Dalhousie, is

visiting friends in town.

Miss E. Gilber of Grand Caspade,

is visiting Mrs. Wm. Storey.

Mr. Murray Chamberlain of Bath-

urst, spent Monday in Jacquet River.

The Misses McKay left on Thurs-

day's limited for Montreal.

Mrs. W. H. Sharp will receive at

her home, after St. Tuesday after-

noon and evening.

The Misses McKay of Beauséjour,

were at the Minto on Thurs-

day.

Misses Nelson, LaTourette and

Charles Moore spent Monday in Bath-

urst.

Mrs. George Anderson of Campbell-

ton, who has been spending the last

few days in the city, left this morn-

ing on her return home, Trans-

cavalier.

Miss Louise Anderson and Mr. Wm.

Anderson, who have been the guests

of friends in town, leave tonight for

Toronto to attend school.

Miss Alma LaBrosse of Dalhousie,

spent yesterday in town, the guest of Miss

Jean McElatchey.

Mrs. Muirhead leaves on the limited

this evening for a visit to Mon-

treil.

Mrs. D. C. Ferguson leaves this

morning for a short visit to friends in

Sussex.

Miss Jean McElatchey gave a most

enjoyable dinner on Thursday even-

ing to a number of friends. Those

present were Misses Anderson, St.

Johns, NDA; LaBrosse, Dalhousie; Mo-

watt, Currie, Lingley, Paveit, Gra-

ham, McElatchey, Stewart, Anderson,

Campbellton; and Messrs. Gardiner,

Hughes, Platte, Mowat, McDonald, An-

derson, St. Johns, NDA; Miss Annette

Thibierge provided music.

Mr. Will Lockhart of Pettibone is

the guest of his brother, F. E. Lock-

hart.

Miss Stella McKenna of Dalhousie

was the guest of Miss Lida Patterson

for a few days last week.

Mr. Douglas Vair arrived on Wed-

nesday to visit his mother, Mrs. T.

Singleton on his way to Halifax to

resume his studies at Dalhousie Law

School.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. English have re-

turned from a two weeks' trip to Bos-

ton.

Miss Jessie Moore, who spent the

week end at Moncton, returned home

on Tuesday.

Mr. L. Reile was in town yester-

day on business.

Mr. W. M. Sator of the Bank of

Nova Scotia, left on the limited this

morning to visit his home in Chatham

N.B.

Mr. F. R. Graham, who has been in

town, has been transferred to Van-

couver, B. C.

Mr. Alfred Travers left on Wed-

nesday's maritime to resume his stud-

ies at King's College. Mr. Travers

intends spending a few days in Dor-

chester with his friend, J. H. Teed,

before returning to Kings. His many

friends here will wish him success

and bon voyage.

By Order,

P. E. RYAN, Secretary

The Commissioners of the

Transcontinental Railway

Dated at Ottawa, August 23, 1909.

5-2-51ms.

You won't be disappointed if you

get the genuine D. & L. Menholl

Plaster for stiffness, backache, etc.

Successful remedies are imitated, look

out for the original D. & L. made

by Davis & Lawrence Co.

Sept. 6-2w.

P. E. HOCQUARD,

New Carlisle, P. Q.

Sept. 6-2w.

Given Up To Die

No. 400 George St. Sorel, Quebec.
I suffered from what is known as "leucorrhoea" for seven years, with dreadful pains over the front of the body, over the back and down the legs. I had indigestion and chronic constipation and the constipation was so bad that I went sometimes for ten to fifteen days without any action of the bowels. At one time I was so low that everyone thought I was going to die, and the last rites of the Church were administered to me. I was treated by six different doctors without any benefit.



MADAME JOSEPH LIRETTE

"Then I got a sample of 'Fruit-Active,' took it and no faith in them at all, and I would not have taken them only my husband begged so hard for me to try them. At once I began to take 'Fruit-Active.' I grew better, the bloating was relieved, the sleeplessness was cured, my stomach acted, and the bowels were moved, but above all the fearful womb pains were made easier. I have taken eighteen boxes in all and I am now perfectly well again."
(Signed) MADAME JOSEPH LIRETTE, soc. box - 6 for \$1.50 or trial box 5c. at dealers or from Fruit-Active Limited, Ottawa.

NEW WORLD'S RECORD

IN AN AEROPLANE

Made by American in British Service

AUGUST 27. The Soc. A. - During

a short cruise at an early hour this

morning Capt. P. N. Cody, the Amer-

ican aviator, who has been on the

British army for a number of

years, achieved what is believed to

be the world's record for a cross-

country flight in an aeroplane. In

the high and comfortable machine,

which is his own invention, Capt.

Cody remained in the air for one hour

and three minutes covering "in that

time a distance of over forty miles.

He crossed over the valleys that

descend the machine struck the

ground rather forcibly, but it was

only slightly damaged.

Thousands of people have used

Fruit-Morley's "No. 11" Tablets for

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick or Sour

Stomach, Heartburn, Fulminant Weight

in the Stomach, Belching of Wind and

other Stomach Troubles, with most

satisfactory results.

One "No. 11" Tablet will digest

1 1/2 pounds of food. Get at your

dealer's, or from Father Morley's

Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 47

New Tailor Shop Opened

I wish to inform the public that I have opened up a tailor business in the

O'Leary Building.

Where I am prepared to do

all kinds of tailoring in a

pleasing and up-to-day man-

ner. Having had many years

of experience in my line and

holding a Diploma for cutting

from the best cutting school

in New York, I can guaran-

tee the best of satisfaction.

Will also attend to cleaning

and pressing of clothes. A

trial order is solicited.

J. A. McLEOD.

O'Leary Building, Water St.
