

Two-Minute Trotter.

The Pretty Story of Lou Dillon.

Lou Dillon is five years old, by Sidney Dillon out of Lou Moulton, she by Milton Medium by Happy Medium, out of Old Princess, whom Mr. Billings's father owned in 1857. She is small, weighing 904 pounds, standing about 15.1, and a mare that, while on the Santa Rosa Stock Farm in California, was thought would never be able to go the full mile. She was thought to be fretful and unsteady, though she has never made a break. But she had shown a tendency to stop at points on the race track where they don't pay any money. It was this reputation that kept this young mare from bringing more than \$12,500 of Mr. C. K. G. Billings's money—a mare that could finish the mile, be unhitched and in her stall before her great grand-daughter, Old Princess or Flora Temple had reached the wire.

To Mr. Billings, her owner, and Millard Sanders, her driver, belong great credit. Millard Sanders put her first halter on, and broke her to lead. He then admired her great slanting shoulders and the short distance between her knee and pastern joint. He sat in the beautiful sunlight, during the first winter after her birth and watched her play in the paddock while her old mother ate green alfalfa. He (Sanders) told the owner of the Santa Rosa Farm that the little chestnut filly out that they had named Lou Dillon, played all day without breaking from the trot. They laughed together and predicted she would some time be the two minute trotter.

The grooms and farm hands had lots of fun with this little filly with the white star and the white hind foot. One negro groom said it was lucky, and he argued much with the old man that ploughed the fields. Finally, when Millard Sanders put the biting harness on her, others thought he should have let her play another six months.

But Sanders knew best. He had been quoted in the Santa Rosa papers as having a great filly out on the farm. When she did not know whether her tongue would be more comfortable over the bridle bit or under it, she trotted fast quarters. Patiently he taught her alone and in company. Her mother and father watched their child on the farm track from their respective paddocks. Her child days of play were gone unless she was a failure. Then she could play even plough, but if Sanders was anywhere near right in his prophecy she should

never again have her shoes off until she led the world's record. Spring came and little Lou Dillon walked to the depot with Auzella and the other old campaigners to be shipped East, where she might watch the grand circuit trotters. She behaved like a little lady and came home that fall with great things to tell her half-brothers and sisters of the sights she had seen in the great East. She had seen from her box stall Auzella, the farm's standby, trot a mile in 2:07, and she, this baby, had gone so fast at Lexington early one morning that the suiky wheels made a noise that scared her.

Again, all winter long, Sanders trained her mile after mile on the Santa Rosa track. Her owner died suddenly, and the horses were ordered sold. Strangers from far in the East went five days' ride on a pullman to see this filly trot as she was advertised in the sale catalogue. Millionaires stayed all night in Santa Rosa that they might see her trot a half mile the next day.

The news was wired all over the world that Lou Dillon, the green filly, had trotted a one-half mile in a fraction over a minute, the last quarter in 29 3/4 seconds. More millionaires marked her number on their catalogues that had been sent them of the coming sale. But a story from back of the barn got out. Some discharged groom told that she stopped at the draw gate; that she quit where there were no judges.

So when Mr. Bain, the astute auctioneer, called attention to Lou Dillon and praised her to the skies even called her the two-minute trotter, the best he could do was to sell her to Mr. C. K. G. Billings for \$12,000, and Mr. Billings took the bit in his own teeth and bought her personally after his keen adviser, Dr. Tanner, had advised him to come away, that they would be spending their time eating pie.

Mr. Billings had heard where she stopped, but he knew before she did stop if she did he would take the kink out of that part of his hair between his cap and ear, and would console himself that he had heard a \$12,500 breeze blow there at least.

Millard Sanders went to the stall and bid her a sad good-bye. He called her 'his baby' though her nickname was lovely. He implored Dr. Banner to be patient with her, not to break her heart.

Mr. Billings wanted a ride. Lou Dillon had never been hitched to a speed wagon and she couldn't ride with Mr. Billings without she did. So "Doc" Tanner ordered her hitched. She wore no blind no check rein, no boots. After the Doctor had warned her he handed the lines to Mr. Billings, who, when he picked up the lines, said: "Well, we will see where she stops and have the grandstand moved if necessary."

She squared away, and with a stride, open and wide, made the speed wagon hum. Mr. Billings liked the hum till he looked at the watch which he held in his left hand. Then he grew nervous. She was beating the world's wagon record for mares, where he had only come out for a little drive. His hands shook with excitement as she finished strong in 2:06. He asked: Where did she stop?

She didn't, replied Tanner. Some days later she pulled the same wagon again in 2:04, and then Mr. Billings asked Millard Sanders to come and take her and



Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it. I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself ever more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't delay with medicines, you have nothing to lose but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. L. E. Emmons, Wakefield, Oct. 1, 1900. (For full particulars of above letter please apply to nearest agent.)

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is Lynn, Mass.

Drive her for the world's record. Sanders drove her in 2:02 3/4 some days ago, and Crescens began to get uneasy. The man that started the story, that she would stop, was hard to find. And today this five-year-old mare, still eligible (so far as a race record is concerned) to start in the four-minute class trot, trotted a mile in two minutes, the greatest feat, all things considered, ever accomplished by her flesh, trotting the last quarter, the place where they all quit some, in 29 seconds, the fastest of the four.

Everything Lou Dillon has ever done nearly has been a world's record. So a week ago, when I talked with that shrewd gentleman, horseman and driver, H. K. Devereaux, concerning her, he said: "She is such a remarkable mare that anything she may do will not surprise me."

In comparison to Crescens she is like the man who resembled Daniel Webster as they both wore glasses—they are both sorrel.

Crescens is big and powerful with a big barrel, legs and determined, with no sign of nerves. Lou Dillon is small, shapely and graceful, thin around the flank and deep through the heart. Her loins are grayhound's, and her most remarkable parts are her shoulder and elk-like legs and feet. Her head and eyes show high nerves and when she trots, slow she looks as, if you slapped her with the lines, she would gallop, a thing she has never been guilty of.

Thus, the money she would bring home would not be enough to bed her and right

The latest application of the principle of the penny in the slot reported from Australia. In the post-offices of the commonwealth the person in a hurry will in future be able to drop his letter into one orifice of a machine and his penny into the other, and when this process is complete one penny paid will be found imprinted on the envelope as an equivalent for the orthodox stamp.

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Package of 4 Powders, 10c.
Package of 12 Powders, 25c.
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SOLE PROPRIETORS, POLLY VILLAGE, N. B.

Little Bobby—Say, pop! .
Father—Well, well, what is it now?

Little Bobby—If a Chinaman speaks broken English would a white man speak broken china?

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When dealing with black servants in India, it is necessary to be very careful in the wording of one's instructions, for they are sometimes taken very literally. A missionary voyaging on a river boat with primitive accommodation was compelled to use a bucket as a wash-bowl. One morning his lay servant was bringing the bucket to his master when he spilled some of it over the latter's feet. Why don't you throw it all over me? said the missionary irritably. Aha, exclaimed the boy and promptly did so.

Periodical Bencher.—Do you take many periodicals? asked a young vicar on his first visit to one of his parishioners.

THE SOLAR PLEXUS

Is the largest nerve centre in the sympathetic nervous system, is situated just back of the stomach, and supplies nervous energy, the vital force of the human body, to the stomach, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, etc. By creating nerve force Dr. Chase's Nerve Food directly aids the solar plexus in supplying the power which runs the machinery of digestion and so cures nervous dyspepsia, heartache, dizzy spells and bodily weakness.

Oh, he is a born debater! said one friend to another the other day. There is nothing he likes better than an argument. He won't even eat anything that agrees with him.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Pat, said a manager to one of his workmen, you must be an early riser. I always find you at the first thing in the morning.

Indeed and Oiam, sor. It's a family trait, Or'm thinking.

Then your father was an early riser, too?

Me father is it? He rises that early that if he went to bed a little later he'd meet himself getting up in the morning.

Strength and vigor come of good food duly digested. "Food" a ready to serve wheat and barley food, also no barter, but contains nourishes, invigorates.

Mamma—And who dwelt in the Garden of Eden, Fred lie?
Fred lie—The Adames.

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Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

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See Facsimile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
**CARTER'S
LITTLE
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FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR BILLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE LADY GWENDOLYN

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

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The Lady Gwendolyn stamped her foot and declared, "Gwendolyn will!" Then she poked her white bonnet out of the door and listened. They were still talking. She could hear Mrs. Reagan's voice, high and shrill.

"Shure, ye can have it here," she was saying, "and if they's any more come while ye're out I'll take 'em for ye. My, but it's fine! And all of 'em from Miss Van Tassel. Well, well!"

It could be borne no longer. Aunt Julia might stay and talk with Mrs. Reagan as long as she liked and about all the stupid things they liked.

"Gwendolyn will!" she announced again, and Gwendolyn did.

Along the hall, past Mrs. Reagan's half open door, down the stairs, step by step, and so on to the sidewalk.

The Lady Gwendolyn was an impulsive person, and, being of a mind to view the trees of the park, clothed, as she had been told, in the snow blankets woven by the fairies the night before, she had determined to wait no longer, but to start out by herself, which was of course contrary to any precedent ever established. Chafed in her white coat—marked down and snatched up by Ellen at a bargain—her white bonnet—Aunt Julia had found it in a Third Avenue shop, and you couldn't have told it from a Sixth Avenue—her white mittens and longings—bought a trifle large last year with a view to shrinking—Lady Gwendolyn started on her way.

Both of her ladies in waiting and the head groom of the chambers were ignorant of her desperate venture. Now, the first lady in waiting was nearly always in attendance on the Lady Gwendolyn and usually planned so that left duties as housekeeper fitted in nicely with the demands of her other position.

The second lady in waiting, having been promoted from the menial rank of cash girl in Rush & Hurry's big Fourteenth Street shop to serve in that firm's luncheonette, found her hours a trifle easier and her weekly envelope a trifle heavier, two things that made possible even more devotion on her part to the service of Lady Gwendolyn.

It would take too long to recount the incident, or accident, through which the head groom of the chambers had arisen to the dignity of a wooden faced footman, tight booted and befringed collar, who flung himself with most satisfactory recklessness on and from the side of Miss Van Tassel's brougham.

"He's a star, that kid!" Miss Van Tassel was wont to exclaim when, in company with other blond ladies, she would leave the stage door after rehearsal. And Miss Van Tassel, herself a star of no mean magnitude, would enter her carriage amid a chorus of more or less evasive assents from the lesser lights of her constellation. The coachman would touch the bad tempered cob and leave the star groom to alight beside him after a flying leap over the wheel.

Although the head groom of the chambers had become the footman of Miss Violet Van Tassel, who had the reputation of being the most graceful dancer as well as the biggest hearted woman that a music hall audience ever split its gloves for, still he was faithful to the house of Ryan, and the Lady Gwendolyn could never complain of disloyalty.

Christmas was at hand, and Miss Van Tassel had made known to her footman a few ideas of her own on the subject of Christmas trees in general and of one in particular that was intended for the special benefit of the Lady Gwendolyn.

Nearly all her spare time for two days had been spent in driving from shop to shop, and the address given for the sending of the parcels had not been Central Park West, but Second Avenue. On issuing from one of the shops, more noticeably the toyshops, Miss Van Tassel would hold consultation with her footman. Advice, suggestion, description, seemed to pass between them, together with many nods and smiles on the part of Miss Van Tassel and many touchings of the hat on the part of Tom.

All unknown to Miss Van Tassel she became an angel with a very yellow halo and brilliant garments. All unknown to Tom he became to Miss Van Tassel the image of the young brother who had died a small pauper before ever the twinkling toes had brought fame and wealth to his adoring sister.

By dint of judicious tagging of various people who seemed to be going in the right direction the Lady Gwendolyn reached the park under the chapter-ship of two anonymous nursemaids, whose charges were engaged in making faces at each other from their respective clutches. Arrived at her destination, she managed to chamber on to one of the benches and surveyed the scene before her with delighted eyes.

The afternoon sun was warm, and yet it had not quite melted the snow mantle on the shoulders of the big statue opposite. The trees wore their snow blankets, and the grass was almost entirely covered with the white carpet she had been so anxious to see.

Now, it is one thing to fare boldly forth upheld by a sense of injury and the novelty of adventure, and it is quite another thing to wend one's way homeward when one's sense of injury has utterly vanished and novelty has become monotony.

The afternoon sun was not quite so warm on the bench when the Lady Gwendolyn made the discovery that she had seen enough of carpeted grass

and that had seen too. She was not a person of great intellect, and it suddenly seemed to her that Gwendolyn had been looking at it a very long time.

She started down from the bench with a stiffness that surprised her, and with a growing sense of insecurity walked toward the avenue. The park seemed a very large place, and she was glad to get out of it, yet as she stood on the sidewalk two big tears forced their way from behind winking lashes.

Through which of those streets lay the way home? Which way should she turn? Everything looked strange and unfriendly.

When Ellen Ryan cut her hand on the broken goblet she was picking up in response to the floorwalker's order, the doctor of Rush & Hurry's big store dressed the wound neatly, and, putting her on the shoulder, said: "There, you'd better run home for the rest of the day. You'll be all right tomorrow."

So Ellen, with her hand in a bandage and a stiff feeling in the palm of it, hurried homeward, thinking that if Aunt Julia had been too busy there was yet time to take the little sister for a walk.

Rushing up the stairs, she was bumped into by Mamie Reagan, who was running down at breakneck speed. "They ain't found her yet," was her excited salutation. "I'm goin' out again. Yer aunt's carryin' on awful."

Ellen's heart seemed to stop beating. She grasped at Mamie Reagan's dress and opened her mouth, but Mamie had resumed her headlong flight.

Ellen tottered up the rest of the stairs, her ears assailed as she neared the door of their rooms by moans within, and the sound of Mrs. Reagan's voice.

"There, now," she was saying, "don't take on so. Mamie Reagan'll find her. She's a regular detective, I tell yer. There, she'll be back in a minute. All the cops on the beat knows Gwendolyn." Then, as she caught sight of Ellen, "Lord, what'll I do with her?"

"Now it's all right," she began, shaking a bottle of household ammonia at Ellen.

Ellen crossed the room to her aunt. "When did you miss her?" she asked. "I just went in Miss Reagan's room," explained Aunt Julia. "I wanted her to keep the baby carriage Miss Van Tassel had sent till Christmas. I had my bonnet all on."

"When did you miss her?" broke in the stern young voice.

Aunt Julia sat up and put her hand to her head. "It was 3 o'clock or maybe half past. I remember because our clock had struck 7, and it always—"

"Had you promised to take her to any place?"

"We was goin' to the park—she'd been tellin' me that foolishness ye'd told her about the snow fairies and—"

Aunt Julia's voice rose to a sobbing wail as Ellen turned and left the room without explanation or comment.

She dashed down the stairs at a speed that rivaled Mamie Reagan's and landed on a mad run west.

"She may have found her way there," she muttered to herself.

A messenger boy, two newsboys, a nursemaid with her charge, a man with a suit case and a pretty young woman with her hands in a big muff formed an unconsciously interesting group about a small solitary figure.

Blue defiant eyes looked out of a white face from under a wide bonnet trim and two little white mittens were doubled up by tense baby fists. Ellen bore down on this group. Intuition, instinct, sister heart, all told her that here was the Lady Gwendolyn. She pushed aside the newsboys, stepped on the messenger's toes and knocked against the suit case.

"Gwendolyn!"

"Nellen, my Nellen!" came from the depths of the white bonnet. The Lady Gwendolyn was caught up into a fierce embrace and the cut hand, heedless of wound and bandage, pressed the little head close to "Nellen's" heart.

"She ought to be discharged," said the pretty young woman.

"Gee!" said the messenger boy. "You'll be in luck if you don't get de bounce fer dis."

Ellen looked wonderingly from one to another. Then it rushed over her—she was Gwendolyn's nurse. The baby sister had been taken for a lady—a real lady.

"Yes, ma'am," she said meekly to the young woman. "I'll be more careful another time."

Taking a firm hold on the little hand, she addressed the small figure in clear and distinctly humble tones.

"Come, Miss Gwendolyn," she said. "Yer aunt will be worryin' about yer." The Lady Gwendolyn obediently trotted off by her nurse's side.

The footman jumped over the wheel, the carriage door was opened and the big voice of Miss Van Tassel called: "Well, if there isn't the little sister and the big one too! The whole Ryan family in a bunch! Bundle 'em in, Thomas, and we'll drive 'em home."

Tom "bundled 'em in," closed the door and sprang to the box. Just at that proud moment the man with the suit case and the young woman with the big muff came into sight.

The Lady Gwendolyn, confidence restored, smiled at them through the open window, and Ellen, rigid and erect on the very edge of the cushions, reflected the smile respectfully.

Two of Them.

"You don't seem to like Chumpley," said Tawker. "What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He's the sort of 'fellow,' replied Krunkley promptly, "who invariably calls a 'man' a 'fellow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

THE INDIAN WHO REMEMBERED

By H. A. Bruce

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Sam Augustus was of the Algonquin tribe, a typical Indian of these days of reservations, lazy, shiftless and addicted to strong drink. As an Indian he was more or less despised by the white men with whom he came in contact, but was much too easy going to be disturbed by that. The possessor of a small farm on Georgian Island, he was so far true to the traditions of his ancestors as to allow Mrs. Sam Augustus to earn his living for him, which she cheerfully did, reaping harvest in the summer time by weaving baskets of sweet grass and reeds for the holiday seekers who annually visited Beaverton.

Beaverton was the most picturesque spot on the shores of Lake Simcoe, but Sam Augustus, on the occasions of his periodical visits to the mainland, never stopped to contemplate its various points of interest. There was but one attraction in the place for him, and that, it must be confessed with shame, was the barroom of the Alexandra House.

Sam's visits to Beaverton, or, to be more exact, to the Alexandra House, usually terminated in his crawling into the loft of the hotel stable, there to sleep off the effects of the potent firewater he had imbibed. But on a Saturday night in June he enjoyed a novel experience.

Paul Wilson had come to the mill that day with a load of grain and had converted the grain into flour, but into greasy bits of paper which he deemed far more useful. Then, as he was consumed with a great thirst and, moreover, had the where-withal to slake it, he naturally turned his team toward the Alexandra House. Matters following in logical sequence, Paul Wilson developed ere night into a drunken bully, with Sam Augustus the especial object of his hectoring. Sam, indeed, was in a fair way to get the beating of his life when Ed Daleton interfered.

Daleton interfered to such an extent that Paul was escorted to the village hospital, while Sam Augustus, ready by that time to consent to any proposal, acceded to Daleton's request to go home with him and in the morning join the laymakers on the Daleton estate.

An hour later found Sam tucked into the most comfortable bed he had ever known. Ere morning came, however, he was empty. The Indian had already repented his rash promise to go to work. Still, he took away nothing but himself and his dirty clothes, wherefore, Daleton argued, he must have felt at least half way grateful.

The summer days passed away, and the autumn shadows lengthened into the blackness of winter, but Sam Augustus had not returned to the Alexandra House since that night in June. Whatever conjectures the habits of the place might have hazarded concerning his absence were driven out of mind, however, by a series of occurrences which gave the villagers ample reason for not only much gossip, but also much alarm.

Thieves made their presence felt in that Sleepy Hollow of Canada. One burglary followed another in rapid succession. First it was the residence of the reeve that was visited; then it was the doctor's house and next the real estate office. In every case the cracksmen went about their work in a way that proved they were no novices.

All this Sam Augustus was in profound ignorance. He and Mrs. Sam were now the only inhabitants of Georgian Island, the half dozen other Indians who comprised the normal population being away with some wild west show. For many moons Sam had remained at home with his wife, fighting manfully against his lust for drink, but at last a day came when Sam decided that he must yield or die. So with the setting of the sun he strapped on his skates and started over the ice to Beaverton.

He had gone but a few rods in the direction of the long pier, some six miles distant, when the brisk, snappy winter air gave him an insensate desire to make a circuit of Georgian Island before striking out for the mainland. Now, it was not such a difficult task that he had set himself, as Georgian is but three miles long by two wide.

This Boy's Head
a Mass of Sores

For Three Years a great sufferer from Eczema—Would scream with agony.

MR. JAMES SCOTT, 136 Wright Avenue, Toronto, states:—"My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly, and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with the disease in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original source of the trouble was in his normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment, is putting it very mildly."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for eczema, salt rheum, scald head and chafing. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Tom Scott

He was passing a little cove on that side of the island farthest from his home when he noticed what looked uncommonly like a boat's sail flapping in the wind. This impressed Sam as being a bit out of the ordinary for midwinter, and he conjectured, not without reason, that whoever was in the old cabin had no right to be there. So he stooped down, unfastened his skates, slung them around his neck, and, swift as a deer, ran to the shore of the cove. Cautiously he crept over the snow until he stood behind the cabin and looked in through a window.

Seated at a little table were two men, both keen visaged, both well dressed and both youthful. Overhead hung a dirty lantern. On the table between them was spread out a sheet of white paper, which they were examining with great interest.

"This," Sam heard one say, pointing to a mark on the paper, "is the veranda entrance I was telling you about. It leads straight into the old man's room, and they say he generally has a tidy sum around. Farther along here is a window to one of the guest chambers, and we may pick up a sparkle or two in the room for a big house party is on at Simcoe Lodge just now, and the wealthy Mrs. Vineland is one of the guests. The young fellow sleeps in that wing over there, so we need have no fear of arousing him. Then we'll be back to our leet and be under cover again before they know we've paid 'em a visit."

Sam opened those little eyes of his wider. He was not overgifted with an active brain, but the reference to Simcoe Lodge had sharpened his intellect. For Simcoe Lodge was the home of Ed Daleton, and had not Ed Daleton—Well, Sam Augustus drew closer to the cabin window.

The speaker's companion made no reply for some minutes. When he did speak, there was a tinge of bitterness to his words:

"I'm with ye, Rats. I agree with ye. But when's the bloomin' biz to end? They'll spot our lay soon, never fear, an' to my mind we'd better scoot down to Jackson's Point right away an' get back to Toronto from there."

"Bah!" rejoined the other. "We simply have got to turn this trick, Spud. Then I'm for home. Come, it'll be a good, dark night, and we can bag the game before midnight, for they danced until 7 this morning and are sure to be abed early."

Sam waited to hear no more. The men were thieves, and they intended robbing the home of the only white man who had ever befriended him. Oh, lazy, shiftless Sam Augustus, why do you hurry so?

For he was skating across the lake as he had never skated before. Twenty miles stretched between him and that part of the mainland where Simcoe Lodge stood, and he must be fleet indeed to arrive before the boat. He knew he was getting a good start, but he knew, too, what an leetboot could do. Ah, lucky Sam Augustus, to find the ice smooth as glass instead of being caked and crusted with snow!

On, on through the night he raced. In his face blew the first gusts of a storm, but he plunged through the crystal flakes, his sinewy legs fairly flying over the level surface. Now he could see lights twinkling in the distance, and his Indian instinct told him they were from a farmhouse not far from the Daleton estate. Not a light could be seen from Simcoe Lodge itself, for a huge row of fir trees, wind breakers, screened the house from the lake blasts.

Sam swung along buoyantly. The next moment a hissing, whistling sound came to his ears, and he saw a flash of white glide past him, to be swallowed up in the darkness.

It was the boat. They would beat him yet. He dug his skates into the ice desperately and buried himself forward. But in a minute or two he became hopeful again. It was yet too early for the burglars to begin work. He could easily arrive in time to warn the household.

On, on through the night he raced. Now he was floundering in snow banks that had drifted against the lake cliffs, now he was climbing up these rugged heights, now he had unstrapped his skates, and now, still tireless, he was bounding across the fields to give the alarm.

Not pausing to seek the gate into the Daleton grounds, he leaped the high fence that paralleled the fir trees only to alight upon a human body. Next moment he was grasped by no tender hands.

"Here, what's this?" he heard a voice exclaim. "Turn yer gim on, Rats. Here's a nice kind of a party that comes tumblin' on to a man without so much as beg pardon."

Sam Augustus writhed desperately, but another pair of brawny hands seized him, and he was helpless, yet he kept up the struggle and as he fought shouted with all the strength of his red man's lungs:

"Blas't it, stop that!" commanded the voice. "Ye won't, eh?"

There was a click and a report. Sam gave a groan and staggered back. Spud let him slip to the ground.

"I thought I'd stop ye," he muttered. "Say, Rats, I—"

Something bright flashed through the night. The Indian had risen to his knees. Spud fell, with the toe of a skate in his brain.

"Thieves!" shouted Sam.

In a yard of the old Free Kirk at Beaverton is a plain white shaft with this inscription:

AM AUGUSTUS.
The Indian Who Remembered.

Reuben's Joke on His Friend.
Of Stuart Robson it is said that in his youth he was an incorrigible practical joker. He was traveling in England with a friend, a small man called Bill, one summer, and on the Liverpool train Bill fell asleep. While he slept Robson stole his ticket from his pocket. In a little while the conductor was to be seen approaching.

"Tickets, Bill! Get out your ticket!" Robson said.

Bill, after a frantic search, said, with an oath, that his ticket was lost. Robson then advised him to escape paying by hiding under the seat. This Bill decided to do, and when the conductor appeared he lay on his back on the dusty floor quite invisible.

Robson surrendered both tickets, whereupon the conductor said: "Here are two tickets. Where is your friend, sir?"

"Under the seat there," the actor answered. "I don't know why he wanted to avoid you."

The conductor, surprised, looked under the seat, and Bill smiled at him sheepishly and then crawled awkwardly forth.—New York Tribune.

The Ass and the Ladder.

"I came into possession of a Hebrew library the other day," said a student, "and in several of my new books is the sentence, 'May this volume not be damaged, neither this day nor forever, until the ass ascends the ladder.' What does that mean—'till the ass ascends the ladder?' Do you know?"

"Yes, I know," answered the student's preceptor. "The phrase is like that of Petronius, 'asinus in tegulis' (an ass on the house top). It signifies impossibility, a thing that will never take place. Books preserved, therefore, until the ass ascends the ladder are books forever preserved."

Curiosities of Color.

After any severe shock you will be very likely to find that you have become temporarily color blind.

Your perception of green light has probably gone, at least partially. White objects will then appear to you of a reddish purple and green objects to be very much duller in hue than ordinary.

Any one can make himself or herself temporarily color blind by wearing a pair of ruby red glasses. The prolonged action of red light on the eyes ends by tiring out the nerves which receive red light. Consequently when the glasses are at last removed a rainbow appears to have only two colors—yellow and blue.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching hemorrhoids, we warrant it. Send for a free trial box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You will not only get a cure, but a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

WATER PIPING

AND SEWERAGE.

The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he is prepared to do work of this kind in a thorough and workmanlike manner.

Part of our consignment of Pipe, Sinks and Pipe Fittings is to hand and the balance expected every day.

Leave your order and have your work done right.

F. MASSON.

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Carriage work and horse-

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NEW SHOP NEXT DOOR TO UNION HOTEL.

Blank Books.

DAY BOOKS,

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In various bindings and prices.

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WANTED—SEVERAL INDUSTRIOUS PERSONS in each state to travel for house established eleven years forward with a large capital to call upon merchants agents for successful and profitable line. Permanent engagement. Weekly cash salary of \$18 and all travelling expenses and hotel bills advanced in cash each week. Experience not essential. Mention reference and enclosed self addressed envelope.

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The safest course for delicate skins is to use **BABY'S OWN SOAP.**
No Other Soap is as Good.
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CALL ON **INSURANCE J. W. DAVIDSON**
GENERAL AGENT
Office in the DeLassus Building opposite

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Mr. J. R. McDonald has moved to his rooms over J. Demers' grocery store where he will be pleased to see his customers and friends.
Pressing, Cleaning, Repairing
executed with neatness and dispatch.
J. R. McDONALD.



Dunlop Detachable Tires

First in 1888—
Foremost ever since.

To have been "first" merely proves antiquity.

To have remained first proves merit.

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Diarrhoea. Disentery. Cholera Morbus and similar diseases. Children or adults.

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The WHIRL of the TOWN

SUBSCRIBERS will kindly watch the date opposite their names on the **ADVOCATE** each week, for two reasons—to note when they are in arrears, and help the Publishers by paying up promptly, and when paid up to see that the date is changed.

There have been no arrivals or clearances from or to sea of vessels this past week.

The Southwest Boom Co. have completed their rafting operations at their boom.

The Advocate from now until Jan 1st for 25 cents.

Our illustrated edition is out—Sent to any address for 10 cents—Remit silver or stamps.

A large crowd gathered about the park last Friday evening to enjoy the music of the L. O. L. band. The concert was pronounced the best of the season.

The barque Charles Bal sailed last week, after being detained here for some days, because of the desertion of some of her crew.

Mr. Paul Kingston has been in town several days winding up last season's lumber operations and making preparations for next season.

All Division members are requested to attend the meeting on Thursday night where particulars of excursion and picnic on Labor Day will be made known.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Wm. Stothart daughter of the late Thos. Haveland will take place Monday 11 this (Wednesday) afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Boys and Misses' wigmans only 50c. a pair at McMillan's Shoe Store.

The big game season opens Sept. 15th and closes Nov. 30th. The goose, brant, and duck season opened Sept. 1st, partidge must not be shot for two years.

Col. R. L. Maltby of Newcastle, who was the other day made deputy grand master of the New Brunswick Masonic Grand Lodge, is the proud possessor of a fine Masonic jewel, sent to him by the Grand National Mother Lodge of the Prussian states, called, "To the Three Globes." Col Maltby is the representative of this body in New Brunswick.

Messrs. H. and F. R. Coykendall of New York City arrived on the express Monday morning on their way to the woods for a month's shooting. Mr. Edw. Menzie's is the guide for Messrs. Coykendall and Archie Stewart cook. They go to the Little Bald Mountains, head of the main Northwest, intending to hunt bear until the big game season opens.

The latest sensation in town is the report that Constable Bröcker is asking for the arrest of Governor Snowball on a charge of assault. The constable went to arrest Governor Snowball's coachman for non-payment of the special tax on workmen in town who are not on the assessment roll, and was ordered off the premises: "I am fluent Governor and have more authority here than you," said His Honor, and then he took Harry by the shoulder and pushed him off the premises—World.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Agnes Loudon, daughter of the Hon. Premier and Mrs. Tweedie, to Mr. William Stuart Benson, son of Dr. John Benson, of Chatham, now relieving manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. The bride-elect is a graduate of the Victoria Hospital in this city and has many warm friends here. The groom is one of Chatham's most popular young men. The ceremony will take place on Monday morning at 10 a. m., at the residence of the bride's parents, Elmshurst, at Chatham.—Gleaner.

READ STATEMENT FIRST CLASS TEETH \$10 SET

Dental Notice.

Dr. Cates, Dentist, owing to the increased business at his home office will be obliged to visit his Newcastle branch office every three months beginning with September next 26th to last, also DECEMBER, MARCH, JULY, and SEPTEMBER, on the same dates. I will make a DISCOUNT OF 20 PER CENT ON ALL DENTAL WORK. Set of teeth \$10.00 etc. Will pay patients to wait for first class dental work that has been tested and proven for the last twenty years on the Miramichi. Long experience and ample proofs warrant this statement people want value for their money and this opportunity will not be neglected by those who know as I do not feel like leaving my patients for who I have worked for so long Above discount it made to pay in part for waiting until I can visit them which will be often enough to give teeth proper attention.

The employees of this division of the I. C. R. will hold their annual picnic at Barcady River to-day.

A few pairs of boys' sneakers only 50c. at McMillan's Shoe Store.

The Methodist church will be the scene of an interesting event to-night when two of our popular young people, Miss Lina Clark and Mr. C. C. Hayward will be married.

We have a quantity of odd ends of paper in pads of hundreds at 10 cents a pound. Just the thing for office scribbling pads.

At the home of Fred Moorhouse, Bissetfield, Northumberland county, their daughter, Lucy, was married to Stephen Weaver of the same place.

Messrs. H. R. and S. C. Stanley of Lawrence Mass. and C. J. Perkins of Portland Me. left yesterday morning for Tabusintac where they will spend the remainder of the trout season with Mr. John Connell.

The Ladies of the Baptist Church, Whiteville, will hold a supper on the church grounds, Labor Day, Sept. 7th. Supper will be served from 5 to 8. Admission—Adults 30 cts children under 12 years years, 15 cts. Proceeds in aid of the new church building. All are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Mr. Grant of Trinidad occupied the pulpit of St. James' presbyterian church Sunday morning in the interest of foreign missions.

Mr. Grant made a forceful address and a fine appeal for aid in this cause.

Capt. H. F. McLeod left yesterday afternoon for Doaktown where he addressed a public meeting last evening in the interest of the Orange Order, a lodge is to be organized in that town. Mr. McLeod is Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Order for the province. Among other speakers at Doaktown was Grand Master Heine of Moncton.—Telegraph.

Ladies' Dongola Kid Slippers only \$1.00 per pair at McMillan's.

It is expected that there will be a game of ball between the benedicts and bachelors next Monday morning on the Farrell field at the last game the bachelors won but the married contingent claim they will average that whipping this time. There will be as much fun as a "barrel of monkeys"

LOST—On Monday, 17th inst., between the Mill Cove and Greenley's livery stable, a purse containing a sum of money. Finder will be rewarded on leaving it at the Advocate Office.

A certain gentleman, (we will not particularize, but may add that he is interested in vehicles) who was a passenger on the Maritime express and wished to get off here, was not awakened by the sleeper porter and on looking out of his compartment window saw that he was at Newcastle. There being no time to lose he quickly pulled on his clothes over his night dress slipped his bare feet into his boots gathered up his baggage and stepped off the train. On examining himself he found that he had his dress shirt on his arm while his hand grasped collar, tie, cuffs and socks, with numerous other small articles. He was loudly greeted by a large party of young people who had assembled at the depot to see the Normal School pupils off. They so doubt thought he was walking in his sleep but he was very much awake and made tracks to the nearest cab.

A young man who registered at the Waverley hotel last week as Ernest Pitman, New Zealand, had rather an interesting time here. The youth in question had a very doleful tale to tell of losing his arm and being the only support of a widowed mother and succeeded in gaining the sympathy of a great many people of the town to the extent of a donation from them. Then the bubble burst. Mr. Wm. Irvine had an idea that the other arm was there if not in sight and paid a visit to Pitman's room at the hotel, where, after a short talk and a rather forcible examination the arm was discovered strapped closely to his shoulder. Pitman was given one hour to leave town and he left, carrying his arm as any ordinary mortal should, in his coat sleeve.

Pitman also lifted a purse containing a small sum of money at one of the houses, that he visited and then fearing detection left it at the "Advocate" office for the owner, claiming he found it. The purse has been returned.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

Social & Personal

Miss Clark of Pexton is the guest of Miss Lina Clarke.

Mr. Geo. B. Hallet of Dalhousie was in town Monday.

Miss Hattie Stewart of Newburyport is visiting her old home here.

Mrs. Guphill of Newburyport has returned home after spending the summer here.

Mr. C. E. McKeen and wife of Quebec are visiting Mr. McKeen's brother, Mr. John McKeen of the Waverley hotel.

Mr. Geo. D. Frost of St. John was registered at the Waverley Monday.

Mrs. Hurley, accompanied by Mrs. Mason left Monday morning for New York.

Mrs. R. H. Armstrong and children left Monday morning to visit friends in Boston.

Miss Maggie Pitman of New York is spending a few days at her home in Doaktown.

Mr. D. Manderson, who was spending a few days in St. John has returned home.

Willie Byrnes of St. John has returned home after visiting friends here.

The members of the Methodist Sunday School spent a pleasant day at the French Fort cove on Saturday last.

Miss Rose Gratten of Chelmsford was in town Monday.

Miss Bessie Vananburg of Oxford N. S. is visiting her aunt Mrs. Alexander Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson of New Glasgow are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Wyse.

Mr. T. J. Storey representing the Canada Carriage Co. is in town.

Miss Lenore Layton returned home Friday night from a visit to Boston and vicinity.

Miss A. Stables left on the Monday morning express for Fredericton to attend the normal school.

Mr. Graham Jardine of the Royal Bank has returned from his vacation spent at his home in Rexton.

Mr. Wm. McLean left Monday morning for a visit to Lawrence, Mass.

Miss Janie McKae has gone to Bathurst to visit friends.

Mrs. Williston has arrived in New York where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. H. V. Parker.

Miss Adams of Strathadam was one of the number who left on Monday morning to attend Normal School at Fredericton.

Mrs. T. E. Jones and daughter of Denver, Col., are visiting Mrs. Jones' parents, Col and Mrs. R. R. Hall.

The many friends of Mr. Edward McGruar are pleased to see him around again after his recent illness.

A telegram from New York, announced yesterday, the safe arrival of Miss Bell Hutchison, daughter of E. Hutchison, Esq. She arrived from Rotterdam, on the S. S. Potadam of the Holland America line, after spending the summer on the continent.

Miss Russell, who has been spending the summer at Youghal has returned home.

Mr. L. B. McMurdo accompanied by Mr. F. O. Landry, jeweller of Bathurst left last evening on a business trip to Montreal and Toronto.



Relief from the pains and aches caused by decayed or imperfect teeth, can be had by placing yourself in our hands.

Remember this and call on

Dr. C. B. Mcanus, Over Creaghan's store. Newcastle

JUST RECEIVED

One car of Redpath's Standard Granulated Sugar in barrels and bags.

Also car of coarse Feeding Flour in barrels and bags.

Five Roses, Jersey Lily, City Queen and Tilson's Pan-dried Oat Meal, Always in stock.

Sold low to the Trade
P. HENNESSY.

RED BLOOD.

Healthy blood is always a bright red color and its tint is reflected in the face. Pallor means impure or impoverished blood, and this is a condition beset with peril. The healthy hue of the blood is due to the iron it contains. Every deficiency of iron should be promptly supplied.

DALTON'S BEEF IRON and WINE

is the remedy to use. It supplied the form of iron needed. It is taken up without any tax on digestion, and its work is supplemented by the Beef and Wine. It is good to take, and results as gratifying are as the taste.

50 AND 75 CENTS.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
F. R. DALTON, Proprietor,
Between Post Office and Waverley Hotel.

We are selling

The balance of our Trimmed Hats at greatly reduced prices.

White Pique Skirts at \$1.10, \$1.40 and \$1.75, worth double the money.

In stock, Night Gowns, Corset Covers, Drawers and Underskirts at lowest prices.

MRS. H. A. QUILTY.
THE SARGEANT TONE

School!!!

School will soon reopen. We are prepared for the event with a full line of school books, writing books, drawing books, slates, pencils, crayons and all school requisites.

We will also have the most complete line of scribbles and exercise books ever shown here. We have been making a speciality of these our efforts have been appreciated.

Send the boys and girls along early and we will fit them out.

During the early part of September we will GIVE AWAY blotters and rulers with copy books, readers etc.

Our grocery trade advances small profits and no credit is our motto.

FOLLANSBEE & Co.

Next door to H. Williston & Co.

RELIABLE LADY AGENTS WANTED to take orders for the best custom made dress shirts and walking skirts in Canada. Write quickly.

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Box 209
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THE CHEAP CASH STORE.

FALL GOODS

Our fall and winter stock is now arriving and we are showing some excellent values in

Heavy Underwear, Hosiery, Blue and Grey Flannels, Flannelettes, Wrapper-ettes, Ladies' Heavy Suitings, Canadian Homespun, Men's and Boys' Fall Caps, etc.

White Wool Blankets. We have a special range of these from \$1.85 per pair upward. They cannot be equalled in quality for the price.

MEN'S SUITS

50 Heavy Blue Knap Double Breasted Suits, just the thing for fall wear.

PRICE \$6.50.

Call and see them.

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HEAVY TWEED SUITS

at prices ranging from

\$4 00 UPWARD

MEN'S COATS

A few separate coats on hand, selling for \$1.00 and \$1.25 each.

JAMES BROWN, Newcastle.

Our best advertisement is never printed,
it is in the package.

try TIGER TEA