

SECRETS OF SING SING'S DEATH HOUSE.

Edward Wise the First man Entering the Death cell

To live to Tell of its Secrets as Known only to Those Sentenced to Die.

(New York World.)

Edward Wise is the only condemned murderer who ever lived to write the true story of the death-house at Sing Sing.

For sixteen months he was the tenant of a cell in that dolorous place, "expecting each month, each week, to be his last. During that period six of his comrades were led away to the electric chair.

Every man with an imagination has tried to picture himself in that frightful situation. Victor Hugo wrote a novel on the subject.

But of far greater value are the memoirs which Edward Wise has written for the Sunday World. They are the product of a sensitive and not wholly untutored mind, sharpened by suffering, exulting in the change from death to life that came with Gov. Roosevelt's act of act of mercy, but still quivering from the cruel emotions that punctuated every waking hour of those sixteen months face to face with the iron door that shut off the mystery of the death chamber.

BY EDWARD WISE.

"It is not easy to collect my thoughts. And it is strange how thoughts go tumbling over each other in the mind of a man in the death-house—and when he gets out of.

Here is one to start with: The best way to punish murderers would be to put them in the death-house for six months or a year, according to the badness of the murder and let them think they were really going to die, but not to kill them.

The worst man in that place finds out what a sacred thing life is and what an awful thing death is, and would never again lift his hand at a fellow creature. They might be safely be let go after that, and society would be saved of the nasty work of killing them.

But that is a fool thought, because, of course, it would get to be known that the death-chamber was only a bluff: so the punishment would not work.

I have a lot of fool thoughts, but I often think there is a little bit of truth at the bottom of some of them.

The biggest thought of all just now is that I will never go through that door at the end of the little passage to find if the chairs look like the thing I had in my mind night and day for sixteen months. I mean the little passage that opens off one side of the Murderer's Row which I will never see again as long as I live.

"As long as I live." What a strange sound that would have had two weeks ago! But I can say it now without shivering, and I feel like shouting it, only that would bring down the keepers on me, and may be they would not let me finish what I have got to write for the Sunday World.

I used to read stories, and I believed them, about men who begged to be executed rather than go to prison for life. There is not a word of truth in it. There are not many things that make a man willing to die and prison life is not one of them. I ought to know and I'd rather live in one of those cages the Chinese put people in than I would go to be killed, because life—but it is no use in me trying to put into words what I think and feel and how about the difference being alive and having to die.

It was the dim light of the place that struck me first, and the quiet of it—like a church. Up to the time the iron gate of the death-house slammed behind me I hadn't time to think. All the way up in the train I was looking at the pretty scenery and thinking of the words the judge said. Then when I got to the prison they gave me a bath and a new suit of clothes and took down all about me in a book.

But when I got into the death-house there was nothing more to occupy my mind. It was like being buried, only worse.

First of all I wanted to see what the other men there looked like. They were my new comrades—death-comrades, you might call them—and I felt a sort of affection for them and a feeling that we ought to stand by each other.

But the curtains were pulled down over the doors. They always pull down the curtains when anything is happening in the death-house, when a new tenant is moving in or an old one moving out—to the chair. I just had time to see that there were four cells on one and six on another, and that between the cells on one side a little passage off as far as a door—and I guessed what was the other side of that door.

And just as I was feeling creepiest I gave a laugh to think that it was Good Friday. The keepers looked strangely at me but not unkindly.

Indeed, I soon found out that the only unkind thing about the death-house was the shadow of death.

That what makes the silence. The prison rules allow condemned men to talk, just as they allow them to eat plenty of good food. The inhabitants of the death-house have a lot of little privileges that are denied to me now that I am—Joyful thought—a common prisoner, with no shadow of death over me. But that shadow is a paralyzing thing, and it does not need prison rules to make silence in the death house.

At first I thought it was strange. I used to think that the men in Murderer's Row would kick up a row just for bravado, and to relieve their feelings, and try to forget. It was two months before I understood why not.

On May 18 we had a visit from Warden Johnson. There was nothing strange about that, only that his kind face was very grave. He went straight to Adrian Braun's cell and started talking, so low that all I could hear was a sort of mumble.

But I could see poor Braun's face. It looked green in the pale light. His eyes were very wide open, but very steady. He gave a big swallow two or three times, and wet his lips with his tongue and squared back his shoulders, and then he said something short and gentle to the warden—thanking him, I think—and the warden marched away without looking at any of the rest of us.

There was silence in the death-house for quite a little time, and though we all half guessed that the court of appeals had gone against Braun, and were dying with curiosity to know for certain—I know I was—we didn't ask a question because we knew Braun was trying to brace up to tell us and it was

only fair to give him a chance.

And sure enough he called out by and by in a pretty steady voice: "Well, boys, it's all up with me. I've got to quit you pretty soon."

And Fritz Meyer says in a husky voice that he tries to make jolly: "All right! Keep a stiff upper lip, Braun, my boy. When's your time?"

"In ten days," said Braun. And after that we were all much quieter than before.

I always think that the other men in the death-house felt the same as me—for men are very much alike when you get down to rock-bottom, and being close to death is as near rock-bottom as you can go. Well I felt quite fond of Braun, though I didn't know a thing about him except the little I had seen him in the death-house, and I wouldn't for the world have done anything that would jar his feelings. I sort of felt that he didn't want to talk, and the others must have felt that, too, because hardly anybody said a word for ten days, and, of course, we didn't play a single game of checkers. That's the first I've said about checkers, but I'll explain further on.

I did get one shake-hands with Braun though, and it did me good. It was the day I was taken out for my weekly bath and shave. I just darted over to his door and he stuck his hand out between the bars, and I gave it a shake with a "Good-bye, old fellow"—and that was all. The others did the same thing on their bathing days. It seemed to do us all good; and the keepers didn't pretend to notice.

The last night made me choke, or I could hear Braun praying just like a little child, and now and again the voice of the priest praying with him. Nobody slept in the death-house, and I shouldn't wonder if there were other prayers which the keepers didn't hear.

Then, before daylight had a chance, curtains were drawn. It wouldn't be so bad if people in the prison wore leather shoes, but they wear—the prisoners, too—slippers with felt soles. From behind my curtain I couldn't hear much but the breathing of a few people, and the unlocking of Braun's door, and a slight swish of felt soles on the stones. But Braun called out in a loud voice:

"Good-by, boys!"

And "Good-by!" echoed from every cell.

Then a slight shuffling of feet, a choking noise of a man clearing his throat, the clang of the door at the end of the little passage, and—well, the curtains were pulled back, but we never saw Braun again.

Who next? For a whole day that question had me by the throat. I suppose it bothered the others, too, for at length Fritz Meyer roared out:

"Oh let's have a game of checkers or I'll bang my head against the wall!"

And now I'll tell you how we played our only game. The two players each make a checker-board with pencil and paper and number the squares. By each man calling out his move to the other it is impossible to play the game through. It needs more thought than checkers played in the ordinary way; but the keepers say that exercise is good for a condemned man's brain. Fritz Meyer was the best check-

erplayer in the death-house. He won every tournament, and when he was marched off to the electric chair on May 21st last there were no more checker games in my time.

Talking of checkers, it is not true that Mr. Molineux plays that game in the death-house. He has other ways of occupying his mind in reading and study, and like a wise man, he takes a lot of exercise to keep himself in health.

The only one he talks to much is Dr. Kennedy.

But as I said at the start, there is not much talking at any time—not more nor much louder than there is in church during service. Each man has his own thoughts, and they are frightful. It's always:

"Who next?"

We had not long recovered from the shock of Braun's going when the warden dropped in again with bad news. We could always tell by his face, and every one would shake till he saw what cell he was bound for.

This time there were two to go—Lewis Pullerson and Michael McDonald. Two hands to shake, two "good-bys" to be said. When the curtains were pulled up in the morning after the shuffling of feet had died away, I was as weak as a kitten. I do not think any of us touched breakfast that morning.

What made it seem cruel was that none of these men seemed like murderers. They were just ordinary men like you meet in the street with feelings like anybody else, in good health, capable of being glad or sorry. I knew some of them had done cruel and bloody things, but that did not make me feel any the less sorry to see them led away to be slaughtered in cold blood like cattle from a pen.

But nobody would understand those feeling unless they had lived in the death-house.

Sleeping and reading, reading and sleeping—these were the favorite ways of killing time. We could sleep all we wanted to and get all the books we liked from the prison library. Sleeping and reading are both good ways of forgetting—especially sleeping. I trained myself to sleep sometimes as 15 hours a day.

After Pullerson and McDonald left us there were no departures until Feb 26, this year, when Antonia Ferraro went down the passage of death and was never seen again.

Three months later Fritz Meyer followed him. That was a great event, Meyer had been longer in the death-house than anybody else. He was a man of strong character and had amiable qualities. In spite of his terrible crimes we all missed him.

The sixth victim was Joseph Mullen, who was spirited away in the early morning of July 23.

My time was to come in two weeks, in despair of making known what I suffered as it drew near. Mullen's departure was a great blow to me. The question "Who next?" had a new meaning to me. I knew the answer—or I thought I knew it. I felt that others looked toward my cell in a strange, new way. Their voices were kind when they spoke to me. Even Mr. Molineux looked at me with a sort of pity.

[Continued on page 3]

The Canadian Order of Foresters.

The Canadian Order of Foresters is a society that has become more favorably and widely known in our Dominion than any other Friendly Insurance Society doing business in this country.

In order to secure the attention of those who have not yet considered the superior merits of this society, the following facts are submitted. It is:

1. Purely Canadian.
2. National in its character.
3. Age 18 to 45 years.
4. Fixed premium. No death assessments.
5. Gives \$500, \$1000, \$1500 or \$2000 insurance.
6. Over two million dollars paid to members and their dependents since organization of 1879.
7. Careful medical selection. Death rate for the 20th year of its history, only 4.56 per 1000.
8. Has a larger surplus on hand for each \$1000 risk than other society of its kind in Canada.
9. Security of investments. Not a dollar of the surplus invested outside of Canada.
10. Premiums and interest accruing therefrom used only for the payment of death claims.

The rates for life insurance in this society payable in advance are as follows:

Age of	On \$500	On \$1000	On \$1500	On \$2000
18 to 25	35c	60c	90c	\$1.20
25 to 30	40c	55c	68c	1.20
30 to 35	45c	70c	1.05	1.40
35 to 40	50c	85c	1.28	1.70
40 to 45	55c	1.00	1.50	2.00

The rates for sick and funeral benefits, payable monthly in advance, are as follows:

Between 18 and 25 years	25c.
" 25 and 30 years	30c.
" 30 and 35 years	35c.
" 35 and 40 years	40c.
" 40 and 45 years	45c.

The High Court sick and funeral benefits are much appreciated, and are \$3 per week for the first two weeks, and \$5 per week for the following ten weeks in any one year, and \$90 towards funeral expenses.

A strong feature of the business is the handsome surplus fund which continues to increase in the insurance department. At the end of November there was \$223,149.79 to the credit of the fund. The surplus is now growing at the rate of between \$11,000 and \$12,000 per month.

The membership is increasing at the rate of over 600 per month, and is now over 3,000.

There are now about 700 subordinate organizations, or courts as they are called throughout Canada, and the order is now well established in all the provinces of the Dominion and through the territories.

For further particulars enquire of any of the officers or members of the order or address

E. ELLIOTT, THOS. WHITE,
H. C. R., Ingersoll, High Sec. Brantford.
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The Warm Weather has come and so have the flies

To help you keep them out of your house I have on hand a good supply of

- Screen Doors.
 - Adjustable Window Screens.
 - Green Wire Netting.
 - Spring Hinges.
 - Knobs and Hooks
- for doors, which I am selling very low. Also
- White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers,
 - 2 to 8 quarts.
- J. H. PHINNEY.

For Sale.

One 2 horse power threshing and cleaning machine The Superior level tread one power manufactured by Thos. Hall & Co. Summerside, P. E. I., also 1 shovel suitable to haul it on. The above is in good order having worked only three months.

JAS. O. FISH,
Newcastle, July 18, 2m. pd.

To Let.

A house situated on the corner opposite the Waverley Hotel. Has been thoroughly painted and repaired and is supplied with water from an artesian well. Terms moderate.

Apply to
R. H. GREMLEY.

CARRIAGE FACTORY

We make the very finest grade of Carriages, wagons, carts etc. all hand made and guaranteed to outlive the best of imported stock. A large stock to select from.

Repairing of all kinds and vehicles made to order at short notice. Liberal discount for Cash. Time given if required.

James M. Falconer.

Notice to Builders and Contractors:

ONE BAR STEEL WIRE NAILS.

Sold low to the trade.

P. Hennessy

Indigestion can be Cured.

An Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
Middleton, N. S.
DEAR SIRS,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your Invigorating Syrup, which I readily did, and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave me such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used I was completely cured. I have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly,
(Rev.) F. M. YORGE,
Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown,
Sold everywhere at 50c a Bottle.

Seeds. Seeds.

Just arrived, Fresh Timothy,
Clover and all kinds of field and garden seeds.

Bargains.

3 Cans Corn for 25 cents.
3 " Peas " 25 "

Sold at
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CANADA'S International Exhibition.

St. John, N. B.
Opens Sept. 10th,
Closes " 19th.

Additions have been made to the Live Stock prizes, and a Butter making Competition and Exhibit of Cheese making provided for.

AMUSEMENTS

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VERY CHEAP FARES

and special excursions on all railways and steamers. Exhibits on several of the main lines will be carried practically free. Full particulars advertised later.

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desiring space in the buildings or on the grounds should make early enquiry, and for sales and special privileges immediate application should be made.

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ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND
THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,
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INSURANCE Co.

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Incorporated 1848.

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EVERY POLICY Incontestable

FROM DATE OF ISSUE.

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Guaranteed AFTER THREE PAYMENTS.

A PERFECT POLICY

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SECRETS OF SING SING'S DEATH HOUSE.

I did not dare to tell that I still had hope—for everybody hopes in the death-house. But I knew that Mr. Levy had appealed to the Governor, and I knew about the petition from my friends in Boston, and the fight that was being made for me was fought all over again inside me. It raged in my breast—the fight of life against death. I would not believe that I was going to be killed.

My mother was with me the day Mr. Levy saw the Governor. She cheered me up and we said a prayer together.

She could not kiss me or touch my hand, because those things are forbidden in the death-house. Visitors remain outside an iron screen placed three feet away from the cell door, and a keeper sits in the space between. After they have gone the convict visited repeats the news he has heard to his next-door neighbor, and so it goes the rounds.

Next day Warden Johnson and Principal Keeper Connaughton came to my cell.

"Wife," said Mr. Johnson, "I understand the Governor has commuted your sentence. We read it in the newspapers, but of course we cannot go by that here. We must receive the official news from Albany before we can take any notice of it."

Oh, what a buzz there was in the death-house when the news went round. The keepers rushed to shake hands with me, and those good comrades of mine were just as joyous as I. Nobody was ever as glad as that!

My chest was bursting with joy, and when I saw my darling mother coming—Mr. Levy had told her the news—I let out such a shout as I think the death-house had never heard before.

Then I was suddenly silent and ashamed, for I thought of the others—Mr. Molineux, Dr. Kennedy, William Neufeldt, Lawrence Priori, Aaron Halle and Joseph Angelo—all waiting for death.

There were still a few days before I said good-by to them all and left the death-house—not by way of the little passage, thank God! and now I wear the stripes, and I have no words to tell how sweet to me is the life I would have dreaded worse than death—before I knew the death-house.

Edward Wise was sentenced to death by Supreme Court Justice Williams on March 31, 1899, for the murder of Charles F. Beesley.

Beesley had died from a fractured skull after being knocked down at Twenty-ninth street and Ninth avenue by two men, of whom Wise was one. The other man, who is believed to have struck the blow, escaped.

Not till after conviction did Wise reveal his confederate's name. It was John Sweeney. The motive of the assault was robbery, but the

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of **Dr. Wood**

See Pac-Style Wrapper Below.
Very small and so easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

killing was evidently unintentional.

Wise, albeit he had got into bad company, was a Bostonian of good antecedents, well known as a professional ball player, and had many warm friends.

His counsel, Abraham Levy, after exhausting the resources of the law to upset the conviction, addressed himself recently to Gov. Roosevelt. His plea for mercy was strengthened by a petition signed by many prominent citizens of Boston, including members of the Massachusetts Legislature, whom Lawyer Levy had interested in the case.

Gov. Roosevelt commuted the sentence of death to life imprisonment.

Meanwhile Wise had spent sixteen months in the death-house, a neighbor of such notorious murderers as Roland B. Molineux, Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy and Fritz Meyer.

But for Mr. Levy's labors he would have been the thirty-third victim of the electric chair in Sing Sing Prison.

DANGEROUS EXTREMES.

THE SEASON WHEN Paine's Celery Compound

SHOULD BE USED.

Nothing Like it for Health-Building.

A sudden jump from torrid heat to weather of a changeable character!

The change is a serious one for the ailing, weary, sleepless, despondent, irritable and for those whose energy is almost exhausted. The quick varying temperatures experienced during this month, add to the sufferings and hardships of men and women whose systems are deranged or broken down.

Long years of triumphs and successes have established the fact that Paine's Celery Compound is the infallible cure for the fearful ills that result from an impaired nervous system and impure blood.

Paine's Celery Compound makes nerve fibre and nerve force; it purifies and enriches the blood; it regulates digestion; it promotes sleep and gives to entire system a fullness of health and strength that makes life a pleasure.

Our best people are users and friends of Paine's Celery Compound and recommend it to their friends; it is prescribed daily by some of our best physicians.

DIAMOND DYES.

Will Dye any Article of Clothing from Feathers to Stockings.

The only Package Dyes That Make Fast and Unfading Colors.

Feathers, ribbons, silk ties, dress silks, shirt waists, dresses, costumes, capes, jackets, and shawls can be dyed at home like new. Try a package of the Diamond Dyes, and see what a bright, beautiful, non-fading color it will make, with but little trouble.

Diamond Dyes are the greatest money savers of the age, as many a woman with one or two ten cent packages of these Dyes has dyed her old dress a lovely and fashionable color so as to save the expense of a new one. Partly worn clothing can be made over for the little ones, and by dyeing it with Diamond Dyes no one would recognize that the dresses and suits were not new.

Diamond Dyes are adapted to many uses besides simply dyeing old clothing. Diamond Dyes give new life and usefulness to curtains, furniture coverings, draperies, carpets, etc. Beware of imitation and common package dyes that for the "Diamond" and see that you get them.

When it was become winter the grasshopper went to the ant and asked for a cold handout or something.

"No," said the ant, "it is useless to importune me. I am adamant!"

"And what?" exclaimed the grasshopper, turning away, "is to be expected of a ant?"

This fable teaches that one may be shiftless, yet extremely witty.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

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For Eggs!

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It makes them healthy. Makes them lay. If you can't get it we send one pkge. 25c.; 25c. can, 45c. doz., 85c. Sample best poultry paper and "How to Feed for Eggs," free. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

"What was the trouble at that house where the complaint came from yesterday?" asked the superintendent of the gas company.
"Nothing much," replied the inspector, "I found a centiped in one of the pipes."
"Ah, an extra hundred feet. See that they're charged for that."

A Woman's Face.

PLAINLY INDICATES THE CONDITION OF HER HEALTH.

Beauty Disappears When the Eyes are Dull, the Skin Sallow, and wrinkles Begin to appear—How one Woman Regained Health and Comeliness.

Almost every woman at the head of a home meets daily with innumerable little worries in their household affairs. They may be too small to notice an hour afterwards, but it is nevertheless these constant little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may be noticed in sick or nervous headaches, fickle appetite, a feeling of constant weariness, pains in the back and loins, or in a sallow complexion, and the coming of wrinkles, which every woman who desires comeliness dreads. To those thus afflicted Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure; a restoration of color to the cheeks, brightness to the eye, a healthy appetite, and a sense of freedom from weariness.

Among the thousands of Canadian women who have found new health and new strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. Francis Poirier, of Valleyfield, Que. Mrs. Poirier was a sufferer for upwards of seven years; she had taken treatment from several doctors, and had used a number of advertised medicines, but with no good results. Mrs. Poirier says:—"Only women who suffered as I did can understand the misery I endured for years. As time went on and the doctors I consulted, and the medicine I used did not help me, I despaired of ever regaining health. There were very few days that I did not suffer from violent headaches, and the least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently. My stomach seemed disordered, and I almost loathed the food I forced myself to eat. I was very pale, and frequently my limbs would swell so much that I feared that my trouble was developing into dropsy. I had almost constant pains in the back and loins. It was while I was in this condition that I read in La Presse of the cure of a woman whose symptoms were much like mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told my husband and he urged me to try them, and at once got me three boxes. Before I had used them all I felt better, and I got another supply of the pills. At the end of the month I was strong enough to do my household work and before another month had passed I had entirely recovered my health. I am sorry that I did not learn of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for I know that they would have saved me several years of sickness and misery, and I feel that I cannot too strongly urge other sick people to use them."

The condition indicated in Mrs. Poirier's case shows that the blood and nerves need attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted to cure the ailments from which so many women suffer in silence. Through the use of these pills the blood is enriched, the nerves made strong, and the rich glow of health brought back to pale and sallow cheeks. There would be less suffering if women would give these pills a fair trial. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Niblack has become quite a good player, I hear," remarked the man who merely regarded the game with good natured tolerance.

"Yes" replied Bunker gangling, "but I don't like the way he addresses the ball."

"No. It does seem idiotic, not to say vulgar, to swear at it so constantly."

COULDN'T LACE HIS BOOTS.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, of Fortune Bridge, P.E.I., a great sufferer from pain in the back.

Doan's Kidney Pills completely and permanently cured him.

Mr. P. L. Campbell, the well-known general merchant of Fortune Bridge, P.E.I., was troubled with severe pains in his back and hips for over two years.

At length he became aware of the fact that backache was simply a symptom of kidney trouble and did not hesitate long in taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and was promptly and permanently cured.

Here is his statement: "I was in an awful state for two years with pains in my back and hips. Some mornings these pains were so severe that I couldn't stoop to lace my boots. I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box so completely cured me that I have been perfectly well ever since."

Doan's Kidney Pills completely and permanently cured him.

"Breathe freely now!" your friend exclaims when he has satisfactorily explained some alarming news. So we say when we hand you a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for any kind of trouble to the air passages. 25c. all Druggists.

"What we want to do," said one of the benighted nation's wise old men, "is to get civilized."

"I know," answered the chief; "but how shall we go about it?"

"Well, I suppose the first step is to quit killing people by hand and learn to use machinery."

A Certain Method for curing cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery is by using Pain-Killer. The medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

False friendship decays, is like the ivy and ruins the wall it embraces, but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for sale everywhere.

Never say die. Expire sounds much better.—Chicago News.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Dandruff.

"Hello, Mike, do you find much to do now?"

"Yes, I'm jest after cuttin' down a tree, dan tomorrow I'll have to cut it up."

B.B.B.

Cures Ringworm.

"I had ringworm on my head for nearly a year.

"I consulted three doctors but derived little or no benefit from their treatment.

"I then commenced to use Burdock Blood Bitters.

"Besides taking it internally I washed the affected parts with it and when the bottle was finished I was completely cured." Elsie Slaght, Teeterville, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures sores, ulcers, boils, pimples, eczema and all skin eruptions of the most chronic type. It makes the blood rich and pure, drives all foul material from the system and builds up the tissues of the body.

HOME TESTIMONY CLEARLY PROVES THAT

KUMFORT

HEADACHE POWDERS

Cure Sick Headache in ten minutes.

OUR WITNESSES.

Newcastle, N. B., Oct. 25th, 1900.

Newcastle's leading barber, Mr. James Collins, whose shop is near the Post Office, Pleasant St., writes:—"I use Kumfort Headache Powders and find they always cure, and I also find them pleasant and safe to use."

H. S. Miller, of Miller Bros., butchers, whose place of business is opposite the Waverly Hotel, writes:—"I can safely recommend Kumfort Headache Powders. They are a good thing for my headache."

Neguac, January 6th, 1900.

The most satisfactory and perfect cure for headache I find are the Kumfort Headache Powders.

Thomson Station, N. S., Feby. 25, 1899.

3rd Witness. E. Mattinson & Son write under this date: "Please send us 6 dozen Kumfort Headache Powders, they are the best selling medicines we have in the shop." Sales talk.

4th Witness. W. C. Balcolm, the well-known travelling jeweller of Hantsport, N. S., writes: "I used Kumfort Headache Powders recently, and found them a marvelous cure for headache."

5th Witness. H. C. Fulton of Truro, well known to the employees of the I. C. R., being in the Superintendent's office at Truro, writes: "Undoubtedly the best cure for headache. I cannot praise Kumfort Headache Powders too highly."

6th Witness. "I have used Kumfort Headache Powders and my experience is that they will cure a headache in a few minutes.—It is nervous headache in my case."

Burnt Church, N. B., May 12th, 1899.

7th Witness. Miss Jennie Goodwin of Harcourt writes: "The best Headache Powders I have ever used are the Kumfort Headache Powders."

8th Witness. Rogersville's Leading Merchant, Mr. John D. Buckley, writes May 20th, 1899: "The best remedy for Headache that I ever used is the Kumfort Headache Powders—They cure in a few minutes—Create no habit from continued use and I find them safe and harmless."

Harcourt, N. B., May 19th, 1899.

All Dealers; Price 10 & 25c, or by mail post paid on receipt of price F. G. Weaton Co., Ltd., Folly Village, N. S.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

My importations for my summer trade have been large and well chosen, and I am now fully prepared to supply all my patrons with all the latest creations in the Millinery art.

Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery always in stock.

MRS. J. DEMERS,

Morrison Block, Newcastle, N. B.

McLeod's Fashionable Tailoring Establishment.

Our fashion plates and new goods are now on hand in all kinds usually kept in a first class Establishment.

Fancy suitings, fancy vestings, fancy stripes for pants. Also black, blue and grey serges and in fact over thing you need to dress you up in first class style and in any fashionable color. We make them up to suit you, fit you and they wear well, and charge a moderate price. Call and see for yourself.

Carter Block.

S. McLeod.

Newcastle, July 24.

WANTED A Traveling General Agent.

An experienced canvasser, or a man with good character and address, with the necessary ability to travel from town to town and appoint agents. No canvassing. Salary and expenses paid. Position permanent and promotion according to merit.

The BRADLEY-GARRETSON Co., Limited Brantford, Ont.

Mention this Paper.

We carry a full line of **Wrapping Paper and Paper bags.**

Paper in rolls of various lengths.

Anslow Bros.

Subscription Rates.
\$1.00 a year, strictly in advance, postage paid to addresses in Canada, Nfld. and U. S.

Advertising Rates.
One inch—First Insertion 60 cents, and 25 cents for each additional insertion.
Yearly Contracts.—\$5.00 per inch.

All business communications should be addressed to ANSLAW BROS., Newcastle, and all letters to the Editor should be addressed to the Editor of THE ADVOCATE, Newcastle, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
In the future the publishers of the Advocate will render all advertising accounts monthly.

The Union Advocate,
ESTABLISHED 1867.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1900

THE DEPARTING SALMON.

The New York Sun has a lengthy editorial under the caption: 'The Departing Salmon'. It starts off this way:

"British fish dealers as well as British anglers have become alarmed at the rapid diminution of the catch of salmon in British rivers. They have petitioned the Board of Trade to investigate the causes of the decrease of the salmon and to find some method for increasing the supply and a Royal Commission has been appointed to look into the whole matter. This step not without reason excites the fears of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, for Royal Commissions like the mills of the gods grind slowly and the results are often exceedingly small. He thinks the salmon may become extinct before the Royal Commission gets ready to report, and in an article in the Fortnightly Review suggests steps that may be taken at once to preserve the fish for Britain.

The decrease of the salmon is admitted on all sides, but there is a divergence of views about the cause, turning naturally on the opposing interests of the persons affected. Those who supply the market by netting the fish ascribe the deficiency to the caprice of the salmon, which runs in greater numbers in some years than it does in others, and for its whims they seek reasons in conditions in the ocean and not in the rivers, as for instance the prevalence of scarcity of herring, or unusual prevalence of icebergs. They hold that if they did not net the fish it would be lost to man on its return to the deep sea. The red fishers of the upper salmon streams, on the other hand, are agreed that the fish is being exterminated by the greed of the netters at the river mouths, who will not spare the salmon even when it seeks its breeding grounds. This is Mr. Hutchinson's opinion too, though he admits that netting within proper limits is absolutely necessary if salmon is to continue as a staple food for Great Britain. He brings together many facts, some not generally known, in support of his proposition.

It seems to us that Mr. Hutchinson is taking too gloomy a view of the salmon question, if the stories of returned Miramichi anglers are to be believed.

WEAK KNEES ON THE NORTH SHORE.

The St. John Sun quotes The World's remarks on St. John editors who believe the attempt to stop the running of street cars to be injurious to the city and yet say nothing, and, without denying that its editor condemns the reactionary movement, says it "is of the opinion that it is the duty of the officers to enforce the law as they find it." The English law under which a boy was hanged in St. John for stealing a loaf of bread has never been repealed, but has simply become obsolete. Does The Sun believe it to be the duty of the officers to enforce that law? — Chatham World.

According to The World our officers have unlimited power, and our representatives at Fredericton and Ottawa give no useful end or purpose. The Commodore puts little faith in the laws of this country and believes our officers should enforce only the laws that are digestible to them. At all events that is what we infer from his remarks. We can't agree, however. Our opinion on the matter coincides with the Sun's opinion. We believe it to be the duty of the officers to enforce all laws as they find them. But regarding weak-kneed editors. Can the World tell us why it is silent

on the Scott Act violations in Chatham? Can it tell us why it refrains from referring to the fact that there are many bar rooms wide open in Chatham?

HON. L. J. TWEEDIE.

The new premier of New Brunswick does not require an introduction to the readers of the UNION ADVOCATE. Hon. L. J. Tweedie, upon whom was conferred the honor of forming a government for this province, has long been one of the representatives of the people of this County in the local house. For years the people of Northumberland confided to him their highest and most sacred trusts. On this account it is that it is not necessary for us or any one else to speak for him to the electors of the County of Northumberland. His long association with able leaders has thoroughly qualified him for the task which he has just assumed. In fact it is safe to say there is not a man in New Brunswick today better fitted to be at the helm of the province than Hon. L. J. Tweedie. His untiring energy, his devotion to the public affairs of New Brunswick have placed him where he is today, therefore his success has been well merited. He is the first Northumberland County man to become premier of this province, and the residents of Northumberland County should feel proud of the fact.

THEIR DUTY DONE.

Last November one thousand sturdy sons of Canada sailed from their native land bound for South Africa to fight for their Queen and country. Since that time they have figured conspicuously in many engagements. They have been of material strength to the empire in her campaign in South Africa. And they have made Canada famous for her sterling sons. In a word, they have done their duty. And it is now the duty of the empire to return them. There are many who have interests in their native land—interests that are suffering on account of their absence, and while there isn't a man who would openly express a wish to return home at once; there are very few who would not gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to do so.

CIGARETTES

Men and boys have been warned by doctors that they are injuring their own health by persisting in the habit, but they have greeted such warnings with laughs and shrugs of indifference. —Dever Republican.

But what can be done? A boy, the average boy, has an impression that he stands six feet six in his stockings when he has a cigarette in the northeast corner of his mouth. It may be a delusion, but he is happy in it. Health is nothing, but to be 'in the swim,' with a cloud of smoke overhead, well, heaven has few pleasures that are so attractive to a youngster. —New York Herald.

OUR BAND STAND.

Our board of aldermen erected a band stand early in the summer at the solicitation of a number of musicians. We presume that the members of the Board expected to listen to some music occasionally before the band stand was snowed under. True, it is not yet snowed under. But if our musicians do not bestir themselves the laurels will all go to the Salvation Army. We are now having some delightful moonlight nights, let's have a little music to help wile them away.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.

Business men in a certain part of the town are complaining of the bad condition of the sidewalk in front of their establishments. Truly their lot is not a happy one, but on the principle that 'misery loves company' they may get some comfort in the knowledge that there are citizens in this and other towns who have no sidewalk at all. In fact many are forced to walk a long distance over rocks, mud, or cinders before they reach a decent pavement.

A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

A Syracuse clergyman has publicly rebuked the women of his flock who wear transparent sleeves and yokes on their gowns in hot weather, while a clergyman in another city has lectured the women of his congregation for taking off their hats in church. Those

Easily Digested.

CHAMPION LIARS

[Dallas Tex. Express.]
The correspondents who grind out this Chinese war stuff are undoubtedly the biggest liars in the world.

JAPAN

(Philadelphia Press.)
"Japan is not to be judged by what it is compared with China, but what it is compared with Europe and the United States. It stands for civilization, and the era of 'Meiji' is truly that of enlightenment."

COLORED MEN'S VOTES.

[Boston Herald.]
"In some quarters there is a feeling that the colored men of the country will give a larger vote to the democratic party this year than ever before. We see no good reason for this opinion."

FRENCH POST.

[Galveston Daily News]
"The French Government considers its postal rather in the light of a source of revenue than as a public service, which is obvious from the fact that it cleared about 93,000,000F. (\$17,949,000) profit through it last year."

PROTECTION.

[Omaha World-Herald.]
"Of what benefit is it to seventy millions of people to pay more than an article is worth merely for the purpose of allowing a few thousands of American manufacturers to sell their wares to foreigners cheaper than the foreign manufacturer can sell them?"

UNCLE SAM'S BOXERS.

(Philadelphia Record.)
"The American mob is a hideous, monstrous thing. As a study it may be important to the psychologist, but it is a study that is not calculated to increase an intelligent man's respect for his race. Of all spectacles that of a rabble of leading citizens committing murder to vindicate the law—perpetrating a malicious and vindictive crime in the name of justice—is the most inconsistent, idiotic and fiendish."

WHAT NEXT.

(Chicago Record.)
What next in China is a question which cannot be answered without bearing in mind what has been going on in China for some thousands of years and some of those persistent facts in the general Chinese scheme of government. The United States has a written constitution. Great Britain has an unwritten constitution, and so has China. The most distinctive characteristic about the imperial constitution of civil government in China is its combination of central autocracy with local self-government."

GRAMMAR

(Victoria B. C. Colonist.)
A lady was heard to remark the other day: "One finds one's traps so much in one's way in one's carriage. Doesn't one?" There is no doubt that the observation is strictly grammatical and in perfectly good English "as she spoke" in the dialogues in English novels of alleged high life. Yet a person hearing such and similar phraseology is inclined to sympathize with the inhabitants of Rheims who, on sight of the famous jacobin, regardless of grammar, exclaimed, "That's him!"

"Are these those?" asked the very good boy in the old story book, and the flippant young girl replied, "Yes; them's 'em." Possibly, it is the innate wickedness of mankind which makes the average individual think he would rather know the girl than the boy. Of course, "Between you and I" is villainous grammar, and yet we think more of the boy who when asked if it was incorrect and why, said: "Incorrect. The lamp post is omitted," than we would if he had used the objective case of the pronoun. The truth of the matter is that grammar is a humbug, just as spelling is. It was Artemus Ward who protested that he "had no use for a man who was so biased prejudiced that he always spit a word the same way."

clergyman are out of place in the pulpit. If they cannot find anything better to talk about than to find fault with the women for seeking some small relief from the heat they should find some occupation for which they are better fitted than that of preaching the gospel.—Philadelphia Press.

The Philadelphia Press, philosophically remarks:—"It is reasonably certain that King Humbert's assassination was, if not planned, proposed in Paterson. In view of all this, the time has certainly come here for legislation: State and federal, like that of liberty loving Switzerland."

The Kansas City Star, looking around for a remedy for the Chinese trouble says:—

"The rational course appears to be to hold a convention of the Powers at once. By promoting disagreement between the Powers the action of Russia and Germany interferes with the chastisement of the Chinese responsible for the outrages at Peking."

E. W. Brown
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. Beware of cheap imitations sold in one day.

The Reasons Why
We are showing our **FALL DRESS GOODS** are that you may secure the first choice of the many beautiful lines we are showing and also secure your dressmaker before she gets too busy to attend to your order.

**New Homespun Suitings,
New FRIEZE SUITINGS,
New Broadcloths,
New Plaided Stuffs,
Golf Skirtings,
Golf Cloths,
Cloakings,
Eiderdowns,
Serges,
Etc.,
Etc.**

WEDNESDAY IS BARGAIN DAY.

WOMEN'S VESTS.
We have a few summer ones left which are selling at 8c to clear.
Our **FALL STOCK** is now complete. We have vests to fit the infant and also the largest woman. Our values are the best at the popular prices.

**WHITE SHIRT WAISTS, AT HALF PRICE.
WHITE P. K. SKIRTS.**
We have only a few left, but all genuine bargains.

Fancy Velvets, for Fall Shirt Waists, from 38 to 65c.
Opera Flannels, Fancy and Plain. Very nice for infants garments, Dressing Jackets, etc. Prices from 50c to 75c.

DUTCH SHAKER FLANNEL, W. G. & R. Shirts & Collars
In white only. Prices 15, 18 and 20c. They have no equal.

Yard Wide Grey Cotton 3c. Chester Braces are cool and very comfortable. Price 30 and 50c.

Our Satin Backed Velvet Ribbon has arrived.

R. N. WYSE. - WHITE STORE.

Columbia Bicycles.

CHAINLESS \$85, Chain \$60.
HARTFORD \$45.
IMPERIAL \$50, \$45, \$40.
NIAGARA \$40.
CARNIVAL \$30.

Hartford or Dunlop Tires.
F. P. YORSTON, Agent.

**Ladies' Blouses,
Dress Skirts,
Underskirts,
Undervests,
Corsets and Hosiery,
SELLING VERY LOW.
Trimmed Hats Constantly on hand.
Mrs. H. A. Quilty,
The SARGENT STORE.**

To Let.
Store formerly occupied by J. Feinbrook, Newcastle. Apply to Mrs. Sutherland or to P. O., Box 69, Chatham.

The Advocate, one year \$1.00.

We have just received a fresh lot of "HOFBRAU"
2 Bottles for 25cts.

Have you tried our "FROSTY SODA WATER?"
all fruit flavors,
5cts a Glass.

"The Pharmacy"
A. E. SHAW,
NEWCASTLE

STORE NEWS.

We want to tell you this week about Ready to wear Clothing

which we have received and taken into stock during last week.

Nothing trashy remember, but good solid suits every one of them. Not too dear either.

Men's Heavy, Dark Tweed Suits, suitable for fall and winter wear, great value at the price, only \$6.50.

Men's Tweed Mixture Suits, solid all wool, neat and tasty in pattern and color, well lined, and made, such as your tailor would charge you \$17.00 for, our price only \$10.00.

Men's Navy Serge Suits, double breasted, hard twill finish \$8.50.

Men's Black Serge Suits, large twill, hard finish, D. B., price \$9.50.

Men's Navy Serge Suits, D. B., extra quality cloth and workmanship \$11.50.

Men's Navy Serge Suits, D. B., extra heavy quality, in our opinion the best serge we ever had, price \$12.00.

These are a few of the many lines we keep in stock and are suits that we take pleasure in selling as the quality is good, they will be proved second from good reliable manufacturers, firms who have a reputation to sustain and are not ashamed nor afraid to put their name on their goods. In doing this we therefore have confidence in the goods we place before you, and we hope to merit the confidence of our customers.

Well Made in Every Particular.
to none in the country in quality and value. Besides this we keep in stock a large variety of boys' and youths' clothing in all sizes. Men's strong tweed working pants \$1.25. Men's heavy all wool homespun pants \$2.00. Men's fine black dress pants \$2.75. And a number of other kinds and qualities which we have not space here to enumerate. It has been our endeavor to secure for our trade the best clothing on the market. To do this we buy from good reliable manufacturers, firms who have a reputation to sustain and are not ashamed nor afraid to put their name on their goods. In doing this we therefore have confidence in the goods we place before you, and we hope to merit the confidence of our customers.

Clarke & Co.

September 4th, 1900.

The County.

An Epitome of Events Gathered by ADVOCATE Reporters.

DOUGLASTOWN

Preparations are being made for a dance in the Temperance Hall here, Wednesday evening the 5th. A good time is expected.

While Mr. and Mrs. J. McKnight were out driving Friday evening, the horse became frightened and ran into a ditch throwing Mr. McKnight out who struck his knee against something injuring it very badly, causing him to keep to his bed for a few days. Mrs. McKnight was unhurt.

Mrs. E. Hutchison and Mrs. R. Hutchison who have been in Quebec for the past week returned home Saturday morning.

Miss Muirhead and Miss Russell of Chatham, were in town for a few days the guests of Miss Hutchison.

Mrs. Elizabeth McLean is visiting Mrs. James Falconer in Newcastle.

Miss Stapleton, Chatham is visiting Miss Johnson.

Mrs. A. Cowie entertained a number of friends to tea Thursday evening.

Miss Alex Morrison is spending a few days in Chatham, the guest of Mrs. Burr.

Mrs. Coughlan is visiting friends in Chatham.

Hutchison's mill has stopped sawing at night.

INDIANTOWN,

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. J. Gerrish, Indiantown, at 7 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday, August 29th, when Miss Susie M. third daughter was united in marriage to Mr. Francis D. Jardine, also of Indiantown.

The bride looked charming in a dress of white with lace and ribbon, and wore a bridal veil of white tulle with a wreath of white chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid, Miss Minnie Gerrish, was becomingly dressed in cream crepon with lace and ribbon. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Benj. Jardine. The wedding march was played by Miss Janet Bean as the bridal party entered the parlor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Thos. Corbett of Blackville. About forty guests were present to witness the happy event. The bride received many beautiful presents, among which were:

From Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Janet and Simon Bean, bedroom suit; Miss Lottie E. Underhill and Mr. T. Crawford, parlor table; Mr. and Mrs. A. McCabe, lemonade set and tray; Mr. Wm. A. Gerrish, silver pickle dish and money; Mr. Ernest Gerrish, toilet set; Mr. Alex. Davidson, silver butter dish; Miss Hattie Davidson, silver berry spoon; Messrs. Walter and Peter McLaggan, silver cake basket; Miss E. Bean, silver sugar shell; Mr. M. Sutherland, Boston, silver knives, forks and spoons; Miss J. Gerrish, Boston, silver pie knife; Mr. R. B. Gerrish, silver knives and forks; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Russell, Newcastle, fruit set; Mr. H. Foye, clock; Mr. C. and Miss J. Schofield, parlor lamp; Mr. F. and Miss L. Dickson, tea set; Mr. W. McKenzie, fruit set; Mr. and Mrs. C. Jardine, towels and glasses; Miss Nettie Foye, lamp; Miss Kain, pair of towels; Miss Effie Mountain, silver handkerchief case; Miss Alice Mountain, silver glove case; Mr. B. Jardine, pair of kid gloves; Miss Frankie Brown, fancy handkerchief; Miss Hetherington, two silk handkerchiefs; Miss M. Nesbitt, rose jar; Mr. T. Gerrish, pair of vases; Mr. and Mrs. H. Holt, bed spread; Messrs. J. and B. Hetherington, pair of vases; Minnie Gerrish, hand painted toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart, towels and tumblers; Mr. and Mrs. J. Jardine, towels; Mr. H. Holt, handsome tie and veil; Miss Edith

Copp, Newcastle, bed-room slippers and toilet set; and from her mother, a very handsome picture music rack. The groom's present to the bride was a beautiful gold bracelet; and to the bridesmaid, a gold brooch. We wish the happy couple every success in the future.

RENOUS RIVER

The weather for the past few days has been very hot, and consequently the grain has ripened fast, most of the farmers in this locality are engaged in harvesting at present. Some oats have been threshed with good results, better than last year. Potatoes were doing excellent but the rust has put in an appearance, and the rot is much feared.

The picnic in Blackville on the 28th was a grand success. The weather was all that could be desired, and everyone seemed to enjoy the day.

Sportsmen are expected here as soon as the season for killing game opens. Moose are reported more plentiful than ever this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Singleton are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young son.

Many friends of Mrs. Everitt Donovan will be sorry to hear she has been ill for some time past.

Mr. Hiram Manderville our popular guide returned from L. S. W. last week.

WAYERTON.

Miss Annie Kingstone was in town last week.

Mr. Joseph Copp has built a new kitchen.

A number of our young folks from Three Islands, went berrying a short time ago at the Plains. The day was a very warm one, but they were a merry looking party even after the day's picking. The teamster especially wore a very broad smile.

During her vacation Miss Reta Allison spent two or three days in Gloucester Co. Mr. and Mrs. William Allison and children are visiting at Whitneyville.

Miss Gertie Allison is home on a visit. Portash teams are seen once more making their usual trips to the woods, you can see them passing by even on Sundays. The Sabbath should be more respected.

BOIESTOWN

Mr. McLellan, Barrister of Fredericton was in town on Thursday.

A large number of young folks attended an ice cream party at Ludlow given by Miss H. Dudley on Wednesday evening, all report a very enjoyable and pleasant evening.

Mr. John Chillick has recently purchased a handsome grey trotter.

Mr. Simmons, bridge contractor was in town on Saturday making arrangements to commence operations on Burnt Land Brook Bridge.

James S. Fairley is busily engaged loading and shipping his deal to Chatham.

The first of the new crop China Teas arrived here last week per C. P. R. from Vancouver. There were several carloads and nearly the whole lot was for T. H. Estabrooks.

In reference to prices, Mr. Estabrooks says that these Teas are quite as cheap as a year ago and the quality of the medium to the fine grades is good, while the finest is not equal to last years crop.

China Teas play but an insignificant part in the Tea trade of these provinces now, but after all the total quantity is considerable, Mr. Estabrooks imports alone amounting to several thousand half chests.—St. John Gazette.

ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.

The I. C. R. will sell return tickets at single first class fare from the 8th to the 18th Sept., good to return till Sept. 23, and at second class fare on Sept. 10th, return 13th, Sept. 12th return 15; Sept. 13th return 17th; Sept. 14th return 18th; Sept. 15th return 19th and Sept. 17th return the 20th.

On Monday 10th and Monday 17th there will be special low rates from Campbellton to Eel River \$3.00; Charlo to Laughlin \$2.85; Nash's Creek and Jacquet River \$2.75; Belledune & Petite Roche \$2.60; Bathurst to Red Pine \$2.50; Bartibogue to Barnaby River \$2.25; Rogersville and Kent Junction \$5.00. Harcourt to Coal Branch \$1.75 good to return two days from date of issue.

A CLASH OF THE POWER

[Colliers' Weekly]

Forseeing that they would be outvoted, it is possible that the United States, Great Britain and Japan may refuse to refer to a conference the solution of the Chinese problem, but take notice that they will not suffer any further dismemberment of the Middle Kingdom. Such an announcement would be decisive, for the powers named would not only be dominant at sea, but also, as the incidents connected with the relief expedition have proved, would be more than a match on land for the Advocates of partition. It is to be regretted that Great Britain's position is not, as yet, determined with absolute precision, the vacillation shown by Lord Salisbury in the matter of landing British troops at Shanghai having naturally caused uneasiness with regard to his future conduct. It may be that the British premier is haunted with the fear that, if England should offer inflexible opposition to the partition of China, she might be drawn into a war with Russia, Germany and France at a time when the concentration of her forces in South Africa leaves her relatively defenceless at home. That there is ground for such misgiving is evident from the scathing criticism pronounced the other day by Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief, on the efficiency of the troops which are still retained in England, and on which she would have to rely in the event of an invasion.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

(Dallas Tex. Express.)

The spectacular journals of the south and yellow journals of the north are two of a kind, neither of which serve any really good purpose. They exaggerate every thing in the attempt to appear sensational and attract a little momentary attention. In the north, the plays made upon the Philippines, Cuban and Chinese question; while at the south the Negro bears the brunt of battle. It has gone so far down here, that if a negro throws a snow ball at a white man, or some fool white man orders one thousand Negroes to leave the country, the white news papers at once issue extras, declaring that a race war is on. In the language of General Grant: Let us have peace.

THE GRAPHOPHONE AND WAX.

(Montreal Star.)

President McKinley has declined to use the graphophone as a means of communicating his views on the questions of the day to the loitering public, but Bryan will say things at the enduring wax. McKinley has a record written in history which he must stand by. Perhaps wax is the best material to write Mr. Bryan's record in.

IMPERIALISM AND 16 to 1.

(Des Moines Leader.)

"Let it be granted that imperialism will slay its hundreds; 16 to 1 would slay its thousands. Let the November news be that Mr. Bryan is elected, and although it may bring gladness to the far-off Filipinos, as to the struggle for their liberties, it will bring despair and a short larder to the American business and working man."

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The Philadelphia Times, speaking of England's conquest in South Africa, says:—"Her victories, if casting a quarter of a million of men like a blanket over 60,000 can ever be called so, have cost her as much as defeat, and no policy she can adopt in the future will redeem the infamy of her behavior in South Africa in the past."

MARRIED.

At the manse, on 28th. inst., by Rev. Thomas Corbett, Mr. Frank E. Jardine to Miss Susie M. Gerrish both of Blackville, N. B.

MINDARD'S LINIMENT relieves Neuralgia.

DUNLOP

Solia Rubber

Carriage Tire

A new carriage tire that makes riding on all roads a pleasure—economical, too, for it does away with the vibration that shakes and breaks the carriages.

A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and steel flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. See the exhibit at the big fares.

Sent at once for Free The Catalogue, giving prices of all sizes.

THE Dunlop Tire Co. Ltd.

ST. JOHN, WINDSOR, MONTREAL

There was a good silk sunshade taken out of the Steamer Rustler on Monday, Sept. 3rd. If any one having it would please leave it at J. D. Creaghan's store.

ESTATE NOTICE.

All persons having just claims against the estate of the Late E. Lee Street, late of the Town of Newcastle, in the County of Northumberland, Druggist, deceased, are hereby notified to file the same, duly attested, with us within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to us.

Dated at Newcastle, 4th September, 1900. DAVIDSON & AITKEN, Solicitors for said Estate.

FIRE INSURANCE.

AGENTS WANTED for Newcastle and vicinity for an English Fire Office having an established business in that territory. Apply at once to M. P. O. Box 53, St. John, N. B.

THE GREAT International

Exhibition St. John, N. B.

Sept. 10th to Sept. 19th

LIVE STOCK, AGRICULTURAL, DAIRY, NATURAL HISTORY and other exhibits.

Colts by the famous sires 'Bingen', 2,063, and 'Presents', 2,054, will be in the grand parade of horses daily. Famous herds of Shorthorns and other cattle.

COME ONE COME ALL A great free open air entertainment, including the

Perilous High Dive

by a bicyclist riding down an inclined plane from a point 100 feet high from which he makes his thrilling plunge of 70 feet. This feat is unsurpassed in daring.

General Baden-Powell's Armoured Train as used by him in the historic defence of Mafeking.

Splendid Display of Fireworks.

Nightly. The drill shed on the grounds is now an amphitheatre which will seat 2000, and a superior vaudeville show will be given here each afternoon and evening.

In Amusement Hall there will be moving pictures of the British-Boer war. Band music all the time. Horse races at Mosepath, 18th and 19th September.

EXCURSION RATES are arranged on all railways and steamboat lines.

Musical Tuition.

The Misses Wheeler are prepared to take pianoforte pupils after Sept 1st—Terms on application.

LOST.

A St. Bernard Dog, dark brown, with white breast. Finder will be rewarded by returning to aug 22 JAMES O. FISH.

12th Field Battery, C.A.

BATTERY ORDERS.

The Officers, NonCommissioned Officers, Gunners and Drivers will assemble at the Armory, Newcastle, N. B., at 6 a. m. Tuesday, Sept. 11th, and will proceed to Sussex, N. B., for the purpose of performing 12 days annual drill in camp. Drivers and others furnishing horses will make application at once so as to have their horses inspected prior to the 1st Sept. No horses under 1100 lbs. will be accepted. Clothing etc. will be issued at once.

R. L. MALTBY MAJOR Commanding 12th Field Battery, C. A. Newcastle, N. B., Aug. 27th, 1900.

Copp & Co.

Having moved into a larger and more commodious building, we are better prepared than ever to attend to the wants of our daily increasing customers. We have on hand the very latest tips in collars and cuffs, (warranted four ply English linen) two for 25c.

Underwear. We have underwear suitable to wear at every change of our changeable seasons. Call and see our woolen underwear, for early fall. Prices from 50c to \$3.00.

Boys' Suits. School will soon commence. Bring in your boy and buy him a strong school suit. We have the kind that won't tear out and will stand lots of hard usage. Prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Neckwear. New ties coming all the time. If you appreciate bright new, up-to-date ties call and buy ours. Our stock includes ascots, strings, scarf hands and bows. Examine our white neck wear.

School Holidays.

Have You Children? BOYS OR GIRLS?

Great Bargain Sale of Youths' Boys' and Children's Clothing at J. D. CREAGHAN'S.

DON'T MISS THE CHANCE. DON'T FAIL TO CALL.

300 two and three piece suits for boys, 5 to 12 years of age, \$1.50 to \$2.95. Some worth double the money. Suits for youths, 12 to 16 years of age, \$2.75 to \$6.50. These garments are made up of strong sound tweeds and worsted serges, guaranteed to fit and wear well.

In stock also, men's clothing—odd lots—pants, coats and vests—to clear off regardless of prices—your best interest—call at once and get first choice—bring the boys and have them well fitted.

Clearing Out Sale of Summer Under-clothing and Ladies' Wear.

J. D. Creaghan, DIRECT IMPORTER. NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM.

FRUITS

We have made arrangements to keep nothing but the

Choicest Fruits

during this season.

Our prices have always been and will be the lowest consistent with the

BEST QUALITY.

PASTRY.

New and fresh every day.

Fruit Cakes

MADE TO ORDER.

Picnic parties supplied at

SHORTEST NOTICE.

Best care given to every order.

GROCERIES.

New Canned Fruits, New Canned Meats

Nuts, Confectionary,

Raisins, Currants

Rice,

Peas, Beans,

Barley

HENRY WYSE, BAKER.

NEWCOMBE GOLD MEDAL PIANOS AND OTHER MAKES.

Visitors to the St. John Exhibition are invited to call at our Booth and see our splendid display of

HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND ORGANS.

A telegram from Paris announces that the Newcombe Piano was awarded the

GOLD MEDAL.

THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., LTD., 7 MARKET ST., ST. JOHN.

Furniture,

Buggies,

Waggons,

Carts,

Harness,

Horses,

Plows,

Harrows,

Churns,

At MORRISSY'S, Newcastle.

At Ald. P. F. MAHER'S, Chatham.

At W. Peter Bredo's Tracadie.

Where all customers will receive fair treatment.

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED

The injustice of borrowing a neighbor's local paper. An injustice to your neighbors as well as to the publishers. In this age of cheap papers every home should contain the local paper in preference to all others. The Union Advocate is the best home paper and should be in every North Shore home.

\$1.00 a year.

Bicycle Sales.

FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH.

3 NEW BICYCLES 3

The Balance of Our Stock.

H. WILLISTON & Co. JEWELERS.

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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All the capacity for loving he had been endowed with he had exercised for one child. He had loved Olivia to the exclusion of that broader, more elevating love for his fellow man as his neighbor. To make Olivia happy, to secure her against any mischance in the future, had seemed the one thing worth doing. That she might have others must give; that she might receive, others must suffer. When he was working his way with strenuous stubbornness to this goal, he had not questioned his own methods nor the danger of working harm, and not good, to the idol of his life.

With the presumption born of a phenomenally good physical record he had looked forward to seeing Olivia enjoying the fruits of his wise stewardship, while he aided and encouraged Thomas Broxton in his ascent of the ladder which it was well for every man to climb in his youth.

He was not the first man who has been surprised by death in the midst of unfinished schemes, and presently Thomas Broxton would be standing where that terrible old woman had stood, defiant, accusing, merciless. He opened his eyes from what Reuben had thought was a tranquil slumber to say hurriedly, "I think I should like to see my daughter, Reuben, before Mr. Broxton gets here."

And it was then that Reuben, going in search of her, had found her in her own room, sitting with her head buried in her outstretched arms.

For the first time in her life Olivia obeyed the summons to her father's presence with reluctance. Dr. Govan had reassured her on the subject of paralysis.

"Your father was violently agitated by the visit of that poor old irresponsible creature and temporarily lost his powers of speech. All agitation must positively be avoided, my dear, and when you go into his presence you must remember how much depends upon your personal observance of this caution."

Then for the first time in her life she must act falsehood. She must go into her father's presence with a heavy load on her young heart longing to ask him questions that must not be asked, yearning to have him exercise the demons of suspicion and distrust awakened by that old woman's cruel words. Perhaps he would die and leave them uncontradicted. Could bereavement hold a sharper sting?

She got up heavily, and, going into her dressing room, bathed her eyes to efface the marks of recent tears and smoothed her hair into trimmer shape. Then she walked resolutely into the sick man's presence. He held out both wasted hands and drew her down upon the bed by him, murmuring familiar terms of endearment.

"You are better, father, much better. Dr. Govan tells me so," she said, returning his caresses gently.

The sick man sighed wearily. "For a little while, for a very little while, my darling, I have told Govan to keep me here until Thomas gets home."

"Thomas? Why, papa, have you sent for Thomas?"

She was trembling violently. A deathly pallor spread over her sweet young face like a gray veil. Had her father any confession to make to Thomas Broxton? Why did he want him to come?

The sick man looked at her imploringly. "I beg of you, my daughter, to summon all your fortitude. Your agitation reacts on me. You are losing control of yourself. I am a very ill man. Govan does not try to deceive me. Several days ago I made Reuben send a telegram to Thomas Broxton. He may be here at any moment."

"Yes, father," she spoke in a dull monotone, but her eyes looked tenderest pity into his.

"I want to beg his pardon."

"For what, father?" in the same sad monotone.

"For my bad management of his affairs."

bedside. She clasped both her hands about one of his, as if imploring him to vindicate his own good name before he left her.

"But you did the best you could, father. Of course you did. Oh, I know you did! I know you did by Thomas as his father would have done by me if I had been left a helpless little orphan like Tom."

A groan was his only answer.

"There, dear, Dr. Govan will scold me sharply for agitating you in this cruel way. Don't let us talk about it at all, papa. We believe in each other. There, now. Go to sleep in your naughty Ollie's arms."

She laid her soft cheek against his and crooned a soft lullaby. He stroked her shining hair caressingly.

"Ollie, my darling, you heard that old woman's terrible charges. She hurled them at me over this precious head."

She lifted her head and looked at him gravely.

"She knows better now, father."

"Knows better now?"

He repeated the words after her with labored slowness. He looked bewildered. Olivia smoothed the gray hair back from his furrowed forehead with a slow, mesmeric motion.

"Poor old Mother Spillman is dead, father. She is at rest. I think Miss Malvina is scarcely sorry. She says life has been such a burden to her mother for a great many years that death meant release. She says her mother was very queer."

"And she is gone, actually gone? Do you know it to be a fact, child?" He labored to lift himself into a sitting posture.

"I know it to be a fact, father. I saw her myself, dead. She looked so quiet, so serene. She is at rest."

"You saw her. Then you have been to the Spillman cottage. What did you go there for?" His voice rang out in challenge.

She shrank away from him until the pile of pillows with which Reuben had propped him into a sitting posture hid her pallid face from him. Was he going to force her to say why she had gone to the Spillman cottage? If he did, must she lie? Instead he spoke to her in the gentlest of voices. Rather did he seem to plead for mercy than upbraid her.

"Don't cower behind my pillows, my poor child. Come where I can look into your dear eyes. You have nothing to be ashamed of, Olivia. I know what took you there. You went in search of a vindication for your most unhappy father." Her head drooped until it touched his pillows. "You thought to learn something more about the papers which she claimed to be holding for Thomas."

"Yes, father."

A gleam of gratification shot into the shrewd eyes of the dying man. It was almost as if his departing soul passed to score on more pitiful little triumph.

"Poor old magpie! She overreached herself. Now they never will be found."

"They were—they are," he amended slowly, "of no value to any one. Thomas would not be one dollar the wistful for the finding of them."

A silence fell between father and daughter. The sick man seemed to fall into a sudden doze. Olivia brought a light chair and seated herself as closely as possible to his side.

The clock struck half past 11. Reuben was to come on watch at midnight. She twined her small, cool fingers about the sinewy wrist that lay nearest to her and found its pulse. The moments passed on. She waited. For what?

The ticking of the clock on the mantelshelf and the beating of her own heart seemed equally loud. A low muttering from the sick man's sunken lips made her bend her ear quickly. Every syllable that fell from his lips was a thing to be hoarded. In a state of semi-consciousness Horace Matthews was doing battle with his conscience for the last time.

"It was for her sake, for my tender little child's sake. Good Lord, forgive me! She could not battle with the world in poverty, only a helpless, weak girl. He is strong; he is young; he is ambitious. It will all work out right for him. He will carve out a name and a fortune for himself. But—but—I am going to meet them. I am going to see Lucetta. Rufus, all of them. What shall I say? What can I tell them? Unfaithful friend, false steward, sinful man—I hear them crying it in chorus. Thomas, forgive me! Lucetta, don't turn your dear face away from me! Rufus, friend of my boyhood."

He opened his eyes with a start. His first fully conscious gaze fell upon Olivia's face. Its drawn, frightened look startled him. He grasped her wrist with a force that pained her.

"I have been dozing. Did I talk in my sleep? Did I say anything silly, as sleep talkers always do?"

"You talked a little, father, just a little. There, dear, don't stare at me so. You look as if you were angry with me. It is only I, father, your loving little daughter. There is no one else here, no one at all."

"I know, I know—only you, poor fit-

tle lonely girl; only you, my precious one."

She answered him with a pathetic little boast.

"Oh, I could have half the crown if I wanted to! Everybody has been begging to help nurse you. Everybody holds you in such high esteem, dearest. But we don't want them."

"But we don't want them," he echoed dully. "No, we don't want them. It won't last very much longer, my child. I am just waiting to see Thomas, and then I will go."

"Father, father, have you no thought for me?" The wall escaped her unguarded lips with piercing shrillness.

"No thought for you? God forgive me, Olivia, there has been room in my brain for no one but you. For you, and you alone, I have lived, I have labored and"—his voice dropped to a tired whisper—"yes, stoned."

"Stoned? Father, take that one word back. I know you do not mean it. Take it back in pity for me. Don't leave it to me as a horrible puzzle. It will torture me all the rest of my days. Death is not the very worst that can befall us, father. Leave me the reverence for you that has glided all my young life, father. I know you have loved me too well. Perhaps in your tenderness for me you waxed careless of others' interests. That was all, papa. I am sure that was all."

She was on her knees by the bed. Her slight frame was quivering under the storm of emotions no longer under her control. The dying man laid his hand on her bowed head. When he spoke, his voice was calm and solemn, but very weak.

"True, child, death is not the worst that can befall. I have confessed everything to my Maker. I had meant to confess to Thomas, but my strength ebbs fast. I doubt if I shall be here when he comes. The temptation to secure your future against the possibility of want was too mighty for my Olivia. My idolatrous love for you turned my boasted strength into weakness. Opportunity was my undoing."

"I will make restitution, father. He shall have everything."

"And blacken my name in the grave? Restitution lies in one direction only. At least my falling senses can point out no other course. You alone can right the great wrong I have done Rufus' son."

"I, father?"

"Don't speak. Listen to me. Would you help me undo what I have done for your sake?"

She shivered as if an ague had seized her, but her gaze never left his face.

"You know I would, father! Oh, you know there is nothing I would not do for your sake!"

"A few weeks ago I could not have humbled myself before my own innocent child as I am doing now, my dear, but when the shores of eternity seem actually in sight the mortal vision broadens, and we can slough all that



"Only you, poor little lonely girl, is mortal of us with contemptuous pity for its infirmities, its temptations and its mistakes. I have been an unfaithful guardian to Thomas Broxton. You can make the losses I have brought upon him as nothing, weighed in the balances against his happiness."

A perplexed look came into the wide eyes fixed upon his face. "I, father?"

"You, and you alone, can turn a curse into a benediction."

Again that pathetic "I, father? Oh, tell me how!"

"Marry Thomas Broxton. He loves you. You know that he does."

"But I do not love him, father?"

"Marry—Thomas—Broxton."

"Father, have you forgotten Clarence, forgotten that I betrothed myself to him with your full consent? I belong to Clarence Westover, father, and I love him!"

A grayish pallor was creeping over the sick man's pinched features. She did not know that it was death. She had never before stood in the presence of the grim conqueror. Her father's voice was lifted to a clear high note in a supreme effort to impose his will upon her.

"Marry Thomas Broxton! I command it!"

A cold current of air swept across the bed. Olivia rose quickly to close the door by which it had entered. Another hand drew it softly shut from the other side. She turned toward the bed to enter her final protest against this monstrous invasion of her rights.

"But, father, would you want me to live my life out a stupendous falsehood?"

The unseeing eyes stared straight beyond her; the tired lips fluttered and drooped; a heavy sigh, stillness—Horace Matthews was done with beseeching, done with commanding.

In a piercing cry she called his name aloud and again. It brought to the chamber of death Reuben, Dr. Govan, who had just arrived; Clarence Westover, who had been waiting and watching in the distant drawing room, and—Thomas Broxton.

Losing Flesh

indicates insufficient nourishment. It leads to nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility, and predisposes to Consumption and other prevailing diseases. To guard against these take

Scott's Emulsion, the Standard remedy for all wasting diseases in young or old. It improves digestion, gives flesh, strength, vigor and resistive power.

Get and try all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and well. They cure those feelings of another sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sweet, refreshing sleep and banish headaches and nervousness. They infuse new life and energy into dispirited, health-shattered women, who have come to think there is no cure for them.

Read the words of encouragement in this letter from Mrs. Thos. Sommers, Clinton, New London, P.E.I.

"Last fall I was in a very serious condition suffering from nervousness and weakness, I got so bad at last that I could hardly move around, and despaired of ever getting well. Seeing Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills highly recommended for such conditions I purchased a box."

"Before I had taken half of it I could notice an improvement in my condition and when I had used two boxes I was completely cured."

"It was wonderful how these pills took away that dreadful feeling of nervousness and gave me strength."

"I recommended them to my neighbor who was troubled with nervousness and they cured her, too. We all think there is nothing equal to Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

here a hour earlier! It's your fate to be always too late."

"It is my fate, Reuben, as you say, so we won't quarrel with it." Broxton answered quietly and turned to question Dr. Govan.

CHAPTER XVII. THE RETURN OF THE KING.

Mandeville was not so well supplied with roads as historic Rome, to which all roads lead. Only one led to and from Mandeville. One might inquire his individual preferences in the matter of a route after leaving that secluded spot some 50 miles in the rear; but whatever his final destination, the wayfarer must make his start from a modest little depot labeled "Loop and Twine R. R." on the outskirts of the town. Clarence Westover recalled this necessity with some satisfaction as he jumped into his smart little cart and urged his horse toward the depot at its best speed.

Having failed to find Thomas Broxton either at the Commercial Men's home, Dr. Govan's or Miss Malvina Spillman's, he proposed heading him off at the station. He swung the reins to his man and jumped out of his cart just as Thomas, dusty of foot and heavy of heart, mounted the platform steps with bag in hand. He advanced with cordially extended hand.

"I'm awfully glad I'm in time, Broxton. You came very near giving me the slip."

Thomas met the extended hand with perfunctory politeness. He wished he could feel more cordial toward Olivia's lover, but deep wounds need time for their healing.

Westover was distinctly aware of this wordless antagonism. He rather suspected he should have felt quite as



Is the oldest, simplest, safest and best remedy for the relief and cure of Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Canker of the Mouth or Stomach, and all fluxes of the bowels of infants or adults. Refuse imitations, many of which are highly dangerous.

hour and behaved even more churlish-ly if matters were reversed, but at this particular juncture he could not afford to resent Tom's aloofness. He had pursued him with a definite object in view.

"You see," he said easily, falling into step and going with Tom toward the waiting room, "I want to talk to you about a matter of interest to both of us. I don't want to lose sight of you just yet. Can't I induce you to spend the night with me?" He stopped and reddened. It occurred to him that the last of the Broxtons would not care to accept the hospitality of strangers under his old roof-tree. Tom covered his confusion courteously.

"You are very kind, but I came down only at an urgent summons from my guardian, arrived too late to do him any good, staid to the funeral and now must hurry back to my work."

He hung his bag on a bench in the waiting room and consulted a moon faced clock over the ticket office. It showed a margin of half an hour before train-time.

"Have you to get your ticket?" Westover asked.

"No; I bought a round trip ticket when I left Kansas City," adding, with a bitter little smile, "Cheaper, you know."

"Then, after all, I've got plenty of time for my say. I'm tremendously glad we've got this old barn to our selves."

"The tide of travel does not set very heavily this way," said Tom, seating himself near his bag. Inwardly curious, he watched his rival with entire composure as he unbuttoned his coat and brought from an inner pocket a handsome pocketbook of Russian leather.

"I have here, Broxton," said Clarence, selecting a paper from the contents of the book, "a document which, I think, ought to be in your possession. I have taken the liberty of copying it and have sent my copy to Genoa, where my father is and will be for some time to come on account of my mother's health. I took that liberty because the Westovers are as much interested in it as yourself."

Tom cast a look of languid interest toward the sheet of yellow paper which Clarence still retained between his finger and thumb.

"My possession of it needs some sort of an explanation, so you will have to read the preface, a thing I always escape by skipping. If you were left to suppose that either my father or I knew of the existence of this paper when we purchased Broxton Hall, I being part owner of it on the strength of a grand maternal legacy, you would be put to it to decide whether we were fools or knaves."

"I don't in the least catch the drift yet," said Tom, smiling faintly, "but so far I have never placed you in either category."

"Not yet, but you will after reading this. But the preface waits. Did you ever happen to hear Mother Spillman rave about some papers she had lost, some papers that were of value to you, Broxton?"

Tom's face and voice softened.

"Yes, poor old bedlamite! She was faithful in her attachment to me for the sake of those who went before. She urged me with considerable violence to look more closely into my own affairs and hinted wildly at some papers that I ought to examine. But I knew my guardian, and I trusted him. That my affairs turned out disastrously was no fault of his. I am glad of an opportunity to say this. I believe he was truly fond of me, also perhaps for the sake of those who went before."

He could not tell Westover, he could not tell any one, that his faith and affection for his guardian had been revived by hearing those high pitched words: "Marry Thomas Broxton. I command you!" To know that his guardian had even wished him the ineffable happiness of calling Olivia "wife" had been balm to his sore young heart.

"Yes, but my dear fellow, it seems that the 'old bedlamite,' as you call the late respected Mrs. Spillman, and as we all thought her, was not so far off as we all pronounced her. There was a lot of papers lost and found and lost again. I am in a deucedly delicate position, Broxton. Confound it! I wish you felt more kindly toward me. Not that I would in your place. But you see, it is just this way: I really would like to discuss this matter freely with you as between interested parties, and yet—"

Tom relaxed a little under the evident distress in the handsome face before him.

"I think I see where the difficulty comes in. I gather that the paper you hold in your hand has some bearing on the old house. You are afraid that its late discovery will cast discredit on the father of your future wife. It makes you hesitate."

"Precisely. This paper contains information upon which the lawyers could build up a very formidable case of Broxton versus Westover. It is entirely at your disposal. I will not keep you in suspense while I explain how it came into my possession. That part of the story can wait."

He laid the paper in Thomas' extended hand and walked away toward the dusty paneled window. If there was an atom of vindictiveness in the fellow's nature, he reflected anxiously, here was a golden opportunity to get even with everybody. Furtively watching the contracted brows that were bent studiously over the short document that had so excited Miss Malvina, Westover continued his mental notes.

"His self control is superb. It is really beyond his years. That square jawed man of his is set like a steel trap. Failure is impossible to a man with a jaw like that. The world will hear from Broxton yet. What a young Hercules he is! He would be a handsome dog if the gloom in his eyes would lift."



His babyship will be wonderfully freshened up, and his whole little fat body will shine with health and cleanliness after his tub with the "Albert."

Baby's Own Soap.

This soap is made entirely with vegetable fats, has a faint but exquisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MTS. MONTREAL.

At what point in his summary Thomas turned grave eyes toward him, tapping the paper with one finger.

"Then, according to this, you had a right to see the original. I could not have said it myself."

"Exactly so. It is entitled, 'I suppose that came from the preliminary notions of his English hulkier.'"

"I suppose so," Tom assented. "The Hall was built by an English hulkier who was my grandfather's partner in business. He lived there, and several members of his family lie in our family grounds."

Westover seated himself and brought his head close to Tom's to inspect the paper again. "And you perceive that this document is a signed and properly attested agreement between your grandfather and the said Englishman that his conditions shall be binding upon his successors. I take it that bold, handsome signature under the first paragraph is that of your father, Rufus X. Broxton."

"Yes, written by him, I suppose, when he came into possession of the property, binding himself not to sell and binding himself to bind me."

"And when you came in you would have done the same thing."

"Most assuredly. The conditions were not at all unreasonable. It simply binds each successive Broxton not to sell Broxton—or, as it was then called, Wraxall—Hall to any one but a Wraxall, this by reason of the several members of the family left an American soil."

Clarence nodded his head impatiently. "A sort of revised entail."

"They were entirely within their rights to make such conditions as they chose. My people were at liberty to reject or endorse them."

"And no one but a Wraxall acting in concert with a Broxton, could give a good title to the property."

"So it would seem from this paper."



"Exactly so. It is entitled, 'That makes things interesting for father and me.'"

"It is strange that my guardian should never have known of the existence of this paper."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Torpid Liver Headache

And Biliousness Made Life Miserable for Three Years—Health Restored by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Having a direct action on the liver, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are invariably successful in curing liver complaint, torpid liver, and the headaches and stomach troubles resulting therefrom.

Mrs. Faulkner, 3 Gildersleeve place, Toronto, says:—"After doctoring without success for biliousness, liver complaint, and sick headache for over three years, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. At first they seemed a little strong, but being both searching and thorough in their action, simply repay any inconvenience by later results. I am feeling better in every way, and my headaches have entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I have ever used, and I freely recommend them."

The liver is responsible for very many ills of the human body. It is always made healthy, active, and vigorous by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all druggists, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Nervous Debility.

A Sufferer From Weak Blood and Exhausted Nerves Tells of His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes:—"For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much, and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more."

"I can say, frankly, that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. While using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a tonic and restorative of inestimable worth. It makes the blood rich, the nerves strong, increases the weight, and cures all weaknesses and diseases of the nerves and blood. Its pill form, 50 cents a box, at all druggists, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Toronto.

"I know, I know—only you, poor fit-

The Farm,

Te Up-to-Date Farmer Must Read this Column.

One day last December I went through one of the great packing houses in Chicago where 175 hogs an hour were killed and worked up. My attendant was a very intelligent man, explained every detail as we went along through every one of the departments. Of the 1,750 big steers killed in the ten hours not a particle was wasted. Hoofs, hair, bones, tendons, intestines—everything was saved. Even the undigested hay in the paunch was run through rollers, dried and burned in the furnaces to get rid of it and to save coal.

I once saw apparently new machinery being taken out of a print mill in Lowell. "Why do you throw away new machinery like that?" said I to the superintendent. "Got to do it. What we put in to take its place will save one-tenth of a cent a yard on every yard of calico we make. We must keep up with the procession or quit."

We pride ourselves upon being good farmers, but when it comes to practicing little economies so essential to success in many other callings we are what Miss Ophelia would call "shiftless."—Ohio Farmer.

In regard to whether rhubarb roots are better for forcing after having been frozen, one grower says that roots taken from the open ground in fall before frost will take several weeks longer to have rhubarb fit to pull. In the fall he digs the roots intended for forcing and puts them in an old shed, covering slightly to prevent drying out. Roots taken from these, not frozen, and put in the forcing house will be five weeks before stalks are fit to pull, yet if hard frozen when put in the forcing house they will be ready to pull in three weeks.

Every farmer understands the fact that the best time to fatten hogs is early in the fall, while the weather is still warm and while there is great abundance of succulent food to be fed with grain. If vegetables and unsalable fruit are cooked and mixed with meal or grain cooked at the same time, they will keep the young hogs thrifty until the time comes with cold weather to top off with corn. It is well to cook some middlings with this food, as the middlings will encourage growth, which for young hogs is quite as important as to fatten them, says Massachusetts Ploughman.

Of the sheep in the northwest the Washington Post-Intelligencer says:

"In eastern Washington, where sheep raising is one of the important industries, the sheep owners have found woolgrowing to be profitable again, and the flocks, have increased both in number and in value. It is reported that many of the sheepmen have seen their property virtually double in value during the past four years. In Oregon which is even more of a sheep state than Washington, the same gratifying change is to be noticed. Something like 3,200,000 sheep are now owned in that state. In 1896, according to the government reports, Oregon's flocks numbered 2,630,949. Recent investigations demonstrate that in Oregon at least there is no other industry which has been stimulated and made more notable prosperous than that of sheep raising.

When pasture is at its very best, we would feed little or no grain, clover preferred, in its place, says Hoard's Dairyman. We have long advocated the feeding of some dry fodder in connection with pasture and silage. This was done partly

on theoretical grounds and partly because we have noticed in our own herd the craving of the cows for some dry fodder and that they apparently did as well when thus fed as when they received grain. Our own opinions were very fully confirmed by some accurate experiments made by Professor Sanborn in New Hampshire. Of course when the pasture becomes short and dry it is expedient to add more or less grain, and under the circumstances and the prices given by our Missouri friend we would use equal parts by weight of bran and gluten feed, the amount to be allowed daily to be governed by circumstances.

In regard to the effect of the war as influencing future horse breeding operations in this country, the most that can be said in the meantime is to sit still and wait, says a writer in the London Live Stock Journal. We shall want a lot of riding horses as remounts, no doubt, and of different types, ranging, indeed from the pony of the Highland scout to the heavy charger of the life guards. Where and how these will be bred and broken will be a matter of careful consideration, and no doubt farmers on their light lands may elect to leave off breeding very heavy horses—with them always a matter of uncertainty—and throw in their lot with the military. All the more readily possibly will they do so if they belong to any yeomanry corps and then most likely they will be paid a certain sum for the use of their horses when at drill, with the ultimate option of selling at a profit.

It may possibly be true enough that the great strides which have been made in draft horse breeding during the last 25 years may have caused the farmer to stop producing such clean legged sorts—the misfits of the hunting field—in such numbers as he used to do, but all commercially minded men, when they find one department of their business steadily making a loss and another a gain, quickly determine to cut the former and concentrate their time and capital on the latter. Good young entire draft colts for all parts of the two Americas paid excellently well for a time, some at two years old fetching as much as 120 guineas, which is considerably more than could be got for a well made hunter in many places. Latterly 5-year-old street geldings which have worked in plow and in cart three years and have earned all their keep and a margin more have been fetching from 80 guineas to 100 guineas, and the demand does not show any falling off. Nor will it ever in the face of large bodies of figures which just now are showing what enormous amounts are being paid for horseflesh to carry on the South African campaign. Some of that money, if not the larger part of it, will come back to this country when the war is over for pure stock.

Already the effect of the depletion is being sharply felt in the United States, and it is only a matter of a little time, an abiding peace and the replacement of the horse carrying ships on their old routes till we shall see the familiar faces so well known in the early seventies back at our old homesteads. There are now plenty of young colts and fillies which can comply with the United States demand for fair registered pedigree crosses, and for such the market will largely rule.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE
 Is most direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the sores, closes the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, 25c Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

Gossip

About Women, Their Children and Their Home.

Again there is a craze for peacock feathers. An elaborate house gown for example, is of gray panne with long peacock feathers embroidered on the skirt. This frock is cut in the Directoire fashion with a short bolero of guipure edged with chinchilla. The collar and revers of the little jacket are faced with a changeable blue and green velvet.

When shampooing the hair rub the lather through the strands gently and with the finger tips remove all the particles of dust and dandruff which may be clinging to the scalp. After using the bath spray liberally dry with warm towels, then—if possible—get some one to vigorously massage your scalp. This will prevent one from taking cold. Never begin combing out your locks until thoroughly dry. A sun bath of 20 minutes makes a good tonic.

The average baby, is born healthy. It is an easy matter to keep him so with intelligent care, but it is not necessary to try all sorts of tricks to amuse him and hamper his development. "A mother, in humoring her child is not for one moment considering his good; she is simply indulging herself. Once let the little will gain precedence and it will hold sway and not relinquish it without a struggle. Then as the child grows older, harsh measures must be employed to curb him."

The French kitchen, however small, is always neat and in order, its brick floor and blue and white tiling, giving a picturesque appearance, often accentuated by rose-bush, or other growing plants in the window. Space is economized in every other point but the range, which is strikingly generous in size in comparison with other appointments. The French cook delights in copper kitchen utensils which from such a shining array as to be almost dazzling in effect. These are hung in rows on the wall above and convenient to the range, probably because kitchen closets are unknown in France. The dresser, much the same as in this country, is kept so clean with spotless lace covers on every shelf, as to serve as ample testimony of the dainty standard of both mistress and maid.

The big pocketbook has been replaced by the purse of gold mesh, netted silk and beads, suede and jewels, and the very long and unhandy broad cardcase has given way to the easily carried case of convenient size and weight. The change has necessitated a change in the size of visiting cards, and these are smaller than they have been for years. A few years ago misses not yet 'out' used cards the size of those now correct for their mothers. Some of the new cards are almost square, others just a trifle longer than they are broad. With an address in one corner and an at home day in another there is not much fair white space left upon which the indolent woman can scrawl a message instead of writing a note, but these small cards are very handy for the little reticules and small cardcases.

Good housekeeping has far more to do with domestic happiness than your lovers dream of. We believe that these times need women whose most beautiful work will be done inside their own doors. Without good housekeeping the romance will soon go out of marriage. Of course, the man who prizes woman chiefly because she "looketh well to the ways of her household" does not deserve to have a good wife. He should merely employ a housekeeper and pay her good wages. But there are social, moral and spiritual uses proceeding from the

wise regulation of the household which bestow a dignity on what would otherwise be trifling. No matter what a girl's accomplishment may be, her education is not complete if she has no knowledge of bakeology, boilogy, roastology stitcheology, and mendology. Even if a girl should never be required to do the work herself she ought to know whether it is done in a proper manner.

What sweeter characters can be found than in some of the girls of today? The weary, worn mother is brightened and cheered by the girls of to-day. A merry smile, a little helping hand, how it lights the path ahead! But the pleasure yielded by every little thoughtful act is not awakened by the mere help. Ah, No. Its the willing, loving service which makes our dear mothers say, "God bless you darling." Sometimes it is hard to feel glad to help mother, and least the book, or, mayhap, miss a pleasant drive, that she may be less burdened. Dear girls, remember the hours mother has spent with you, the trials and troubles she has endured for your sake, and forget your own happiness. How much How much longer will mother be with you? You would wake from your dreaming, dear, if some bright morning you would come from a pleasure tour to find the dear eyes closed forever, and those slim, toil-hardened hands folded on a breast within which no angry passion ever allowed the beautiful lips to say impatient words to you. How would you tell God you never saw her fading, and how give an excuse to an impartial judge? There, dear, I am not scolding you, only remember these few words, won't you, darling, and think of mother a little more.

One morning, says an exchange, a girl whose face was under a cloud of unhappiness, from constantly laboring under the impression that she was plain, walked out into the sunshine of the park. In a moment the gloom lifted, for the brightness of the morning had made her thoughts unusually pleasant. "What a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed," she heard one of two ladies say to the other. "Why, they mean me!" she exclaimed, in pleased surprise. "No one ever called me pretty before. It must be because I am smiling." Again, as she entered a street car, she heard;

"Do you see that pretty-looking girl?"
 "Well, I declare," she mused, "I am always going to look happy, if this is what comes of it! I have thought myself homely all my life, and here twice in one day I've been called pretty." From that day she did try to look happy, and now she is regularly considered as one of the leading beauties of her social circle.
 This little story contains a lesson for our boys as well as our girls, and I hope they will always see the reflection of a beautiful face in the world-mirror. It is the duty of every woman to dress neatly and look as well as possible, in her home as well as elsewhere.

Twynn—I hear that the weather man has been taken to the hospital.
 Triplett—That is true. The shock was too much for him.
 "What shock?"
 "One of his forecasts came true."—Detroit Free Press.

Wood's Phosphodeine
 The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.50, 6 for \$8. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. **Wm. Wood & Co., Windsor, Ont.**

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Newcastle by A. E. Shaw, in Chatham by J. D. Mackenzie.

DUNLOP Carriage Tire

A new carriage tire that makes riding on all roads a pleasure—economical, too, for it does away with the vibration that shakes and breaks the carriages.

A V-shaped space between the rubber tire and steel flange prevents the creeping and cutting which other tires are subject to. See the exhibit at the big fairs.

Send at once for Free Tire Catalogue, giving prices of all sizes.

THE **Dunlop Tire Co. Ltd.** TORONTO, ST. JOHN, WINNIPEG, MONTREAL.

Miramichi Steam Navigation Co

Time Table STR. MIRAMICHI
 will leave Chatham every morning (Sundays excepted) at 7:45 a. m. for Newcastle, and leave Newcastle at 7:45 a. m. and Chatham at 9 a. m. for points down river, viz.—Loggieville, Oak Point, Burns Church and Neguac, calling at Ecuminao on Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays Bay du Vin Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
 On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Steamer's passengers for Newcastle, Douglastown or Bushville will be forwarded by Str. Nelson.

Meals and Refreshments on board at reasonable rates.

STEAMER NELSON.

COMMENCING MAY 21st 1900

Chatham at	Nelson at	Newcastle at
9 a. m.	9 50 a. m.	10 15 a. m.
11 00 "	11 50 "	12 15 p. m.
2 00 p. m.	2 50 p. m.	3 15 "
4 15 "	5 00 "	5 15 "
7 00 "		7 45 "

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays Str. "Nelson" will leave Chatham at 7 p. m., or on arrival of Str. "Miramichi."

See Passenger Tariff for Rates.

ALL FREIGHTS MUST BE PREPAID.

J. ARCH'D HAVILAND, Manager.

CUSTOM TAILORING.

Mr. J. R. McDonald has resumed work opposite Messrs. D. & J. Ritchies' store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

PRESSING, CLEANING, REPAIRING

executed with neatness and despatch.

R. McDONALD.

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

The subscriber is prepared to supply from his steam factory in Newcastle,

Windows, Sashes and Frames Glazed and Unglazed.

DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MOULDINGS, Planting and Matching, etc.

H. C. NIVEN.

Newcastle, N. B.

Wanted.

Old Postage stamps used between 1840 and 1870 worth most on envelopes, also old blue dishes and old China brass andirons candlesticks trays and snuffers old Mahogany furniture.

Address,

W. A. KAIN,

116 Germain St.

St. John, N. B.

WANTED—An Agent for a fire Insurance Co. Must be well connected. Apply Box 57, St. John, N. B. a29-2in.

Tinware, Enamelware, Ironware,

I have just received a large stock of the above goods and am prepared to sell at prices to suit cash purchasers.

All kinds of tinware made up at short notice.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

FRANK MASSON.

Newcastle, N.

A Drop In Prices.

We have a big stock on hand of the following goods and for one week will give

- 3 cans Tomatoes for 25cts.
- 3 cans Peas " 25cts.
- 3 cans Corn " 25cts.
- 2 cans Salmon for 25cts.
- Mixed Pickles, a quart for 10cts.
- Baking Powder 1 pound can 20cts.
- Lime Juice only 20c. Bot

GEO. STABLES

The Farmers' Grocer.

PROFESSIONAL.
F. L. Pedolin, M. D.
 Telephone 15. Pleasant Street.
NEWCASTLE.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.
 Graduate Royal College of Surgery, London, England.
SPECIALIST.
Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
 Office, Cor. Westmorland and Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

Davidson & Aitken,
Attorneys,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Dr. & G. J. S. J.



Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics. Artificial teeth set in gold, rubber or celluloid. Teeth filled, etc.
 All work Guaranteed.
 Newcastle office, Quigley Block. Chatham, Benson Block.



DR. GATES, Dentist,
 at his Newcastle office from 26th to last of every month. All kinds of Dental Work done by
Latest and Improved Methods.
 Over Jos. Demer's Store.

HOTELS.

Park Hotel,
 Terms \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day.
 47 and 49 King Square,
 Chas. Damery, ST. JOHN, N. B. Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
 J. A. EDWARDS, Prop.
Fredericton, N. B.

ADAMS HOUSE,
 Thos. Flanagan, Prop.
 Is now opened for the reception of guests. This hotel now ranks with the best in the Maritime Provinces.
Chatham, N. B.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK,
 George McSweeney, Prop.
Moncton, N. B.

PROVISIONS

- CONSISTING OF
 Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams
 Bacon, Teas, Sugars, Molasses
 Barley, Peas, Soaps, Lard
 Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats
 and Standard Oatmeal and
 Cornmeal in bbls. and 1/2 bbl
 Ontario and Moncton
 Cracked Feed, etc.

Store on Public Wharf

J. A. RUNDLE

WANTED—Men, men put you in a good position if ready to begin work at once or shortly. No charge for my services.
 —C. A. Newton, Ridgeville, Ont.

The WHIRL of the TOWN

When woman smiles her sweetest, ah,
Perhaps her heart is breaking!
When woman's look is tenderest,
She may be sadly making
A last brave fight to keep the tears—
The bitter tears—from flowing;
A woman's happy glances may
But be an outward showing.

When woman smiles, 'tis hard to tell,
She may, alas, be grieving!
Her careless air may be put on,
Her soulful look deceiving!
When woman smiles, take care, beware!
She may perchance be scheming
To work you. Never, never judge
Her by her outward seeming.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bass are reported quite plentiful this season.

A social dance will be held in the Temperance Hall, Douglastown, this evening.

Conductor Crookshank is rapidly progressing towards recovery.

At the regular meeting of the Town Council, tonight, the Board of Works will submit a report on the road work.

On Sunday evening next a memorial service will be held in St. Andrew's church, and a sermon suitable to the occasion will be preached by the Rector.

The Sun Printing Co. St. John, N. B. will begin on Monday, Sept. 10th, the publication of an afternoon one cent paper, to be called the St. John Star.

Sir Charles Tupper spoke at Charlottetown last night. He will speak at Moncton, Thursday night and St. John, Friday night.

The members of the Miramichi Tennis Club held a very enjoyable tea on their grounds, Pleasant Street last Thursday afternoon.

In the list of mourners at Mr. Street's funeral in last week's issue the names of Judge Niven and Judge Wilkinson were unintentionally omitted.

The Orceon band gave a splendid open air concert on the band stand, Monday night. Their new instruments were heard for the first time by the public.

Messrs. C. L. Staats, Boston, and Simon McLeod, Newcastle were fishing at Tabusintac one day last week. They landed one hundred and twenty eight of the speckled beauties.

The beauty of Mr. J. R. Lawlor's property has been greatly enhanced by the painter's brush. The work was most artistically done by Mr. William Murray. The chimneys of Mr. Lawlor's residence were done in khaki.

Government Surveyor Hanson of Fredericton, left Newcastle on Saturday, to survey the timber lands on the headwaters of the North West. He will work through to the Kegigonche. He was accompanied by about a dozen Indian packers.

Mr. Osborne Nicholson has added to his agency the following companies held by the late E. Lee Street:—The Western Insurance Co. of Toronto and the Keystone Insurance Co. of St. John. He will be pleased to attend to all renewals and any new business he may be favored with.

Moncton's crack ball team defeated the Chatham nine at Chatham, Monday afternoon by a score of 16 to 10. John Skidd acted as umpire and the Moncton boys found considerable fault with his decisions. The Moncton team will play a game with the Newcastle nine on Monday next, on Dalton's field, Newcastle.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat on Monday, the A. O. H. picnic at Red Bank was well patronized. The Rustler left here about 10 o'clock crowded with people bound for the scene of the picnic. The C. M. B. A. band accompanied the excursionists and rendered some pretty music in fine style. Sports, were indulged in on the picnic grounds. But it was rather too warm for dancing.

ROYAL

Baking Powder

Makes the bread more healthful.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A very enjoyable dance was held in the Town Hall last evening.

The railway picnic to have been held on Saturday last at Indiantown will positively come off next Saturday.

Young Edward Dalton, son of Mr. James Dalton was badly bitten in the hip by a dog last Thursday. He has since been confined to his bed.

Mr. John McDonald, Chatham is now at work on the plans for Lounsbury's new building at the old Waverley corner. The building will be a three storey one with stone trimmings. It will be commenced shortly.

The Massey-Harris Co. was awarded the grand gold medal at the Verona, Italy, exhibition. They also received the gold medal at the Paris exposition, particulars of which will be seen in another column.

Labor Day was very quietly observed in Newcastle. The stores were closed and the majority of persons went out of town. It was unquestionably the hottest day of the year. The thermometer at Mr. R. H. Armstrong's, registered 98 in the shade at noon.

The annual meeting of the Methodist Missionary Society will be held in the Methodist church Newcastle, Thursday Evg., Sept. 6th. 7.30. Revs. J. Estey and W. C. Matthews are expected to address the meeting. All are cordially invited.

The town should provide a boarding house for young men. A young man comes to us and tells us that he cannot obtain board in town. Surley this is wonderful when we consider the opportunities here to secure, "hash", fresh eggs and butter and even tender beef steak.

Messrs. R. D. Robinson, H. P. Robinson, J. A. Humphreys, S. H. White and W. W. Hubbard are applying for incorporation as R. D. Robinson, Co Publishers. The capital stock of the company is \$30,000. The Messrs. Robinson are the proprietors of The Sussex Record, and the new company will carry on a general publishing business.

Mr. Peter De Wolfe head clerk in Mr. J. D. Creaghan's was married at Miscou Harbor, Gloucester, Co., on Monday to Miss Hattie Beune of that place. Mr. and Mrs. De Wolfe will return to Newcastle this week. They will reside at Rose Bank. The Advocate joins in wishing the happy couple many years of happiness and prosperity.

An election was held at Eelground Tuesday, Aug. 28th, and the former chief Peter Julian was elected by ten of a majority. The reserve was visited by a large number of people, the most notable being three Indian chiefs and a number of merchants of Newcastle, who after the election met at the chief's house and congratulated him on his success.

On the 8th. Sept. the people of Rogersville will hold their annual festival which generally takes place on Aug. 15th. Acadian day, but postponed, this year, on account of Acadian Convention at Arichat on that day. A special committee has charge of the organization. Refreshments and amusements will be provided for visitors and guests.

George Moffatt, jr., a nephew of George Moffatt, ex-M. P., was drowned in Dalhousie Harbor, Thursday night. Moffatt and William Simpson were rowing and capsized their boat, Simpson swam to a boat which was lowered by the crew of a vessel in the harbor but Moffatt, unable to swim, sank and never came to the surface.

Mr. Arthur Pringle, the Stanley guide, has had his license restored. The government considered that they would not only be punishing Mr. Pringle but they would be disappointing the Americans who had made arrangements to hunt with the Stanley guide if the license was not restored. The government purposes licensing all trappers and anyone violating the game laws, will have his license cancelled for three years.

The Tennis Tournament was concluded last week. In the play off in the Ladies Singles, Miss DeBoo won from Miss Harley, thereby securing the prize. In the Gentlemen's Singles, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Yorston played off. The former won. In the Mixed Doubles, Mr. McCurdy and Miss Aitken defeated Mr. Clarke and Miss Sargeant, and Mr. Yorston and Miss Harley defeated Dr. Pedolin and Miss Sinclair. In the play off Mr. Yorston and Miss Harley were victorious.

Pine Dale Farm, at Indiantown, owned and conducted by Mr. Frank Jardine is one of the finest farms on the North Shore and a person visiting Indiantown should not fail to call on Mr. Jardine. He takes great delight in showing strangers his extensive gardens, his wealth in cattle, etc. Mr. Jardine will have 1000 heads of cabbage six varieties, this season. He will have 25 barrels of carrots, twelve barrels of beets, three varieties; three barrels of onions, 8 barrels of celery. He will also have a large quantity of tomatoes, about two barrels of beans, a large amount of peas, cauliflower, corn, Hubbard squash, pumpkin etc.

Social & Personal

Ald. Hennetsy and daughter left on Friday morning's express to attend the Toronto Fair. Before returning they will visit the Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Tilsonburg and Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Sargeant entertained a number of her friends at a 5 o'clock tea at her pretty home, Nelson, Friday. A number of visitors of the Miramichi were present.

On Friday evening a number of young folks were entertained at the Massey in a very delightful way. The party broke up about midnight, and as good night's were said the general expression was—a most pleasant evening.

Miss Annie Anslow, Windsor N. S. who has been visiting points on the north shore during the last few weeks returned home on Monday. Miss Anslow who is always a welcome visitor to Newcastle, speaks very highly of the hospitality of the residents of the Miramichi.

Mrs. Hurley and Miss Ella Parker left yesterday morning for New York. They will spend a day or two in St. John enroute.

Miss Bessie Crocker left today for Sackville where she will attend Mount Allison, ladies college. Miss Crocker will be greatly missed in social and musical circles here.

Mrs. Wm. Witherell, Miss Whiterell and Mrs. Stone and child left for Boston yesterday. Mrs. Stone who resides in Boston has been visiting on the Miramichi for the past few months.

Miss Agnes Phinney is visiting friends in Loggieville.

Mr. Chester Hayward is spending his vacation in Montreal and Toronto.

Mr. Howard Morrison who has been summing on the Miramichi, returned to Boston last week.

Mr. Howard Crocker went to Petitedioac on Saturday where he has accepted the principalship of the high school.

Miss Mary Anslow has returned from a visit to Halifax.

Miss Evans, Shediac, is the guest of her friend Miss Annie Nicholson.

Miss Etibel Elliott is visiting in Moncton.

Mr. P. Robinson, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia spent Labor Day in St. John.

Mr. Skillings of the firm of Clark, Skillings & Co., Boston was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Manny this week.

Miss De Boo is visiting friends in Sussex.

Rev. P. G. Snow has returned from a delightful holiday trip to Newfoundland.

Mr. Harry Anslow went to Halifax this morning.

Miss Russell entertained a few friends very pleasantly at whist last Thursday evening.

Mr. John Brooks, the popular North Shore manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. left on Monday on a driving tour along the coast. He was accompanied by Mrs. Brooks.

Mr. John Morrissey, president of the Northumberland County A. O. H. was in town this week.—Freeman.

Mr. Fred Colter, who has been stationed at the Chatham branch of the Bank of Montreal has severed his connection with that institution and returned to his home in Fredericton.

Miss Florence Ferguson of Newcastle, returned home Tuesday, after spending the past month with friends here.—Review.

Rev. I. N. Parker, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Davidson, of Annapolis, and Mrs. Price, of Moncton, has been spending some time very pleasantly, visiting friends in Boiestown, Derby, Doaktown, Newcastle, Chatham, and other places of interest in Northumberland County.—Times.

Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, passed through here Thursday night in his private car, on his way from St. John to Ottawa. He was accompanied by Miss Blair.

Mr. H. H. Blanchet, of the Syracuse Smelting Works, Montreal, is a guest at the Waverley.

Mr. R. N. Wyse left this week for Toronto to attend the exhibition.

Miss Laura Wright has returned to town after a pleasant visit to friends in Bay du Vin.

Apply on the premises to, JAMES MURRAY

Testimony Like This

is the best advertisement possible.

A customer in Nova Scotia writes, under date of August 10th:—

"You will excuse me for not acknowledging the receipt of the suit of clothes sooner but it was the want of time.

The suit is in every way a perfect fit. Enclosed please find post office order for the amount of bill."

We carry the largest selection of cloths for men's wear of any tailoring store in the province, employ expert hands, and cater for the trade of those who desire fine tailoring, good materials and fair prices. When in St. John inspect our stock and leave your measure.

A. GILMOUR,
68 King St.,
St. John.

CUSTOM TAILORING.

25cts. a Week.

That is all you have to pay if you buy a clock at

H. Williston & Co's.

A new line of eight day clocks just opened which we will sell on the instalment plan. If you want a clock call and see these.

You pay Only 25cts. a Week.

Mrs. Howard Williston has returned from a pleasant visit to Lunenburg.

Miss Olive Williamson, of Newcastle, who has been visiting friends in town, returned home Tuesday evening, accompanied by Miss Minnie Harvey.—Telephone

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lee Street, of Boston, who have been visiting Mrs. Street's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Babbett, leave for home upon this afternoon's P. R. express.—Saturday's Gleaner.

Miss Marshall has returned to Newcastle on account of the illness of her sister, Mrs. Fairman.

Mr. William Ashford and children left yesterday for Antrim, Mass.

Mrs. D. R. McRae, Campbellton, who has been visiting Mrs. L. B. McMurdo returned home this week. She was accompanied by Mrs. McMurdo.

Mrs. John Matheson returned to Antrim, Mass., yesterday.

L. B. McMurdo was in Bathurst this week.

Mrs. Thos. Jeffrey and family went to Boston yesterday.

Mrs. Quinn and Miss Nan Quinn returned last week from a pleasant visit to Montreal.

Mr. R. Corey Clark, of the firm of Clark, Skillings & Co., left yesterday for Scotland. It is said Mr. Clark has gone to the land of Burns on a very pleasant mission.

Mrs. F. J. and baby of Boston are here visiting Mrs. H. J. Morris.

Miss Helen Black left this morning for St. John where she will remain till after the fall opening of Millinery.

Mr. Geo. H. A. Ellin of London arrived here to-day to hunt a New Brunswick moose. He is an enthusiastic sportsman says the Gleaner, and has hunted in various countries, including Maine, and was advised to come to New Brunswick for good sport by Mr. Graham, who has hunted moose here with good success. Mr. Ellin made arrangements for guide, etc., through Mr. W. T. Chestnut, and will leave for the Miramichi game region the first of next week with Thos. Pringle for guide. He is a guest at the Queen.

Premier Tweedie had a narrow escape from asphyxiation in a hotel at Fredericton Tuesday, night Aug. 28th. It seems he is in the habit of keeping his lamp light in his bedroom at night. When he retired that night he left as usual the gas burning. Some time afterwards the slot meter, which is in use in the hotel, ran down and the light in the room went out. The night porter soon afterwards put the price of another gas supply in the meter and went the rounds of the hall to see to the burners. He did not think of the burner in Mr. Tweedie's room until his attention was attracted some time later by the smell of gas, when upon investigation he discovered that it proceeded from the open burner in the secretary's room. Upon entering the bedroom the air was thick with gas and Mr. Tweedie was found all but unconscious in it. Dr. McLean was hastily summoned and applied the usual treatment. Mr. Tweedie was about the following day, but suffered considerable from headache.

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