

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

have decided to go West, and want to dispose of about
\$7,000 WORTH OF GOODS.
 BEFORE JANUARY 15TH.

IN ORDER TO DO THIS.

I WILL SELL THE WHOLE BUSINESS

TO ANY PARTY OR PARTIES, OR

I Will Sell any Quantity of Goods

to any Merchant or Private Individual. THIS IS A GRAND CHANCE
 for you to receive your Family Supply AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
 We are now ready to Start Selling, and can make Good Terms with the
 Retail People. We have Everything that a Man or Boy can wear except
 Boots. Parties having accounts not paid will please call and settle,
 either by Cash or Note, and save Costs.

L. B. McMURDO, The Men's Store

APPLES! APPLES!!

Unloading To-Day,

A CAR

Choice Gravensteins.

Call and inspect them.

GEO STABLES.

THE PEOPLE'S GROCER.



YOUNG MAN, STOP!

See our Fall and Winter line of suits. None better, is there?

We Can Suit The Hard to Suit,

and perhaps that's you. No matter how particular.

Our Made-to-order Suits and Top Coats

are best made. Prices moderate. Fits guaranteed.

P. RUSSELL,

Fish Building,

Pleasant Street,

Merchant Tailor.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

The annual Teachers' Institute opens here on Thursday morning at ten a.m. The following is the programme.

PROGRAMME.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14.

10 a.m.—Enrollment. Business.
 Addresses by President and Inspector Mersereau.
 Paper, "Fractions," Miss N. Keating.
 2 p.m.—Roll Call. Minutes.
 Paper, "The Training of the Memory," C. J. Mersereau.
 Paper, "Some Impressions of the West."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15.

9 a.m.—Roll Call. Minutes. Business.
 Paper, "Primary Number Work," Miss L. Smith.
 Paper, "School Government," Dr. Bridges.
 2 p.m.—Roll Call. Minutes. Election of Officers.
 Paper, "Physical Culture," and demonstration with pupils—Miss Hogan.
 Paper, H. H. Stuart.

Thursday, 8 p.m., Public Meeting in Town Hall.

Addresses and Musical Programme. Usual arrangements for one way rates are being made with M.S.N.Co. and I.C.R.

Advice From a Mother

To all Other Mothers

The young mother—the inexperienced mother—is always glad to get the advice of the more experienced in the care of her little one. Thousands of mothers have emphatically said that there is no medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets for keeping little ones well, or restoring health if illness comes suddenly. The young mother can safely follow the lead of these others. Mrs. John Shortill, Georgetown, Ont., says:—"I would not be a day without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. I believe they saved my youngest child's life. At the age of three months she cried all the time with indigestion. Our doctor did all he could for her, but did not seem to help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and they worked a wonderful change. They seemed to tone the stomach, moved the bowels regularly, and she has ever since been a healthy child." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CASORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

COLLEGE STUDENT

FORFEITED DEPOSIT.

U. N. B. Boys Were Too Gay and One Was Arrested—Suit for False Arrest Threatened—Popular Wedding.

Fredericton, N. B. Oct. 11.—The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents this afternoon at St. Mary's, of Miss J. Josephine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Burt and Donald McG. Campbell, of this city, manager of Tweeddale and Company's hardware store. Rev. A. H. Rideout performed the ceremony after which the newly wedded pair left on a honeymoon trip which will include the chief American Eastern cities.

The college students marched through the streets on Saturday evening with their usual songs and yells. Acting under instruction of the Chief of Police Officer Finnamore requested the young men to leave out the music or noise while parading the Queen street sidewalk, but little attention was paid and the result was that the officer arrested one of the students, a deposit was made and it is said that all kinds of threats was made about false arrests.

When the case came up before the police court this morning there was no appearance and the deposit was forfeited.

Today is the fourth anniversary of the death of Canon Roberts, for over thirty-two years rector of Fredericton.

WITH THE SPORTSMEN.

Miss Van Nornon, Miss Smith and Mr. McNaughton of New York, left for their home Saturday after spending several days on the Miramichi hunting grounds. They brought out with them a good caribou head.

Dr. and Mrs. Lind of Boston, registered at Hotel Miramichi Friday, and went to Tabusintac, duck shooting.

M. Shiras of Pittsburgh, Pa., and W. S. Ray of Harrisburg, Pa., came out this week with two moose, two caribou and a deer. Mr. Ray's moose head had a spread of sixty-one inches. Carl Bersing was the guide. All the heads were large.

James A. Emery of New York, and N. C. Nash of Boston, came out of the woods Sunday with a moose head each, both with wide spreads.

A. C. Chapman, James Edward, E. A. Schock, and E. W. Given, registered at Hotel Miramichi Saturday with guide Stanley Lewis of Salisbury, who is now guiding them to the headwaters of the river in search of game.

Terrible Wreck at Nash's Creek

Three Men Killed and Six Seriously Injured in Head On Collision.

The North bound Maritime express was wrecked Wednesday morning near Nash's Creek, in a head-on collision with a freight train.

THE DEAD

Engineer Morton of Campbellton.
 Fireman Whalen of Moncton.
 Express Messenger Morrison of St. John.

THE INJURED

Fireman Cook of Campbellton, leg cut off.
 Brakeman Jesuliat of Moncton.
 Brakeman Murray of Moncton.
 Mail Clerk D. O'Sullivan of Halifax.
 Mail Clerk Thomas Keith of Halifax.
 Mail Clerk W. P. Sterritt of Campbellton.

The head-on collision between the Maritime express going west and Conductor Jno. Thompson's special freight was one of the worst in loss of life and property ever reported on the Intercolonial. The Maritime express left Moncton Tuesday night about 45 minutes late, but made up some time. The special freight was coming east and had orders to cross the express at Nash's Creek, about four miles west of Jacquet River and 31 miles east of Campbellton. Evidently the conductor of the special had not made sufficient allowance for time made up by the express. Fortunately none of the passengers were seriously injured but those in the second class cars were badly shaken up.

Collision Occurred on a Curve. The collision occurred on a sharp curve, so that it was impossible for the occupants of the approaching locomotives to see the danger in time to appreciably reduce their speed and the trains came together at full speed. Indeed, it is not impossible that the engineers, who would be busily engaged in their work, had no warning whatever. Fireman Miram Smith of the freight special saw the approach of the express in time to jump and thus saved his life.

Two of the injured were rescued from beneath the piles of the demolished locomotives. Brakeman Albert Jesuliat of Moncton, who was in his place in the locomotive of Conductor Thompson's freight special, was found pinned among the debris. He was held down by a heavy piece of wreckage, and was released by digging under him.

Caught Under Wreck. Fireman Wm. T. Cook was found imprisoned beneath the debris of the express locomotive. One foot had been torn off, and he was otherwise seriously injured. He was conveyed to the hospital here.

Express Messenger Morrison was found fatally crushed in his car. The principal portion of the contents in the express car were boxes of fish, and it is believed that Messenger Morrison was crushed beneath an avalanche of boxes when the collision occurred.

Narrow Escape

Baggage Master John Montgomery of Moncton, had a close call from meeting death. Less than a minute before the fatal crash occurred, he had gone back to the first class car, and was on the point of returning to his car when the collision took place. The baggage car was wrecked and had there been any occupants, it is doubtful whether they would have escaped with their lives.

The wreckage at one point was piled thirty feet in the air. Great steel rails on the freight train were hurled forty or fifty feet by the force of the impact. The mail car was shot into the air, and left on top of the other wreckage, and thus avoided being smashed to kindling wood.

The damage to the rolling stock of the railway will be heavy, probably twenty or thirty thousand dollars.

Several survivors of the wreck, Brakeman Murray of Moncton, Fireman Hiram Smith and mail clerk O'Sullivan and Keith, arrived in Moncton Wednesday afternoon. Brakeman Murray was badly cut about the head and face and also about the body. He was met at the station by his wife and driven to his home.

Fireman's Statement

Fireman Smith's statement is that the freight special had taken water at Charlo and left there with orders to cross the Maritime express at Nash's Creek, but before leaving he

had looked at his watch and said, 'Bob, do you think we can make it?' 'I think so,' was the response of driver Whalen. So they started and were running about fifteen miles an hour, when the other train was sighted. 'My God, 32 is on us,' cried out Fireman Smith and with these words he leaped from the engine into the ditch. On rising he first met one of the brake men and together the two started to help the others in finding the injured. 'As I was going through the air,' said Mr. Smith, 'I heard the two engines meet. It was an awful crash and I knew there would be a frightful ending. As soon as I could collect myself I ran to where the trains were.'

When asked concerning the fate of driver Whalen, he said he had not seen him from the time he made the leap from the engine. He saw Express Messenger Morrison pulled from the debris of the wreck. Mr. Morrison, he said, had one arm severed from his body, while some were many other bruises about the body.

Doctor on Scene

Dr. L. N. Bourque of Moncton, who had been in Campbellton, was a passenger on the east bound maritime express and arrived at the scene of the wreck a short time after the accident. Dr. Bourque gave every possible assistance to the injured.

Driver Morton and Driver Whalen, he says, were buried under the ruins of the locomotives and crushed to death. It is all probability being instantly killed. It was only after hard work that Fireman Cook was extricated from his position under the ruins of the locomotive. The unfortunate man was crushed beneath a great mass of twisted iron and steel, and Dr. Bourque worked his way beneath and did what he could for him. Cook in the meantime was suffering terrible agony and continually moaned 'For God sake get me out of this.' The unfortunate man was covered with burns and scalds and one foot was crushed off.

Mr. Cook was wedged close to the fire box and a great sheet of steel crushed him down. There was no jack with which to remove this weight until the relief train from Campbellton arrived. He thought at the time Cook was removed from the debris, that there was little or no chance of his recovery.

Brakeman Jesuliat of Moncton was badly cut about the legs. He was rescued from beneath some steel rails, and a bad gash, extending to the bone was inflicted on the upper portion of his leg, and he was otherwise injured as well. Never before has an accident caused more sadness particularly in the homes of those afflicted. In the home of Mr. John Morton, the dead engineer who met death with his hand holding the throttle, the distress is very keen. The bereaved widow is almost in a state of collapse while the children scarce realize their loss. At the Moncton depot Wednesday afternoon Mr. Pearl Morton and his sister Miss Jean, children of the dead railway man, who were returning home from a one day's trip to Halifax, hardly realized the awful fate of their father. They had bid him good bye at the Moncton depot the morning before and were intending to spend several days in Halifax on a vacation trip. Before leaving Campbellton they endeavored to induce their father to accompany them with no success and when the telegram telling them of his untimely death was delivered to them in Halifax, the blow was a severe one. Another pathetic incident in the death of engineer Morton is that he was not on his regular trip. At Campbellton he had exchanged trips with Mr. Geo. Anderson of Moncton, and instead of making his regular run was on that of his brother engineer.

Line Clear

A temporary line was constructed around the wreck and the stalled trains were allowed to proceed, the Maritime passing through here about noon yesterday. Today the trains are running schedule time.

The Funeral

The funeral of Engineer John Morton took place from his late residence, Central street, this afternoon and was one of the largest ever held in Campbellton. Besides Campbellton citizens

DAMAGE IN WRECK AMOUNTS TO \$30,000

"Right on the Dot" Were the Last Words Spoken by Driver Morton

SORTING WRECKAGE.

Moncton, Oct. 11.—A rough estimate of the financial loss caused by Wednesday's disaster at Nash's Creek, when the Maritime express crashed head on into a freight train is estimated at thirty thousand dollars. Both locomotives were battered almost to scrap iron by the fearful force of the impact, but there still remains a foundation for repair. The baggage and express cars were badly smashed up, and five freight cars practically demolished. In addition there was the loss of freight and damage to the road bed, and other incidentals.

The baggage department has been kept busy since the wreck endeavoring to locate missing trunks and contents. The baggage car was well filled and only seven trunks escaped. These were especially made and were the property of English passengers. General baggage agent Allen has been at the scene of the wreck until yesterday, and much of the baggage has been straightened out, but there is still considerable unclaimed.

While working about the debris Agent Allen picked up a torn letter, and examining it found it contained a money order for nearly a hundred dollars. It was forwarded to its destination in Newfoundland.

"Right on the dot." These were the last words uttered by John Morton, the unfortunate engineer killed in the wreck. The express had just passed Jacquet River and the time was 2.40, being the time the train was due to pass there and as engineer Morton glanced at his watch and called out the above words.

Mr. L. H. Wheaton, formerly resident engineer at Camp No. 3 Transcontinental Railway has been appointed the vacancy made by the transfer of R. H. Cushing, divisional engineer at Moncton, who has been transferred to Plaster Rock.

On Sunday next the new Canadian Baptist Hymnal will be used for the first time in the United Baptist church, Newcastle. All are cordially invited to the services. Hymn books provided. 3 All seats free. Preacher, Rev. Dr. Cousins.

A large number of railway men from Moncton to St. Plais, were here to do honor to one who met death at his duty.

The services at the house were conducted by Rev. P. J. S. Ahouse, assisted by Revs. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Coleman and student, Thos. Roy.

The choir of the Baptist church, of which deceased was an ever faithful member, rendered a number of hymns favorites of the deceased.

The order of the procession was as follows:

Members of Orange Lodge.
 Boys of Baptist Sabbath School.
 Members of Brotherhood Clergymen.
 Funeral Director.

The flowers were elaborate and bespoke of the high esteem in which the deceased was held. Among them were a very handsome urn of flowers from the Baptist congregation, wreath L. O. Lodge No. 64; wreath, Brotherhood; wreath, W. N. Ingram, Moncton; wreath, Misses Shirley, Bathurst; wreath Duncan Gallan, and cut flowers from numerous citizens.

Interment was in rural cemetery, the services at the grave being conducted by the Brotherhood and the members of Helme Lodge No. 64. The pall bearers were Andrew Connell, H. A. Wheelhouse, Daniel McLaughlin, Steve Moore, Arthur McKenzie, John McCormick.

The deceased was 55 years of age.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS

On Friday morning the barn of W. J. Black was destroyed by fire. Mr. Black will be a heavy loser as he had the farm under lease, carried no insurance and lost his large crop.

Mined's Liniment for sale everywhere

ST. YVES MAY NEVER RUN ANOTHER RACE

Physicians say that Henry St. Yves, French long distance runner, who collapsed in the twenty-third mile of a race at Montreal, may never run again.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Dunn, Henderson St., Chatham, was celebrated on the 6th inst. A number of their friends called during the day with presents of silver, congratulations and good wishes. Mrs. Dunn entertained at supper and a pleasant evening was spent.

A GOOD CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY

Seldom have the people of Newcastle a chance to buy goods at wholesale prices. McMurdo is selling out and going West, and offers his stock for sale. This is no fake sale. We mean business, and must do some business between now and the first of the year. Join the bunch that is going to make the money. Get in the swim and buy your goods while the stock is complete.

DEATH AT WOODSTOCK

Mrs. Connor, widow of the late Zebulon Connor, who has been in failing health for a few years, died at her home in Broadway on Thursday, aged 80 years and five months. Her maiden name was Mary Ann Warden, daughter of the late Gabriel Warden of Kars, Queens Co. One daughter, Mrs. John Lee of Woodstock, survives. The funeral in charge of Rev. P. G. Kennedy, took place at 2.30 Saturday afternoon in the Woodstock cemetery.

The Institution for the Deaf in Halifax has reopened after the summer vacation. The school receives a grant from the government of New Brunswick; consequently all children throughout the province whose hearing is so defective that they cannot be successfully taught in the ordinary hearing school, are eligible for admission. Parents are only called upon to provide clothing and pay travelling expenses. Seventy-five per cent. of the pupils are taught speech and lip reading. Persons knowing of such children will please communicate with the Principal, Mr. J. Pearson.

Among the fifty-three new students who have entered the University of New Brunswick this year are the following: Junior Class—J. C. O'Leary, Newcastle, arts; Sophomore Class—J. H. Ramsay, Richibucto, engineering; J. M. Duguay, Lameque, engineering; W. H. McLean, Jardineville, engineering. Freshmen Class—Norman Wilson, Chatham, engineering; A. A. Brown, Chatham, arts; M. A. McKinnon, Chatham, engineering; A. S. Veniot, Bathurst, engineering; N. A. McKenzie, Chatham, engineering; Ina L. McKnight, Chatham, arts; Hazel P. Lingley, Campbellton, arts; Robert K. Shives, Campbellton, engineering.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

ACHE

Is the bone of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

ROBBER MAY BE FROM THE PROVINCES

Four men concerned in the post office robbery were rounded up near Ottawa, and three captured. One had an I.C.R. ticket, and may belong to the provinces.

TO LAY THE CORNER STONE OF A NEW CHURCH

In two weeks' time the corner stone of the new Roman Catholic Church will be laid at Scoudoux. Bishop Casey, of St. John, is expected there and will conduct the ceremony. The church is about completed, having been under construction for some months.

CANADA EVIDENTLY HOLDS ANOTHER RECORD IN CONNECTION WITH TRANSPORTATION MATTERS.

The Official Guide of the Railways and Steam Navigation Lines in the United States, Porto Rico, Mexico, Canada and Cuba, is regarded by transportation men, especially those engaged in handling tickets and giving information to the public, as indispensable. It is the bible of the railway world.

Charles E. Morgan, who has represented the Grand Trunk Railway System and its allied lines at Hamilton, Ont., for a lifetime, recently received a letter from the Manager of the Official Guide in which the opinion is expressed that Mr. Morgan is entitled to the credit of being the "longest continuous subscriber" his name appearing continuously on the subscription list of the "Guide" since March 1st, 1874.

"The D. and L." Emulsion will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "all run down."

WAS KILLED WHEN AUTO TURNED OVER

Henry Steininger, heard of a large contracting company of St. Louis, was killed, and Hugo Loewe, of East St. Louis, Ill., was seriously injured in Detroit last night, when their automobile overturned after a tire exploded. The machine was going at a high speed when it was wrecked.

LUCKY TRAMPS.

It was certainly a lucky thing for three tramps, who were beating their way on the Maritime Express on the morning of the wreck at Nash's Creek, that they were put off the train at Petit Rocher, where the last stop was made by the Maritime before Jacquet River was reached. They were riding next to the engine, and had they not been noticed and put off the train, the wreck would doubtless have claimed three more victims.

Davis' Menthol Salve is a handy pleasant and efficacious household remedy for insect and mosquito bites and stings, skin diseases, piles etc. Try it. 25c. per tin.

RUSSIA WANTS MILLIONS FOR RY. CONSTRUCTION

The extraordinary budget of the ministry of railroads has been submitted to the duma. It calls for \$31,100,000 for new construction in 1910. All of this amount, with the exception of \$163,000, will be expended in Siberia and on the Amur railroad. The sum of \$11,500,000 is allotted to the railroad line around Lake Baikal, and \$12,500,000 to double track the trans-Siberian.

TOES CRUSHED IN I.C.R. YARD

A. Embree, I.C.R. brakeman at Moncton, had the toes on one foot quite badly crushed while at work in the I.C.R. yard Friday night. He was in the act of kicking the drawbar in order to couple two cars together when his foot was caught with the above result. He will be unable to attend to his duties for some weeks in consequence of the accident.

SPORT NEAR WAKE STATION, G. T. P.

In the vicinity of Wake Station on the Lake Superior Branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, good duck-hunting is to be found. The lakes in the vicinity are also well stocked with skinning and mountain and salmon trout. Moose, caribou and red deer are plentiful, and good sport is assured to any one visiting that district. Guides may be secured by writing to R. Porter Hogan, Wake, Ont. Wake is 160 miles from Fort Williams.

CURE THAT OBSTINATE SORE.

Where Ordinary Salves Fail Zam-Buk Succeeds.

Chronic sores which cause trouble by "breaking open," may be cured by Zam-Buk, as well as recent injuries and diseases. If you suffer from some old sore—hidden, perhaps, but none the less painful for that—don't dally, apply Nature's healing essence as provided in Zam-Buk. Mrs. L. E. Ashton, of 111 Vickers Street, Fort William, tells how valuable Zam-Buk is as a family balm. She says:—"We first used Zam-Buk for cuts and bruises etc., and found it so satisfactory that my husband started using it for a chronic sore. For a long time he had been bothered with an old sore on his leg, and had used various preparations, yet nothing had permanently cured it. He began applying Zam-Buk balm, and was very soon agreeably surprised to notice a great improvement."

"It was only a matter of a short time before Zam-Buk had thoroughly cleansed the sore of all foul matter and healing had commenced. It is now some months since the sore was completely closed, and there is no likelihood of it breaking out again."

"Since then my baby, eighteen months old, has been cured of eczema on the scalp by Zam-Buk. This eczema came in red pimples, and if rubbed or scratched, formed into sores. The child was very fretful from the irritation of the scalp, but whenever Zam-Buk was applied it seemed to bring the greatest relief. Frequent applications were effective in clearing all traces of the disease from the baby's scalp in a short space of time. I feel it my duty to give the credit where due, and to say that Zam-Buk has cured my sufferer from chronic sores, bad leg, or eczema."

Zam-Buk is Nature's own healing balm, being composed of pure herbal essences. It is a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, poisoned sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, chapped hands, cold-sores, frost-bite, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes \$1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations represented to be "just as good."

Even if Theodore Roosevelt had foreseen certain things that have come to pass, he could not have chosen a spot more secluded than the heart of Africa in which to vent his impatient rage.

NEAR DEATH'S DOOR.

Min-o-na cures dyspepsia. If any of the readers of THE UNION ADVOCATE are suffering from stomach trouble of any kind T. J. Durick will sell you a box of Min-o-na for 50 cents with an absolute guarantee of relief or money back.

Neil Murray of Huron Road, Goderich, Ont., says:—"I suffered with indigestion for over four years and had been given over as incurable by many doctors. I had become a nervous wreck through loss of sleep, and whatever I ate did not remain on my stomach for over two hours. I would suffer with vomiting spells that would almost kill me, perspiration as large as beads would break out all over my body and leave me in so weakened a condition that I would be unable to stand, not a night's rest for over six months and was so weakened and run down that my family thought I would die. My heart was greatly weakened and would flutter and a sharp pain would come through me and cut off my breath. I was reduced in weight from 150 to less than 110 pounds. Doctors would give different causes for my trouble yet none of them gave me the slightest relief. I commenced treatment with Min-o-na and when one-half of the first box was used I could eat my meals without suffering the dreadful vomiting spells. I used about ten boxes in all, and I am entirely cured. My stomach is as strong as ever and there is not the slightest trouble with digestion. I have gained about 40 pounds in weight, am strong and healthy and like a new man. I will always speak highly of Min-o-na, it cured me and I believe kept me from sure death when all else had failed."

Marconi promises to send press despatches across the Atlantic at the rate of 15,000 words a day, charging a tariff of five cents a word—half the cable toll. The present speed for transatlantic messages is only thirty five words a minute. Marconi hopes for a speed of fifty words. Moreover, he believes that he can soon telegraph 5,000 miles and more.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric.

Use the Sunlight way. Follow the directions.



TIMBER DEAL ON NORTH SHORE.

Bathurst Property of Adams, Burns & Co. Ltd., Goes to American Lumbermen.

St. John, N. B. Oct. 11.—A north shore lumber deal of large proportions was completed yesterday, when the Nepisiquit Lumber Co., composed of some of the wealthiest lumbermen in the United States, took possession of the extensive properties of the Adams Burns Co., Ltd., of Bathurst, N. B. The purchase includes all the lumber, crown lands and milling properties as well as the wharves and stores at Bathurst Village. The price paid was said today to have been several hundred thousand dollars. Dr. A. W. MacRae, of this city, is the secretary. The president is R. W. Ellis, a large real estate broker and president of the Union Trust Company of Springfield Mass., and ex-president of the Springfield National Bank. Fred S. Moore, of Springfield, a large lumberman and president of the F. S. Moore Lumber Co., is managing director. The Messrs. Sisson of the A. Sherman Lumber Company of New York, who own large pulp mill interests, are heavy owners in the Nepisiquit Lumber Company. W. G. White is the local manager. The Bathurst plant at present consists of a large cedar shingle mill and deal mill, which has been manufacturing lumber for the English market. The latter mill will be torn down at once by the Nepisiquit Company and a large and more modern mill erected in its place. The lumber manufactured in this new mill will be shipped wholly to the United States. Already men have been despatched to the woods and it is expected by the management of the Nepisiquit Lumber Company that their cut this winter will be upwards of 30,000,000 feet. There is an impression that the Nepisiquit Lumber Company will soon branch off into the manufacture of pulp.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

"Dear Sir:—Does it ever strike you that a good many divorces are due to the fact that lots of girls obtain husbands under false pretenses? What do I mean by this? Well, I'll tell you. There are certain characteristics about a female form which always have been and always will be attractive to the male sex. If we come to analyze the reasons of this, it will be found that these characteristics have to do with the qualifications of a woman for motherhood. I need not enter into the anatomical points involved, but it is certain that every wholesome-minded man is attracted to a woman whose hips and bust are well developed, and who has those other indications that mark her as well fitted to perpetuating the race. The women are well aware of this fact, and what is the result? Look over the advertising columns of any magazine or visit certain sections of big department stores and you will find that woman, or at least a goodly part of her, is engaged in the occupation of deceiving man by means of pneumatic busts, ditto hip pads, hair dyes, a multitude of complexion washes, false teeth, form improvers, eye beautifiers and the like. What follows? Let us consider a supposititious case: A youth has been paying court to a girl who carries with her all the marks of perfect womanhood in the way that I have indicated. He marries. Then he discovers that he is espoused to a something which is a joint product of the art of the rubber manufacturer, the dentist, the hair-dye man, the complexion expert, the dressmaker and the corset specialist. He believed that he was wedded to—to use the title of your last serial, A Perfect Beauty—and discovers that he is mated to a breastless, hipless, toothless, nonentity, who puts her pearly teeth in a tumbler of water at night, turns a saffron yellow when her complexion wears off, while her golden hair is a dirty brown at the roots where the dye can't get at it. Now, if this kind of thing isn't sufficient to make a man go wrong in the first instance and seek divorce in the second, I don't know what is. I speak of one who has been there. E. Nowes.

Philadelphia, (Physical Culture.)

Sufferers from rheumatism find instant relief in "The D. and L." Emulsion. Be sure and get the genuine. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co.

More bread and Better bread —And the Reason for it

A STRONG FLOUR can only be made from strong wheat. Manitoba hard wheat is acknowledged the strongest in the world—and that is the kind used for Purity Flour.

But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

It means that Purity Flour is made entirely of the highest-grade flour parts of the strongest wheat in the world.

It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.



Double Duplex Grates

Sask-Alta Steel Range

For Sale by J. H. PHINNEY.

McClary's Fuel-Saving Scheme

Sask-Alta Double Duplex Grates will save you fuel. Grates are separate, as shown in illustration. This allows ashes to be removed from one end of fire-box without disturbing fire in other end. And saves fuel—as frequently there are more ashes in one end of fire-box than in other. When ordinary long grates are used good coal in one end of fire-box is shaken down with ashes in other. Remember this feature is patented. Therefore Double Duplex Grates are to be found only on Sask-Alta Steel Range.

CALL AND SEE OUR Stoves and Ranges

EMPRESS STEEL RANGE, STANDARD SOVEREIGN, STANDARD OAK.

FULLY GUARANTEED THE MOST UP-TO-DATE STOVE ON THE MARKET.

PRICES MADE ON EASY TERMS.

F. H. GOUGH, NEWCASTLE, - - N. B.

The Union Advocate

from now until Jan. 1st, 1910

FOR 25 CENTS.

A SHORT-LIVED MYSTERY.

I should think it must have been. Why did you not see it? Probably no one would have seen any the wiser.

That's what I thought, sir, but my wife wouldn't have it.

What! The means of recovery within her grasp, and she refused to take advantage of it?

She is a good woman, sir. She'd rather die than have a thing wrong. She must be wonderfully good!

Said Mr. Hastings, who just a little suspicion showing in his face and voice.

I should have no objection in telling you other than the truth, sir, said Lloyd, respectfully. If you doubt me you have only to ring and ask Walter whether my little girl didn't bring the bag.

But why did not Walters bring it to me?

Perhaps he laid it down and never gave it a second thought, sir. If he didn't look inside he might have thought the bag was empty.

The ear at the keyhole considered it had heard enough. Its owner hastened up to his room, trembling in every limb.

What an escape! How fortunate he had overcome his self-respect—the frequent obstacle to worldly success—and stooped to listen at the keyhole!

On a sickling entails another, and if human nature can bring itself to commit a crime, it must not be surprised if subsequent events call for it to sink still lower to the depths of committing such a paltry business as listening at a keyhole. The theft had not been so really difficult to Walters, as the lowering of his dignity for the safety of his person.

After a hurried journey from his room to the pretty morning-room, where Mrs. Wyndham had been wont to sit when alone, he proceeded to the kitchen where cook's patience was exhausted, and she was on the point, as she told him, of being so unpolite as to begin without him.

He apologized satisfactorily, and drank a cup of coffee at a draught, hoping thereby to steady his still trembling nerves.

You seem to like the coffee, said cook, pleased at his appreciation of her handiwork.

I never think anyone makes it half so well as you, he replied. The dining-room bell rang.

Martha can go for once, suggested the cook.

I think I might as well see what it is, loftily condescended Walters. Lloyd is there; he wanted to see me.

About his wife; I shouldn't wonder, poor thing! I'd keep some coffee hot for you.

Thank you, cook; you're the most thoughtful woman I know.

Leaving behind him this honeyed speech, Walters, with all the dignity he felt himself capable of assuming, entered the dining-room and stood before the master of the house.

Walters, a little girl brought a small bag yesterday morning, which had belonged to Mr. Wyndham?

Yes, sir; replied Walters, deprecatingly. I put it in the morning-room. You were not down at the time, and I quite forgot it afterwards. I'm very sorry, sir.

No need—there's no harm done; just fetch it will you?

Walters withdrew.

Arthur Hastings was a gentleman; he turned to P. C. Lloyd. I beg your pardon for seeming to doubt you. I should have questioned Walters to begin with.

Lloyd would have found it difficult to reply; fortunately Walters returning with the little bag, rendered a reply unnecessary.

Is this what you found? asked Hastings. Wait a moment, Walters. It is, sir.

With both men anxiously watching him—each fearful lest by any chance someone should have taken

the money since the bag passed out of his immediate possession—Arthur Hastings leisurely pressed the clasp. The little bag opened its mouth and he drew from it the purse. Walters breathed freely, but Lloyd was still doubtful. Mr. Hastings counted the money; ten sovereigns and four five-pound notes. The constable's face beamed joyously then, and he looked gladly round in spite of the lowered blinds, which had had a most depressing effect on him until now.

Thirty pounds, said Arthur Hastings. What has the doctor ordered your wife, Lloyd?

Any strengthening food she can take, and port wine, sir.

Well now, look here, you tell me, and I believe you that only the thought of your wife brought you to ask for a reward for returning this money, which you found accidentally. But, putting your wife aside, the action is worth recompense. How much do you think I ought to give you?

A slight anxiety crept once more into the policeman's face.

Would you think a pound too much, sir? You see it's my wife's life, he faltered.

Walters, said Mr. Hastings, there is port in the house I suppose?

Yes, sir.

Decanted?

No sir.

Decant a bottle and bring it here, please.

Yes sir.

He disappeared.

Hastings turned again to P. C. Lloyd.

Instead of giving you any money, I will see that your wife is supplied with all the doctor thinks necessary. Will that satisfy you?

Talk of gratitude! The poor fellow nearly went down on his knees. He could not speak; the back of his hand came into requisition for an instant, and he made a kind of choking sound.

Arthur's last doubt vanished. He began to fidget with the sugar tongs.

Have you breakfasted, Lloyd? I forgot to ask you before.

Lloyd's voice had returned; he was able to reply civilly—

No sir, but it will be ready against I get back. I should like to thank you, sir, if I knew how.

Wait until your wife is well for that. I shall come and see her this morning, unless you think it will be too much for her?

She will be only too pleased and honored, sir.

Very good. Ah! that's right, Walters. Ask cook if she can spare a cup of hot coffee. Lloyd would rather not wait to eat anything, I know; but it won't take him long to swallow some coffee.

How different everything looked to John Lloyd, as he left the house with a bottle of wine! He forgot his thoughts about the shaded windows, and how soon his own might have to be treated in the same way, which had assailed him as he entered the large gloomy room where Mr. Hastings had been breakfasting. Somehow it had not looked so gloomy when he came away.

Honesty is the best policy, Mr. Walters informed himself, as he watched the policeman's quickly retreating form. That was the nearest shave I ever heard of read off. The money is a good reward after all; it was a terrible anxiety. If I had been found out! And if I had not listened at that keyhole! I had no idea the child was being watched—quite thought she had found it and brought it of her own accord. Silly of me to think that. Silly of me to be tempted! I won't try that game on again and then I shall not have to listen at keyholes. Not but what that might come useful at any time.

That woman must be worth knowing, though she may belong to the lower ranks, soliloquized Arthur Hastings as he lingered still

at the breakfast table; I don't wonder my poor old aunt liked her. What could this money have been for?

He toyed with the tiny bag until his fingers inserted themselves into an inside pocket, which neither he nor Walters nor the Lloyds had noticed. The fingers felt something and I drew it out; it was a note addressed to Mr. Douglas in a lady's handwriting.

CHAPTER IV.

Dorothy Archer was arranging flowers in the hall, before commencing her daily teaching. Mary Douglas stood by her, looking on with interest.

You make them look as pretty as mamma does, Miss Archer. When is she coming home? And why doesn't she write? I asked papa if she had sent a letter for me, as she always does when she goes away, and he said he hadn't had a letter.

Perhaps your mamma is so busy that she cannot find time to write just yet, Mary. Don't say anything more to your papa about it; because if you miss her and feel sorry not to have a letter, just think what he must feel; he loves her ever so much more than you do.

I don't think he can, Miss Archer.

He has known her longer than you have, Mary.

Is that all, why? Oh, then I'll let him love her more, if it's only because of that. Here's a strange gentleman, Miss Archer.

Dorothy turned and saw Arthur Hastings, who stood looking in through the open front door, thinking what a sweet picture she and the child made. Perhaps something of his thought was visible in his face, for Dorothy colored slightly as she stepped towards him.

I hope you will pardon my intrusion at such an early hour, Miss Archer, said Hastings, as he clasped the slender fingers she extended to him. I want to see Mr. Douglas.

He is at the office, Dorothy replied. He likes to get there not later than ten.

The hall clock struck ten as she spoke.

After a moment's hesitation, Arthur decided to produce the note he had brought. It was pleasant to put himself on a more intimate footing with this charming girl, who looked as fresh and natural as the flowers she was touching so lovingly. He felt tolerably certain that if, as he suspected, there was anything wrong about Mrs. Douglas being away, Dorothy knew all about it, and was, therefore, the proper person to explain his errand to.

I don't know whether it is of any consequence, Miss Archer, but I found this note in a small plush bag my poor aunt had with her at the time of the accident. Walters told me that she had parted from Mrs. Douglas at the station, and was on her way to Mr. Douglas's office; so I put two and two together and guessed this may have been written by Mrs. Douglas and entrusted to my aunt.

He took the note from his pocketbook and handed it to Dorothy. At sight of the well-known writing she flushed with sudden joy, and her eyes shone like stars.

Yes, it is from Mrs. Douglas. Oh Mr. Hastings, I am so glad—so relieved! Then she remembered what she was saying to this almost stranger, and stopped in dismay.

He set her mind at rest by saying:

I thought Mr. Douglas seemed rather worried last evening. If Mrs. Douglas had not written he would, of course, be feeling anxious as to her safety.

His kind, earnest eyes looked straight into hers; she saw he understood.

Yes, he was a little anxious, Mr. Hastings. Mary and I were just speaking of it.

Miss Archer said I must not talk to him of mamma's not writing. Do you think there is a letter for me in there? said Mary eagerly.

I don't think so, he replied; it feels too thin. Shall I take it to the office, Miss Archer? If you will tell me which way to go—

Would you mind my taking it? she interrupted.

Not at all, if you don't mind the trouble.

May I go too, Miss Archer? asked Mary.

No, dear, it is time you were at

your lessons. Place your music now instead of this afternoon, and then if I am not back, do you French exercises. I will tell you anything there is to tell when I return.

Mary trotted off like a good little maid, and Dorothy, forgetting politeness altogether, flew upstairs to get hat and gloves, leaving Arthur Hastings standing in the hall.

He did not mind. He looked at the flowers and thought of her, until she came flying down again, ready dressed, full of apologies, which he quickly cut short by begging permission to accompany her as far as Mr. Douglas's office.

She did not see how she could refuse without seeming ungracious, and she had no desire to refuse, so they started off together at a very brisk pace for such a warm morning.

Very little was said on either side; but one particular anxiety took possession of Arthur Hastings. Forgetting his grand-aunt's unburied body, forgetting his new inheritance, forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, forgetting everything but Dorothy Archer, he felt he would give a great deal to know that she was free—with neither heart nor hand engaged.

He could not well ask her; and what was worse, he had to part with her when—all too soon in his opinion—they reached the house in which Mr. Douglas rented offices.

Hurriedly wishing Arthur good bye, and not giving him another thought at the time, Dorothy entered the legal domain and asked for Mr. Douglas.

The clerks all knew and admired her, to a man; one of them hastened to tell Mr. Douglas that she wished to see him.

Dorothy heard him reply:—Miss Archer? Ask her to step in.

She stepped in only too readily, waited for the door to be shut, and then gave him the note, saying briefly where it had been found and by whom.

With trembling fingers, George Douglas opened the small, square envelope, read the few lines it enclosed, and, drawing a deep breath, handed them to the girl who had tried to prevent his losing faith in his wife.

Dorothy almost snatched at the note in her eagerness to read it.

My dearest George—Mrs. Wyndham will give you this, and tell you about Aunt Lucy. I must go at once or I may not be in time.—Edith.

P.S.—I am sorry I was so obstinate this morning; write and say we are friends.—E.

I am so glad! said Dorothy slowly and fervently.

Mr. Douglas held out his hand. She thought it was for the note, but he took her fingers as well as the note into his broad palm.

My dear child, I shall be grateful to you all my life. I am going to ask a favor which I know you will grant—don't let Edith know I doubted her! I was mad to do it; but when Hastings said he had seen her with—

The evidence was very strong, Mr. Douglas. She shall never know, I promise.

Thank you; I must write at once. Why not telegraph that you have only just had her note? If she is in a sick room she may not have seen a paper or heard about poor Mrs. Wyndham, and she will think you have not forgiven her.

Don't talk of my forgiving her! Would she forgive me if she knew? If you write the telegram I will take it; I shall be passing the office; said Dorothy practically, not caring to hear him reproach himself for he owed no apology to her.

He followed her suggestion at once.

It is well to have on hand a remedy, simple, effective and easily applied, for mosquito bites, insect stings, sores, bruises, sunburn, and injuries to the skin, and forty other ailments not always dangerous, but which can be cured by outward application. Such a remedy is Davis' Menthol Salve (The D. & L.), which comes in tins for 25 cts. at druggists.

Dorothy wore a tastefully made black can as dress at dinner.

Black did not always suit her; but for some reason or other, her eyes that evening were as bright as stars, and her cheeks as red as the rose she had fastened amongst the black lace that showed up the whiteness of her throat.

While Arthur Hastings related the history of the bag from beginning to end, as far as he knew it, omitting only one circumstance—which was that he had put the thirty pounds into the Post Office Savings Bank in P. C. Lloyd's name, and had taken the bag notifying the amount, and had made Mrs. Lloyd a present of a condition that she and her husband kept it to themselves, not telling a single person of the little transaction, which he spoke of with an impression made on Mr. Hastings' considerable honesty, and the woman's patience under trial, A.



A Crayon Enlargement, 18 by 24 inches, of one of the best photographs of the late Rev. Father Morrissey, the renowned priest-physician, has been prepared for admirers of the priest himself or of his wonderful prescriptions. Better even than the small reproduction above, it is a very handsome picture, worthy of framing. The Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., of Chatham, N.B., will be glad to send an enlargement, absolutely free, to each one who writes for it.

once; saying, when he had finished: How was it Hastings did not find it before?

He did not say, and I forgot to ask him.

And Hastings had been thinking so much of her own sweet self that he had omitted to explain, for which he was afterwards thankful as Mr. Douglas sent a note by one of the clerks asking him to dinner again that evening.

Law suffered neglect that morning; not one of the young fellows in the outer office could have applied himself with greater avidity to penning an epistle to his sweet heart than did the keen man of business set to work to write to his absent wife a letter she kept till her death; for precious as are words of written love from a sweetheart, they are doubly, trebly precious from the husband of ten years.

The afternoon's post brought a letter from Edith Douglas. Tired of waiting to hear from her husband, she had swallowed her pride and written, just one hour before she had received his telegram telling her that he had only now had her note.

Not knowing of Mrs. Wyndham's death, she naturally felt a little indignant with the poor old lady, until her husband's letter came as night telling her what had happened.

When her letter arrived, Dorothy Archer, who was going upstairs, turned, and running down, took it from the box, which, having no lock—only a catch—was open to the whole household. As she held it in her hand she heard Sarah say:

All right, in a minute. I'll just see if that letter's from Sam.

Quick as thought Dorothy put back the letter and disappeared into the nearest room. It had occurred to her that it would be a good thing for Sarah to see for herself that her mistress had written.

She was as apparently searching for something on a side table when the servant entered the room.

I beg your pardon, Miss; I didn't know there was anyone here. It's from Missus for master.

Put it on the mantel-piece, Sarah. Sarah departed, to tell cook that Sam hadn't written, and that it must be all right about Missus after all, for she'd written to Master. To which cook replied that for her part, she'd never thought there was anything wrong; that Sarah was a fool and that if Sam was her young man she should give him the length of her tongue, and no mistake.

The new conception of empire: One Sovereign, many nations; one navy. It is said that King Edward plays croquet. It is too bad, but the going-out and strongest of us may come to it in time.

ITCH. Mange, Pruritus, Scratches, Barber's Itch and every form of contagious Itch on humans or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. In never fails. Sold by A. E. Shaw's Pharmacy.

Evolution has not familiarized the heavier with modern railway construction. The animals continually and persistently dam up railway cutters in Algonquin Park, Ont.

Have a Cough, Have Lung Trouble, Have Lost Flesh, Are Threatened with Consumption. Try

"The D. & L. Emulsion"

Miss Clark, Supt. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have used it with the best results.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.



Tickling in the Throat

"Just a little tickling in the throat!" Is that what troubles you? But it hangs on! Can't get rid of it! Home remedies don't take hold. You need something stronger—a regular medicine, a doctor's medicine. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral contains healing, quieting, and soothing properties of the highest order. Ask your doctor about this. No alcohol in this cough medicine. J.C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Constipation positively prevents good health. Then why allow it to continue? An active liver is a great preventive of disease. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. What does your doctor say?

THE UNION ADVOCATE.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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T. H. WHALEN, PRES. AND MANAGER
W. J. MCNEIL, SEC. TREASURER

NEWCASTLE, N.B., OCTOBER 13th, 1909

ATTORITIES

WILL NOT ACT.

In our issue of Sept. 22nd we called the attention of the authorities to the deplorable condition of Richard Phair. We also stated that unless there was something done to better this man's condition before our next issue that we would open up a subscription and collect money enough to pay this man's expenses at an hospital. But recognizing the fact that the authorities in Newcastle are a slow moving body and would see this man starve to death rather than help him, have been given three weeks in which to do something. What have they done? The answer is easily given and here it is. **O.** This cipher signifies what they have done in three weeks. Now it is up to us to keep our word and open a subscription, and we start in today, W. J. McNeil has the subscription paper with the following donations.

Horace Kethro \$1.00
John Whelan 1.00
T. H. Whalen 1.00
W. J. McNeil 1.00
E. McGrath 50

THE MISSING LINK.

The news that the Indian town branch of the I. R. C. from Indian town to Blackville, familiarly known as the Missing Link, is about to open will be hailed with joy by the people of Northumberland and County generally but particularly at Newcastle, Blackville and Renous. For years past the Missing Link has been an eye sore to the county. For years past men seeking for office in the Federal Parliament have pledged themselves to open up the Missing Link. It remained, however, for Mr. Loggie M. P. to do the work. When Mr. Loggie ran his election in 1904 he told the people of the up river districts that he would try to have the Missing Link put in shape and opened up. During the next five years he did try, and succeeded too, for today the Missing Link is in far better shape than ever before in its history and regular trains will be running over it in a few days. Will Mr. Loggie get credit for this? All must recognize the service he has done in this particular. But how many will acknowledge it? Mr. Loggie must be satisfied with the consolation that "The consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward."

The Rev. P. G. Snow, formerly rector of St. Andrew's church, Newcastle, and for the past six years rector of St. Paul's Kindergarten, N. Y., has resigned to accept the rectorship of St. Luke's Kearney Nebraska.

Evolution has not familiarized the beaver with modern railway construction. The animal continually and persistently dam up railway culverts in Algonquin Park, Ont.

EVERY DAY CLUB SPORTS.

Twenty-Mile Bicycle Road Race
Starters: — Cochrane, Bloomfield; Pendleton, Condon, McGrath, Gillett; Every Day Club; Foote, Dartmouth B.C.A.; J. E. Wilson, unattached; Longley, P. McCavour, A. McCavour, Victoria A. & S. C.; Edgar Wilson, unattached.

1st. Foote; time, 1.03.25. 2nd, P. McCavour; time, 1.04.00. 3rd, Cochrane; time, 1.10.00.

Ten-Mile Road Race.
Starters: — Whyte, Fredericton; Cameron, Amherst; Geo. Stubbs, J. F. Horseman, unattached.

1st. Cameron; time 55.20. 2nd, Whyte; time, 58.10. 3rd, Stubbs; time, 1.01.30.

Five-Mile Road Race.
Starters: — Dobson, Y. M. C. A.; Woods, Mitchell, Gallett, Every Day Club.

1st. Woods; time, 35.55. 2nd, Dobson; time, 38 min. 3rd, Gallett; time, 42.33.

Three-Mile Race (special)
Starters: — A. D. Smith, E.D.C.; Cribbs, Chatham Y.M.C.A.; Gallett, E.D.C.

1st. Cribbs; time, 17. 2nd, Smith, 100 Yards Dash.

Starters: — Covey, E.D.C.; Cox, Gilliland, Garnet, unattached.

1st. Covey; 2nd, Garnett; time, 11 sec. 230 Yards Dash.

Starters: — Covey, Garnett, Gilliland, Cox. 1st, Covey; 2nd, Garnett; time, 24 3-5 sec.

440 Yards Dash.
Starters: — Covey, Garnett, Cox. 1st, Covey; 2nd, Garnett; time, 54 2-5 sec.

High Jump.
Competitors: — Lea, Moncton; Covey, Cox. 1st, Lea; height, 5 ft, 2 in. 2nd, Cox; 5 ft.

Broad Jump.
Competitors: — Lea, Garnett, Cox. Covey. 1st, Cox; distance, 17 ft, 9 in.

The officials of the day were as follows:
For 20-mile bicycle race—Referee and starter, Chief of Police Clark; Judges and timers, C. W. Bell, W. B. Campbell, K. C. MacRae.

For other sports—Starter, Arthur McHugh; Judges, Dr. Lewin, A. P. Patterson, J. L. McDuff; Timers, R. A. Watson, Dr. Simon, H. Tapley and R. D. Coles; Announcer, Wm. Case; Clerk of course, B. L. Sheppard; assistant clerks of course, Ed. McAfee, Gerald Stanton.

POINT AU CARR.
Mr. and Mrs. Everett MacDonald spent Sunday in Black River, the guests of their mother, Mrs. MacDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam MacDonald were to Chatham one day last week.

Mrs. Alex. MacDonald and daughter Reta, were calling on friends in Loggieville on Tuesday.

Mr. Rybert Dickson was in Loggieville on Saturday last.

Mr. Alex. MacDonald and son Ernest, arrived home from the harvest fields in the West on Wednesday night.

Mr. Howard MacDonald of Loggieville, spent Wednesday here.

The Ladies Aid Sewing Circle met at the home of Mrs. J. R. Taylor, Napan, on Thursday, Sept. 30th.

Mrs. Frank MacDonald and son John, spent Thursday in Loggieville.

Mr. John A. MacDonald was at Black River on Saturday.

INJURED IN MILL.
AT DOUGLASTOWN

NEWCASTLE, Oct. 7.—Yesterday in Hutchinson's mill, Douglastown, Albert Bass, a workman at the shingle machine, had two of his fingers cut off, and may lose a third.

The hunting season brings many guests to the Hotel Miramichi. P. T. Colbron of Pelham Manor, N. Y. came out yesterday with a fine moose, head and one of a deer. C. Morton Whitman and Henry Whitehouse of New York went up to Camp Adams yesterday after big game and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Sears of Cohasset, Mass. have gone to the Tabusintac club house after big game birds.

Geo. D. Pratt of New York, millionaire, has forty men employed erecting a new building, installing electric lights, etc. on Holmes Lake, next to Arthur Robinson's estate. F. L. Ackerman of New York, is the architect in charge.

Tuberculosis

Plenty of fresh air, sleeping out-doors and a plain, nourishing diet are all good and helpful, but the most important of all is

Scott's Emulsion

It is the standard treatment prescribed by physicians all over the world for this dread disease. It is the ideal food-medicine to heal the lungs and build up the wasting body.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c, name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

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Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. River drownded Group cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma.

Cresolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.

For Sale by All Druggists
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, 10c.

Largest Miles Co. Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

AMERICAN IMMIGRATION.

8,024 Yankees Settle in Canada During the Month of August.

Ottawa, Oct. 11.—During the month of August the total immigration into Canada was 15,387, as compared with 10,082 for the same month last year. The arrivals from the United States numbered 8,024, as compared with 1908, an increase of 71 per cent.

The arrivals by ocean ports totalled 7,363, as compared with 5,398 for August of last year, an increase of 36 per cent. The total immigration into Canada for the first five months of the present fiscal year was 106,636, an increase of 17 per cent over the same period last year, when the arrivals numbered 90,385.

POKEMOUCHE MAN MURDERED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mrs. Wade, of Bartibogue Bridge, formerly of Pokemouche, has received word of the murder of her son, Howard in British Columbia. He was 29 years old and had been absent from home eight years. The sad news came to her in the following letter:

Vancouver, B. C. Sept. 21, '09.

Mrs. Mary A. Wade.
My dear Madam:—I have very bad news to relate to you, believing that your son, Howard Wade, was murdered at Harrison Lake, on or about the 29th day of August, ult. His body was found on the 1st of this month, and as soon as the police and coroner were notified they went to view the body and an inquest was held on Saturday the 4th instant. At that it was not known whose body it was, as his face and part of his body had been burned, the skull crushed in, and one arm broken. The body was found at Silver Creek, about 23 miles up the lake from Harrison Hot Springs, and about four miles on the opposite side of the lake from where the camp was.

It appears that he and an Indian, who I presume, was working with him, were getting out shingle bolts, and were last seen on the 29th of August. Since then we have not been able to find the Indian, and it is presumed that it was the Indian who killed him, who then built a fire so as to disguise the body beyond identification. It is hard to say, and until we have located this Indian, it will be hard to decide who the party is who is guilty of this fiendish crime.

I was able to get your address from a letter dated at Chatham, March 5th '09. There was also found in his possession a Northern Express Co's receipt, dated at Aberdeen, Wash., Feb. 25th, '09, value \$30, addressed to Jim Wade, Chatham, N. B., which probably is the money order you mentioned in your letter.

There is a quantity of logs which will probably amount to between four hundred dollars. I do not know what interest your son had in these logs, but presume he had half interest in them.

If anything further develops I will communicate with you, and any information that you may wish regarding this matter, I will be pleased to give you if it is possible.

I have the honor to be, madam, Yours obediently,

Colon S. Campbell,

Chief Constable.

—Chatham World.

ONE SIDE

The local merchant claims that he can give bargains equally as good as the mail order house but then he frequently makes the fatal mistake of telling no one about it. How does the mail order house tell of its bargains? By catalogues, circulars and by using the newspapers. Advertising brings results just as surely as the sun rises and sets. If a mail order house spends a thousand dollars in advertising results will surely follow. It cannot be otherwise. It is 'up to the local merchant to meet the mail order house on its own ground. The local man need not spend as much money as the mail order house, for he has many advantages over the latter.

RENEWAL OF THE MISSION.

The Redeptorist Fathers Close Exercises at St. Mary's Church.

LARGE CONGREGATIONS

Listened to the Sermons and Instructions of Fathers Mullaney and McCormick.

The Redeptorist Fathers Mullaney and McCormick closed a very effective Mission at Newcastle on last Sunday night, and continue a similar work at Douglastown during the present week.

The congregation showed its appreciation of this apostolic work by its regular attendance night and morning.

Assistance at Mass and Sermon at 5 o'clock in the morning, previous to the ordinary day's work, implies earnestness of no ordinary kind. This was shown by those whose work took them to the mills at 7 a. m.; while others enjoying more leisure were at the 8 o'clock service.

The first week was devoted exclusively to the women; the second, to the men; as the church edifice was not sufficiently large to contain all at one service. Although this division was a necessity, the building was nevertheless crowded. The zealous and eloquent sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori felt that they were ministering to a devout congregation, and to this feeling they gave utterance when bidding them farewell.

All benefitted by the Mission in the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion, while they breathlessly followed the preachers, as day and night they spoke of the story ever new of God and His perfections, man and his redemption, the purpose of man's creation, in a word of the fundamental truths to which man "naturally religious" listened with interest and pleasure. When such truths are presented in glowing language, with evident sincerity depicted on the countenance, with elocutionary accompaniments of an uncommon kind, as has been the case during the past two weeks, the listener is naturally thrilled through and through, the result being impressions not easily effaced.

On both Saturday nights the Mission work closed with an impressive sermon on the Baptismal vows and the profession of faith made in earlier days in their name by Sponsors. The men and women of the congregation, the former holding lighted tapers in the hands, in presence of the externals used in the administration of Baptism, renewed those vows and reiterated their profession of faith, thus speaking aloud and in tones not to be misunderstood, their firm belief in the truths of revelation and their determination to act a consistent part in life.

This Mission, by common verdict, was a decided success.

The congregation of St. Mary's church will hold in grateful remembrance the eloquent and zealous Fathers Mullaney and McCormick to whom God's honor and the sanctification of souls are alone of supreme importance.

away competitor. The local man knows his constituency; he is right on the spot; he can supply goods at once; he comes into personal contact with his patrons. The local merchant should use his head. Let him tell the people what he has to offer; let him use plenty of space in The Graphic; let him send out circulars; let him fight in every honorable way the growing tendency to buy out of town. No evil can be conquered in a day; it takes years of patient work. Let merchants wake up to their opportunities and act as men, who believe what they say when they claim that they give as good values as any outside concerns.

SAT IN MINE TO WAIT FOR DEATH

Survivor of Coal Mine Explosion Tells a Graphic Story

VICTORIA, B. C. Oct. 6.—Thirty two lives were blotted out by after damp in No. 2 mine following the explosion in No. 2 112 and 3 levels yesterday, and up to 11 o'clock tonight eighteen had been brought out and fourteen others are known to be dead in the mine.

Beautiful Furs.

A Superb Showing of the newest and most reliable Furs in Town.

CREAGHAN'S

Have for years held this Reputation; to-day they are better than ever, for, with the biggest showing in town, bought from the best fur houses in Canada, and with a Guarantee of absolute satisfaction, they are certain to please you. There is big risk in sending out of town for furs. Cheaper furs are often substituted, which are almost perfect imitations of the ones you ask for, but after a short wear you can easily detect the difference. Isabelle Fox, Sable, Mink, Grey Squirrel, Marmot, Lynx, Brown Wolf, Persian Lamb, White Fox, Thibet, and every kind of furs made, are among our varied stock. Buy your furs here where you can get better furs cheaper than elsewhere, and have the Creaghan guarantee of excellency.

J. D. CREAGHAN COMPANY, Limited.

Thos. Hislop who was one of the last of the seven hundred miners and assistants who scurried from the mine after the disastrous explosion, gave a most graphic story. He was working with sixteen men, including five of the dead, on the first level, when they heard the explosion, followed by the great rush of air. Bob White dropped his pick and shouted, 'My God, she's blasted.' We stood for a second in the darkness. The rush of wind put the lights out, until some one came with a safety lamp and fifteen of us, holding coat tails, hurried along, holding the lamp to see the glistening of the rails, but were driven back.

A great cloud of smoke flew into our faces and we got a whiff of after damp and knew we must go back. Through into the counter level we went, but could not get through. The damp drove us back into the level again. We tried to clamber up into the cross cut but we were driven out.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

CANNOT BUR HIS WIFE FOR TWO YEARS.

Although his wife died 3 weeks ago, J. D. O'Connell, of Camaguey, Cuba, who left for Boston last night after a visit to his old home at Sussex, will be unable to bring her body home for burial for another two years.

When his wife died Mr. O'Connell intended to bring the remains to Canada for interment and placed the body in a vault pending the completion of the arrangements. He discovered afterwards, however, that he would be unable to remove the remains from the vault for a period of two years. This was due to an old Spanish law which was put in the statute books of the island many years ago and never repealed. It is supposed that the law was originally passed with the idea of preventing the spread of disease and as mortuary restrictions have advanced the legal restrictions have not been changed to accord with modern conditions.

Mrs. O'Connell's remains have been embalmed and will be brought back to her former home for burial when the two years have expired.

PARLIAMENT MEETS NOV. 11

Preparations for the Session are Under Way

OTTAWA, Oct. 7.—Parliament has been called to meet on Nov. 11. From now on the cabinet will be busy with preparations. Already substantial progress has been made with the estimates by most of the departments.

The insurance bill of last session, which passed the commons, but died in the senate, will be reintroduced and should be disposed of before Christmas. There may be a revision of the banking act.

The speech from the throne will contain an announcement of Canada's plan for the construction of a navy. The details are being worked out now. Two naval experts loaned by the admiralty are now in Ottawa as announced, and a third is on the way. He is Lieut. A. M. T. Stephens, a gunnery expert, and is expected to reach Ottawa shortly.

CALDER-MADE CLOTHES ARE THE BEST.

They are of SUPERIOR DESIGN, because they are CUT BY AN EXPERT CUTTER. The WORKMANSHIP FAULTLESS, because they are MADE BY THE BEST TAILORS.

The stock of CLOTHS are the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE.

Give Us a Chance to Build Your Next Suit or Overcoat.

JAS. CALDER, HIGH CLASS TAILOR, Carter Block ... NEWCASTLE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Thanksgiving Day, October 25th, 1909.

Will sell round trip tickets at

First-class One Way Fare.

Going Oct. 22, 23, 24, 25. Returning until Oct. 27.

To stations on the line and to Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Buffalo, and points East in Canada.

The Best

Up-to-Date Courses of Study it is Possible to Provide.

The best teachers we can procure, and entire devotion to our students' interests. Bring us all the business we can conveniently handle, without canvassing for a single student, or disparaging another school. Send for catalogue.

S. Kerr

Principal Odd Fellows' Hall.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Easter Lillies, Calla Lillies, Lily of the Valley, very choice roses, Carnations, Violets, Hyacinths, Daffodils, Narcissus, &c. Our flowers this year are better than ever. Leave your orders early and receive prompt attention.

H. S. RUIKSHANK, Florist, 159 Union St. St John N. B.

THE WHITE CAPS

Regarded from all sides the same Percy Bunce was not only curious to the extreme, but was at first, wholly mysterious, wholly inexplicable.

There came a night finally when the mystery disappeared; when everything that had been so strange was explained. Yet in all my memory of newspaper adventure the case will always retain its characteristic of being curious in the extreme.

Percy Bunce was an only boy. To the exact he was just eighteen years old. According to general standards he was a good boy, and was so esteemed at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., where he lived with his parents. His father was the town baker, and Percy gave him zealous assistance, both in the shop and in driving the delivery wagon. He did not frequent the town pool parlor; did not smoke or drink. He was a regular attendant at church and Sunday school, and in this manner held the good opinion of his elders, the while his prowess as a swimmer, boxer, baseball player, wrestler and runner held him above condemnation as a prig by the youngsters.

Percy was also a very good looking boy, in a ruddy cheeked, sturdy fashion, and had a gallant though wholly respectful eye for pretty girls. With them he had been clearly the favorite and it is readily to be supposed that dismay filled the long lashes of many a Cold Spring Harbor damsel with tears when the news went out that a slender young person of Huntington, ten miles away, had possessed herself of the affection and absolute devotion of Percy Bunce.

It was at a picnic given jointly by the churches of Cold Spring Harbor and Huntington that Percy and the pretty girl had met. Immediately that happened they had fallen in love. Whatever else is curious about the case of Percy Bunce, it was no wonder at all that Percy should have fallen in love with her. On the authority of having afterward seen her, I can say that she was very pretty indeed; trim of figure, graceful, had soft golden hair and big, candid, clear blue eyes and a most sweetly turned, rose tinted mouth. And there was Percy with his sturdy shoulders, ruddy cheeks, chestnut curls and large honest looking brown eyes. A pretty pair they were surely in their complete symbolization of freshness and youth.

But suddenly the black and baleful shadow of tragedy fell across the sunny path of this tender Long Island romance. Percy Bunce became the victim of queer and shocking outrages. His life was repeatedly threatened. He seemed not only to be the chosen victim of a desperate band of conspirators, but to be altogether at their mercy.

News of the amazing and perilous adventures of Percy Bunce not only startled and shocked Cold Spring Harbor and Huntington, but attracted the attention of the metropolitan press. I have not at hand the clippings of the dispatches sent out by the local correspondents, but my recollection of them is quite clear. The first report about as follows:—

Cold Spring Harbor, May—, 1902.—Percy Bunce, the son of one of our best known citizens of this place, was attacked by White Caps last night. They waylaid him while he was driving from Huntington, where he had been to call on his sweetheart.

The drive between Huntington and Cold Spring Harbor is all of ten miles and the road is very lonely after dark. There are not many farms along the road, and at a point about three miles from Cold Spring Harbor it passes through dense woods.

Young Bunce has been in the habit of driving over to see his sweetheart about twice a week, using his father's horse and wagon for the purpose. At the point of the road where it traverses the woods the White Caps to the number of six at least, according to the account that young Bunce could give in his dazed condition last night, attacked him. It was midnight, and the young man as soon as he fell into

the hands of his assailants says he realized very well the uselessness of crying for help. He fought, however, as long as he was able. He says he was punched and choked and beaten, and finally dragged to a tree and tied there. One of the assailants gave the patient horse a slap on the flank that started the frightened animal galloping toward Cold Spring Harbor.

Mrs. Bunce, the mother of the young man, was unable to sleep through worry when her son had not returned home at one o'clock in the morning. Her husband laughed at her fears but she decided to wait till the boy got home. At half-past one o'clock the horse and wagon appeared back of the house. Mrs. Bunce called to her son that he would find the lantern in the kitchen shed, but when she got no reply became alarmed anew and awakened her husband. He found the wagon empty. He called two neighbors and they all got into the wagon and drove back along the Huntington road. When they arrived at the woods they heard moans and weak cries for help. They got out and found young Bunce tied to a tree not far from the road. He was half hysterical, but managed to tell something of the attack that had been made on him. When he was brought home it was found that he had a bruised eye and several contusions on his body. A skull and crossbones had been painted on his forehead and a note was found pinned to his coat. The young man had struggled valiantly against his bonds and had managed to free one hand, but was too exhausted to continue the work of self-liberation. The note pinned to his coat read:—

This is only a warning, Percy Bunce. If you don't look out death will be your portion. You know why. THE WHITE CAPS.

When the authorities took up the investigation today Percy Bunce said he was entirely at a loss to explain the meaning of the dangerously worded note. He said he knew of no rival in the matter of his love affair in Huntington and could think of no other reason why he should have been attacked. Young Bunce is well known and popular in Cold Spring Harbor and the whole town is stirred up over the strange affair.

Scarcely a week had passed when a second dispatch was printed in New York newspapers which read in this manner:—

Cold Spring Harbor, May—, 1902.—An attempt was made last night to murder Percy Bunce. Only a few days ago the young man was held up, assaulted and tied to a tree by White Caps, who left a note pinned to the breast of his coat threatening him with death.

The attack last night was made in the same lonely part of the road between Huntington and Cold Spring Harbor where the first attack occurred.

Young Bunce had driven to Huntington to visit a girl friend, using his father's horse and wagon. The wagon has openings on the sides, such wagons as are familiarly used by bakers and milkmen. It was the first trip he had made to Huntington since the night of his former mysterious and unfortunate experience.

As he drove through the same clump of woodland, he says he suddenly heard a smothered oath, which was instantly followed by a singing sound. This proved to come from a long bladed knife—a meat cleaver—that was hurled at him out of the darkness. The thing narrowly missed imbedding itself in his neck. It just barely flashed past his chin and stuck in the side of the wagon. Thoroughly alarmed, the young man whipped up his horse to top speed and drove frantically into town. He alarmed Deputy Sheriff Robinson, who in corroboration of the young man's strange story, found the big knife sticking into the side of the wagon. A note was tied to the handle. Its contents read as follows:—

Percy Bunce—If this don't get you something else will before long. You are a marked man. You will travel these roads on peril of your life. THE WHITE CAPS.

Deputy Sheriff Robinson did not lose a minute in starting the organization of a posse to beat the woods in the hope of capturing the would-be assassins. He also telephoned to Huntington and a similar posse started from that place. The two searching forces came together in the woods later, but the hunt was wholly without results.

Percy Bunce, when seen regarding his remarkable adventure, made the same statement that he had on the occasion of the first attack. He said he could in no way account for the plots against his life, and declared that if any rival for the hand of the Huntington maiden existed he had still to hear about it. He expressed himself as being as mystified as anybody regarding the sources of the deadly assaults attempted against him.

Ten days later a Cold Spring Harbor dispatch told of still another effort directed against the lad's life. It read as follows:—

Cold Spring Harbor, May—, 1902.—The secret enemies of Percy Bunce, known as "The White Caps" tried to

lynch him last night, this making the third outrage committed against the young man within a month. A searching party arrived just in time to save young Bunce. With his arms and legs bound with ropes the young man stood under a tree with the noose around his neck and the other end of the rope hung over the limb above his head. The would-be assassins were frightened away in the nick of time by the sound of the approach of the galloping team which bore the boy's father, a well known merchant of Cold Spring Harbor, and Deputy Sheriff Robinson to the scene. Young Bunce's cries were heard for some time before the two men, who urged the horses to their utmost speed and so defeated the fiendish purposes of the boy's assailants.

Young Bunce declared them to have been six in number. They all wore white masks, and he says as they never uttered a word during the whole time when they attacked and bound him and stood him under a tree to hang him, he is wholly unable to make any identification or even suggest who his assailants may be.

As before they had pinned a note to his coat. It read:—

Percy Bunce will travel this road no more. He would not heed our warnings and this is his fate. THE WHITE CAPS.

When young Bunce announced his intention of driving over to Huntington to visit his sweetheart last night both his parents tried to dissuade him from making the trip. They recalled the dangers of his last two journeys, when he was beaten and tied to a tree on the first occasion, and on the second narrowly escaped death from a knife hurled at him through the darkness. But love called the boy too strongly, and in spite of the danger he made the trip to Huntington. As before, nothing happened to him till he was driving back late at night. He was armed and declares that when the attack was made as he was driving through the pitch black portion of the road that traverses the woodlands, he opened fire, but none of the bullets took effect. He was quickly overpowered and dragged out of the wagon. He says he shouted to the men to know the reason for their assault upon him, but they would make no reply to his questions. They silently and methodically bound his arms and legs and carried him off the road under the tree, when one of the men made signals to him that, if he cared to do so, he might pray.

And just as, giving up all hope, he knelt down upon the damp turf, the sound of galloping horses frightened the lynching party away. Young Bunce's father had made the boy promise to be sure to return at midnight, and as soon as the clock's hands went a minute over that time the anxious parent aroused Deputy Sheriff Robinson and the two rode out toward Huntington, luckily coming upon young Bunce in time to avert a tragedy.

As before, a search of the woods and roads for miles around yielded no trace of the White Caps, and young Bunce asserts that he is as mystified as ever to know why he is being made the subject of these outrageous attacks, or how he could probably have given anybody such serious offence that they should demand his life as forfeit. There is talk of a special meeting of the trustees, when an appropriation will be made to hire New York detectives in an effort to unravel the mystery.

A remarkable feature of the case is that all the letters used by the White Caps are penned in a feminine hand and written on scented paper. This has given rise to the opinion that some girl, jilted by young Bunce, has enlisted a band of companions to wreak vengeance on the youth. But young Bunce himself will give no countenance to this explanation. He says that there never was another girl in his life.

Not long after this remarkable happening had been recorded in the had done the "job." Very clumsy amateurs had committed the crime. They must have started the fuse and then ran out of the post office, else they would have been killed, for they said newspapers Cold Spring Harbor again so much dynamite that they not only blew the safe apart but blew down the newspaper editorial rooms. A tip came from the Long Island town to the effect that the post office had been robbed, its safe being blown open with dynamite. It was especially in regard to this affair that I was sent there. But as I left the office the city editor handed me the Bunce clippings.

"Perhaps the same gang of White Caps did this trick," he said, "at least he had viewed the scene of the robbery. No experienced yeggmen any rate, it may put you on the right track."

This seemed the more likely after I had arrived at Cold Spring Harbor. "How much did they get?" I asked the postmaster.

"Well," he said, "rubbing his stubby chin, 'they didn't get a thing.' All there was in the safe was a can of condensed milk and ten two-cent

stamps, and they have been found in the ruins."

Aside from its humor it wasn't much of a story. But, such as it was, I wrote it at the little telegraph office and then went to the local hotel. It was after nine o'clock, but Deputy Sheriff Robinson, who wanted the hotel, had promised to have dinner prepared for me. He sat with me in the dining room while I ate. I brought up in conversation the matter of Percy Bunce. The good man shook his head.

"Darndest case that ever happened around here," he said. "Can't make head nor tail of it. Looks like, spite of everything we can do, that they'll get that boy an' kill him yet."

Suddenly there sounded cries outside the room.

"Pap, pap. Where are yer, pap?"

"In here son, the old man called."

Master Robinson dashed into the room, his pale blue eyes wide with excitement. He was breathless.

"Pap—pap," he finally spluttered, "they got Percy Bunce again. He's been shot."

"Shot?" the deputy sheriff demanded, instinctively adjusting the badge of office that shone on his waistcoat.

"Yep; and they took his body away too," panted the boy. "His hat's been found with a bullet hole clean thru it. Pete Smith found the hat in the road. He's bringing it to you, spon as he takes Mr. Bunce's horse and wagon home—found the horse standing in the road."

While Deputy Sheriff Robinson sat on his hat and coat in the doorway the boy told us that Percy Bunce's hat had been found in about the same spot where the other attacks had occurred—the lonely section of the road through the woods. Robinson ordered a team hitched to a light wagon and said he would be glad of my company.

Pete Smith arrived at this juncture with the hat dangling in his fingers. A bullet had raked it from back to front. I said nothing of the deductions that I made just then regarding the hat, but got into the carriage with the official and we drove to Huntington.

In the lonely wood-shrouded section of the road where the hat had been found and where the other three attacks were declared to have been made on young Bunce we halted the horses, took the lanterns off the carriage and began a hunt of the woods for the body of the unfortunate boy. I flashed the lantern up and down the road for some distance, but could find no signs of a struggle, and queerly enough, no stains in the road that would indicate that a man had been shot to death there.

And while we searched Percy Bunce in the life appeared. Pete Smith had telephoned to the Huntington police, and they had immediately started, as we had, for the place. On the way they met Percy Bunce. He was wandering in the road, chattering, highly excited, and seemingly somewhat dazed. But he had calmed considerably and said that he could now tell his story.

"I was driving along my way to Huntington—this is the first time they ever got after me on my way over; and just when I got to the woods I got out my revolver, like I always do nowadays. Then somebody yelled, 'Halt.' But you bet I didn't. I whipped up the horse instead. I couldn't see nobody then, it was so dark; but then there came a bang, and a flash, and I seen a big man with red whiskers holding a pistol pointing right at me, and I felt something whizz awful close over my head. Then I guess I fainted and fell out of the wagon, because when I came to—you know, got my senses back—I was just walkin' around like a fool. Guess when I fell out of the wagon he thought he'd killed me and ran away. It's gettin' to be awful, ain't it, Mr. Robinson, the way I'm being' hounded? And I don't know why, neither! The young fellow sadly shook his head.

After all it was the hat with the bullet hole in it that was to clear the mystery of the curious case of Percy Bunce. When Percy had finished talking I went over to the carriage and got his hat off the seat.

"Percy," I said, "the holes in this hat show that the bullet entered from the back, almost in the centre of the hat and came out in front, almost in the centre."

"Yes," he said.

"Well, that wagon you drive has a closed back and open sides. How is it that the bullet didn't go through the sides of the hat?"

"Don't know," said Percy, frowning. "Must have had my head turned away from him when he shot—must have been looking out of the other side thinkin' he was over there."

"But if you were looking that way, how could you see his face when the pistol flashed?"

"Don't know," snapped Percy. "Say I can't remember everything exactly. I seen him—that's all I know."

"Well, here's your hat," I said.

Percy checked the hat on his head. It was what I ordinarily described

(Continued on page eight.)

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Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Andrew Carnegie has given \$15,000 for the erection of a public library in Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. The gift was not dependent on the citizens subscribing a like amount. A fund also will be established for endowment. Mr. Carnegie while touring Ireland, was impressed with the size and beauty of Tralee and remained there for some days.

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Artistically Furnished Rooms with Private Bath

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Andrew Carnegie has given \$15,000 for the erection of a public library in Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. The gift was not dependent on the citizens subscribing a like amount. A fund also will be established for endowment. Mr. Carnegie while touring Ireland, was impressed with the size and beauty of Tralee and remained there for some days.

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And Now is Suing For \$10,000 For Cash Advanced, Etc.—An Extraordinary Love Affair.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Mrs. William Franklyn Ernest made a daring investment in the high finance of love, if her own detailed story of how she married Count Santa Eulalia to Mrs. John B. Stetson is accurate.

She appears from her own story to be a most reckless, long-shot speculator on the marriage exchange. For, by her own word, she picked up a young foreigner, without brains, manners or money, bought him a title on the installment plan, lent him money for his courtship, and wrote every love letter he ever sent to the widow of the multi-millionaire hat manufacturer of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ernest believes that such "promoting skill" and speculative courage as hers should be required in cash. And that is why she announced the other day, she has declared her intention of suing.

HUSBAND THREATENS COUNT.

Mr. Ernest was present when his wife made her statement to the American correspondent today. The Count's friends denounce the threatened suit as blackmail, pure and simple.

"I have been accustomed," Mrs. Ernest said, "to associate with people of the highest type of heart and mind culture. But besides these I have had my charity patients." Count Eulalia was one of the latter.

"When he first came to me he was ignorant, but was so confiding and seemed so sincere that I pitied him and made him my protégé. He was not a count when he was first introduced to Chicago society. He was moral but oh, so stupid! He talked with me just as a child would talk to its mother, and he confided to me the fact that his family desired him to marry a wealthy woman. On one occasion he sent his card to Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor with the number of his room marked in one corner. I told him I felt degraded over his stupidity.

WOULDN'T IMPOSE HIM ON YOUNG HEIRESS.

"Once I had a beautiful young heiress selected for him, but he disgusted me so with some of his stupid actions that I concluded it would be a shame for her to waste her life on him. I decided that an older woman would do.

"The Count knew that Mrs. Stetson was his senior, but that didn't make any difference. She was fabulously rich.

"When the Countess says she never met me she is quite right, but when she says she never heard

of me she is quite wrong, for I wrote her a twenty-page letter explaining my claim. At any rate, Mrs. L. P. Bishop, who was a friend of Mrs. Stetson, was my friend, and Mrs. Bishop, after we talked the matter over thoroughly, believed Mrs. Stetson would prove a good catch for the Count. She invited Mrs. Stetson, who came here with her adopted daughter, Miss Potter, and both registered at the Congress Hotel under assumed names.

"I fitted the Count out with good clothes, prompted him how to behave, and then Mrs. Bishop and I arranged that Mrs. Stetson should call on Mrs. Bishop at the Chicago Beach Hotel, and the Count should meet her by chance.

SAYS SHE WROTE LOVE LETTERS
"At first the Count did not progress rapidly with his courtship because of his personal faults, but he made good headway by the correspondence route, because I wrote every love letter Mrs. Stetson ever received from him. I framed the proposal of marriage and argued away every objection she offered. It was a hard two years' work, but I was successful.

"Mrs. Stetson had made a personal investigation by which she gained a suspicion that the Count's title was not all it should be, and she insisted on a clear title to the title, so to speak. That required some generalship on my part.

"Through influential relatives, the Count obtained an invitation to the wedding of King Alfonso of Spain, and I paid his fare over there. I fitted him up with a wardrobe and gave him \$300 with which to register the title of Count.

While he was with his brother, the real Count, in Lisbon, I wrote him many charming letters, telling him how Miss So-and-so and Miss Blank were in ecstasies over a prospective match with him, and sent on photographs of beautiful young women. These were obtained in an ordinary art gallery, but they made an impression on the brother, who, as a Republican didn't believe in titles anyway, and he simply turned his title over to the young man—the same as a piece of merchandise—to realize what he could on it.

"The young man realized Mrs. Stetson and her millions. I used my influence and he became Portuguese vice-consul at Chicago. He paid for the registration of the title in instalments. Three months after his marriage to Mrs. Stetson he made the final payment.

"After I sent him to Philadelphia to meet his bride, he told me that Mrs. Stetson would probably give Mrs. Bishop \$2,000 and then forget about her. I was even then suspicious that I might be treated in the same manner.

"His charge of blackmail is absurd. He knows that he owes me full \$10,000, most of it for money advanced. I have about forty witnesses and a great many letters to prove my claims before the court. But my account is against a Count who is of no account."

For Bronchitis and Asthma, try Allen's Lung Balm; the best cough prescription known.

SAYS INSTINCT

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Baggage Master Montgomery Tells of his Narrow Escape in Train Wreck.

I. C. R. Baggage Master John Montgomery, who came through the wreck unscratched, credits a mysterious instinct of danger with his escape from injury. A few minutes before the crash, Mr. Montgomery for no apparent reason, put on his coat and went back from the baggage car to the first class coach. He was just returning when the express crashed head-on into the freight.

Mr. Montgomery returned from a fifth Friday afternoon and speaking of his experiences said he could not give any reason why he had happened to leave the baggage car at that particular time. "It was just instinct, I guess," Mr. Montgomery said in reply to questions.

Mindard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN GLOUCESTER.

J. Bennet, Hachey and John Miller Supporters of Pro-Administration Elected With Overwhelming Majority.

Bathurst, N. B., Oct. 4.—The Municipal elections took place today with the result that J. Bennet, Hachey and John Miller, the candidates endorsed by the local government party were elected by a very large majority. Hachey 349, Miller 504, Brennan 185, Carter 117, the two latter receiving the support of the Dominion Government influence.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11, 1903. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. SIRS.—I came across a bottle of your MINARD'S LINIMENT in the hands of one of the students at the University of Maryland, and he being so kind as to let me use it for a very bad sprain, which I obtained in training for foot races, and to say that it helped me would be putting it very mildly, and I therefore ask if you would let me know of one of your agents that is closest to Baltimore so that I may obtain some of it. Thanking you in advance I remain,

Yours truly,
W. C. McQueen.

Robert Coiler, son of the late Mr. P. F. Coiler, of New York, has promised Lady Aberdeen £1000 per annum for five years, with the object of equipping and starting a tuberculosis dispensary in Dublin in memory of his late father.

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease, which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases. South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—30.

The passing of the control of the Al. line of steamships to the Canadiana members of the family is a sign of the times, which it would be folly for the Old Country to ignore. Perhaps the day will come when the vessels will be registered in Canada and not in Scotland.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure most chronic cases. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy. 32.

Harriman's life affords another instance of the value of an early business start. At twenty two he owned a seat in the New York Stock Exchange, and at twenty four was the head of a New York brokerage house which was soon handling Vanderbilt business.

Young girls frequently require a good invigorating and blood making tonic. For this purpose nothing equals Ferrovin, which is prepared from fresh lean beef, Citrate of Iron and pure old Spanish Sherry Wine. It soon brings color to the cheeks and strengthens the whole system. \$1.00 a bottle.

August has proved the most encouraging month of the year as for in the Clyde shipbuilding trade, the output amounting to 18 vessels and 43,630 tons, an increase over July of 23,390 tons. For the eight months the tonnage launched is 222,450, only 1,500 tons behind the corresponding period of last year.

Deafness of 12 Years Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy. 33.

The Lethbridge Herald says that the merchants in the towns incite the local newspapers to storm against those who send mail orders to the department stores and then turn around themselves and give their printing not to home offices, but to outside printers. This is a body blow.

Bearine, a simple and agreeable poultice, made from Canadian Bear grease, feeds the hair roots and makes hair grow. 50c. a jar.

Andrew Carnegie has given \$15,000 for the erection of a public library in Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. The gift was not dependent on the citizens subscribing a like amount. A fund also will be established for endowment. Mr. Carnegie while touring Ireland, was impressed with the rugged beauty of Tralee and remained there for some days.

"See That Triple Curved Spring!"

GENDRON

BABY CARRIAGE

"The GENDRON is a beauty, and it's the car for me. There are lots of good plain reasons why you should buy a GENDRON for baby. GENDRON is the best that money can buy."

"See that triple curved spring? That feature is exclusive to the GENDRON. It's made of selected and tested steel—the triple curve absorbs every jar, making this carriage car a veritable feather bed for baby. There are other reasons why you should invest in a GENDRON carriage. Style and service are guaranteed. Then—GENDRON carriage cars are so easy for us baby drivers to operate. Sold by all first-class dealers. Write us if your dealer doesn't carry them."

Gendron Manufacturing Co., Limited, Toronto



A Big Sale of PAPER BAGS.

We are selling out a
Large Quantity of Paper
Bags, Sizes; 5 to 20 lbs.

A BARGAIN WHILE THEY LAST

JOB WORK

We have just Received
a Large Quantity of Job
Type. If you want your
Job Work Artistically done
= COME TO THE =
ADVOCATE OFFICE
NEWCASTLE N. B.



Just the hat that becomes you best—and there is only one style that will—sure to be in the stock of the store that sells hats thus labelled:

WAKEFIELD LONDON

Designed by the best men in London; made in a factory that prides itself on its good name among good dressers. Finished like hats that cost twice the price.

'Twill pay you to find the store that sells these good hats. They cost less than you'd think.

A. A. ALLAN & CO.
Limited, Toronto
Wholesale Distributors for Canada

Fifteen Years of Agony

"Fruit-a-tives" Promptly Cured Him After Doctors Had Failed To Give Relief.



CHARLES BARRETT, Esq.

Harbor au Bouche, Antigonish Co., N.S., March 24, 1909. "I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the great benefit received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I suffered from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for fifteen years and I consulted physicians and took many kinds of ordinary medicine, but got no relief. I was in miserable health all the time and nothing did me any good. I read the testimonial of Archibald McKechnie, of Ottawa, and I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' I have taken a number of boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives,' but before I had taken one box I felt better and now am entirely well. 'I am thankful to be well after fifteen years suffering, and I am willing to have this statement published for the sake of other sufferers, and to them I strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

(Signed) CHARLES BARRETT, Esq. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The idea of holding a World's Fair in Winnipeg in 1912 is a bold and attractive one, but those who are promoting it are altogether too extravagant in their ideas of the share which should be contributed by the Dominion Government, and too easily satisfied with the contributions of the city of Winnipeg, and the Province of Manitoba. They are shabby compared with what is expected of Ottawa. many flects.

RATHER STALE BREAD.

"What a loaf of bread over 1,800 years old? Nonsense!" Well, my friend, there is no nonsense about it. You can see several of them in the Royal National Museum, at Naples, burned black like carbon, or charcoal. They were found in the ruins of Pompeii, a city that was buried by an eruption of hot, fiery ashes from Mount Vesuvius in the year 79. No one could eat this bread, although carbon is the element in our food that promotes heat in the body. When indigestion prevails, your food does not nourish you and you have headaches, poor blood, constipation, dizziness, and other ills. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the surest remedy cures all these ills. Mr. Burton Shortliffe, Central Grove, Digby Co., N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with indigestion for a long time and found no medicine to give such immediate relief as Mother Seigel's Syrup. For indigestion and all Stomach Troubles it is a grand remedy."

The steamer Homer arrived at San Francisco last week with a cargo consisting of 14,968 sealskins valued at approximately \$500,000. This is the largest annual consignment of seal-skins that has come from the Pribiloff Islands for some time. After an inspection by the custom officers the furs were placed aboard an express train and shipped to New York, and thence to London, where they will be prepared for the market.

Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema.—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: "For nine years I was disfigured with 'Tetter' on my hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it." 35 cents.—Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 31.

The latest census shows that there are 1,070,000 more women than men in England. This may equally account for the furious demand for female suffrage and for the iron opposition of the once sterner sex.

They Didn't Have to Change.

During the years in which our pure food laws have been put into effect there has been a great hurrying and scurrying on the part of the food manufacturers to change their methods to make them conform to the law.

The Quaker Oats Company is a conspicuous exception. It was admitted that Quaker Oats was as pure and clean as possible and that it was an ideal food. The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats is familiar to every one who has compared it with other brands of oatmeal.

It is so cheap that any one can afford it and so nourishing that every one needs it. The result of last year's experiments at Yale and other points where food values were tested is that Quaker Oats has been adopted by many persons as their food on which they rely for adding vigor and endurance to their daily lives.

OBITUARY.

ANDREW McCABE.

The death took place at 3 o'clock Sunday morning of Andrew the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John McCabe. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved parents. The child which was six months old was attacked with convulsions on Friday and lived in agony until it died. Funeral was held on Monday at 2 o'clock p. m.

MRS. JOHN DORAN.

The funeral of Mrs. John Doran, of Derby, who died Friday night, aged sixty-five, took place here Sunday afternoon, Rev. Father Dixon conducting services. Deceased's six sons were pallbearers. She had been ill about two months. She is survived by a husband and following children:—Mrs. James P. Murphy, Mrs. William F. Black, Mrs. Peter Cobb, Mrs. James Donahue, Mrs. Allan Black, all of Newcastle; Mrs. Charles Jones, Ontario; John C. Arthur, Stanley, Sheridan, William, Leo of Derby. Forty three teams and many people at funeral. Cause of death was appendicitis.

Flowers were sent by the following persons: Wreath—Mrs. Edward Kane, Mrs. J. W. Vanderbeek, Mrs. Dr. Wilson.

WEDDING BELLS

PORTER—SULLIVAN.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of Mr. John Sullivan, Blackville, when his youngest daughter, Bertha Agnes, was united in marriage to Miles Porter, land explorer. The knot which made them one was tied by the Rev. T. H. Cuthbert, rector of the Parish. Miss Sullivan was dressed in white silk trimmed with Valenciennes lace, with hat to match. They left on the ocean limited for Duluth, Minn., their future home, amid many expressions of regret at their departure, but with hearty good wishes for their future happiness.

INQUEST INTO WRECK.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 9.—General Superintendent Brady, interviewed this morning, said there was no foundation for the report that the I. C. R. officials were anxious that an inquest should not be held. He said the matter of holding an inquest was in the hands of the coroner, and that the I. C. R. had nothing to do with it.

Sciatica Put Him on Crutches.—Jas. Smith, dairyman, of Grimsby, Ont., writes: "My limbs were almost useless from sciatica and rheumatism, and, notwithstanding my esteem for physicians, I must give the credit where it belongs. I am a cured man today, and South American Rheumatic Cure must have all the credit.—It's a marvel. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 31.

A MODERN LOCKINVAR.

Boston Youth Stole Sweetheart From Her Home—First Chloroformed the Girl's Mother.

Boston, Oct. 11.—Chloroforming his sweetheart's mother, Mrs. Florence V. Higgins, while she was asleep, lifting the sixteen-year-old girl bodily from the same bed and carrying her off, and taking from the house \$220 in cash, are the charges which the police are making against John H. Burnham, 22 years old. Neither Burnham nor the young woman have yet been located. He had known her for some time but had been forbidden by her parents to visit their home in the Jamaica Plain district.

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes." Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them.

"Water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink," sums up the situation at Monterey after the flood. Strange, isn't it, that people should be able to complain at one and the same time of having too much and too little water.



Said the Miller—

BEAVER FLOUR is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Manitoba Spring Wheat. Each supplies what the other lacks. It is as good for pastry as for bread—best for both. At your grocer's.

Beaver Flour

DEALERS—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. The T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT HUMOR.

In counting life's worries,
'Tis little things tell;
All girls with small brothers
Know this very well.

Say ps, 'rithmetic doesn't always work out right. Now listen: When people's married, 1 and 1 make 1. When they're divorced, I from 1 leaves 2. How's that?

INSCRIPTION ON A JUG.

Come, my old friend, and take a pot.
But mark now what I say:
Whilst thou drink'st thy neighbor's health,
Drink not thine own away.
It but too often is the case,
While we sit o'er a pot,
And kindly wish our friends good health,
Our own is quite forgot.
The old jug on which the above lines are printed is said to be at Dunster, England.

AND YET HE COULD WRITE

Among the public servants who are worried by foolish questions the superintendent of mails in the post office gets his full share. One of his visitors on a certain occasion was a man who said to the deputy who answered the call at the window:

"I am going out of town today and want to get a letter to my brother, who is on board the Majestic, and she is not due until Wednesday. I don't know where he will stay in New York or where he will go from here. Can you help me?"

"Certainly we can," said the clerk. "A mailboat goes to meet the steamer, and if you address your letter properly and put domestic postage on it, it will be delivered all right."

But how shall I address it—where shall I send it?

"Address it, John Smith, passenger on board incoming steamer Majestic, due in New York Dec. 12th. That will reach him."

No city? No nothing?

"That's all—just as I told you."

he man thanked the clerk and went away, and came back a little later with an addressed letter in his hand.

"Say," he said to the clerk, about that letter. I've addressed it and stamped it all right, but the man's name isn't John Smith; how about that?"

Maid choosing man, remember this:
You take his nature with his name.
Ask, too, what his religion is,
For you will soon be of the same.

An Exchange says that a man named Moon was presented with a daughter by his wife. That was a new moon. The old man was so overcome that he got drunk. That was a full moon. After the jag he had only 25 cents left. That was the last quarter.

WANTED IT WHISTLED BACK

George, George! Mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window! exclaimed a father to his little son, who was travelling with him in a railway car. Quickly snatching the hat from the head of the naughty youngster, papa hid it behind his back.

There now, the hat has gone! he cried, pretending to be angry. And George immediately set up a howl. After a time the father remarked: Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again.

Then he whistled and replaced the hat on the boy's head. There, it's back again, you see.

Afterward, while papa was talking to mamma, a small, shrill voice was heard saying:

Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window! Whistle again, will you?

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

LAD WAS FATALLY

KICKED BY A HORSE.

While the crowd attending the Alvinston fall fair was leaving the grounds last evening the ten-year-old son of Mr. White of Toronto, was kicked in the face by a horse and instantly killed.

THE GOVERNESS

WON AT SACKVILLE.

At the Sackville horse races yesterday afternoon the Governess, owned and driven by Mr. P. A. Bellevue, of Moncton, won the free-for-all class quite handily.

A NORTHUMBERLAND

NONOGERIAN DEAD.

The death of Mrs. Joseph Dickson took place at her home in Napier, Thursday, after a lengthy illness. Deceased was 96 years old, and highly respected. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Ellsworth of Boston, and three sons, Joseph, William and John. The funeral on Saturday was largely attended.

FARMER'S COLUMN

HOW TO KILL A PIG.

Some butchers stun pigs before sticking them; whether the animal is stunned or not it should be laid on its back where it is held until stuck. Then one man, standing astride the body with his feet close against its sides and holding its front legs can easily control it, while the other does the sticking. The knife, narrow, straight handled, eight inches long, is inserted into the hog's throat, after making an incision through the skin, just in front of the breast bone. The point of the knife is directed toward the root of the tail and held exactly in line with the backbone. When the knife has been run into the throat six or eight inches, the depth depending on the size of the hog, it should be given a quick turn to one side and withdrawn. The arteries that are to be cut run close together, just inside of the breast bone and will both be cut when the knife is turned, provided it is sharp on both sides of the point. A pig killed in this way will die in a very few minutes and will bleed out thoroughly.

PITTING POTATOES.

Potatoes may be pitted for winter in several different ways with almost equal success, but a method which has been found very satisfactory in the North-West is the following: Estimating about 2,218 cubic feet for a bushel it would require a hole about 10 feet wide, 3 1-2 feet deep and 40 feet long to nicely accommodate 1,000 bushels and leave a little margin. If it is desired to pit a less quantity, the size of pit may be estimated accordingly. The hole is filled to the level of the ground with potatoes and as a precaution to prevent the earth falling back in the hole when filling, logs are laid on the ground along the sides and ends of the pit and the potatoes will be kept free of soil if the sides and ends of the pit are lined inside with boards. There should be a roof over the pit with a slight elevation in the centre which will permit of a circulation of air. The roof is made of logs placed close together, after which it should be well sodded, but before putting on the sod it is well to throw a little hay over the poles to prevent the soil from the sod falling through the cracks on the potatoes. After the sod is put on it should be covered with soil, making a depth of about a foot of sod and soil. When severe weather comes on, this should be covered with a foot or less of dry, well-rotted horse manure. In the roof there should be three ventilators made of boards, each about nine or ten inches square one in the centre and one at each end. During the cold weather these are stuffed with old sacking and an empty box turned over them to prevent snow or rain from getting in. When fitted in this way it has been found that a temperature of about 40 degrees F. was maintained throughout the winter. There should be a hole dug at the end of the pit when it is being made so that it may be entered in late winter or early spring, but this should be kept well protected so that no frost will get in at that end.

THE POISONED SPRING.—As is nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are sure to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter—means poison in the spring. South American Nerveine is a greatest purifier, cures indigestion, dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the unsolicited testimony of thousands of cured ones. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 31.

The rumor that Carnegie is becoming a "tightwad" and that he is refusing to provide for beautification schemes connected with Pittsburgh seem to indicate that he isn't so scared of dying rich as he once was.

Under the Nerve Lash. The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Port Huron, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerveine worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 31.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay



Granville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Granville, Vt.

No other medicine for women's ills has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

Judging from the reports from Melilla, the Spaniards have not yet mastered the lessons of the Cuban war. They don't seem to have realized the criminal folly of going to war without being prepared.

Allen's Lung Balsam
Contains no Opium.
Is the one Safe and Effective Cough Remedy for general family use.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

The splendid reputation the FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

has gained for itself among business men, means a great deal to the young Man or Woman who secures its Diploma.

Large numbers will be entering in September, but if you cannot come then, come when you can. Send for free catalogue. Address, W. J. Osborne, Fredericton, N. B.

We Expect As a matter of course

Our usual rush the first of September. No need of waiting till then. There is no better time for entering than just now. A seat in our rooms these hot days is a positive luxury. Call, or send for Catalogue containing terms and courses of study.

S. Kerr

Principal

I.R.C. TIME TABLE.

The I.R.C. change of time table will go into effect next Sunday, June 27th. The departure of trains from Newcastle will be as follows:

DEPARTURE—NORTH	
Night freight, No. 39,	4.05
Maritime, No. 33	24.00
Ocean Limited, No. 190,	16.25
Fast freight, No. 75,	18.20
Local express, No. 35,	14.10
Way freight, No. 37,	12.00

DEPARTURE—SOUTH	
Maritime, No. 34,	5.10
Way freight, No. 38,	14.40
Fast freight, No. 76,	11.45
Local express, No. 36,	10.45
Ocean Limited, No. 200,	12.45
Night freight, No. 40,	2.10

INDIAN TOWN BRANCH	
Leave Indian town,	8.55
Arrive at Newcastle,	10.20
Leave Newcastle,	16.35
Arrive at Indian town,	17.55

LOCAL GENERAL NEWS

Andrew Carnegie has given \$100,000 to McGill University. The money is a contribution towards the general fund of \$2,000,000, which the friends of the University started to raise some months ago.

CAPTURED A MOOSE AT BEAVER BROOK.

Mr. Milton Trites, monoline operator at the Times Office, and his brother Moody, returned on Saturday after a week's hunting trip in the woods at Beaver Brook. The former was successful in landing a fairly good-sized moose. — Moncton Times.

Rev. J. B. Daggett of Hartland, who is about, in partnership with others, to start concrete works in Carleton Place, was in Newcastle Saturday looking over the plans of James T. Forrest who is building a house of concrete blocks for Dr. H. Sproul. Rev. Mr. Daggett, who is also President of the N. B. Poultry Raisers' Association, returned before the Black River Agricultural Institute.

NEW LIBERAL LEADER FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Westminster, B.C., Oct. 11.—A Liberal Convention held here the day after yesterday elected J. A. MacDonald, leader of the Liberal opposition in the legislature, as accepted, and John Oliver, M.P.P., was unanimously chosen as his successor. The new leader will announce the policy of the party at public meetings next week at Victoria and Vancouver. It is probable the railway policy will be the main plank in his platform. The general elections are looked for next month.

After reading the results of Saturday's ball game, Woodstock and Newcastle will in all likelihood renew their challenge for provincial honors.—St. John Standard.

We might state that after reading the above paragraph we interviewed the manager of the Newcastle Baseball Team, and he states that his team would not play with the Marathons at all, as every team that they have played lately have defeated them. He also said that he did not want to play 2nd rate teams, as the Marathons have proved themselves to be.

It is understood here that Thomas Cote, who has for some years been chief editor of La Presse of Montreal, will in the course of a few days be appointed deputy minister of marine and fisheries, which has been vacant since the retirement of Col. Gozard. Cote has during the past dozen years been much in the public eye, having been at one time assistant census commissioner and lately has occupied the important position of secretary of the Canadian section of the waterways commission. Desbarats, who has for upwards of a year been acting deputy minister of marine, will return to his former position of director of works at the Sorel shipyard.

Gladys Klark Company is at the Opera House. Go and see them.

The engagement of Miss Iris A. Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fish, to Professor M. Stewart MacDonald, M.A., Ph.D., formerly of U.N.B. and later of McGill, at present residing in Winnipeg, is announced. The marriage is to take place on Oct. 27th.

St. Agnes Church, Grey Rapids. Through the kindness of the Ven. Archdeacon Forsythe in presenting lamps to this church it was made possible to have the Harvest Thanksgiving service in the evening. Last Wednesday night the church was filled with a devout and attentive congregation who assembled to render thanks to God for the ingathering of the harvest of field and garden. The church was most beautifully decorated by the service of Miss McDonald, whose indefatigable labors are highly appreciated by the rector and people, Misses Curtis, Hilda Mountain, Jennie Jewett Mamie and Muriel McDonald. The singing was hearty and inspiring. The Rev. Mr. Sherman, a former rector, delivered an appropriate discourse, and was warmly greeted by his many friends at the Rapids. The offering was liberal as is customary with the congregation at St. Agnes.

Hewson's Pure Wool weeds

The Gladys Klark Company opened a three night's engagement Monday night at the Opera House to a good sized audience. The company is one of the strongest that has visited Newcastle for years. Their opening play was the Parisian Princess, Miss Klark in the dual role of Jean Inglesides and Marie DuBois was exceptionally strong. Miss Klark has a pleasing appearance and wore some very beautiful gowns. Her support is far above the average and the specialties between the acts are of a high order. Kin Kaid the great Scotch Juggler, has an act well worth the price of admission alone. Last night they presented a 4-act Comedy Drama, A Man of Mystery, with an entire change of specialties. They will close their engagement this (Wednesday) evening with A Devil's Lane, a 4-act comedy drama. We predict full houses for this excellent company during their short stay.

BORN

At Newcastle, Oct. 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Forrest, a son.

Social Personal.

Thos. Murphy and Nelson S. Mather have gone to Cannduff, Alberta.

S. Legere, M.P.P. of Caracquet, spent a few days of last week in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Paulin.

Harry Kethro of Winnipeg, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kethro, left Monday morning for home.

Mrs. R. Waldo Creeker wishes to thank the "Belles of Darktown" for the very beautiful remembrance she received from them.

T. L. Ackerman, architect, who has been superintending A. D. Pratt's building at Holmes Lake, returned to New York on Monday.

Mrs. R. Waldo Creeker will receive her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and Wednesday evening, Oct. 19th and 20th.

Mrs. Allan Morrison and family will this week leave for Everett, Washington, to join Mr. Morrison, who has been there for the past year.

MISSING LINK OPENS SOON

Trains May Begin to Run Regularly on Monday Next.

WILL HELP NEWCASTLE

And the Route Through Which the Road Passes.

Readers of THE ADVOCATE will be pleased to learn that the Missing Link will open with the change of time table, which will issue on Oct. 17th. An abstract of a letter to that effect from Mr. Brady to W. S. Loggie, M.P.P. under date of Sept. 16th runs as follows:—"I have your communication of the 15th inst., relative to the operation of the line between Indian town and Blackville. We shall begin operating that line regularly at the commencement of the new timetable which will issue on Oct. 17th." The tidings will be received with joy by the people of Renous and Blackville as well as at Newcastle.

HARRY THAW IS STILL FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

ALBANY, Oct. 8.—Former Governor Frank S. Black appeared today before the court of appeals for Harry E. Thaw and attacked the constitutionality of the act under which Thaw was committed to the Matineau State Hospital for the Criminal Insane and the law under which Thaw is being detained in that institution. It was Mr. Black's first appearance in the Thaw case. Chas. Morschauser, who has acted as Thaw's counsel in recent proceedings also appeared.

Mrs. Thaw who has been making a gallant fight to secure her son's freedom, accompanied her daughter, the former Countess of Yarmouth, were in court and listened with interest to the arguments.

HORSE RUGS and BLANKETS.

BEST MAKE—Good Line, from a Cheap Rug to a heavy, large sized Lumberman's Rug.

TWO NEW SPECIALS. Simonds' Tree Saw; and a Special Hand-made Axe.

Try One.

STOTHART MERCANTILE COMPANY LIMITED Phone 45, NEWCASTLE.

LOUIS LAVOIE IS APPOINTED.

Graham Makes Him Purchasing Agent of the I. C. R.

Ottawa, Ont., Oct. 10.—Hon. Geo. P. Graham, Minister of Railways, has instituted another reform in the management of the Intercolonial Railway, with a view to securing the most reliable and economical system possible for the purchase of supplies for the road. A general purchasing agent has been appointed, who will have headquarters in the railway department at Ottawa with a staff of assistants. The man selected for the post is Louis Lavoie, formerly of Rimouski, and for the past few years a most efficient member of the Intercolonial staff. He was for a long time chief clerk in the general superintendent's office and later was on the personal staff of General Manager Pottinger. Although only about thirty years of age he has worked his way up through the various departments of the road and is considered by the board of management to be the very best man available for the position. Three well qualified clerks will be brought from the stores department at Moncton to assist Mr. Lavoie in Ottawa. By the new system of purchasing supplies the Minister and the board of management will be able to exercise a closer supervision over prices and quantities purchased and will secure uniformity in the matter of obtaining the lowest prices through tender system.

It is said that impetuous people have black eyes. Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them.

Don't forget the play at the Opera House tonight.

WHEN TO USE DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were originally a prescription used in the doctor's private practice and their benefit to mankind has been increased many thousand fold by their being placed on general sale throughout the world with the Doctor's own directions for use. They are entirely safe and contain no opiate or habit-forming drugs. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a remedy to use when the blood is thin, as in anaemia; or impure, as in rheumatism, or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia; or lifeless, as in paralysis; or when the body as a whole is impoverished, as in general debility. They build up the blood, strengthen the nerves and cure the troubles of women and growing girls, and many forms of weakness. That thousands of people have tried this treatment with good results is shown by the constantly increasing number of cures reported. Mr. Paul Charbonneau, a young man well known in the town of St. Jerome, Que., is one of the host who bear testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says:—"When I left school I became a bookkeeper in an important office. Probably due to the confinement, I began to suffer from indigestion and loss of strength. I became pale and seemingly bloodless, and was often seized with palpitation of the heart and violent headaches. I tried several remedies, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so, and the use of eight boxes brought me back to perfect health and strength. I have since enjoyed the best of health and cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine. You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

BOGS WITH WANDERLUST

Runaway Bogs Swallow Whole Towns and Choke Rivers—Killing Whole Families

For a full-fledged bog to go on tramp, as it were, wandering up and down the country, is unfortunately no uncommon experience to the inhabitants of certain districts in the west and south of Ireland.

A bog absorbs water as a sponge does, and when it swells up so that its level is raised above that of the solid land surrounding it, a mud avalanche is almost inevitable.

And once started there is no telling when it is going to stop, or what damage it is going to do. The one recorded as having taken place at Lismore, Co. Galway, the other day, covered hundreds of acres of fertile soil, and swamped up houses, five stock, and at least one human being.

In 1901, again, a forty-acre Kerry bog broke bounds near Adroide, and travelled six miles across country, finally emptying itself into Bantry Bay, the waters of which were stained black. In its course it overwhelmed entirely one small village, and two of the inhabitants, failing to escape in time, were engulfed and suffocated.

Worse still were the effects of the antics played by the Knocknagoe bog at Rathmore, East Kerry, in December, 1896. The huge morass, measuring two miles long by a quarter of a mile broad broke bounds, and swept everything before it for about two miles. The salmon fishery in the river Pleck was ruined, many small farmers lost all they possessed, and one entire family of eight persons was caught by the moving mass of mud and buried alive.

Some twenty years ago a runaway bog choked the River Suck, near Castlerea. The arches of the bridge just above the town were completely blocked and the place narrowly escaped destruction. On this occasion some fifty square miles of semi-liquid peat, estimated to weigh no less than thirty million tons, travelled eight miles.

In 1853 a bog near Enaghmore swelled up in a single day so that it resembled the head of a monster cauliflower. Then it erupted with a noise like thunder, spreading outwards and doing enormous damage.

THE WHITE CAPS. (Continued from page 5)

as a 'bicycle hat. It fitted snugly over his scalp.

"Percy Bunce," I said, as solemnly as I could, "how is it if you had that hat on when the bullet went through it the top of your skull is not now shut off?"

"What," he demanded.

I put my finger in the two bullet holes. Owing to the snugly fitting character of the hat the bullet's course with the hat on Percy's head must have travelled through his brain.

Percy glowered, of course, had no explanation and offered none.

"Percy," I said, gently, "it is very plain to me that you are a liar."

"Don't you call me no such name as that," said he, preening his mustache.

But Deputy Sheriff Robinson, who had listened said coldly:—

"Et certainly looks like you air lyin' Percy."

It's a misdemeanor punishable by one year's imprisonment to deliberately give false information to the newspapers, I said rather loftily, looking Percy squarely in the eye.

"Is that right," he asked, with sudden mildness.

"That's absolutely right," I said. "And I mean to investigate this bug smoke from beginning to end. All these hold-ups—everything."

Percy tried to smile, but his lips looked pale.

"You assest" he said, "There warn't no holdups."

"What?" demanded Deputy Sheriff Robinson. "No White Caps?"

"No."

"No throwin' a knife at yew—no tryin' to lynch yew—no tyin' yew to a tree?"

"No," said Percy steadily.

"Well," shouted the officer, "what?"

"I did it all myself," said the boy.

"You must be crazy," declared Robinson in denunciation.

"No, I ain't crazy," maintained young Bunce. "I just thought it was the best way."

"The best way—for what?" I asked.

"Well," said Percy, "you see I'm in love with that little girl in Hunkington, but she's only sixteen and I'm only eighteen, and my father wouldn't listen to me marryin' her till I was twenty-one, and her folks wouldn't hear of it neither. But we knew we were old enough and that our love ain't never goin' to change. So," said Percy smiling blandly into the angry eyes of the outraged deputy, "we thought it out that if I was always gettin' held up and threatened, an' shot at, an' things like that, maybe my mother and father and her folks'd let us get married right away rather than have me riskin' my life drivin' over to see her. See? That's the way we schemed it out. She wrote the notes and I did the other things—tied myself to the tree and stuck the knife in the wagon and put the rope around my neck—and shot this hole through my hat."

Deputy Sheriff Robinson mounted his carriage with a determined step, and I got in with him.

"Gimme a lift into town?" asked Percy.

"No, by gosh," said Deputy Sheriff Robinson. "Yew walk in. The cool air'll do yew good. And yew're a pretty big boy, but if your dad don't take yew into the barn and hand out a good dose of strap oil, by gosh, I'll do it myself—yew yew innocent faced young scallawag—yew, Percy Bunce."

The latest census shows that there are 1,070,000 more women than men in England. This may equally account for the curious demand for female suffrage and for the iron opposition of the once sterner sex.

NOTICE.

Any bills contracted by the crew of SS. "Helmer Mørch" will not be paid by either shipowners, consignees, or master.

E. THORSOE, Master.

D. & J. RITCHIE & Co., Newcastle, Oct. 1909.

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