

# THE UNION ADVOCATE.

VOL 41

NEWCASTLE, N. B. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1909.

NO. 52

## "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?"

The Weather is

### GOING TO BE COLD, SURE.

You cannot afford to be without warm clothing. About the nicest thing a man can wear is one of our Coat Sweaters or ordinary Sweaters. We just opened a new lot at all prices. We have a full line of

### STANFIELD'S UNDERWEAR.

ALSO THE

### "HERESTAN."

WE HAVE

### ALL KINDS OF WOODS SUPPLY.

WE GIVE THE LUMBERMAN A SPECIAL DISCOUNT. We have a large stock of Boys' Sweaters and Sweater Coats. Boys' Heavy Stockings, all wool. Men's and Boys' Overcoats, all styles and prices.

SEE OUR MEN'S SUITS AT \$2.00, \$3.00. THEY ARE CRACKERJACKS!

### L. B. McMURDO, The Men's Store

### PICKLING & PRESERVING

Everything ready Pickling & Preserving.

Tomatoes, Pears,  
Plums, Peaches,  
Cucumbers, Peppers,  
Onions, Pickling Spices,  
Vinegar, Turmeric, &c.

### GEO STABLES.

THE PEOPLE'S GROCER.



### OUR FALL SAMPLES

will convince you that our studied efforts to please all men went into immediate effect during purchasing time.

### THIS STORE'S STOCK OF Fall Suitings IS LARGE.

and full of prime value. They equal our high-grade tailoring, and everyone knows that is the best. Prices are exceptionally low.

### P. RUSSELL,

Fish Building, Pleasant Street, Merchant Tailor.

### PRINTED STATIONERY.

It is important that you use neatly printed stationery as it is that you dress well. Many People with whom you correspond judge you by the business paper you use.

WE HAVE THE MOST CORRECT STYLES.

### The Advocate Publishing Company,

A remarkable state of affairs has just been shown in Ireland. For the first time in a generation the population has actually increased. There was an excess of births in 1908 over deaths of 25,148, and the immigration being only 23,297 persons, the increase in population was 1,852. This makes the population of Ireland 4,373,308. Ireland once supported a much larger number than this, but the immigration to this country of its strong and ambitious young men and women drained it of its best blood. "The man who cries 'fire' or 'murder' in a theatre," declared Judge Kimball, in the district police court of Washington the other day, in fining Isaac Kirkshtein, a tailor, \$25, for yelling murder in a moving picture show house, "is to be classed with the

fool who rocks a rowboat. Either of these acts is likely to result in loss of life." Kirkshtein created a small panic in the theatre and interrupted the show by yelling murder when the attendants attempted to eject him for refusing to remove his coat. Several women fainted and others were trampled upon in the rush which the audience made for the exits.

To Starve is a Fallacy.—The dictum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach trouble. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work. 60 in a box, 3c. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy. 25.

### MURDERED AT HALIFAX

Bathurst Woman Stabbed by Her Husband, who Poisons Himself

HALIFAX, Sept. 28.—Hovering between life and death at the Victoria General Hospital with the odds terribly in favor of the grave, Mrs. Rose Kayle, wife of Samuel Kayle, an ex-soldier in the R. C. R. lies in agony. In the men's ward lies her husband twice over an attempted destroyer of human life. First endeavoring to dispatch his wife with a vegetable machete, he afterwards drank poison and stabbed himself in the lungs.

About 5 o'clock this morning the fellow tenants of the house 116 Mainland street were awakened by horrible sounds from the upstairs apartment. Investigating, they found Mrs. Kayle dying on the sidewalk, her leg broken and her skull fractured, blood flowing from wounds on her face. She was not dressed, having sprung from bed to avoid a horrible death.

To questions put to her she replied that she had fallen out of the third storey window to the pavement. To a police officer, she made an almost incoherent statement to the effect that her husband had been trying to kill her and in endeavoring to escape she had fallen from the window. Further investigations were made by the police. Upstairs lying in the bed with only his shirt on him lay the husband of the woman. He had drunk poison and stabbed himself.

In the breast of the unconscious man was a self-inflicted wound made by a pocket knife. The knife, with the blade opened and the blood stains on it, was lying nearby. On the same table was a bottle labelled "poison," the contents of which had been swallowed by the would-be murderer. Under the bed was found a wooden vegetable machete, the hardwood handle broken by the brutal blows dealt by the infuriated man on his wife's head.

All these evidences of foul play were gathered together by the police officers and kept for use in the future.

The police found one other article which was more eloquent than spoken words. It was a letter written before the tragedy by the ex-soldier to the mother of the woman he was about to kill. It lay on the table, unopened. The apparent reason for the awful deed was explained. Crudely written in lead, on scribbled paper, it was almost unintelligible in places. It was addressed to Mrs. David Henry Bathurst, N. B. and read: Dear Mother by the time you get this letter me and Rose will have passed away and in the next world. She is all the cause of this going away.

The letter went on to say that for some nights the wife had been out and she had said she had been stopping with friends. Every night, it stated, something like this occurred. "They don't think it a very nice thing," the letter says, "for a married woman to be away of nights from her home."

Then follows some facts given to identify the woman, the husband evidently believing that he would, when the letter was found, have completed the contemplate self-destruction.

Her maiden name was Rose Henry and her married name is Rose Kayle, from Bathurst, N. B.

On the other side was another crudely written message. It read: "I leave my wearables and bank book, all the furnishings, to Mrs. David Henry."

Thus did the would-be murderer dispose of his material belongings. In a will remarkable for its brevity and conciseness he left his belongings to the mother of a murdered wife.

One other message there was, and the man named, if he is guilty, will never forget it: "Dear Mother—You must blame me for this, for I was driven to it. I remain, S. KAYLE."

Tonight both woman and man were in very serious conditions. It is almost certain that she will die.

BATHURST, Sept. 28.—Rose Henry is a daughter of the late David Henry and was born on the Miramichi road, nine miles from here. She has two brothers, Felix and Thomas, still living at the homestead. Her mother is still living there. Two or three years ago Rose came home, having left her husband somewhere in Nova Scotia. She left him, it was then said, because of ill treatment. She left a home as a servant girl but in a short time she returned to her husband. Rose was well known here as an industrious girl before her unfortunate marriage.

Her husband is reported here as a hard drinker. His wife separated from him twice. The last time he tried to steal the children, but, failing, succeeded in inducing his wife to go back with him.

"The D. & L." Emulsion may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of a grippé.

### ELOPES AT RIPE

OLD AGE OF 65.

Mother Leaves Note Pinned to Door—Fuller Information From a Neighbor.

J. Harris Rheinhardt of High street is greatly aggrieved over the conduct of his mother, who is a runaway bride at 65. The situation is the more bitter, Mr. Rheinhardt explained to The Sun last evening, inasmuch as he was supporting the old lady, and had promised her that he would never marry as long as she was alive. The duplicity of his mother is a sad blow to Mr. Rheinhardt, and he is issuing notice that he will not be responsible for the payment of any bills contracted by Mrs. Rheinhardt.

The 65 year old eloper left her home on Saturday last while her son was at his work about town in his capacity as a driver for J. S. Gibbon. A day or two before she had asked him for a sum of money with which to go on a trip, and the young man, not having the money by him, had borrowed it, thinking the idea a good one, as his mother did not seem to him to be in the best of health. As to where she was going, or when she was going to start, the lady did not take her son into her confidence.

When Mr. Rheinhardt returned from his work on Saturday evening he found a note tied to the handle of the door informing him that the trip had been commenced, but giving him no further particulars. A woman who lived two doors above him, however, was better informed, and told him that his mother had gone to her old home in Londonderry, N. S., for the purpose of being married. The other principal of the event to be had advertised for a wife in a newspaper, and Mrs. Rheinhardt had decided to answer it. She did not know the man personally but was acquainted with him by reputation, and believed that he was well-to-do. Fearing that her son would not consent to her marriage she had answered the advertisement surreptitiously and had followed it up by running away.

On Tuesday Mr. Rheinhardt received an invitation to his mother's wedding, but if found in him a state of mind which made his disregarding it a certainty. It was only another drop in the bitter cup.

Mr. Rheinhardt was formerly a Lieutenant in No. 5 station of the Salvation Army. He made a home for his mother on Acadia street, and made arrangements by which she could trade at a certain grocery store, but now that she has deserted him he has closed up the house and is boarding on Chesley street.—New York Sun.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shanokin, Pa., writes—"I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely. 50 cents. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy. 50cts 25.

### SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

September Roll of Honor.

Senior Department—Loretta McManus, Annie Armstrong, Irene McCombs, Beatrice Foran, Florence Doyle, May Murphy, Sadie Dalton, Graziella Molanson, Georgina Major, B. Giroux, Anne Marie Dube, Anna Chumard, Blanche Bernard.

Intermediate Department—Hedwidge Morris, Florence Adams, Beatrice Whalen, Grace McCarron, Laura Curry, Gladys Foley, Jennie Black, Susie Murphy, Angela Ryan, Mamie Wright, Mamie Condron, Corinne Lawlor, Emma La Bèque, Bessie Murray, Asma Mitchell, Julia O'Kane, Annie Gabriel, Mamie Daughney, Margaret Dinan, Corinne Major.

Junior Department—Marguerite Daughney, Mary Blanchard, Annie Fallon, Gertrude Ryan, Alice Compton, Alice Campbell, Kathleen McCarron, Helen Neff, Bessie Begun, Annie Keating, Bernetta Keating, Margaret Collahan, Louise Ryan, Annie Murphy, Marguerite D'Ar.

Primary Department—Mae McEvoy, Beatrice Dolan, Irene Foran, Mary Fallon, Nettie Blanchard, Matilda Mallory, Erlene Wright, Lily Whalen, Gertrude Dalton, Blanche Dolan, Dorothy Fagan, Georgina Dolan, B. McFallow.

### SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

Methodist Womens' Missionary Society Present Favorable Report.

At the 28th annual meeting of the board of manager of the Womens' Missionary Society of the Methodist church of Canada, which met at Hamilton, Ontario on September 28th 29th 30th. The following financial report was submitted by Miss Wilkes of Toronto:

The receipts of the year, including a balance of \$78,723.12 on hand at the beginning of the year amounted to \$194,613.11. The balance on hand at the close of the last year is \$97,824.92. The remainder was expended in the following appropriations to the different work of the society: Japan, \$35,688.23; China \$14,018.25; Indian work, \$17,964.09; French work, \$8,592.50; Chinese and Japanese work in British Columbia \$4,040.80; Chinese Home, Victoria, B. C., \$3,492.50; Pakan Hospital, 400; Galacian work, general, \$3,734.65; All Peoples Mission, 900; Galacian work (Edmonton) \$1,615.50; Italian Mission Toronto, \$850; City Mission, Toronto, \$300; Foreign Mission, Montreal, \$300; Interest on annuities, \$84; Literature, \$3,073.03; delegates' expenses, \$896; expense account, \$834.24; total \$96,708.19.

THE POISONED SPRING.—As is nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are sure to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter—means poison in the spring. South American Nervine is a greatest purifier, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the unsolicited testimony of thousands of cured ones. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—65

### Polli Sentenced to Twelve Years in Penitentiary.

Will Probably be Taken There To-day—Good Conduct will Mean Shorter Term.

The Polli murder case was brought to a conclusion at Andover on Saturday afternoon, when Judge McLeod sentenced the Italian prisoner to twelve years in Dorchester penitentiary, he having been found guilty of manslaughter.

The trial aroused considerable interest throughout the province and the question of the immigration of Italians to this country was generally discussed.

Polli seemed quite unconcerned when his sentence was pronounced and beyond lowering his head betrayed no emotion, apparently expecting that his sentence would be quite as heavy as it was. He glanced neither to the right nor left as he was being conducted from the court room, although the eyes of hundreds were upon him, but went back to his dungeon cell with pale set face and steady step. Judge McLeod in pronouncing his punishment for the murder of James Orr, fellow laborer, paid a high tribute to Messrs. Cowell and Jones, the counsel for the prisoner, saying that they had ably fulfilled their obligations. His honor was satisfied with the verdict of the jury and named a term of confinement which he said might be materially reduced if the Italian behaved himself properly in prison. The prisoner will probably be taken to Dorchester today.

ITCH, Mange, Pruritis, Scatches, Buba's Itch and every form of contagious Itch on human or animal cured in 30 minutes by Wolfford's Sanitary Lotion. In never fails. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.

### IMPORTANT TO BACHELORS.

Cellucy does not pay. A good marriage is the supreme human felicity; a tolerable marriage is as much a tolerable misfortune as a bad marriage is a tolerable blessing. It is better to be single than to be married at all.—Dorothy Fagan, Georgina Dolan, B. McFallow.

# Would You Convict on Circumstantial Evidence?

Florence Campbell was a professional nurse in the New York State Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island, New York City. At the time when her case came to the attention of the New York Police Department she was assistant to Mrs. Jestly, the matron. She had been at this hospital about three years, and she brought a record for twelve years of excellent work.

Miss Campbell went on her annual vacation last September, returning on October 3. One morning a week after she was talking with the pharmacist in the hospital dispensary, when an orderly brought her a package of mail. On top was a square parcel.

"Some one has been sending you some candy," said King.

"Oh, I guess not," said Miss Campbell. She opened the parcel nevertheless, found that it was indeed a box of candy bearing the mark of Boston Candy Stores, New York. She held out the box to King as if to offer him a piece.

"Why, there's something wrong with this stuff," he exclaimed. "They examined it. The candy—gum drops, as it happened—was dusted over with a fine, white powder. Some of the pieces, too, were broken, as if to let the powder penetrate."

"It looks queer to me," said King. "You want to be careful with candy that comes through the mails. You had better let me analyze some of that powder before you eat it." Miss Campbell laughed at his caution; but King was in earnest. She finally left the box, and the pharmacist proceeded with the analysis. He found that the white powder was arsenic.

When he made this discovery King became suddenly cautious. Evidently there was a crime; he wanted to keep himself out of it. He returned the box to Miss Campbell, therefore, saying only that the candy looked suspicious and that she should certainly have an analysis made before she ate any of it. She handed it over to one of the resident physicians. He found arsenic; and as in duty bound he reported the fact to Dr. Maybon, the superintendent. Dr. Maybon, remembering certain anonymous letters that had been received in the summer by both Miss Campbell and himself, reported the case to the District Attorney's office. So, by the regular city routine, it came to the Central Detective Bureau; and Lieutenant Carey, an experienced man in poisoning cases, was assigned to the case.

"I went to Miss Campbell the first thing," said Carey, "and I put in a whole afternoon with her. She was a tall woman, in her thirties, nice spoken and sharp as a whip. I asked her who might be her enemies. She could think of no one who would want to kill her, but finally she did admit, after I had grilled her the whole afternoon, that Mrs. Jestly, the matron, and a Mrs. Thorpe, another nurse on the island, had not been exactly friendly to her. They had shown no particular animosity, she said, but Mrs. Thorpe had just stopped speaking to her. Dr. Maybon had told me about the anonymous letters. She had received five of them—three in typewriting and two in hand writing. But she hadn't thought much about it at the time and had destroyed them. I asked who her friends and associates were. She named four different women, living in Manhattan. Three of them don't matter. The one to keep your eye on is Mrs. Jessie Morrow, who lives at No. 118 West Eighty-

fourth street.

"All the time Miss Campbell seemed a little frightened. I got the impression that she was trying to shield some one, and made up my mind that we couldn't expect much help from her. In fact, she asked me once if I couldn't drop the case, seeing that no harm was done."

Having taken Miss Campbell's statement, Carey turned his attention to that important piece of evidence, the candy box. It bore the brand of the Boston Candy Stores, a firm having two branches, one in Fourteenth at the other in Third avenue, near Twenty-third street, New York city. The wrapper was a plain piece of manila paper. The address, which was in handwriting, was scratched on a separate piece of notepaper and fastened on by the twelve two cent stamps which had carried the package through the United States mails.

Carey spent some time with this address. The hand was plainly disguised. From every one who might be suspected he took samples of handwriting. The result was puzzling. Any one of three different persons might have written that address. The handwriting experts, called into court in important cases, are always cocksure of angles and speeds; the practical detectives know that this kind of expert testimony is characteristically unreliable. The most careful inspection of the handwriting only limited the field of suspicion.

The candy was what is known in the trade as royal gum drops. Tars in itself had a bearing on the case, for that was Miss Campbell's favorite candy. Plainly the sender knew her habits. Carey visited the Boston Candy Stores and discovered that the royal gum drops were sold only at the Twenty-third street shop. Further the wrapping paper was one of the kind used in this branch. The package had been mailed in the Madison square station of the Post Office Department, only two blocks away. One part of the transaction, therefore, became plain as day. Either the sender lived near Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue or he had done his work in a great hurry.

The next thing that specially claimed Carey's attention was one of the anonymous letters received by Dr. Maybon—he had kept only this one—a scurrilous attack upon him and his methods. It was typewritten, and it was mailed on August 4 from Station W, Manhattan. The writer, evidently unschooled in the cautions of crime, had made three slips. In the first place, the paper had been an ordinary letter size sheet, carrying a letter head. Thewriter to avoid detection, had torn off the letterhead, but he had incautiously left the printed date line. There it was, and in singular black face type: "New York, 190—."

He had forgotten, too, to tear off the part bearing the water mark, which read "Victor." Further, he had used a very old typewriter, slightly out of alignment and showing certain peculiarities in the worn letters. Most conspicuous of these was the capital "W" repeated several times in the Maybon letter. From this the upper left hand corner was torn away. Typewriter experts, called into consultation, said that it was the work of a very old, worn-out Remington.

But that letterhead—Carey started there one of those elaborate, fine tooth investigations of the thorough city detective. He found first the jobbers who handled the paper water marked "Victor." It is the product of the Victor Mills. These jobbers reported that they sold such paper to about three hundred printers in New York. There opened before the detective a chase of appalling magnitude—to see every one of those printers and to find who, using Victor paper for his letterhead orders, used also that peculiar black type. Carey had half a dozen plain clothes men on this tedious search, when the developments in another line caused him suddenly to drop it.

The anonymous letter, as I have said, was mailed from Station W, Manhattan. This is at Eighty-fourth street and Columbus avenue. One evening, going over the notes he had taken from Miss Campbell, Carey suddenly stood on the address, "Mrs. Jessie Morrow, No. 118 West Eighty-fourth street." It only a half block from Station W. He saw Miss Campbell again on some pretext or other and wedged in among a hundred important inquiries about Mrs. Morrow. She was a brown-skinned girl, about thirty years of age, and she was a very good-looking woman. Carey had seen her at home—driving in a motor car that was as big as a

gentleman who came to that house sometimes.

"I suppose that she was at her typewriter most of the time," said Carey offhand.

"Yes," said the janitress, she was always typewriting."

"A good Smith Premier typewriter is a great help," said Carey.

"I don't know much about typewriters," said the janitress.

She could not remember just when Mrs. Morrow moved. The real estate agents who rented that house could tell. And, having satisfied myself that Mrs. Morrow owned a typewriter—although he had failed to establish that it was a Remington—Carey saw the agents. Mrs. Morrow had moved on August 8, four days after Station W, at the corner, had stamped that anonymous letter.

The agents furnished another fact, a great deal more pertinent. Some of the correspondence regarding the rent had been conducted by Wm. H. Hall, and Wm. H. Hall wrote on a sheet of note paper water marked "Victor" and the date line on his notehead was in the same identical type as the date line on the anonymous letter to Dr. Maybon. Only the size of the paper differed. The anonymous letter was on letter sized paper. Evidently it was the larger brother of the note-paper which Mr. Hall had used in his correspondence with the real estate agents.

The next day the Central Office detectives started on two new scents. While half of the men looked up the antecedents of Wm. H. Hall, Carey and two assistants went to Mamaroneck, to which town he learned from the Post Office, Mrs. Morrow had moved.

The Manhattan squad found that Hall was a rich and retired fur dealer who had started life in the hat business. For future use they patched together a pretty accurate story of his life. Carey found that Mrs. Morrow was living in a cottage on the outskirts of Mamaroneck. After looking over the ground he sent one of his detectives to the real estate man who owned that cottage with a tentative offer to buy it. The agents were willing, and the detective was shown "through" the house. There, in the front room, stood an old battered Remington typewriter. The detective tried to get rid of Mrs. Morrow for a few moments while he took samples of a capital W; but she stuck to him like the bark to a tree. Neither could he get sight of any Wm. H. Hall letterheads. He pretended to take measurements and asked Mrs. Morrow for a sheet of paper to note down his figures. She produced a plain piece of notepaper, and the policeman was baffled again.

Two days later, while Carey was still watching the house, and meditating new plans, Mrs. Morrow suddenly began making preparations to move. Carey found from the transfer company that she was going to the neighborhood of Peekskill, a haul so short that she intended to take her goods by wagon instead of by train. The detectives watched the case of that typewriter go into the van at Mamaroneck, watched it taken out at the new house in Peekskill. Two days afterwards, when she was getting settled, they saw Hall, with whose face they had got acquainted, walk up the front path, ring the doorbell and enter the house.

The psychological moment had come. Carey sprang his mine. Accompanied by MacConaghy, a detective who can use a typewriter, he called on Mrs. Morrow and stated the whole case plainly to her.

"And the best thing you can do," said Carey, "is to let me look at all your letter paper and give me samples from that typewriter." Mrs. Morrow became a volcano of wrath, then an iceberg of angry reserve. The police might do as they pleased, she said; she knew nothing of any poisoned candy; they had no rights out-

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A BASKET FULL of clean, sweet-smelling linen is obtained with half the toil and half the time if Sunlight Soap is used. Sunlight shortens the life of your clothes. Follow directions.



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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited  
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**Saves a Lot of Fuel**

Sask-Alta Steel Range is built to be very, very easy on fuel as well as a perfect baker and cooker. To describe in detail the various schemes which save fuel would be too long a story for this space, so we ask you to allow the McClary agent to tell you how the following features save fuel:

- Wide Fire Box—Double Duplex Grates—Asbestos Lined and Anti-Rust Coated Flues—
- Top and Bottom of Oven with Asbestos Lining—Heat Retainer at Back of Oven.

## McClary's Sask-Alta

For Sale by J. H. PHINNEY.

side of New York; she would thank him to leave the house at once. As Carey stood at the door, "Jollying her" he says, Hall entered the room. Carey, who had been waiting for this, stepped up and slapped Hall on the shoulder.

"Why, Mr. Hall," he said, "don't you know me? I used to know you when you were in the hat business on Beaver street. Remember?" And Carey rattled off a string of reminiscences of Hall's early life.

Hall started like a man caught in the act. Carey pressed his advantage. Mrs. Morrow was in a very unfortunate position. It would be best for her to be frank else the New York police would have to use other methods.

Hall turned to Mrs. Morrow. "I think you had better let them see everything," he said.

"Then show me all the paper you have in the house," said Carey.

They went from room to room. Mrs. Morrow overlooking all the places where paper might be kept until Carey pointed them out to her. In a bureau drawer at the top of the house he found a pad, letter size, with the letterhead of William H. Hall. Tearing off a sample Carey hustled Mrs. Morrow into the parlor and asked her to open the typewriter.

"It is locked," said she.

"That's easily remedied," said Carey, and he tore off the hasp. Before either she or the hesitating MacConaghy could get breath MacConaghy was seated and was running off capital Ws. By a gesture Mrs. Morrow invited Hall outside. Carey immediately drew out the Maybon letter and dictated its text to his assistant, when MacConaghy had finished.

Carey sat down to the typewriter and began to stab the key. Initiating with unpractised hand the sound of the machine at work. At the same moment he whistled at MacConaghy. The latter, taking the cue, stepped to the door and looked out. And he heard the door open.

"Oh, don't you know that I will be used in court?"

A return later Hall, evidently tired to courage burst in and ordered the detective out.

"Oh, very well," said Carey, crossly.

"But give me that paper," said Hall, snatching at the typewritten sample. Carey evaded him, thrust the

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**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**

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

Must Bear Signature of

*Robert Carier*

See the name on the wrapper

For the cure of all liver troubles, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, etc. It is a purely vegetable preparation and is entirely harmless. It is sold in all drug stores and by mail. Price 25 Cents per box. Write for free literature.

**The Union Advocate**

from now until Jan. 1st, 1910

**FOR 25 CENTS.**

## A SHORT-LIVED MYSTERY.

He glanced around. Not a single person in sight! Was it a temptation of the evil one? Or a sign from Heaven? For the life of him he could not tell. He did not see that it could be wrong to take Mrs. Wyndham's money to buy wine for his wife, considering that Mrs. Wyndham, when in life, had herself promised to send wine. Suppose he kept just one sovereign, and returned the rest? Who was likely to know anything about it? No one but the deceased could well know exactly how much money had been in the purse. And it was for Ruth!

For Ruth? Then Ruth should decide. P. C. Lloyd slipped purse and bag into his pocket and again resumed his measur'd tramp.

When he was free to go home he found his wife awake, expecting him. He told her what he had found, and to what use he thought of putting some of the money; and then waited to see what she would say.

She held up one thin hand in solemn protest.

John, my poor man, you mustn't do it. Look at it which way you like. It's stealing. That's an ugly word. John; and the thing itself is ugly.

I'd rather steal than lose you, Ruth.

No, you wouldn't, John. You may think you would, but you wouldn't. I can't die just because poor Mrs. Wyndham ain't alive to send me wine. The Lord has more ways than one of doing things. We don't know that he has said I must die; 'tis only doctor as says it. Be your own honest self, John, and leave me in the Lord's hands.

I never thought of it in that way. You put things different than anyone else, Ruth. It's too late to take it back tonight.

The first thing in the morning will do, said Mrs. Lloyd.

But next morning her husband said:

It's no use, Ruth; I can't do it.

Can't do what, John?

Take back the money. One of the children must do it. I've been dreaming all night that you've been drinking port wine; and almost in no time you go so strong that you beat me at drawing the corks; we seemed to have dozens of bottles here.

Mrs. Lloyd smiled, though she looked a little anxious too.

Let Maggie take it, then, John; she's a steady child. She needn't say who found it, or anything; only just give it in. None of the servants know her; she was always at school when Mrs. Wyndham came. You had better keep in sight, for fear she should drop it, or anyone snatch it from her.

Very good. Did you look to see how much the notes were for, Ruth? Somehow I daren't.

Five pounds each, John—thirty pounds in all.

Mrs. Lloyd looked steadily at her husband as she answered his question.

It's all right, Ruth; he said in reply to the look. If it's thirty pounds in there now, there shall be thirty pounds in there when Maggie gives it up.

He kept his word, but not without a pang of something more than regret.

When he and his little girl were in sight of poor Mrs. Wyndham's house, he said:

Now run on, Maggie. Ring the bell and give the bag to whoever comes, and say it is Mrs. Wyndham's—that's all. Don't answer any questions. If they ask where you found it come away quickly without saying.

Yes, father.

He placed himself where he could see without being seen; while little Maggie ran into the house.

Walters answered the bell and at once recognized the bag when

Maggie held it out to him, saying, It is Mrs. Wyndham's.

Where did you—

It was useless to finish the question for the child was off like a shot.

So Walters closed the door, carried the bag to his own domain, and proceeded to examine its contents to see if it had been worth restoring.

The thirty pounds recommended themselves to his notice.

Had that bright-looking little girl known they were there? Or had she merely picked up the bag near the scene of the accident, and taking it for granted that it had belonged to Mrs. Wyndham, come at once to restore it? She looked a sharp child, who might put two and two of that sort together, and find they made four. But why had she run away in such a hurry?

There were two answers to that. First, she was shy; secondly, she was afraid of lingering near a house where Death held possession.

Walters looked at the money lovingly.

If no one knew of its existence—

if one might so put it—what a pity to add such an insignificant mite to the handsome fortune Mr. Hastings could claim! He had arrived by the mail the night before, shocked and awed at his grand-aunt's tragic death; but still, her heir—that was well known to the servants. What difference would thirty paltry pounds make to him?

And who was to know that Mrs. Wyndham had had thirty pounds in her purse when she was killed? What could she have wanted it for? asked Walters of himself; himself replied that a probable reason was this: When the accident took place Mrs. Wyndham was on her way to Mr. Douglas's office.

Mr. Douglas, being a lawyer, had no doubt been attending to some legal matters for Mrs. Wyndham which would have to be paid for. Hence Mrs. Wyndham had taken thirty pounds with her with which to pay Mr. Douglas.

It was therefore not possible that anyone could know she had had the money, unless—unless Mrs. Douglas knew.

But she was in London. There was no knowing how long she might be away; and it was likely enough the matter would slip from her memory.

Mr. Hastings would settle Mr. Douglas's account with all others Mrs. Wyndham had left unpaid; and there would be an end of the matter.

The thing was worth trying. Thirty pounds were not to be picked up every day. They would make a pretty little addition to the nestegg Walters had laid up for his old age.

If after all the matter came to be known, and that sharp-looking little girl (sharp children are objectionable things, very!) should deprecate to having brought the plump bag to Mrs. Wyndham's house—could not he declare that there was no purse inside when it had been given to him? Who would doubt a man of his respectability and references? Still, in face of any unforeseen consequences, he would be prepared for everything. It was unpleasant not to be prepared for possible emergencies.

The bag with its contents was stowed away in a safe place; and Walters went about his work with a soft tread and mournful face.

Three o'clock arrived. So did the coroner with his jury, and one or two gentlemen who wished to be present—Dr. Short was there of course, as the deceased's medical attendant; and George Douglas, her legal advisor and friend.

The verdict was unanimous—Accidental death; and before long coroner and jury were out of the house once more. Dr. Short had patients awaiting him, and he too went, leaving Mr. Douglas alone with

Arthur Hastings. They had met before and it was a relief to Hastings to have some one to speak to who was not a stranger. Mr. Douglas, on his part, was glad to have his mind hindered from dwelling on his own trouble—for no letter had come from Edith, and the anxiety he felt was almost unbearable.

When Mrs. Wyndham's sad death had been discussed until there was nothing more to be said about it—though it must of necessity haunt their memory—Arthur asked for Mrs. Douglas, saying:

I know she is in town; I saw her getting into a hansom at Paddington Station. I had gone down to meet a friend who did not turn up. Mrs. Douglas did not see me. I did not think I should be at the station again so soon. Dr. Short's telegram was at my chambers when I got back, and of course, I started at once though it was too late to see my poor aunt.

Mr. Douglas's lips quivered under his moustache as he tried to ask carelessly—

Saw my wife, did you? Yes, she went up yesterday. How did you think she was looking?

Well, it may have been my fancy but I thought she looked pale and anxious. Perhaps it was something her companion had been saying.

Her companion? No one I know. A tall, good-looking fellow. As they passed me Mrs. Douglas was saying, You might have been sure I should come after telegraphing. But as I said, she did not see me.

Mr. Douglas made no reply. He was wondering to whom his wife could have telegraphed to meet her at Paddington, and as he wondered, the anguish of his heart was such that, strong man as he was, he nearly fainted.

Arthur Hastings poured out a glass of wine and gave it to him, wondering in his turn at this sudden illness.

I think the room is a trifle close said Douglas trying to find a natural cause for his faintness; I shall be better when I get into the open air.

I will go with you; you may be glad of my arm, suggested Arthur. Thanks. I was going to ask you if you would dine with me this evening. You will be fearfully lonely here.

Arthur gladly consented. Directly Dorothy Archer caught sight of Douglas's face, she knew he had heard some bad news.

She soon found what it was, for Hastings, naturally spoke of Mrs. Douglas during the evening, telling Dorothy, as he had told his host, that he had seen her at Paddington station with a gentleman.

Dorothy's flesh color faded, and she dare not look at Mr. Douglas. She quickly turned the conversation into another channel, and did what she could to prevent Mrs. Douglas's name being mentioned again.

But Arthur Hastings, knowing of no reason for being silent on the subject, presently resorted to it—asking if the absent lady of the house would soon return as he would like to renew his acquaintance with her.

Mr. Douglas strove to reply but could not, his tongue refused to utter a word.

After a swift glance at his face Dorothy came to his rescue.

I think it is quite uncertain when Mrs. Douglas will return. She may be away some weeks or only a few days. It will depend on—a little water please, Sarah.

She had noticed Sarah, who had been placing fruit on the table, staring open mouthed at her master's agitated face.

Had George Douglas acted wisely in bringing Arthur Hastings to dinner that evening?

When Dorothy left the two men to their wine, Sarah came out of the schoolroom and followed her to the drawingroom door.

Mr. Hastings, do you think Miss Hastings has gone off? Master looked awful bad when Mr. Hastings said he'd seen her with a gentleman.

Dorothy was prepared for some such question; she turned with well-acted astonishment, and looked at the girl—

Have you taken leave of your senses, Sarah?

Well, miss, don't you think it looks like it?

I cannot say I do, Sarah.

Do You Realise the Danger of a

## POISONED FINGER

DEATH OFTEN LURKS IN A CUT.

YOU see this danger illustrated in the case of Mr. W. C. Edwards, a well-known Friendly Society leader, of Pease Street, Toronto. He cut one of his fingers with a piece of glass, and instead of applying Zam-Buk to prevent blood poison and to heal it, he neglected the cut, and blood poison followed. He says: "The blood-poison from the finger spread up my hand and arm and caused me terrible agony. After two months' treatment the doctor said there was no cure, and amputation would have to take place if I intended to save my arm. I left that doctor and consulted another. After a few weeks' treatment, he also told me that operation would be necessary. He said the bone had become diseased and the finger would have to be amputated so that the bone could be scraped. I went away to consider when I would have the operation performed and met a friend who advised me to try Zam-Buk.

"That night I bathed the wound and put on some Zam-Buk. I got a little sleep for the first time for many nights. In the morning the wound began to bleed instead of the foul discharging as in the past. This was a healthy sign so I went on with the Zam-Buk. Well, to cut a long story short, in a few days I put away the thing, and in a few weeks the finger was healed completely. To-day that finger is as sound as a bell and I owe it to Zam-Buk. I spent over \$30 in doctors fees and when I think how Zam-Buk at such a trifling cost saved me from amputation I am very grateful for the help I can tell you."

WHAT ZAM-BUK CURES.

Zam-Buk cures cuts, burns, sprains, festering sores, ulcers, eczema, hemorrhoids, and all other skin diseases and injuries. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. per box or post from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Nothing offered "just as good."

**Zam-Buk**

A gentleman to meet her at the station, Miss Archer.

Well? Sarah could not explain her suspicion in the face of that cool monosyllable, but she could not acknowledge herself beaten.

And missus didn't take no clothes, miss, and you said she might stay away for weeks.

Mrs. Douglas will probably send for some things, if she thinks proper to prolong her stay. If you have no more wise suggestions to make, and if you wish to keep your situation, you had, I think, better be silent concerning your mistress.

Sarah thought proper to withdraw, but Dorothy heard her mutter, Master looks awful bad about it, I know that!

Master did look awful bad, there was no mistake about that. Dorothy longed for the end of this miserable day, but she had not the heart to leave the unhappy man alone with his guest, for Hastings was likely enough to recur at any moment to the unlucky subject. But she need not have feared. Arthur Hastings—though giving no sign—had not failed to notice Douglas's evident distress on hearing his wife spoken of. Connecting that with his sudden faintness that afternoon, the barrister began to suspect that something was wrong. He departed rather early, feeling that he might not be wanted, recognizing Douglas's generosity in inviting him when he was probably suffering keen anxiety which he dare not show. Miss Archer was in his confidence plainly; what ready tact she possessed! and what a charming girl she was!

How can I bear it? groaned Mr. Douglas, when he returned to the drawing room after saying good night to his guest. How shall I bear it? Even Sarah suspects! Not necessarily, Mr. Douglas; Dorothy hoped she would be forgiven the falsehood; how could she add to his pain by telling him what the servant had said? Try to hope

a few hours longer. Mrs. Douglas was so sincerely attached to you that I cannot believe she—she would leave you in such a way. Try and believe that it will all come right.

If only I could! This torturing uncertainty will kill me if it lasts much longer. I would almost rather face the worst than endure such suspense.

Have you seen Mary today? asked Dorothy suddenly.

No, I cannot bear to look at her while—

She is asleep now. Come and see her for a minute.

How do you know she is asleep? Dorothy led the way to the child's bedroom, which communicated with hers. She went in first, and after seeing that the blue eyes were closed, beckoned to the father and passed on to her own room, closing the door of communication.

Some instinct told her that the sight of his sleeping child might bring comfort to the man's sorely aching heart. Perhaps it did; who shall tell of his thoughts as he knelt by her bed, gazing at Edith's miniature, as he had often called his little daughter? When at length he rose, and after kissing the flushed cheek, went away through the silent house to his own apartment the weary eyes were softened and the stern mouth had relaxed a little. He had allowed hope to creep into his great heart; and so he found rest that night.

But with the morning came doubt once more, and greatly magnified for no letter had come from Edith.

### CHAPTER III.

P. C. Lloyd was sick at heart. It seemed to him that his wife grew weaker every hour, yet he could not give her what was required to keep her alive; could not even remain with her entirely during her dying days. Duty called him away at certain hours, and duty had to be obeyed. If he had been told that he was no worse off in that respect than hundreds of other men whose wives might be ill, he would not have felt comforted, his reply would have been that it was nothing to him what other men had to put up with; their wives did not belong to him—Ruth did; and the thought of losing her was very bitter.

When he found himself again in the Station Road, where he had found Mrs. Wyndham's bag twenty-four hours ago; he paused and looked at the dusty hedge and wished in his heart that he could have the time over again. There should be no hesitation today; for his wife's sake he would gladly commit theft now. He wished he had not said anything to her about it. Why had he been so weak as to allow her to persuade him to return the money intact? He ought to have guessed that her unsolicited nature would protest against his doing anything that might bring trouble upon him. But who would have known? And was that Ruth's reason? No. P. C. Lloyd was ashamed of himself. No one had better than he that his wife would have him do right, though it was right; not for a cowardly fear of consequences. But he was so utterly wretched, poor man, that

it was little wonder what he thought, or what he felt tempted to do.

That night Mrs. Lloyd was worse than she had been and her husband was giving himself up to useless despair, when a gleam of light shone through the darkness that settled on his heart. Why should he not ask a reward from Mr. Wyndham's heir for having found and returned to him the sum of thirty pounds? No sooner thought of than resolved upon.

At nine o'clock next morning he presented himself at the house where death still reigned in silence.

Walters answered the unpretentious ring, and admitted the constable into the hall, wondering greatly what had brought him.

Arthur Hastings was eating his solitary breakfast in the gloomy dining room, the windows of which faced north—a fact the lowered blinds in no way concealed.

There's a policeman asking to see you sir, a man called Lloyd. My mistress knew him.

Did she? Then let him come in. He came in and the door was closed behind him by Walters, the dignified who, after going six steps toward the kitchen, where the cook was waiting for him to join her at breakfast, changed his mind, and returning quietly, applied his ear to the keyhole in order to hear what took place between Mr. Hastings and P. C. Lloyd.

The latter was saying:—So my little girl brought it back, sir; and I watched to see she gave it in all right.

To whom did she give it? asked Mr. Hastings.

To Walters, sir; I know him through driving Mrs. Wyndham. She used to come and see my wife, and sometimes I was at home when she came.

Where did you say you found it? In the hedge sir, close by where the accident happened.

Strange it should not have been seen before. Heaps of people must have gone to the spot afterwards.

Yes sir. But what should make them look into the hedge? It's part of my business you see, sir. I shouldn't have seen it if it had not been for the clasp. The bag itself was about the color of the hedge—a dusty looking green.

How much money was in it? Thirty pounds, sir. Ten sovereigns and four bank notes for five pounds each. I won't deny, sir, that I thought of keeping it, and not saying anything about it. My poor wife is dying for want of proper things to keep her alive; and it was a sore trial not to touch the money.

(To be continued.)



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THAT brand is style insurance, too—it certifies to up-to-date modishness, correct, seemly COMFORT for your head—looks—wear—money's worth—these make it worth while finding the right hatter. He sells WAFER-LITE HATS

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NEWCASTLE, N. B., OCTOBER 6th, 1909

## THE FUTURE OF THE I. C. R.

(St. John Sun)  
 Discussing the new management  
 of the Intercolonial and its prospects of  
 making a success of the job, the Can-  
 adian Courier quotes the general im-  
 pression as "not overly favorable."  
 With which, as far as the Maritime  
 Provinces are concerned, we are com-  
 pletely in accord. But the ground up  
 on which the Courier bases its own  
 conclusion that the Board will fail  
 in its effort is itself without founda-  
 tion.

According to the Courier's idea,  
 the rock upon which the Board will  
 come to wreck is the fact that the In-  
 tercolonial's working staff is ineffi-  
 cient and that the management has  
 not sufficient power to discharge in-  
 capable men. It is doubtful, says  
 the Courier, "if they have enough  
 power to enable to use the pruning  
 knife thoroughly. Lopping off a few  
 small twigs on the outer edge of the  
 tree is not likely to make much  
 change. The only really effective  
 method would be to give the commis-  
 sion absolute power to hire and dis-  
 miss. This they will never have, so  
 long as the politicians have their  
 present ideas and policies. Ever  
 since the Intercolonial was built, the  
 people have been taught that the  
 patronage of the road was the prize  
 of the ruling political party. The  
 employees have always been striving  
 to win the favor of the politicians  
 rather than the approval of their su-  
 periors. The writer has been in an  
 Intercolonial sleeping car, and  
 through the curtains of his berth  
 watched two passengers, the sleeping  
 car conductor and the train conduc-  
 tor play cards as the train rambled  
 through the night from Montreal to  
 Levis. Could any management make  
 good employees out of men who  
 have been so trained? No, certainly  
 not. The Intercolonial needs a  
 brand new staff from top to bottom,  
 but it will never get it under the  
 present system.

In almost every instance "his is  
 wrong. The management has the  
 power. The Courier says it lacks; the  
 influence of politics upon the gener-  
 al personnel is greatly overrated;  
 and for general average of efficiency  
 the working staff of the Intercolonial  
 ranks high.

It is a matter of record, for in-  
 stance, that Intercolonial drivers get  
 better results from their engines at  
 a lower cost than the average. I. C.  
 R. conductors in capacity and cour-  
 teasy are exceptions. The train and  
 track hands are an admirably effi-  
 cient body of men. Politics may  
 help a man to get a start in these  
 lines to work, but once there, the  
 railway officials handle him on his  
 merits. The Minister himself would  
 not dare to promote or to retard one  
 of these men without good reason  
 other than political. Except for  
 temporary unskilled work, around  
 election times, and in the general of-  
 fices at Moncton, politics has little if  
 any injurious influence upon Inter-  
 colonial employer. Moreover, the  
 Board has absolute power to hire and  
 dismiss and is exercising that power  
 with absolute disregard to the  
 opinions of local politicians. In one  
 important centre of the I. C. R. ac-  
 tivity, for instance, a score or more  
 of men were recently dismissed and  
 every man of them was a Liberal,  
 or claimed to be. Naturally there  
 was some strident squealing and vig-  
 orous wirepulling, but none of them  
 got back.

The political course which blasts the  
 Intercolonial works but, not through  
 the staff, but through the system.  
 The Board has the power to put in a  
 brand new staff from top to bottom,  
 has the power to eliminate all forms  
 of graft—and is doing this with more  
 vigor and courage than diplomacy.  
 But if the Board were composed of  
 the best railroad men on earth, were  
 freed wholly from the patronage evil  
 and had a staff above criticism, it  
 would still fail to make the Inter-  
 colonial the profitable agent it should  
 be for its owners and its territory.

THERE'S GOING TO BE

## A "HURRY UP" SALE.

AT CREAGHAN'S

On SATURDAY. Watch the "Leader" and posters for full particulars!

BARGAINS!! Brilliant! Glorious! Abundant! await you!

## A Big Sale of PAPER BAGS.

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

A BARGAIN WHILE THEY LAST

## JOB WORK

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

ADVOCATE OFFICE  
 NEWCASTLE N. B.

so long as it operated under a sys-  
 tem which makes an indifferent and  
 ignorant parliament its directorate  
 to which the management has to go  
 for every dollar of expenditure. That's  
 what's the matter with the Intercol-  
 onial—not politics in the petty sense  
 of pull or graft so much as the gen-  
 eral system of government operation.

For instance, there are two mem-  
 bers of the present Board who are  
 committed to the policy of branch line  
 absorption. After full investigation  
 they have made a report strongly re-  
 commending this procedure at once.  
 Undoubtedly the other members hold  
 similar views. But what can they  
 do? The thing is essential to Inter-  
 colonial prosperity and to Maritime  
 development. If a progressive com-  
 pany owned the road, all these branch-  
 es that are profitable feeders would  
 have been amalgamated with the  
 main line long ago. But under the  
 present system the management is  
 powerless to do this or anything else  
 that involves the expenditure of mo-  
 ney, no matter how sure the return  
 on the investment.

It is this condition and the apper-  
 ent impossibility of remedy under  
 parliamentary control that has made  
 the Sun pessimistic of the road's fu-  
 ture under government operation and  
 favorably inclined toward a trial of  
 the effect of private enterprise. We  
 are forced to agree with the Cour-  
 tier, though for these different rea-  
 sons, that the new commission's task  
 is an impossible one. But there  
 should be a better alternative than  
 the Courier's suggestion for the leasing  
 of the road to some one of the  
 three private railway corporations  
 for a term of years, with a certain  
 control of rates and a certain rate  
 of return of the present investment.

The C. P. R. is a wonderful cor-  
 poration, but its interests are else-  
 where. It has done tremendous  
 things for the development of the  
 West, where its chief treasure is, but  
 its consideration of the Maritime Pro-  
 vinces is secondary. It regards its  
 road from Montreal to St. John mere-  
 ly as a branch line. Spending mil-  
 lions in the West for the develop-  
 ment of traffic producing enterprises  
 and the building of facilities of all  
 kinds, it will spend nothing here. To  
 the C. P. R. the I. C. R. from here to  
 Halifax would be but an extension of  
 a branch line; and the I. C. R. from  
 Moncton to Montreal a useless paral-  
 lel. MacKenzie and Mann are great  
 railway builders, but their operation  
 of their roads in the West or in Nova  
 Scotia gives small ground for belief  
 that they would make the Intercol-  
 onial provide the kind of service we  
 need. Their main interests too, lie  
 elsewhere. And the Grand Trunk  
 Pacific has apparently yet to learn  
 that there is a such place as the  
 Maritime Provinces. Though the line  
 which the government is building for  
 this company is valueless without  
 means of reaching St. John and Hal-

fax and terminal facilities there, its  
 officials so far have made no effort  
 in this direction nor displayed any  
 interest.

Several months ago the Sun, in face  
 of much criticism, suggested that if  
 in these provinces an association of  
 active men interested in Maritime de-  
 velopment could be formed and could  
 secure the right to operate the Inter-  
 colonial under conditions which would  
 guarantee against increased traffic  
 charges, this would provide the best  
 solution of the problem. And we have  
 seen no better plan put forward since.  
 As a winter branch of a transconti-  
 nental the Intercolonial would doubt-  
 less be valuable to one of the great  
 companies. But that those, with all  
 their vast and varied interests else-  
 where, would devote the developing  
 energy to the Intercolonial that the  
 road and its territory needs, is doubt-  
 ful. But an independent company of  
 men acquainted with and interested  
 in Maritime conditions, and forced to  
 operate the road as an independent  
 institution, intensively, could make it  
 an energizing and developing agent  
 that would revolutionize our indus-  
 trial and commercial situation. Aside  
 from the personal interests of such a  
 company in Maritime progress, if it  
 were restricted in the matter of rates  
 it could only make the road profitable  
 by improving the quantity and grade  
 of its traffic. And such improvement  
 could only come through general de-  
 velopment of industrial conditions  
 throughout its territory, so that the  
 company would be compelled to boom  
 the country or go broke.

Failing the present experiment on  
 the Intercolonial and lacking any other  
 plan of better promise under gov-  
 ernment ownership, this plan is, at  
 any rate, better worth trying for a  
 term of years under an operating  
 lease than to surrender the people's  
 road to one of the larger corporations  
 whose interests are variant from if  
 not opposed to Maritime interests.

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

That it pays nations to advertise  
 as it does individuals was the mes-  
 sage carried to the Association of Ad-  
 vertising Clubs in session at St. Louis  
 Mo., by Mr. Arthur Hawkes, the pub-  
 licity man of the Mackenzie & Mann  
 railways. He laid stress upon the  
 benefit which Canada had secured  
 from its campaign of advertising and  
 placed the credit where it belonged,  
 with Hon. Clifford Sifton, who began  
 the advertising of Canada on a clear-  
 cut and systematic plan. The result  
 of that advertising was a million peo-  
 ple added to the population of the  
 three provinces of Manitoba, Saskat-  
 chewan and Alberta.

Mr. Sifton had insisted on truth in  
 all his advertising, and so he had the  
 grain in the stalk and the bag, the  
 flour in the barrel, and all the other  
 products of Canada, sent on exhibi-  
 tion to the States, to Britain, and to  
 all of Europe, and by and by the  
 people began to realize what a splen-  
 did country lay north of the 49th  
 parallel.

Mr. Hawkes held that the best ad-  
 vertising was always that which was  
 straight, which could not be contro-  
 verted, and he pointed out in glow-  
 ing terms the splendid chances for all  
 legitimate businesses now open in the  
 Dominion.

The lesson thus impressed upon the  
 advertising experts is one which is ap-  
 plicable to the individual or to the  
 firm as it is to a country. Advertising  
 should always tell the truth. It should  
 be backed up by "the goods" and then  
 the result will be that the advertis-  
 ing will be profitable.

## EDITORS MAIL

[For opinions expressed under  
 this heading the Editor does not  
 necessarily hold himself responsi-  
 ble.]

Though the columns of your valuable  
 paper, I would like to contradict the  
 erroneous statement that has been  
 spread abroad about my selling salmon  
 caught in a government net last year,  
 1908. I wish to state that I never sold  
 a salmon in my life; and I want right  
 here to say that I regard my honesty  
 more than that, and I am ready to  
 prove statement. (Signed)

HIRAM F. WHITNEY,  
 Whitneyville N. B.

## Scott's Emulsion

is the original—has been  
 the standard for thirty-five  
 years.

There are thousands of  
 so-called "just as good"  
 Emulsions, but they are  
 not—they are simply imi-  
 tations which are never  
 as good as the original.  
 They are like thin milk—  
 SCOTT'S is thick like a  
 heavy cream.

If you want it thin, do  
 it yourself—with water—  
 but don't buy it thin.

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Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our  
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## GOOD BLOOD AND GOOD HEALTH.

Is the Result Obtained When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are Used.

To have good health you must have good blood. It is only when the blood is bad that the health is poor. The blood is the life-giving fluid of the body—it is therefore an absolute necessity that it should be kept free from all impurities and poisons. To do this nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills make new, rich blood with every dose; they drive out every impurity—every poison—and thus give good health. Concerning them Miss Bernadette Lapointe, of St. Jerome, Que., says:—"For several years my health was very bad—my system was completely run down. I had indigestion almost continuously; my heart was weak; I had headaches and backaches, and was sore all over. My blood was very poor and more than once I was in despair. I tried many supposed remedies but none of them helped me. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me that she had found them good in a case similar to mine. I followed her advice and began taking the pills. They soon gave me some slight relief. Encouraged by this I continued their use for several months and they strengthened my whole system. I am to-day in excellent health and always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house for if I feel a little out of sorts I take a box of pills and am soon alright again."

Thousands of young girls throughout Canada suffer just as Miss Lapointe did. They are sickly all the time and are totally unable to take the enjoyment out of life that every healthy girl should. They need a tonic to build them up—to enable them to withstand the worries of household or business duties; to give them strength to enjoy social life. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills give blood to bloodless girls; they strengthen the nerves; banish headaches and backaches; cure indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation and relieve the many ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When Etah, the then most northern point, was reached, Dr. Cook and a small party in the "Farthest North" went on a scouting expedition in search of suitable winter quarters. Annotok, a town of 25 miles farther north, was decided upon by reason of the abundance of ture and food there. Upon returning to Etah, the entire population of that village in the "Brad" started for Annotok.

A strong wind had raised mountainous seas and on account of the unknown rocks, shallow water and drifting ice, a safe anchorage could not be found for the yacht. The Arctic storm threatened to engulf the entire expedition. The motor boat was pressed into service and with the greatest speed carried to shore the members of Dr. Cook's party, and a large amount of supplies and camp equipment. The boats belonging to the Eskimos were towed to shore as the sea was too rough for them to attempt it alone. Dr. Cook says: "The splendid efficiency of the launch proved equal to the emergency, and in the course of about three hours all were safely put to shore in spite of threatening winds and forbidding seas."

## BUSY SEASON FOR LUMBER OPERATORS

Preparations For Larger Cut Than Ever on the Restigouche.

Present indications point to a busy season in lumber operations and probably the largest cut yet made will be the result. The Shives Lumber Co. are planning to get out about 35 million, the Wm. Richards Co. about 28 million, Chaleur Bay Mills about 12 million and the Dalhousie Lumber Co. about 15 million. This, with the smaller operations of Bearinger & Chapin, W. H. Miller and B. A. Mowat, will mean considerably over 100 million to come through the Restigouche boom next season, the largest in its history. The cut this season was about 90 million, which was greatly in advance of all previous years. In order to handle the large output of next year the Boom Company intend spending about \$10,000 for increased facilities and barge capacity.

A new feature in the lumbering operations this winter will be the hauling of logs over the International railway. This railway runs through some of the best lumber lands in Restigouche. Contracts have been made with the railway to haul logs for Wm. Richards & Co. Dalhousie Lumber Co. and Bearinger & Chapin, in all about four or five million feet. This will mean that the railway will be kept open all winter which will be a great advantage to the lumbermen in the carrying of supplies to their camps.

## REMARKABLE WORK OF MOTORBOAT Does Duty When all Others Fail.

Experiences from Dr. Cook returning from his polar expedition disclose the remarkable performance of a motor boat in his trip to the far north. This boat not only saved the lives of Dr. Cook and the members of the expedition but also towed the boats of an entire Eskimo village to safety and pulled the yacht "Bradley" out of danger when her engines were disabled. The motor boat "Farthest North" was taken with the "Bradley" for scouting expeditions and hunting and fishing trips. It was the first motor boat ever taken into the far north, and was used in the ice fields and in shallow water where the yacht could not go.

The first rescue work was performed near Oomanook. The engines of the "Bradley" became disabled in very bad weather. The 30-foot motor boat with a 17 H. P. Ferro motor succeeded in towing her to a safe anchorage. The "Bradley" is a 100-foot schooner of 112 gross tons and this was a very able demonstration of marine engine efficiency. While the repairs were made the motor boat was the only means of communication with the shore and was kept busy taking Dr. Cook and other members of the party back and forth.

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

## WEDDING BELLS

On Thursday evening at 6.30 o'clock at St. Mary's R. C. church, the Rev. Father Maguire united in marriage Mr. Michael Bannan and Miss Muzzeral. The bride was becomingly attired in grey lady's cloth. After the ceremony the happy couple repaired to the residence of Mr. Thos. McPherson, where Miss Muzzeral had been stopping previous to her marriage, and there the wedding supper was served, while a serenade by St. Mary's band broke the stillness outside. The groom is a prosperous retail grocer, a school trustee and a member of the board of trade. The bride belongs to Kent county.

After playing several pieces at the home of Mr. McPherson on Thursday night, the band drove to the Miramichi Hotel where they discoursed a number of airs to the satisfaction of the crowd. The members of the band take this opportunity of conveying their thanks to Mr. Bannan for his generosity.

## TAYLOR-PELKE

An event in which the friends of one of the principal parties are deeply interested took place recently at Bangor, Maine, when Mr. James A. Taylor son of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Douglstown was married to Miss Josephine Pelkie of Bangor, Maine. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Dr. McCarthy. The old Miramichi friends most heartily extend their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, wishing them a long, happy and prosperous life. Our boys who have gone out to pave a way for themselves in new places are not forgotten by the friends left behind, and "Jim" who was always held in the highest esteem for his many excellent qualities, has still many friends in the "old place" who will follow him with their good wishes.

## HYGON-GILKER

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mrs. Margaret Gilker on Wednesday evening, Sept. 29th, when her daughter, Miss Laura, was united in marriage to Mr. William Hitchon of Belleville, Ont. The bride who was unattended looked very beautiful in a gown of cream novelty Japanese silk with trimming of Duchesse satin and blue Irish lace over cream tulle. She wore a veil caught up with rosbuds and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. Miss Rennie of Bathurst played Mendelssohn's wedding march and the bride appeared leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. John Gilker, who gave her away. The ceremony was performed in the parlor which was prettily decorated with out flowers, autumn leaves and asparagus fern, in the presence of immediate relatives and friends. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. P. J. Stackhouse. After the ceremony a dainty lunch was served at little tables in the dining room. The many beautiful and costly presents testified to the popularity of the bride. The groom's present was a beautiful set of furs. A very handsome, silver tea service was presented to the bride by the Baptist church and congregation as an expression of their appreciation of her services as leader of the church choir. The bride wore a going away suit of navy blue serge. Mr. and Mrs. Hitchon left on the Maritime for a two weeks' tour of Upper Canadian cities. On their return they will reside in Campbellton. A host of friends join in congratulation.

## KERR-RAMSAY

The marriage of Mr. Sherman A. Kerr to Miss Laura May, daughter of Mr. Andrew Ramsay of Bathurst, was the occasion of a very happy gathering at the home of the bride's father, the evening of September 28th. Miss Odie Kerr was bridesmaid and Mr. Percy Rennie, groomsmen. The bride and bridesmaid looked pretty in their charming dresses of white. The presents were many and valuable. Rev. A. D. McCully tied the knot. The best wishes of numerous friends attend Mr. and Mrs. Kerr in their united journey through life.

How dark would be this world—how dark and dreary,  
How hard a task this life would be to live  
If we had not that blessed consolation  
A woman has the power to us to give.  
In time of greatest trouble and temptation,  
When all the world seems dark as  
Egypt's night,  
She comes to us a dear, sweet, guardian angel  
To give us comfort and to guide us right.  
Like sunbeams in the midst of storm and sorrow,  
Her smiles give warmth and cheer to weary hearts.  
She lifts us to a higher plane of living  
By sweet influences which her life imparts.  
She is to us worth more than gold or silver,  
Or all the other things the world contains;  
For while these fade and lose their dazzling splendor,  
A faithful, trustful woman's love remains.  
—Franklin Pierce Johnson.

## Vapo-Cresolem

Established 1879  
FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA.  
Vaporized Cresolem stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolem is used. It acts directly on the throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma.  
Cresolem is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Cresolem's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.  
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Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet  
Cresolem, Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, etc.  
Looming, Miss. Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.

## THE TEACHER'S COLUMN.

Reading, literature, history, geography, grammar, are branches which may well be taught almost continuously, either in class or out. During a reading lesson, one or other of the above branches are always touched upon and should be gone into. Take for example, The Charge of the Light Brigade. We have the reading lesson, we have the historical event, and we have the geographical location. There are chapters of history, unheard of by the average pupil, centred around this important engagement. Unfortunately the present school histories give but very meagre details of one of the most famous battles of the Crimean War, and the teacher or pupil must look elsewhere if they wish to find out any detailed information regarding the battle.

For the convenience of the profession therefore, we will at a later date give accurate detailed accounts of these great events of history which are found in our school readers. The geographical positions of the different countries engaged in the war, is most interesting, because it proved to be the indirect cause of hostilities. Then we have the life of the author, for nearly half a century poet laureate to Queen Victoria. All these may be grouped and should be grouped while the class "learns by heart" the words of the poem and masters its meaning. The meaning of every phrase of every poem should be carefully explained by the teacher, and children should be obliged in spelling to give the meaning of each word spelled. It too frequently happens that children, accustomed to rattle over a lesson, fail to grasp its entire meaning—some line remains unexplained. The result is the pupil leaves school and only, perhaps, after having reached mature age, carelessly reflecting, some time or other, over the words as by an inspiration discovers the true meaning. Taking the above poem as an example, few children, without the aid of the teacher, would be able to spell out the exact meaning of the lines

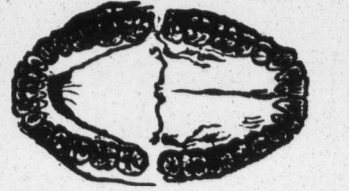
"Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered."  
It might be taken to mean either that the soldier did not know some one had blundered, or that he did know. The latter, however, is the true meaning, the author wishing to point out how willing the soldier was to obey the command of his superior, though the command was the result of a blunder. It frequently happens that the poet, by leave of poetic license, transposes his words to perfect the rhythm. At the risk of imperfect sense.

The correct meanings of words, too, as applied to the particular sentence is of the utmost importance, and teachers should be most particular to know that the pupils understand the use of the words. The best way to do this is to have each pupil in turn explain various passages and stanzas of the text in their own words. This is a most excellent practice as it serves not only to show the pupils' knowledge or lack of knowledge of the matter in question, but develops also the art of explaining and of conversation. The pupil is forced to apply his own vocabulary of words along the lines which the author has directed, and it is surprising how soon a child will be able to tell in its own words the stories contained in the text. The teacher, at the same time is given an opportunity to correct phraseology and mistakes in grammar, as well as the pronunciation of words. These latter are matters of the greatest importance and are too often overlooked. Even the simple words of every day life are too frequently improperly accented. We hear such words as father, mother, life, calm, and a multitude of others, improperly accented every day. It is for the teacher, therefore to study pronunciation and then be on the lookout for mistakes on the part of the pupil. The best possible opportunity is afforded while the pupil is telling the story or explaining some part of the lesson.

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For Diarrhoea,  
Dysentery,  
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AND ALL  
PAINS AND CRAMPS,  
Children or Adults,  
There is nothing just as good as  
GATES' CERTAIN CHECK.

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Middleton, N. S.

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

H. S. RUIKSHANK,  
Florist,  
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Will give 5c. to \$5.00 each for old postage stamps used on envelopes before 1870; also want Quebec stamps and Jubilee stamps. None of present issue wanted.  
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I will SELL CHEAP in order make room for New Fall Goods, which are arriving daily, all my stock of MEN'S & BOYS' SHIRTS, OVERALLS, etc.  
PRICES LESS THAN COST.

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Dr. J. B. MacMillan,



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## Wanted.

A second class teacher for Trout Brook. Apply to Wm. Cain.  
4 wks Sec'y to Trustees

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The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature  
W. D. Mitchell

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In Use For Over 30 Years.  
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THE success of any article depends upon the repeat orders, the orders which come because the article has "made good."

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Here is the kind of letters which we are constantly receiving regarding Amatite roofing:

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Five years ago we put our first roofs of Amatite on. Since that time we have roofed four other buildings with Amatite.  
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DOUGLASSVILLE SQUAB CO.

Such letters mean something.

The success of Amatite is dependent entirely upon the well-known fact that it always proves satisfactory. The reasons are that it is made of Coal Tar Pitch—the greatest waterproofing compound known, and that it has a real mineral surface.

Pitch is invariably used for underground waterproofing, and instances are known where it has resisted continuous water pressure underground for twenty-five years without deterioration or change.

The advantage of a mineral surfaced roofing like Amatite over one with a smooth surface is that the latter needs painting and Amatite does not.

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In figuring the cost of painted roofings the cost of the paint must not be overlooked.

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## OUR BASEBALL COLUMN

### BASEBALL WISDOM.

BY JOHN T. MYERS

(Catcher of the New York National League Baseball Club.)

Naturally, it is no small jump from the top of the minors to the top of the majors, and when such a jump takes one to the wonderful city of New York, one makes a vast advance in his profession. Under ordinary circumstances a young player might well feel some trepidation in making such a change, for how can he tell whether he will prove satisfactory and be equal in the mind of his manager to the exigencies of the situation? So far as playing before vast crowds was concerned I had little fear. Having played in the American Association, one of the most thriving organizations in the country, and having faced some immense crowds there, there was nothing to rattle one in anything the big leagues could show. Such things as those do not bother the ball player.

Of course, more is required of a player in the major leagues than in the fastest minor leagues, for the reason that there is more speed and consequently you're obliged to exert yourself a deal more than when you were in slower company. You have to be on your toes all the time, as it were, and you can-

Proper attention to the hair and scalp is the best preventive of baldness. An occasional application of Bearine Hair Pomade keeps the scalp in healthy condition. It nourishes the hair follicles and supplements the natural oil of the head. Bearine not only prevents falling hair but stimulates new growth. 50 cts a jar at your druggists.

## DAVIS' MENTHOL SALVE

A simple effective remedy for many little ills as well as some that are not considered trifling. A compound with a Vaseline base, in conjunction with Japanese Menthhol and other drugs making an efficacious remedy for Sore Throat, Burns, Bruises, Strains, Sprains, as well as for Insect Bites, Cuts, etc. Just the thing for campers, hunters, as well as for those that stay at home. 25c. a box. DAVIS & LAWRENCE, Montreal.

at the man who can hit it, and here I think the palm must be bestowed upon Honus Wagner, who undoubtedly ranks as the greatest man who ever faced a pitcher. No balls pitched to Wagner, within reach are bad balls to him. He makes them all good. He is not one of those batsmen who insists that the ball go over the rubber. He will hit them inside or outside. The pitcher need not bother himself about putting them over the rubber for Honus. Just get them near enough to him to hit and he will do the rest. The only way to prevent him from hitting the ball is to keep them away from him entirely, and all pitchers come very close to being alike to him. "Bugs" Raymond was the only one of our bunch of pitchers who could make the big fellow lie down this year, and he was able to do it because he used the spit ball on him. That kind of a delivery will come very near being a puzzle to any one. He fanned Wagner twice in one game. I will say that I am not at all afraid to put myself on record in advocating the abolition of the spit ball, and any catcher will declare the same. It is a most difficult ball to handle. If a man undertakes to steal a base when the pitcher is hurling a spit ball, there is no telling where that ball will go, and the catcher is up against it. Not only that, but there is no telling how the ball will break. It is nasty and it is dangerous. It is the same thing with any fielder, and many a time a player has been charged with a misplay, when this should not have been done, simply because he was unable to throw a ball too slippery to handle. It will be a good thing for baseball when this kind of delivery is abolished. It is a good thing that so many pitchers have found it advisable to do away with it, and this fact in itself ought to prevail upon the rule-makers to prevent it entirely.

### \$100 REWARD, \$100

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

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

### KIND WORDS NOW

A young man buried his face by the bedside of his dying mother, crying out:

"O mother, I can not give you up; I love you so!"

My boy, whispered the dying woman, you never told me that before. We take it for granted that people know how we appreciate them. How often we speak the critical word! How rarely the complimentary one. We now very well how we feel when others tell us how our work and our talents are appreciated, but we are prone to forget that our neighbors, our friends, and our fellow-workers are the same kind of people with the same kind of hearts. Most of us would rather have a little more taffy while we are living and a less epitaph when we are dead; a few flowers on the desk and less on the grave. Speak the good word, and speak it in good season.

### MARRIED.

At Bangor, August 4th, by the Rev. Mr. McCarty, James A. Taylor of Douglastown, Miramichi, to Miss Jennie Pelkie of Bangor.

## BILIOUSNESS

### AND ALL LIVER DISORDERS

The tortures of biliousness must yield to Mother Seigel's Syrup, because this great medicine tones and strengthens the liver, regulates the flow of bile, and cleanses the whole system.

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

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"If His Majesty—the baby—could talk he would always insist on a GENDRON carriage car."  
"Baby longs for comfort more than for anything else in the world and the specially selected and tested triple-curved springs—exclusive to the GENDRON—make this carriage car the acme of baby comfort and luxury."  
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Sold by all first-class dealers. Write to us if your dealer doesn't carry them.

Gendron Manufacturing Co., Limited  
TORONTO.



### WOULD YOU CONVICT ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE?

(Continued from page 2)

paper in his pocket, and hurried out to the nearest telephone. On the way he compared the samples with the Maybon letter. The resemblance in the broken Ws and the faulty alignment was perfect. Any one could see that they were from one and the same typewriter.

And here I begin to spring the solution. Arrived at the telephone, Carey called up the hospital on Ward's Island, got Dr. Maybon, and asked him not to let Miss Campbell leave the island nor get to a telephone.

For Miss Campbell, not Mrs. Morrow nor yet Mr. Hall, had been his suspect from the very first.

Probably you are surprised at this. I hope that you are, because I have been doing my best to conceal it. The writer of the Sherlock Holmes school always omits one strong psychological factor—intuition—and one practical factor—experience.

The intuition of Carey told him, as soon as he had talked half an hour with Miss Campbell, that her attitude wasn't straight; that she was concealing something. Her experience had taught him that in three-quarters of such cases the victim is also this criminal. One who has never done police work as detective or reporter does not know how many hysterical women and girls accuse others of desperate attempts at crime which they have 'planted' themselves. When it is reported that this or that young girl has been found lying unconscious in a shed, exhausted from her struggle with bandits who have held her captive, the experienced police captain never looks for the bandits until he has put the girl through the third degree. The anonymous letters, the crudely poisoned candy—all to an experienced policeman, pointed to Miss Campbell as the sole perpetrator of this attempt at crime. Besides, I have purposely omitted one fact which came out late in the investigation.

On August 4, the day when the anonymous letter to Dr. Maybon was mailed, Miss Campbell was off the island on leave.

Carey proceeded at once to Ward's Island, and called on Miss Campbell. She came down in a fresh evening dress, to sit through three hours of the third degree. Slowly Carey wormed it out of her. She admitted the letter first. She had written it surreptitiously on Mrs. Morrow's typewriter. Stage by stage she admitted buying the candy. But never would she say, 'I did it.' He got her over to the Detective Bureau the next afternoon. There they sat from four till nine before she said the word.

Even then she gave few details. She had taken the arsenic from the hospital dispensary to poison rats. She had taken the candy, just after she bought it, to the women's room of a department store, unwrapped it, sprinkled it with arsenic and wrapped it up again. There was a writing desk for the convenience of patrons' near at hand. She had written the address on a piece of torn paper, cut it out and fastened it on with the stamps.

"But why did you do it?" asked Carey.

"I don't know," said Miss Campbell. "I just don't know."

And although Carey has his own explanation for it this is probably a better reason than any he gives. They never do know.

### THEIR BODIES BURIED UNDER TONS OF EARTH

Three Nevada Miners Entombed—Rescuing Party Finds One of the Victims

GOLDFIELDS, Nev., Sept. 27.—Three miners were imprisoned by a cave-in at the combination mine are now believed to be dead. The rescue party broke into the shaft where the accident occurred last night, and there found the body of Evan Rose, but could find no trace of W. J. Beards and M. C. Muir, who are believed to have taken refuge in the same cross-cut.

Rose's body was unearthed and it is believed the imprisoned men are beneath tons of debris, and it may be weeks before their bodies are recovered. For thirty six hours the rescue party worked on four shafts blasting through solid rock to reach the spot where Rose's body was found.

### SORROW ON THE SEA.

(BY A BANKER.)

Though the great ocean is ever sublime, ever stately and majestic, whether she be in angry mood, her scattering waters raging in spasms of convulsive fury, and her rolling billows, lashed by the tempest into wild orgasms of infuriate turmoil, threatening to engulf any vessel exposed to their fierce onslaughts; or whether calm and placid, her rippling wavelets glittering like diamonds, or later, in the shimmer of the gloaming, reflecting the many-hued glory of the sunken orb of day; yet there ever has been, there ever will be, sorrow on the sea.

Aye, the heaving bosom of the rolling main has been the scene of many a heart-breaking parting, of many a piteous tragedy, of the fateful doom of many a gallant ship which with every soul on board has sunk prone into the dark chambers of the deep.

A full-rigged vessel, every sail set, is observed in the offing, one of those fairies of the sea now so seldom seen, which on a nearer approach is seen to be in a strange state of disorder; for her skysails and her to gallant royals are torn to ribbons, and many of her other sails are rent and torn. She appears to be sailing a most erratic course, aimlessly tacking from time to time, her wheel unattended, while signals offering help are not answered. But she is but a charnel house, a floating sepulchre, a funeral ship of death. For the livid angel of death had been hovering over the doomed ship ever since her departure from a plague-stricken port, striking down with his venom-tipped spear one after the other of her crew; the survivors throwing their corpses to the sharks, which are still hungrily swimming round the vessel in the hope of more prey. And at length the destroying angel has claimed them all, and the graceful ship is but a hopeless, plague-infected derelict.

And what untold myriads of seafarers and voyagers have, all down the ages, found their last resting place in the placid depths of the great ocean; mostly uncoffined and unknelt; mostly cut off in their prime, without time to consider their latter end, without opportunity to prepare to meet their god. And there will their blanching bones lie until, at the blast of the Archangel's trumpet, the sea shall give up her dead, and they shall all appear before the judgment seat of God. Happy they who in their earth-life had lived the life of the righteous, and who, having laid their sins upon the Saviour of the world, who on the cross of shame had made expiation for them, found that the Accuser could lay no charge against them.

## YOU'LL feel

better for work,

play or rest if you

eat Quaker Oats

at least once a

day.

### \$500 FOR ONE SHORT STORY.

Arthur Stringer, the Canadian novelist, was asked recently if poetry received the same recognition nowadays as it used to. He replied that it undoubtedly did but that the short story had become so extremely popular that the clever writers were turning their attention to it instead. He added that he had just been paid \$500 for what he termed "a poor story." Probably Mr. Stringer wrote that \$500 story in one afternoon or evening. Just think of it! It illustrates the tremendous popularity of the short story today. The number of short story magazines is increasing, though it cannot be said that the quality of the stories is getting better. Apparently the more stories that are printed, the lower the standard. Our Canadian magazine, the *Busy Man's*, has been forging ahead rapidly of late in the item of short stories, and in its October number there are to be found five really clever pieces of work, which stand out prominently from the mass of mediocre fiction now being published. This is a new departure for the *Busy Man's*, and as it has always been strong in its general articles, so it is now aiming to excel in both the quantity and quality of its fiction.

Avoid alcoholic and capicum tonics which burn hair and scalp. Use Bearine, a bear's grease pomade which feeds the roots and makes hair grow.

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Will sell Round Trip Tickets at FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE (With 25 cents added for Admission Coupon), for

### NOVA SCOTIA PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SEPTEMBER 25th TO OCTOBER 2nd, 1909.

Good going from all Stations in New Brunswick, Sept. 24, 27 and 30th, 1909. Good for Return until October 4th, 1909.

### Prince Edward Island Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. SEPTEMBER 21st, 22nd, 23rd, AND 24th, 1909.

Round Trip Tickets at First Class One Way Fare will be sold from all Stations in New Brunswick. Good going September 20, 21, 22, and 23rd, 1909.

Good for Return September 27th, 1909.

For special fares and dates see Small Bills.

### CALDER-MADE CLOTHES ARE THE BEST.

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

The stock of CLOTHS are the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE.

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

JAS. CALDER, HIGH CLASS TAILOR,

Cartier Block ... NEWCASTLE

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older has increased by 50% (U.S. Census Bureau, 2000). The number of people aged 65 and older is projected to increase to 20% of the total population by the year 2020 (U.S. Census Bureau, 2000). The increase in the number of people aged 65 and older is expected to be the largest increase in the population of any age group in the United States (U.S. Census Bureau, 2000). The increase in the number of people aged 65 and older is expected to be the largest increase in the population of any age group in the United States (U.S. Census Bureau, 2000).



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

## LOCAL NEWS.

**All aid People Suffer from attacks of sudden exhaustion, weak heart action and prostration. The best aid in such cases is Ferri-vim, the invigorating tonic which is prepared from fresh lean beef, Citrate of Iron and pure old Spanish Sherry Wine. It stimulates the digestion and strengthens the whole body. \$1.00 a bottle.**

The Rev. P. N. Atkinson of O'Leary, P.M.I., entered upon the pastorate of the Upper Blackville and Underhill Baptist churches last Sunday, preaching in the afternoon in the Underhill church. Mrs. Atkinson was a Miss Elliott of Newcastle.

**Burns, Bites, Bruises and Boils.** Davis' Menthol Salve will soothe and heal them all. 25c. a tin at druggists.

The members of the baseball team are requested to meet at the Advocate Office at 7.30 o'clock on Monday evening, October 11th.

**Helpless as a Baby.**—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright of Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work and says: "I think pain has left me forever." Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—23.



J. Harvey Ramsay, formerly of Newcastle, left Richibucto on Tuesday of last week for Fredericton, where he will enter the U.N.B. as a second year student in Civil Engineering, having taken his first year at Mt. Allison University, Sackville. Harvey, who has been on the Government survey at the mouth of the Richibucto harbor during his vacation, has many friends in Richibucto who wish him every success at the U.N.B.

**Piles Cured in Three to Six Nights.**—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Piles, or Blind, Bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 35 cents.—Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 23.

## RENOUS BRIDGE

RENOUS BRIDGE, N. B.—A very pretty wedding took place in St. Bridget's church here, on Monday, Sept. 20th at 8.30 o'clock, when Rev. E. S. Murdoch, P.P., assisted by Rev. R. H. Fitzhenry, united in marriage Mr. J. Murdoch, son of John B. Murdoch, Napan, N.B., and nephew of Rev. Fr. Murdoch, and Miss Bridget Dunn, daughter of Mr. John Dunn, Renous. Mr. J. Gordon Dunn, brother of the bride, supported the groom, while Miss Emergentina Dunn, sister of the groom, supported the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch have left for their new home at Napan.

Dr. J. D. MacMillan, dentist, has a telephone (No. 73) installed in his office in the Lounsbury Block.

The annual meeting of the Northumberland County Teachers' Institute will be held in the Grammar School, Chatham, on Oct. 14th and 15th. The usual one-fare ticket are being made.

**Her Heart Like a Polluted Spring.**—Mrs. James Strigley Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose." Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—27.

## LAYMAN PREACHES

## AT PROTECTIONVILLE.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. J. Dean, who was assisting Rev. S. J. MacArthur at the reopening of the Presbyterian church in Newcastle. The Methodist pulpit in Protectionville was occupied last Sunday afternoon by H. H. Stuart, Principal of Douglastown Superior School.

With the hunting season in full swing, stories more or less accurate about hunts in the wilds of New Brunswick become the order of the day. The following one, in the New York Tribune, but with a St. John date line printed a few years ago, perhaps carries off the palm. The story runs as follows: "Whether or not the fog whistle at the entrance to St. John harbor should be compelled to take out a game license would seem to be a question to be decided by the game commissioner. Partridge Island is situated about two miles from the City of St. John and on it is one of the principal signal stations. A few months ago there was installed on the island a new fog whistle which has been the cause of much excitement among the moose which haunt the woods around the city. This whistle gives a long drawn out blow in a low note and ends the blast with a short sounding blow two notes lower. The whistle exactly imitates the call of a cow moose, and is having the effect of such calls.

It is not uncommon for moose to find their way into the city and walk quietly through the streets during the earlier hours of the day. They are never molested and have grown bold. Since the new fog signal was established these wandering moose have become more plentiful, and there is no doubt they are attracted by what they think is the call from their mates. The bull moose strolls calmly through Fairville and Lancaster to the water's edge and then attempts to swim to the island. None have ever swam the full distance, for before reaching the island they evidently become aware that things are not what they seem, and that there is something wrong with the call. Huntsmen are anxiously awaiting the open season when the moose are likely to be depleted in numbers.

Manitoba in calling for farm labor should more deeply impress the need of providing continuous employment on western farms.

## Social and Personal.

Mr. H. H. Mott of St. John, is in town.

Mr. David McRae of Campbellton is in town.

Miss E. M. Elkin of Chatham, spent the past week in town.

Miss Lulu and Mr. Guy Mercereau of Chatham, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Chris Berry of Berry Mills spent several days of last week in town.

Miss Hattie Gunn of Chatham spent the week end with Miss Edna Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gunn of Chatham, were guests of Mrs. Mingley on Sunday.

Mrs. W. Miller was in St. John Monday to attend the Scherminn-Heink Concert.

Messrs. Ray Morrison, Frank Grenley and Chas. Stothart left on Saturday for a holiday trip to Boston.

Messrs. Robert and Wm. McLellan of Fredericton, spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. John Russell.

Mrs. Barleau Williston of Loggieville, has returned home after spending a few days with relatives in town.

Rev. Willard MacDonald of St. John was the guest of Rev. S. J. and Mrs. MacArthur on Saturday and Sunday, at the Manse.

Victor Cousins, Architect of St. John, who has been visiting his parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cousins, has returned home.

Rev. J. G. A. Golquhoun, Mrs. Colquhoun and little daughter Beryl, of Millerton, were guests of Mrs. Henry Ingram on Sunday.

Miss Isadore Leighton left on the Ocean Limited Saturday for Missouri, to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. (Prof.) J. E. Leighton.

Clarence Cousins, of the Statistical department of the C.P.R., Winnipeg, was the guest of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Cousins last week.

Rev. F. C. Simpson of Douglastown left on Monday to attend the Maritime Synod in St. John, after which he will go to Boston for several weeks.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cousins are in Moncton this week attending the Provincial Convention of the United Baptist Young People's League.

Rev. S. J. MacArthur and Mrs. MacArthur are spending this week in St. John. Mr. MacArthur will attend the meetings of the Maritime Synod held there this week.

H. H. Stuart and three of his children—Eulab, Edwin and Walter—spent the 2nd inst. in Fredericton, the guest of the former's brother, J. Robt. Stuart and sister, Mrs. Effie S. Blair.

There was a sad drowning accident at Grey Rapids last Wednesday afternoon when little Lyman Curtis, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Curtis, fell into a brook which runs in front of the house and which was very much swollen by the freshet. The little fellow was not quite nine of age. The body was recovered about two hours later lying in four feet of water. The funeral was held on Friday afternoon, interment being in the Baptist burying ground at Blackville, Mr. Tyan Underhill conducting the funeral services.

## HORSE RUGS and BLANKETS.

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

## TWO NEW SPECIALS.

**Simonds' Tree Saw; and a Special Hand-made Ax.**

**Try One.**

**STOTHART MERCANTILE COMPANY LIMITED**

Phone 45,

**NEWCASTLE**

## WEDDING BELLS

## ESSON—CASEY.

On Tuesday at 1 p. m. Sept. 28, at the Catholic Church Chelmsford, Northumberland county, Mr. John A. Esson, of Barnaby River, and Miss Mary T. Casey, daughter of Mrs. Jane Casey, of Chelmsford, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The Rev. E. S. Murdoch administered the sacred rite. Mr. Peter H. Esson, brother of the groom, was best man, and Miss Katie Harrigan, a cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid. The stately bride wore white silk mull, with cluny lace insertion, and carried a bridal bouquet of asters. The bridesmaid looked attractive in white mull and silk, hat to match. The groom is in the employ of the C. P. R., and is the billing clerk at McAdam Junction. He is a former student of the St. John Business College, and has many friends here. The bride is very popular in her native place, where she taught school for several years. The large number of useful and appropriate presents testified to the esteem entertained for the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Esson arrived here on Thursday evening and are staying at the Newport House. They will shortly leave for Winnipeg, St. Paul and Minneapolis. On their return they will live at McAdam.

## BORN

At Oakland, California, Sept. 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Crocker, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

At the residence of the father of the bride, on Sept. 8th by Rev. A. D. McCully, Sherman A. Kerr to Laura May, daughter of Andrew Ramsay both of Bathurst.

At the Methodist parsonage, Millerton, Sept. 20th, by Rev. H. Harrison, Frank N. Copp to Alberta C. Hosford, both of Trout Brook, North'd Co., N.B.

## Little Ills of Childhood and How to Cure Them

On the word of mothers all over Canada there is no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ill as indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. This medicine is good for the new born baby or the well-grown child. Absolutely safe—you have the guarantee of the government analyst that this is true. Mrs. G. S. Ward, Birmington, Que., says: "I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The heavy rains of last week, while, distrustful to harvest crops, have made excellent river driving, and men are busily engaged in the various branches of the Miramichi and their tributaries, running out drives that have been hung up since spring.

Word comes from Barnaby River to the effect that the drives of O'Brien Gill and Maloney which were hung up in the north branch are coming along well.

The heavy rains of last week were disastrous to the farmers. A large quantity of grain is still uncut, and the ground is so wet that it is impossible to cut some of it at present. A large quantity of grain cut previous to the big rains remained out and some of it has sprouted.

## ADVERTISE THE COUNTRY.

We respectfully invite all those who have secured trophies of the chase in the Miramichi woods to send us on or before Monday of any week during the sporting season a few lines about the facts—when and where shot, the name of the guide if any, and, in the case of moose, the spread of antlers. It may net cross the mind of our local sportsmen that circulating the news of game secured in our forests is one of the best modes of advertising one of our resources. The sportsmen who come here each year are impressed by what they see, but should they SEE NOTHING WORTH SHOWING the knowledge that others secured handsome trophies induces them to come again and yet again.

We would particularly request guides to send us accounts of their successes. We all share in the fruits of their labors, and we deem it only fair that we should make some recompense.

For Coughs and Colds, use Allen's Lung Balsam. Relief is warranted or money refunded.

## AWARDED \$500 DAMAGES

A case which has been much discussed throughout Victoria county, was brought to a close at Andover on Saturday afternoon, when the jury awarded damages amounting to \$500 to Wilfred De Merchant, who took action on a charge of false arrest and assault against James Wolverton, a constable of Woodstock.

## ARRESTED NEAR BOUNDARY LINE.

Several witnesses were examined on Saturday, and their evidence showed that the plaintiff had been in a house about 90 rods from the boundary line on this side about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, May 10, 1908, when the defendant accompanied by two American officers came to the place and placed him under arrest. There was a scuffle and the plaintiff asserts that he was brutally beaten. The character of the house was described as being very questionable. There were, the Constable said, five women and about a dozen men in the house at the time, causing.

described as being very questionable. There were, the Constable said, five women and about a dozen men in the house at the time, causing.

## IN JAIL AT HOULTON

According to the evidence no cause or warrant was shown for the arrest. The plaintiff was placed in a carriage and taken to Houlton jail, where he was confined over eight months. He was allowed his liberty upon the payment of a fine. Coming to his home in Bath, (N. B.), he instituted proceedings against Wolverton.

It developed during the hearing that the plaintiff had been arrested several times in Maine, on different charges, mostly for the illegal sale of liquor, had served lengthy sentences and paid over \$400 in fines.

De Merchant was defended by T. J. Carter, and Wolverton by Messrs. Jones and Carvell.

## JUDGE McLEOD'S CRITICISM.

Judge McLeod strongly criticized the action of the defendant in surrendering a prisoner, taken in New Brunswick, seemingly without reason, to foreign authorities and said it was a strange act for a provincial constable to deliver a British subject, even though his character might not be of good repute, to American officers and letting them confine him in a foreign jail.

The jury was out for an hour and on return, the foreman announced a verdict of \$500 and costs for the plaintiff.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH REOPENED SUNDAY.

The formal reopening of St. James' Presbyterian church, after the extensive enlargement and the improvements effected within the last two months, took place on Sunday, very large congregations attending all three services, morning, afternoon and evening. Eloquent and instructive addresses were given in the morning and evening by Rev. Willard MacDonald of St. John, and in the afternoon by Revs. W. J. Dean and F. C. Simpson, who assisted the pastor, Rev. S. J. MacArthur in the arduous but most pleasant duties of the day. The greatest credit is due Rev. Mr. MacArthur and his congregation for the great work they have lately accomplished.

The seats in the beautiful new gallery are all free as are also many of the seats downstairs. Strangers are made especially welcome.

A brief description of the improvements is of more than passing interest. An ell 18 feet wide and the full width of the church (43 feet in length) has been added. This contains in the centre, the organ platform, which has been put back to give more room in the main building, on the east side a choir room, and on the west a room for the pastor. Each room has a door opening from the outside. The old pulpit platform has been replaced by a modern one. The old gallery has been taken out of the main building and replaced by a new horseshoe-shaped gallery, thoroughly up-to-date. The gallery and choir are seated with opera chairs. The aisles have all been newly covered with court linoleum.

Two magnificent windows have been put into the sides of the church. That on the east is a memorial window, erected in honor of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLellan by their children.

The corresponding window on the west is of handsome art glass. The total cost of the improvements was \$3,000. The architect was H. H. Mott of St. John, and the successful contractor was Henry Ingram, of Newcastle.

We advertise STAR FLOUR because we know that it has all the qualities for making good Bread, Pastry and Cake, and we want you to know it also. To realize it you must buy a bag or barrel. Ask your Grocer for it.

**STAR FLOUR**