

THE NEWCASTLE UNION ADVOCATE

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PRICE THREE CENTS

CONSERVATIVE TORONTO RESENTS MONOPLY

Mob Stoned Street Cars and put Police to Flight— Resentment Against Street Car Co's Tyrannical Action the Cause.

Toronto, Dec. 8.—Following a public meeting in Massey Hall last night called by Mayor Geary to protest against the high handed methods of the Street Railway Company, which has recently introduced the pay-as-you-enter system without providing proper cars, and whose treatment of the citizens of Toronto is something worse than disgraceful, a mob formed on Yonge street and pelted the cars with stones.

In some cases there were women on the cars and they were badly frightened, but so far as learned no one was hurt.

Policemen gathered and used their clubs vigorously on the mob, but the boys in blue were not strong enough and were hustled off in short order. The fight was lively while it lasted and some one will have a lot of glass to pay for.

The spirit of the Company was well illustrated by the way in which the motormen drove the cars through the crowd at full speed. There were several narrow escapes from this cause.

PENILESS WHITE GIRL FOUND BRUTAL MASTER

Chained and Beaten by Black Husband for Refusing to Help Him in Cocaine Business.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 8.—One of the worst cases ever before the Boston courts, came up today when James H. Taylor, a burly negro, was held for maltreating his white wife, formerly Margaret Jackson, of Amherst, N. S.

Late last night, when the police raided the house, at 58 Middlesex street, they were met by Taylor, who levelled a revolver at Sergeant Hurley, but before he could use it Taylor was overpowered.

Sergeant Hurley went into a bedroom, where he found the woman in bed with her hands tied and a chain around her neck, the chain being fastened to the wall with a padlock. When released she was unable to dress until given food.

Taylor admitted that he had tied his wife up, but said his only reason was that he wanted to keep her in the house. The woman had been chained for eight days. Her hands were securely tied behind her back with stout cords. She was beaten with a stove poker at will, first in the face and then on the head and body.

Tiring of this form of punishment Taylor turned her face toward him and beat her on the head and face with the heel of his boot. He beat her on the bosom and then kicked her on the body until the young woman wished for death. Once she was locked in a cold room.

The woman claims she was chained because she would not sell cocaine, a drug which Taylor sold to young girls and boys. Mrs. Taylor was born in Prince Edward Island. Her parents live in east Amherst, N. S.

Mrs. Taylor, who is only twenty-two years old, is in the hospital, suffering severely. "My maiden name is Margaret Jackson. I am twenty-two and I came from Amherst N. S., several months ago," she said. "When I first arrived in this city I worked in one of the downtown department stores. I lost my position, however, and was practically penniless. I looked for work, but was unable to find any. I saw no place to go and I wandered about the city until I met another girl, who took me to the house in Middlesex street, where I met Taylor."

Head-On Collision Kills Four Men

Another Has Legs Crushed, And Many Are Slightly Injured One Train On Wrong Track

St. Hyacinthe, Que., Dec. 10.—A head-on collision between an Intercolonial train and a light Grand Trunk engine occurred a quarter mile west of here just after five this evening, which resulted in the immediate killing of four train hands, the serious injury of another and minor injuries to half a dozen passengers on the Intercolonial train.

The dead are:
C. Briggs, conductor.
W. Walker, engineer on the light engine.
R. Jamieson, engineer, and M. Dionne, fireman, on the Intercolonial engine.

The fireman on the light engine, McMillan, had a miraculous escape from death although his legs were badly crushed.

The road is double-tracked at the point, and the collision was caused by the light engine taking the wrong track after leaving St. Hyacinthe. How the mistake occurred may be hard to determine, as both engineer and conductor on the engine are dead.

Both train and light engine were proceeding at about twenty-five miles an hour when they met, and the impact was terrific, the locomotives being almost smashed to pieces. Only the lightness of the engine prevented serious injuries to the passengers, the heavy train literally hurling the other locomotive out of its way.

A number of passengers had minor injuries to their limbs from being thrown out of their seats, but only one suffered a broken bone, J. Champoux, of Nicolet, having his collar bone fractured.

A wrecking train was sent out with doctors from Montreal and the injured were taken care of, it not being necessary to send any to hospitals. The track was not badly torn up and traffic was soon restored.

VICTORY OF LIB.-SOCIALIST ALLIANCE AGAIN ASSURED

Advocates of Protective Tariff and Opponents of Self- Government for Ireland Fail to Shake the As- quith Ministry.

London, Dec. 10.—The first week of the general elections ended with both political parties holding their own. Five hundred and four seats have been filled and each side gained 21 from the others. The complexion of the new house of commons up to date is as follows: Government coalition—Liberals, 183; Laborites, 32; Nationalists, 56; Independent Nationalists, 7; total 278.

Opposition—Unionists, 226.

The closeness of the election continues to cause wonder, but with only 106 members yet to be chosen and the certainty that neither side will make important gains, the public is fast losing interest.

David Lloyd-George promises not only a Home Rule bill for Ire-

land but one for each of the other sections of the British Islands—England, Scotland and Wales.

A. Shirley Benn, who used to be in Chatham, in the lumber business, when Guy Bevan & Co. were here, was elected to Parliament on Wednesday, capturing a Government seat. He unsuccessfully opposed John Burns in the last contest.

London Dec. 12.—518 members have now been elected. The house stands as follows:

Coalition—Liberals, 191; Laborites, 35; Nationalists, 56; Independent Nationalists, 7, total 289, Unionists, 229.

The only change in standing is that the Liberals have gained one seat.

TERRIBLE SHOOTING ACCIDENT

Mrs. B. P. Steeves Struck Down In An Instant By A Bullet From A Rifle Supposed To Be Empty

The saddest accident that has occurred here for many years was the shooting of Mrs. Blanchard P. Steeves about 6.15 this evening by a bullet from a Ross rifle in the hands of her husband who was cleaning the weapon and did not know that its magazine contained a cartridge. The lady was standing at the table working while her husband was some distance behind her in the same room. So quickly that no one knows how it happened the rifle discharged, the bullet striking Mrs. Steeves a little above the waist and slightly to the left of the backbone coming out in front just below the heart. Mrs. Pedolin and Desmond came to her assistance at once, and all that they and other loving friends could do was done for her relief. But the bleeding could not be stopped.

Mr. Steeves is almost beside himself with grief. A more affectionate couple could not be found. Mrs. Steeves being cut down so in the full bloom of womanhood, the community is shocked and pained beyond expression. She was well known and beloved in the town, and for her husband and three little children there is unbounded sympathy in their terrible affliction.

Mrs. Steeves is the daughter of Mr. John Smith, a well-known merchant of Burtonche. She is about thirty years of age.

At the hour we go to press 9.30 Mrs. Steeves is still living but she is gradually sinking and nothing short of a miracle can save her life.

GROUP ANI THROAT and Lung Troubles are treated successfully with Allen's Lung Balsam.

MISS ANGLIN IMPROVING

A despatch from Chicago states that Miss Margaret Anglin was better yesterday than she has been at any time since she was stricken with disease of the throat. Miss Anglin's physician, it is added, had announced that an operation would be unnecessary. It is expected that the Canadian actress will be sufficiently recovered by Christmas to begin rehearsals for her new comedy.

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Absolutely
Pure

Royal is the
only baking
powder made
from Royal
Grape Cream
of Tartar

Highest in
Leavening
Efficiency

No Alum
No Lime Phosphate



DON'T LET ANYONE DICTATE TO YOU, get what you ask for—the genuine "D. & L." Menthol Plaster, made for many years by Davis & Lawrence Co., for the quick relief of backache, headache, etc. Get the genuine.

CHATHAM CHURCH NEARLY BURNED

St. Paul's Caught from Overheated Stove—Prompt Work Saved the Building.

St. Paul's church, Chatham, had a narrow escape from destruction Sunday afternoon. Soon after midday the sexton made up the fire in the stove and went to dinner. As the day was cold he had made an extra good fire and the stove became red hot, and set fire to some fuel which was piled at the back of it, which in turn communicated itself to the wall of the building.

This was the condition when the sexton returned to open the church for service at 2.30. It was found that the fire had taken hold between the sheathing and the outside wall, and it became necessary to cut away part of the roof in order that water might be poured from above, and in a short time the fire was extinguished. The damage done is not very serious.

D. M. FERGUSON COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

Amherst, Dec. 9.—D. M. Ferguson's trial was concluded this morning, and the accused was sent up for trial to the Supreme Court. Only two witnesses were called, William Burke, night clerk of the Amherst Hotel, who swore that Miner met Ferguson at the Hotel on the night he arrived in Amherst after the fire, and J. Gillis Keator, who testified regarding the insurance adjustment and Ferguson making a claim for thirteen thousand dollars. The counsel for the accused will apply for bail to a Supreme Court Judge and the case will be tried next June. Ferguson is in jail at present, and if bail cannot be secured will have a long confinement before his trial.

SPRINGHILL MINES HAVE NEW OWNERS

A controlling interest in the stock of the Cumberland Coal & Railway Company will at once be transferred to the leading directors of the Dominion Steel Corporation. The securities of the acquired company are a total of \$1,000,000.

000, and \$2,000,000 of stock, and although the directors have taken the controlling interest personally, it will, of course, be eventually merged with the big company. The deal will probably lead to a speedy ending of the Springhill strike, which has lasted over a year, and of railway extension from Springhill Junction to Pugwash.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

STEP-SISTER OF HUSBAND

Clear Your Mind Before you Read This Case of Mixed Relations.

Los Angeles, Dec. 5.—Miss Anna Schulman Lewis became the bride of Bernard Schulman at the family home in West Twenty-first street. The bride, also a daughter of Mrs. Israel Schulman, is the step-sister of her husband. By this union Mrs. Israel Schulman becomes mother-in-law to her step-son.

Mrs. Bernard Schulman has for father-in-law her own step-father. Her mother, formerly Mrs. Betsy Lewis, was married six years ago to the late Rabbi Israel Schulman. The bride is, if one may omit the prefix, "step-sister-in-law to herself" and her own mother's

Be Ready for CHRISTMAS.

In a few days Christmas will be with us,
ARE YOU READY?
Don't forget, we have everything needful for making three good meals and helping Old St. Nick out Xmas Day.

GROCERIES

Raisins, Currants, Spices, Peels, Flavoring Extracts, Jelly Powders, Plum Pudding, Mince Meat, Almond Paste, Candied Cherries, Shelled Nuts, Jams, Jellies, Pickles, Cranberries, Canned Goods, Butter, Butter, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Eggs, Beef, Pork, Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, Oranges, Grapefruit, Lemons, Nuts, Figs, Dates, Table Raisins, Celery, Etc.

CONFECTIONERY

A complete assortment of Ganong's, Moirs and Rockwood Chocolates in fancy boxes, also Creams, Barley Toys, Fancy Mixtures.

TOYS

Santa has left a fine assortment of Dolls, Doll's Dishes, Pianos, Wash Sets, Knives and Forks, Toy Brooms, Dust Pans, Etc.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

A full line of Crockery, China and Glassware including Dinner, Tea, Berry and Table Sets, Lamps, from smallest size to handsome Parlor Lamps, Cups and Saucers, Etc., Etc.

Ask for Anything in the above lines we have not mentioned. We Have It.

George Stables.

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S

(Continued)

The three men sat in silence. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Chase, who could face any peril and relish the experience if needs be, but who now foresaw a sickening privation. "You can't mean it, said he." "I certainly do, sir," the man in the hat replied. "The man is holding out well, though, sir. I think it will last."

"By George, that is a calamity!" groaned Chase. "There is a man to fight without character?"

Genevra quickly pulled the man she had not noticed, a small, dark man in a black coat, and she said: "My dear girl, the man is a very nice fellow. When you see a creature's manner, you will know and be sure it is an honest one." She passed and looked on the electric as if it were a person to be feared.

"To see such a bit silly doesn't it?" murmured the staid old Chase. Then he took the train.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY were not long in finding out what had happened to Saunders. After luncheon, while Browne and the three ladies were completing the preparations for the entertainment, Miss Pelham appeared before Deppingham and Chase in the former's headquarters. She had asked for an interview and was accompanied by Mr. Britt.

"Mr. Saunders has deceived me," she announced steadily. "I leave it to you if his attentions have not been most pronounced. Of course, if I wanted to, I could show you a transcript of everything he has said to me in the last couple of months. He didn't know it, but I managed to get most everything down in shorthand. I did it at the risk, too, your lordship, of being considered cold and unresponsive by him. It's most difficult to take conversation without the free use of your hands, I must say. But I've preserved in my own black and white every promise he made and—"

"I'm afraid it won't be good evidence," volunteered her lawyer. "It will have to be substantiated, my dear."

"Please don't call me 'my dear,' Mr. Britt. Never you mind about it not being good evidence. Thomas Saunders won't enjoy hearing it read in court just the same. What I want to ask of you, Lord Deppingham, as a friend is to give Mr. Britt your deposition regarding Mr. Saunders' attitude toward me to the best of your knowledge and belief. I'll take it verbatim and put it into typewriting free of charge. I—I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. Chase?" she cried, flushing painfully.

"My dear girl," he said, controlling himself, "I think you are misjudging the magnitude of a lover's quarrel. Don't you think it is rather a poor time to talk breach of promise with the guns of an enemy ready to take a pop at us at any moment?"

"It's no worse than a charity ball, Mr. Chase," she said severely. "Charity begins at home, gentlemen, and I'm here to look out for myself. No one else will, let me tell you that. I want to get the deposition of every person in the chateau. They can be sworn to before Mr. Bowles, who is a magistrate, I'm told. He can marry me and—"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Deppingham suddenly. "Can he? Upon my soul!"

"His manner changed as soon as that horrid little wife of Selim came to the chateau. I don't like the way she makes eyes at him, and I told him so this morning down in the store-rooms. My, but he flew up! He said he'd be— if he'd marry me." She began to use her handkerchief vigorously. The men smiled as they looked away.

"I—I intend to sue him for breach of promise," she said thickly.

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked Deppingham consolingly.

"What do you mean by 'bad as all that?' He's kissed me time and again, but that's all."

"I'll send for Saunders," said Deppingham sternly.

"Not while I'm here," she exclaimed.

"Just as you like, Miss Pelham. I'll send for you after we've talked it over with Saunders. We can't afford a scandal in the chateau, don't you know."

"No, I should think not," she said pointedly. Then she looked at Chase and winked, with a meaning nod at the unobserving Deppingham. Chase followed her into the hall.

"None of that, Miss Pelham," he said severely.

Saunders came in a few minutes later, nervous and uncomfortable.

"You sent for me, my lord," he said weakly.

"Sit down, Saunders. Your knees seem to be troubling you. Miss Pelham is going to sue you for breach of promise."

"Good Lord!"

"What have you promised her?"

"That I wouldn't marry her; that's all, sir," floundered Saunders. "She's got no right to presume, sir. Gentlemen always indulge in little affairs— flirtations, I might say, sir. It's most common. Of course I thought she'd understand."

"Don't you love her, Saunders?"

"Oh, I say, my lord, that's rather a pointed question. My word, it is, sir. There may have been a bit—er—well, you know—between us, sir, but— that's all, that's quite all, absurdly all, 'pon my soul!"

"Saunders," said Britt solemnly, "I am her attorney. Be careful what you

say in my presence," Saunders distinctly. "You are a blooming traitor. You told me yourself that she was used to all that sort of thing and wouldn't mind. Now see what you do! It's—it's outrageous." He was half in tears. Then, turning to Deppingham, he went on sternly: "I won't be bullied by any woman, sir. We got along beautifully until she began to shy figurative pots at me because Selim's wife looked at me occasionally. Hang it all, sir, I can't help it if the ladies choose to look at me. Minnie—Miss Pelham—was perfectly silly about it. Good Lord!" he ground in recollection. "It was a very trying scene she made, sir. More than ever it made me realize that I can't marry beneath me."

"Saunders," said Lord Deppingham sternly, "she loves you. I don't understand why or how, but she does. Just because you have obtained an exalted social position at Hammersmith Bridge is no reason you should become a snob. I dare say she stands just as well at Brooklyn bridge as you do at Hammersmith. She's a fine girl and would be an adornment to you much as Hammersmith could be proud of. If you want my candid opinion, Saunders, I think you're a silly ass!"

"Do you really, my lord?" quite humbly.

"Shall I prove it to you by every man on the place? Miss Pelham is quite good enough for any one of us. I'd be proud to have her as my wife—if I lived at Hammersmith Bridge."

"You amaze me, sir!"

"She's a very pretty girl," volunteered Chase glibly.

"Oh, she could marry like a flash in New York," said Britt. "A dozen men I know of are crazy about her—good looking chaps too." The sarcasm escaped Saunders, who was fidgeting uncomfortably.

"Of course, you know, the breaking of the engagement—I should say the row—wasn't of my doing," he submitted, pulling at his finger joints nervously.

"I'm afraid it can't be patched up either," said Britt dolefully. "She's been insulted, you see."

"Saunders, we can't have our only romance marred by a breach of promise suit," said his lordship resolutely. "There has simply got to be a wedding in the end or the whole world will hate us. So far you have been our prize young lover. You are the undisputed hero. Don't spoil everything at the last moment, Saunders. Patch it up and let's have a wedding in the last chapter. You should not forget that it was you who advocated multimarriage. Try it once for yourself, and if you like it, by Jove, we'll all come to your succeeding marriages and bless you, no matter how many wives you take unto yourself."

Saunders, very much impressed by these condolences, bowed himself out of the room, followed by Britt, of whom he implored help in the effort to bring about a reconciliation. He was sorely distressed by Britt's apparent reluctance to compromise a case without mature deliberation.

The charity ball began at 10 o'clock, schedule time. Drusilla Browne, asserting herself as an American matron, insisted that the invitation list should include the newly as well as the mighty. She had her way, and as a result the bank employees, the French maids, Antoine and the two corporals of Rapp-Thorberg's Royal guard appeared on the floor in the grand march directly behind Mr. Britt, Mr. Saunders and Miss Pelham.

"One cannot discriminate at the charity ball," Drusilla stoutly maintained. "The hot polloi and the raff always get in at home, so why not here?"

"I shall feel as if I were dancing with my greenroomer," lamented Lady Lennox. Later on, when the dance was at its height, she exclaimed with all the fervor of a charmed imagination: "I feel as the Duchess de What's-her-name must have felt, Bobby, when she danced all night at her own ball and then dressed for the gullotine instead of going to bed. We may all be shot in the morning."

The Indian fakers and showmen gave a performance in the courtyard at midnight. They were followed by the Bedouin tumblers and the inspired Persians, who danced with frantic abandon. There was but one unfortunate accident. Mr. Rivers, formerly of the bank, got very tight and fell down the steps leading to the courtyard, breaking his left arm.

Lord Deppingham and Chase kept their heads. They saw to it that the watch over the grounds and about the chateau was strictly maintained. The former led the grand march with the princess. She was more ravishingly beautiful than ever. Hollingsworth Chase was dazzled. Something seemed to shoot coarsely, scoffing into his ear: "Now do you realize the distance that lies between? She was made for kings and princes, not for such as you!"

He waited long before presenting himself in quest of the dance he hungered for so greedily—afraid of her! She greeted him with a new, brighter light in her eyes. A quiver of delight long in restraint came into her voice. He saw and felt the welcome in her manner. The blood surged to his head. He mumbled his request. Then, for the first time, he was clasping her fingers, touching her waist, drawing her

gently toward his heart. Once as the sweet music of the strains of the orchestra came to his ears, he felt up into his eyes. Neither had spoken. His lips parted suddenly, and his fingers closed down upon hers. She saw the danger light in his eyes and knew the unuttered words that struggled to his lips and stopped there. She never knew why she had done so, but she involuntarily shook her head before she hovered her eyes. He knew what she meant. His heart turned cold again, and the distance widened once more to the old proportions.

He left her with Bobby Browne and went on upon the cool, starlit balcony. There he gently cursed himself for a fool, a dolt, an idiot.

The shouts of laughter and the clapping of hands on the inside did not draw him from his unhappy reverie. He did not know until afterward that the official announcement of the engagement of Miss Minnie Pelham and Thomas Saunders was made by Bobby Browne and the health of the couple drunk in a series of bumpers.

Chase's bitter reflections were at last disturbed by a sound that came sharply to his attention. The noise came from directly below where he stood. He peered over the stone railing. The terrace was barely ten feet below him. A mass of bushes fringed the base of the wall, dark, thick, fragrant. The next moment a dark figure shot out from the shadows and slunk off into night, followed by another and another and yet others, seven in all.

"The truth suddenly dawned upon him. The prisoners had escaped from the dungeon!"

He dashed into the ballroom and shouted the alarm. Confusion ensued. "There's been treachery," he explained quickly. "Some one has released the prisoners. We must keep them from reaching the walls. They will overpower our guards and open the gates to the enemy. Britt, see that the searchlight is trained on the gates. We must stop those fellows before it is too late. Time enough to hunt for the traitor later on!"

Two minutes later a swarm of armed men forsook the mock charity ball and sallied forth to engage in realities. Firing was soon heard at the western gate, half a mile away. Thither the eager pursuers rushed. The wide ray from the searchlight swung down upon this gate and revealed the forms of struggling men.

The prisoners had fallen suddenly upon the two Greeks who guarded the western gate, surprising them cleverly. Both fell under the clubbed guns of their adversaries.

Chase and Selim were not more than a hundred yards away when the Greeks went down. The blinding glare of the searchlight aided the pursuers, who kept outside its radius. The fugitives, bewildered, confused by the bright glare in which they found themselves, faced the light boldly, five of them kneeling with guns raised to protect their two companions who started across the narrow strip, which separated them from the massive gate. Selim gave a shout and stopped suddenly, throwing his rifle to his shoulder.

they were scrambling off into the dark wood, shrieking with rage.

The five fugitives were compelled to carry their fallen comrades and the two Greeks from the open space in front of the gates to a point where it was safe for the defenders to approach them without coming in line with a possible volley from the forest.

A small force was left to guard the gate. The remainder returned as quickly as possible to the chateau.

Immediately upon the return to the chateau an inspection of the dungeons was made, prior to an examination of the servants in the effort to apprehend the traitor.

The three men who went down into the damp, chill regions below ground soon returned with set, pale faces. They had been no traitors.

The man whose duty it was to guard the prisoners was found lying inside the big cell, his throat cut from ear to ear, stone dead! He had been seized from within as he came to the grate in response to a call. While certain fingers slipped him into silence, others held his hands, and still others wrenched the keys from his sash. After that it was easy. Deppingham, Chase and Selim looked at each other in horror, and strange as it may seem, relief.

Dead was there; but, after all, death is no traitor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JOY OF TEMPTATION.

HERE was but little sleep in the chateau that night. The charity ball was forgotten or, if recalled at all, only in connection with the thought of what it came so near costing its promoters. No further disturbances occurred. A strict watch was preserved; the picturesque drawbridge was lifted, and there were lights on the terrace and galleries; men slept within easy reach of their weapons. The sleep had begun in earnest. Men had been slain, and their blood was crying out for vengeance; the voice of justice was lost in the clamor of rage.

The princess was quite serene. She lightly announced that the present state of affairs was no worse than that which she was accustomed to at home. The court of Rapp-Thorberg was ever in a state of unrest, despite its outward suggestion of security. Outbreaks were common among the masses. Somehow they were suppressed before they grew large enough to be noticed by the wide world.

"We invariably come out on top," she philosophized, "and so shall we here. At home we always eat, drink and make merry, for tomorrow never comes."

Soon after breakfast was over Chase announced his intention to visit each of the gates in turn. The princess strolled with him as far as the bridge at the foot of the terrace. They stopped in the shade of a clump of trees that hung upon the edge of the stream. As they were gravely discussing the events of the night Neenah came up to them from beyond the bridge. She saluted Chase gracefully to the "sahib." She had no eyes for royalty.

"Excellency," she began breathlessly, "it is Selim who would have private speech with the most gracious sahib. It is to be quick, excellency. Selim is under the ground, excellency."

"What, excellency? It is so dark there that one cannot see, but Neenah will lead you. Selim has sent me. But come now!"

Chase felt his ears burn when he turned to find a delicate, significant smile on Geneva's lips. "Don't let me detain you," she said, ever so politely. "With pleasure to be exclaiming, 'is Selim hurt?' he demanded of Neenah, who shook her head vigorously.

"Then there is no reason why you should not accompany us, princess."

"I am not at all necessary to the undertaking," she said coldly, turning to leave him.

"Selim has found fuses and gunpowder laid in the cellars, excellency—in the secret vaults," began Neenah eagerly, dividing the cause of the white lady's hesitation.

This astounding piece of news swept away the feeble barrier Geneva would have erected to accompany Chase into the cellars, a spirit of adventure overcoming certain scruples which might have restrained her under other conditions.

Neenah led them through the wine cellars and down into the vaults below the dungeons. The princess clutched Chase's hand tightly as they stole through the bleak, chill corridor. She found herself wondering if the girl was to be trusted. What if she were leading them into a trap? She would have whispered her fears into Chase's ear had not a sharp "Sh!" come from the girl who was leading. Geneva felt a queer little throb of hatred for the girl—she could not explain it.

The dungeon was off to the right. They could hear the insistent murmur of voices, with now and then a laugh from the distant cells. The guard could be heard scoffing at his charges. With a caution that seemed wholly absurd to the two white people, Neenah guided them through the maze of narrow passages, dark as Erebus and chill as the grave. Chase checked a hysterical impulse to laugh aloud at the proceedings. It was like playing at a children's game.

He was walking between the two women, Neenah ahead, Geneva behind. Each clasped one of his hands. Suddenly he found himself experiencing an overpowering desire to exert the strength of his arm to draw the princess close—close to his insistent body. The touch of her flesh, the clutch of her cold little hand, filled him with the most exquisite sense of possession. The magnetism of life

man fell in a heap thirty feet from the gate. His companions returned the fire at random in the direction from which the well aimed shots had come.

"Under cover!" shouted Chase. He and Selim dropped into the shrubbery in time to escape a withering fire from outside the gates. The searchlight revealed a compact mass of men beyond the walls. It was then that the insiders realized how near they had come to being surprised and destroyed. A minute more, and the gates would have been opened to this merciless horde.

The prisoners, finding themselves trapped, threw themselves upon the ground and shrieked for mercy. Lord Deppingham and the others came up and, scattering well, began to fire at the mass outside the wall. The islanders were at a disadvantage. They could not locate the opposing marksmen on account of the blinding light in their faces. It was but a moment before

they were scrambling off into the dark wood, shrieking with rage.

The five fugitives were compelled to carry their fallen comrades and the two Greeks from the open space in front of the gates to a point where it was safe for the defenders to approach them without coming in line with a possible volley from the forest.

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THE JOY OF TEMPTATION.

HERE was but little sleep in the chateau that night. The charity ball was forgotten or, if recalled at all, only in connection with the thought of what it came so near costing its promoters. No further disturbances occurred. A strict watch was preserved; the picturesque drawbridge was lifted, and there were lights on the terrace and galleries; men slept within easy reach of their weapons. The sleep had begun in earnest. Men had been slain, and their blood was crying out for vengeance; the voice of justice was lost in the clamor of rage.

The princess was quite serene. She lightly announced that the present state of affairs was no worse than that which she was accustomed to at home. The court of Rapp-Thorberg was ever in a state of unrest, despite its outward suggestion of security. Outbreaks were common among the masses. Somehow they were suppressed before they grew large enough to be noticed by the wide world.

"We invariably come out on top," she philosophized, "and so shall we here. At home we always eat, drink and make merry, for tomorrow never comes."

Soon after breakfast was over Chase announced his intention to visit each of the gates in turn. The princess strolled with him as far as the bridge at the foot of the terrace. They stopped in the shade of a clump of trees that hung upon the edge of the stream. As they were gravely discussing the events of the night Neenah came up to them from beyond the bridge. She saluted Chase gracefully to the "sahib." She had no eyes for royalty.

"Excellency," she began breathlessly, "it is Selim who would have private speech with the most gracious sahib. It is to be quick, excellency. Selim is under the ground, excellency."

"What, excellency? It is so dark there that one cannot see, but Neenah will lead you. Selim has sent me. But come now!"

Chase felt his ears burn when he turned to find a delicate, significant smile on Geneva's lips. "Don't let me detain you," she said, ever so politely. "With pleasure to be exclaiming, 'is Selim hurt?' he demanded of Neenah, who shook her head vigorously.

"Then there is no reason why you should not accompany us, princess."

"I am not at all necessary to the undertaking," she said coldly, turning to leave him.

"Selim has found fuses and gunpowder laid in the cellars, excellency—in the secret vaults," began Neenah eagerly, dividing the cause of the white lady's hesitation.

This astounding piece of news swept away the feeble barrier Geneva would have erected to accompany Chase into the cellars, a spirit of adventure overcoming certain scruples which might have restrained her under other conditions.

Neenah led them through the wine cellars and down into the vaults below the dungeons. The princess clutched Chase's hand tightly as they stole through the bleak, chill corridor. She found herself wondering if the girl was to be trusted. What if she were leading them into a trap? She would have whispered her fears into Chase's ear had not a sharp "Sh!" come from the girl who was leading. Geneva felt a queer little throb of hatred for the girl—she could not explain it.

The dungeon was off to the right. They could hear the insistent murmur of voices, with now and then a laugh from the distant cells. The guard could be heard scoffing at his charges. With a caution that seemed wholly absurd to the two white people, Neenah guided them through the maze of narrow passages, dark as Erebus and chill as the grave. Chase checked a hysterical impulse to laugh aloud at the proceedings. It was like playing at a children's game.

He was walking between the two women, Neenah ahead, Geneva behind. Each clasped one of his hands. Suddenly he found himself experiencing an overpowering desire to exert the strength of his arm to draw the princess close—close to his insistent body. The touch of her flesh, the clutch of her cold little hand, filled him with the most exquisite sense of possession. The magnetism of life

man fell in a heap thirty feet from the gate. His companions returned the fire at random in the direction from which the well aimed shots had come.

"Under cover!" shouted Chase. He and Selim dropped into the shrubbery in time to escape a withering fire from outside the gates. The searchlight revealed a compact mass of men beyond the walls. It was then that the insiders realized how near they had come to being surprised and destroyed. A minute more, and the gates would have been opened to this merciless horde.

The prisoners, finding themselves trapped, threw themselves upon the ground and shrieked for mercy. Lord Deppingham and the others came up and, scattering well, began to fire at the mass outside the wall. The islanders were at a disadvantage. They could not locate the opposing marksmen on account of the blinding light in their faces. It was but a moment before

they were scrambling off into the dark wood, shrieking with rage.

The five fugitives were compelled to carry their fallen comrades and the two Greeks from the open space in front of the gates to a point where it was safe for the defenders to approach them without coming in line with a possible volley from the forest.

A small force was left to guard the gate. The remainder returned as quickly as possible to the chateau.

Immediately upon the return to the chateau an inspection of the dungeons was made, prior to an examination of the servants in the effort to apprehend the traitor.

The three men who went down into the damp, chill regions below ground soon returned with set, pale faces. They had been no traitors.

The man whose duty it was to guard the prisoners was found lying inside the big cell, his throat cut from ear to ear, stone dead! He had been seized from within as he came to the grate in response to a call. While certain fingers slipped him into silence, others held his hands, and still others wrenched the keys from his sash. After that it was easy. Deppingham, Chase and Selim looked at each other in horror, and strange as it may seem, relief.

Dead was there; but, after all, death is no traitor.

HELPLESS CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM

Five Boxes Of "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Her

4 HOME PLACE, TORONTO, DEC. 15th, 1909.

"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year, and my right arm was swollen and the pain was fearful. All down the right side, the pain was dreadful, and I could hardly move for the agony. I was treated by two physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I tried numerous other remedies but received no benefit. I was simply a helpless cripple and suffered from Rheumatism all during last winter.

I saw "Fruit-a-tives" advertised in "The Telegram" and decided to try this remedy. After I had taken one box, I was much better and the pain less, and I continued the treatment with good hopes. When I had taken three boxes, I was so well that I could use my arm again and the pain was practically gone. After I had taken five boxes, I was entirely well again—no pain—no suffering—and now I am as WELL as I ever was.

The cure of my case by "Fruit-a-tives" was indeed splendid because all the doctors failed to even relieve me of my sufferings.

For the sake of others who may suffer from this terrible disease, Rheumatism, I give you permission to publish this statement."

Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy that actually cures Rheumatism, and Sciatica because "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine that actually prevents Uric Acid being formed in any quantity in the body. If there is no excess of Uric Acid in the blood, there can be no Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives" keeps the stomach clean—the liver active—the bowels regular—the kidney strong and the skin healthy. These are the organs that rid the body of all waste. When "Fruit-a-tives" so regulates the system that all waste is eliminated, then there can be no waste or "urea" to be changed into uric acid. Thus, there can be no uric acid in the blood, to inflame nerves and cause the pain which we know by the names of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, "Fruit-a-tives" will cure every trace of Rheumatism, Pain In The Back, Swollen Hands and Feet, and other troubles due to the blood being poisoned by uric acid.

If you are subject to Rheumatism, cure yourself now with "Fruit-a-tives" and be free of pain this winter.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 50c. At all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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CAMPBELLTON NEWS

Mrs. Iott, Dalhousie, was the guest of Mrs. E. Price this week.

Miss Margaret Fair has gone to Calgary. Enroute she will visit friends at Montreal and Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Morris is at present at Vancouver, B. C., where he is in the interests of the Methodist congregation.

P. P. Morais, Esq., Manager of the Gloucester Navigation Co., Ltd., of Lower Caraquez was in town last Friday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. G. McKenzie left Thursday morning for Montreal where they will reside for some time. Mr. McKenzie is interested in the Wilson Automobile Co. of that city of which company he is President and Manager. Both Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie will be missed from Campbellton and friends here wish them every success at their new home.

Mr. John Barbic, who for some time has been on the G. T. P. survey on location near Moosejaw, has accepted a lucrative position with the Australian Government and will leave shortly to assume his new duties. Mr. Barbic's many friends here wish him every success in that far off field of labour. He may visit Campbellton before leaving for Australia.

HAULED OUT

The steam ferry was hauled out on Saturday and a small boat is doing service now.

BOXES ARRIVE

A number of P. O. boxes have arrived and they together with the ones saved from the fire will be placed in position next week.

FINE STREET LIGHTS

The new street lighting system is certainly a splendid one. The arc lights are of the very latest pattern and burn with a steadiness and brilliancy hitherto so lacking in arc lights.

COLD WEATHER

Winter weather has prevailed for the past week and "shark life" is not so pleasant. Despite the fact that fires are kept on many families are already suffering from the cold.

OBITUARY

The death of Mrs. Marcell Olscamp of St. Anne de Restigouche took place at her home on November 26th. Two sons and one daughter survive. Deceased was a highly respected resident and the community sympathize with the bereaved family. She was sixty-four years of age.

DOING MUCH WORK

The Restigouche Boom Co. is doing a large amount of work on their new boom on the Quebec shore. Work on the blocks has been carried along until a short time ago. It is now needed to complete them. A large cook house has been erected with accommodation for about one hundred men.

BUILDING RINK

The Campbellton Curling Club has awarded the contract for a new two rink to D. A. Stewart. The rink is being erected on the old site, which is a very central one. Exceptionally fine rooms will be provided, which will be heated by a furnace, and will always be comfortable. They will also be comfortably furnished and made pleasant so that members can spend their leisure time therein.

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 little. A compound with a Vaseline base, in combination with Japanese Menthol 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.

KILLED IN CAMP

Alex. Ross of Montreal, severely injured at the camps on the Inverness last week that he died on Friday. He was assisting in the load of logs when the logs rolled on him. He was not until the morning. The body was taken to his home for interment.

DIED SUDDENLY

The death of Benjamin Cabano, Tem. Co., P. Q., under sad and tragic conditions on Saturday, Nov. 19th, at the mill, who was a lumberman carrying on considerable operations was returning from a visit to his various camps. He was making the journey in a canoe, when it is supposed he expired of heart failure. When found he was still in the canoe. The remains were conveyed to his home and forwarded to Esquimaux for burial. Deceased was son of Mrs. Duncan Carmichael of Esquimaux. A wife and one son survive, who have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement. Deceased was 43 years of age.

MADE ROUND TRIP

Dr. Martin is the first Campbellton citizen to make the round trip from Campbellton via St. Leonard and Riviere du Loup. Friday morning he left at 8 o'clock on the International train for Richard's siding. He made a professional call at Guimond's mill while the train waited, and at Richard's and St. Onge's mill held a short investigation into the death of Alex. Ross. He again boarded the train, with the body, proceeded to St. Leonard's. At St. Leonard's he had sufficient time to go to Van Buren and purchase a coffin same to C. P. R. station, thence to Edmundston and from Edmundston to Riviere du Loup, and home, arriving here at 5:15 next morning.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

For deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold. A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold. A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough. Sold by all Druggists. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

Clothes Pressing

Clothes Pressed and Cleaned in the most UP-TO-DATE manner by **BERT STEWART** OVER KETHRO'S SHOP Opposite Public Square. All Work received Promptly Attended. June 28

FIVE CHILDREN LEFT.

MOTHER DIED OF CONSUMPTION AND ONE LITTLE GIRL IS NOW AT GRAVENHURST.

A short time ago a woman in the advanced stages of tuberculosis died in her own home. By her death five little ones were left without the care of their mother. There was money enough in the family to make some provision for the care of the children, but it was almost impossible to secure any one who would render this service, so afraid are many people of this dread disease. A visitor to the home says that time and time again she had found the baby sleeping in her sick mother's bed, and near by food was stored from which the children partook. A sequel is revealed in the fact that to-day one of these five children is a patient in Gravenhurst, and the baby is in the children's ward at the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives.

It is for the care of such sufferers as these that the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives has been built. The tax on the accommodation is heavy, and the Trustees have only been able to make the large extensions of the present year by borrowing heavily from the bank. An appeal is now made for funds to help on this work and provide a place where children, such as are referred to here, may find a home with good possibilities of cure.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee, 84 Spadina Avenue, or Sec.-Treas. National Sanitarium Association, 347 King St. W., Toronto.

The Muskoka Free Hospital accepts patients from any part of the Dominion, and not a single patient has ever been refused because of poverty.

These men were at the cause of the fire. They claim that they "burned" any action was "burning". The action needed to be taken. Just as frequent as the fire at the base. The situation is nothing more or less than the condensing steam which are found on every occasion when an occasion occurs.

Lastly, the "flames" so called are made the reflection of the mass of molten rock and material inside the crater on the clouds of steam above, thus appearing as a glowing light. The friction, too, set up by the motion of the materials causes electricity and hence the lightning discharges which add to the illuminating effect—Pearson's Magazine.

VOTED WITHOUT BALLOTS.

An Election Day at Charlottesville, Va., in 1804. At Charlottesville, Va., the seat of Albemarle county, according to Miss Mary Johnston's chronicle of "Lewis and Clark," they were voting for a member of the house of delegates. It was the fourth Wednesday in April. The year was 1804. Under the locust trees to the right of the open gate were placed long tables and on them three mighty punch bowls, flanked by drinking cups and guarded by house servants of venerable appearance and stately manners. Here good Federalists refreshed themselves. To the left of the gate, upon the trampled grass beneath a mulberry, appeared other punch bowls and in addition a barrel of whisky ready broached for all good Democrat-Republicans. The sunny street was filled with horses, vehicles and servants; the broad path between the trees, the turf on either hand and the courthouse steps were crowded with riotous voters. All ranks of society, all ages, occupations and opinions, met in the general weather beneath the trees, where sang every bird of spring. Within the courthouse the sheriff presided. Conspicuous sat the two candidates. There were no ballots, but each voter made known his choice by living voice. "I vote, sir," cried the colonel, "for Mr. Ludwell Cary, for a gentleman and a patriot, sir, and may the old county never be represented but by such!"

DIET AND SLEEP.

Eating Before Retiring and Digestion During Slumber. Diet has little influence on sleep except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestion and through those of the general balance of health. The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, milk, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this rule has many exceptions, as many healthy laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children after poking the spoon into their little eyes nod off over the tea table, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists. The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep directly after a meal. Indeed, a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson in American Magazine.

The Tenors' Parts. Probably the composers are largely responsible for tenor worship. In Verdi's operas, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass, and the same is true of other opera writers, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote one opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the baritone is king, whereas in six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles—"Rienzi," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan und Isolde," "Siegfried," "Parsifal." This being so, we shall probably continue to be subjected to the tyranny of one tenor or another, unless it be true, as was maintained at a convocation of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct.—Argonaut.

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NEWCASTLE, NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 13, 1910.

W. M. AITKEN REPLIES TO MAYOR AND WARDEN

He Appreciates Message From his Native Town More Than any Other.

Mayor McMurdo has received from W. M. Aitken M. P. for Ashton-Under-Lyne, to whom he sent a congratulatory telegram a few days ago, the following reply: "To Mayor McMurdo, Newcastle: I beg to convey to you my thanks for your cable of 7th and I appreciate this recognition from my native town more than any other message I have received." (Signed) "MAX AITKEN."

CAREER OF MR. W. M. AITKEN M. P.

The Great Financier Began His Business Career as a Publisher in Newcastle.

Says the St. John Globe:—"Mr. Aitken was born at Newcastle, N. B., on May 25th, 1879, and about five years ago married the daughter of General Drury, C. B., of Halifax, who has been of much assistance to him in his career. That he is of Scotch extraction is more or less evident from his name. The Aitken, to whom Burns, the Scottish bard, dedicated his Cotter's Saturday Night, was an ancestor of the candidate. His father was for many years clergyman in the town of Mr. Aitken's birth, and only retired from his labors during the last few years. When comparatively young, Mr. Aitken was the Newcastle correspondent of the St. John Globe, but journalistic aspirations did not carry him beyond that point. He studied law in the office of Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Chatham, and afterwards took up the insurance business. Ten or eleven years ago he lived for a time in St. John. It was not until he went to Halifax that he began to display the ability that has landed him among the millionaires. He became secretary to Mr. John F. Stairs, Halifax, who was at that time president of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company. When but 25 years of age Mr. Aitken began to turn his attention to the work of organization. One of his earliest successes was in connection with the amalgamation of the Bank of Windsor with the Union Bank of Halifax. He began to take an interest in developments in the West Indies. He made his entry through the Trinidad Electric Company. He is still a director of this concern. The year 1905 marked his entry into the affairs of the Demerara Electric Company. He next organized the Camaquey Company, Camaquey, Cuba, acquiring a lighting system, obtaining a franchise for a tramway, and organized the Camaquey Company to take over these properties. The

company proved a success, and has been paying dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. for the past two years. He next became engaged in the organization of another Southern concern, the Porto Rico Railways Company, Limited. He acquired a number of roads operating in San Juan, Porto Rico, and also valuable water rights, and a franchise for a steam railway. The capital expenditure on this road is not yet completed, but during the reconstruction period the earnings of the concern have been considerably more than sufficient to meet the fixed charges. About this time, or very shortly after, his name began to be heard in Montreal. Later on he took up his residence there, and began directing all his operations through the Royal Securities Corporation, which was one of his own creations. Previously, he interested himself in the Montreal Trust and Deposit Company, of which he became vice-president and general manager. He devoted his attention to the affairs of this company, and its value increased so rapidly that in less than two years, interests friendly to the Royal Bank of Canada took it over at an enhanced price. One of his latest acts was to bring about the amalgamation of Canadian cement companies in 1909.

[The first business venture Mr. Aitken interested himself in was the publication of "The Leader," a schoolboys' monthly publication, which lasted some six months. Master Aitken was its editor and manager, and the publication, which was printed in the ADVOCATE office, was lively and up-to-date. The Leader's motto was: "We lead; let others follow who can," a principle he has evidently followed up ever since.] Editor UNION ADVOCATE.

ULCERS AND GOLD SORES Are Healed By Zam-Buk.

Ulcers, cold sores and chapped places are common troubles just now. The hands and the face are the parts generally affected, but sometimes cold sores arise from chilblains on the toes and feet, and bad ulcers sometimes follow cold cracks. Zam-Buk will be found a quick and sure cure. Mr. W. J. Halliday, of Ash Grove, Ont., says: "I had my little finger frozen, and it cracked at the first joint, causing a bad sore, which discharged freely and would not heal. The pain was very bad, and the whole of my hand became swollen and in bad shape. Nothing I got seemed to do it any good. "A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, and I soon found that Zam-Buk was altogether different to any preparation I had ever tried. In a very short time it soothed the pain and healed the wound. I am convinced that Zam-Buk has saved my hand." Miss Lillie May, of Stoney Creek, Ont., says: "A few weeks since several nasty, disfiguring cold sores suddenly broke out on my lips, which became much swollen. Seeing my condition a friend advised me to try Zam-Buk and leave all other preparations aside. This I did, and was much surprised, after a few applications of this balm, to see every cold sore banished, and my lips in a better condition than before." Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for eczema, blood poison, varicose sores, piles, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name "Zam-Buk" on every package before buying.

ANOTHER WOMAN SEEN AT LAUNDRY

Two Witnesses Show That Hattie LeBlanc Was Not the Only Woman With Glover.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 10.—For the first time since Hattie LeBlanc was placed on trial 12 days ago for the murder of Clarence F. Glover, evidence that a woman was seen on the night of the crime in the vicinity of the laundry in Waltham where the shooting is said to have occurred, was introduced today. Two witnesses testified that they saw a woman hurrying out of an alleyway behind Glover's laundry on that night. One of them, Isaac Walker, a car starter, said that the woman's face was flushed and her manner nervous.

Made curious by her strange appearance, Walker said, he followed the woman who went a short distance on a trolley car, left it and joined a man, on the street and a little later left this man and disappeared behind a fence on a vacant lot. The man soon afterwards went into a house which the witness later learned was the home of Clarence Glover.

"It was a woman, not a child," said Walker when the 17 year old defendant was led before him and he was asked if it was this girl whom he had seen. "It could not have been Hattie LeBlanc."

Charles E. Benner, sexton of a church in Waltham, the other witness, who claimed to have seen the strange woman emerge from the laundry alley also declared that it was not Hattie LeBlanc.

Hattie LeBlanc admitted to the police immediately after her arrest that she was in the laundry with Glover the night of the murder, and this statement had been placed in evidence at that trial. Until today no witness had placed any woman in the vicinity of the laundry that night.

When the rebuttal stage was reached the district attorney produced witnesses who said that the alley way was completely blocked by posts and a fence on the night of the murder. It was admitted, however, that the fence was on the 'spit' variety and was constantly being knocked down and set up by contesting property holders.

Before the day was over Mrs. Lillian M. Glover, the widow, who has been the target of the attacks of the defense took the stand again, and denied that she ever had threatened to kill her husband or had bought a revolver. She is expected to make further denials when the case is resumed on Monday.

The defence rested at noon. It is expected that the fate of the little Cape Breton girl will be in the hands of the jury by Wednesday.

THE PRESBYTERY OF MIRAMICHI

The Presbytery of Miramichi met here today. Those present were Moderator Rev. Geo. P. Tatterie, New Carlisle, P. Q.; Clerk, Rev. J. M. McLeod, New Mills; Rev. Thomas P. Drummond, Campbellton; Rev. W. B. McCallum, New Richmond, P. Q.; Rev. S. J. MacArthur, Newcastle; Revs. D. Henderson, George Wood and J. M. McLean, Chatham; Rev. F. C. Simpson, Douglastown; Rev. H. J. Fraser, Loggieville; Rev. E. E. Mowatt, Redbank; Rev. A. Rettie, Millerton; Catechist Porter, Blackville; Rev. John Valentine, Drummond Mines; R. Hensley Stavert, Harcourt; and Rev. J. R. Millar, Bass River. There were no lay delegates present.

The question of church union was taken up and discussed, but in the absence of lay delegates the question, which met with very little opposition, was deferred to next meeting.

PROVINCIAL PREMIERS DO NOTHING

Ottawa, Dec. 10.—The conference of provincial premiers, or their representatives, to consider primarily the question of representation in the Federal House met yesterday in a room of the Senate. After a general discussion it was unanimously decided to postpone further consideration of the question to a future date to be decided upon. British Columbia sent no delegate.

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Local and Provincial

SKATES SHARPENED

Have your skates hollow ground at Allen McLean's. Satisfaction guaranteed. Opposite P. Hennessy

NEW ORANGE PUBLICATION

The Fredericton Mail says that a weekly non-political paper, in the interests of the Orange Association, is to be issued in St. John.

You needn't lose your hair. BEARINE will keep it strong and healthy. The Canadian Bear grease in the pomade is the effective thing. 50c. a jar.

BIG SMALLPOX BILLS

It has cost the Kent county people nearly \$21,000 on account of smallpox since 1903, and the account is still growing.

UP LATE NIGHTS, endless engagements, generally run down? Take "The D. & L." Emulsion. It will tone up your whole system, and make you feel like yourself again.

MAN WANTED IN MONCTON

L. S. Peppard, the wholesale cigar agent, who recently cut quite a dash in Moncton society and suddenly left town owing a number of people, has been arrested at New Haven, Conn., through the Pinkerton Agency.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

JOSEPH MICHAEL KEANE

The funeral of Joseph Michael, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Keane of Nordin, took place at St. Mary's church here Friday afternoon. The little fellow died on Wednesday and was but six weeks old. Besides his parents, one brother, Daniel, survives.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

CONTRIBUTION

ACKNOWLEDGED

The Union Advocate is requested by Judge Francis F. Matheson, chairman Campbellton Relief Committee, to kindly convey to the contributor, Mrs. Watt, their sincere thanks and deep gratitude for her kind and timely donation of \$5.00 towards the Relief Fund.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

ROBBERY IN FREDERICTON

Wm. Hoyt, Jr., a colored man aged 21, was caught attempting to rob Murray & Co's store in Fredericton, Friday evening about 7 o'clock. He had slipped through a cellar window and when he lit a match to locate the cash bags he looked into Detective Roberts' revolver and was speedily captured. He is thought to have committed several other petty robberies in Fredericton lately.

GOT THROUGH ICE

The ice is still unsafe. Joseph Ramsay, of Nelson got in Sunday near Hickson's mill, but was rescued.

CHOICE TURKEYS

I have a number of choice Turkeys for sale. Send in your orders at once and have your pick. George T. Bethune Telephone 58-4. 1 pd.

LADY BREAKS HER ARM

While coming out of her pantry yesterday afternoon, Mrs. W. H. Bell fell on the floor and broke her right arm just below the elbow. Dr. Pedolin set the broken limb and Mrs. Bell is resting as well as can be expected.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all dealers.

OUR GROCER

for Clark's Concentrated Soups. Cha-teau Brand. Keep a few tins on hand and you can quickly serve such soups as is made by the best hotel chefs. Convenient and inexpensive, and unsurpassed for quality and flavor. Wm. Clark, Mfr., Montreal.

NEARLY DROWNED

While skating between here and Nelson Monday night, Albert Bass of Douglastown went through the ice and was in the water twenty minutes before being rescued by his mates. He was nearly chilled to death and was taken to the nearest house in Nelson. Today he has recovered.

RECEPTION FOR NEW M. P.

Mr. W. M. Aitken, M. P., is sailing from England on the 17th, and is expected in Montreal on the 23rd. His friends are to arrange a reception in honor of his victory.—Gleaner.

BLACKVILLE—LERBY

FAIR NEXT OCTOBER

At a meeting of Blackville-Derby Agricultural Society No. 8, at Millerton recently, President John Betts in the chair, J. J. Clarke, secretary, and F. H. Jardine, treasurer, it was decided to hold a Fair at either Millerton or Indian town about 1st October next.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received until Thursday, Dec. 15th, 1910, for music to be furnished at the Newcastle Rink, Monday and Thursday evenings of each week during the present winter. For further particulars apply to C. P. McCABE, Secretary. 1 wk.

BUSINESS MAN REMOVES

Mr. A. C. Allan, who for some years has been doing a carriage, painting and blacksmith business, has established a new business in Loggieville, to which all his old patrons should now send their orders. Mr. Allan is a thorough workman and his removal is a great loss to the town.

THE LATE THOS. E. HOBEN

A memorial service to the late Mr. Thomas E. Hoben, who died on Dec. 4th, in Chicago, was conducted at the United Baptist church at Gibson, Sunday evening by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Jenkins. The late Mr. Hoben, who was for so many years the superintendent of the Canada Eastern Railway, was one of the leading members of the Gibson church.

EARL WILL COME BACK

The Earl of Kingston, who spent a few days here this week while en route home from hunting trip on the Miramichi with "Uncle Henry" Braithwaite, the veteran guide, will return to New Brunswick again next season.—Gleaner.

NO BETTER TONIC could be devised than FERROVIN, which consists of fresh lean beef, Citrate of Iron and pure old Spanish Sherry Wine. Just enough of the latter to stimulate digestion and enable a weakened stomach to assimilate the beef and iron. Try this invigorating tonic if you are thin-blooded, weak and generally run-down. \$1.00 per bottle.

EXCHANGE OF PULPITS

Rev. W. J. Bate, rector of St. Andrew's, exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. A. Cooper on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Cooper conducted the services at St. Andrew's and also the afternoon service in St. Mark's. Rev. Mr. Bate held service at Blackville and Grey Rapids.

THE GREAT SERPENT OF ALL DISEASES.—Kidney disease may well be called the "boa constrictor" disease, unsuspecting and unrelenting, it gets the victim in its coils and gradually tightens till life is crushed out, but the great South American Kidney Cure treatment has proved its power over the monster, and no matter how firmly enmeshed, it will heal and cure. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—158

DE WITT CAIRNS

SANG ON SUNDAY

Mr. De Witt Cairns, one of St. John's leading baritone's, guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shaw, on Sunday evening sang in the St. James' Presbyterian church. Mr. Cairns has been heard by Newcastle people on former occasions and always sings excellently.

TEA AND FANCY SALE

The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's Church are holding a Tea and Sale of Fancy Goods in the Salvation Army Hall, on Thursday, 15th December. Doors open at 3 p. m. Tea from 5 to 7.

We have quite an assortment of neat, dainty little things, suitable for Christmas Gifts, and invite everyone to come and inspect them. Tea 35 cents.

IMMIGRATION AGENT

Rev. Hunter Boyd, of Wawaig, has accepted the appointment of immigration agent of the Presbyterian Home Mission Committee of Canada in Great Britain, and will sail for Glasgow, to enter upon his new duties on Dec. 23. The committee could not have made a better selection nor could the Immigration Department of Canada do better than to enlist Mr. Boyd's services in a like direction. St. Andrew's Beacon.

TEMPERANCE GROWING

IN KENT CO.

The success of the temperance people in shutting the bar room out of Harcourt, has inspired the workers in the other parts of the county. The only licensed bars are at present in Richibucto, Rexton and Buctouche. The latter is in the parish of Wellington. In this parish a petition to the Government asking that no license be granted in future, is being circulated, and as it has the strong support of all the clergy, the requisite number of signatures is practically assured. In Richibucto parish which embraces both Richibucto and Rexton, the temperance people are circulating two petitions, one to the Government, and in case they fail in securing the required number, they are also having one signed asking the Municipal Council to arrange for a plebiscite to be taken at next Council election. The latter petition only requires twenty five per cent of the voters, and it is claimed there will be no difficulty in reaching that standard. The Richibucto petition is headed by the four resident clergymen, Rev. A. D. Archibald, Presbyterian; Rev. J. J. McLaughlin, Catholic; Rev. F. M. W. Bacon, Episcopal; and Rev. Thomas Pearce, Methodist.—Richibucto Review.

THE OPERA HOUSE

Mr. Allan Russell manager of the Opera House, has made arrangements with the Broadway Show to exhibit their FIVE FAMOUS BEARS in Newcastle on Friday, December 30th. The company is highly spoken of and will doubtless draw a full house.

GOOD RECORD

Thurber & Crocker's tug for the Miller Tanning and Extract Company made what is considered a new record in point of navigation. Since the opening of the Fall until Dec. 3 she made daily trips to Chatham and return to Millerton. Not one day was missed until the company had finished its work.

THE HAPPY HOUR

Mr. Wm. Stewart the popular singer at the Happy Hour, left for Charlottetown yesterday. Mr. Stewart has proved himself to be not only a good singer but a popular one as well. F. Louise Tufts, who pleased the Newcastle people so much last July, has returned and is now singing at the Happy Hour and her many friends are glad to welcome her back again.

HUGH MACDONALD

The death of Hugh, son of Lawrence Macdonald, by his first wife (nee McLeod) occurred at his father's home yesterday morning. Deceased who was twenty years of age last June, had been ill for some time, and came home from Boston during the past summer an invalid. A severe cold, settling on his lungs, hastened his death. Beside his father and stepmother he leaves two sisters, Mrs. Charles Kelly, Hingham, Mass and Mrs. Charles Masson, Newcastle, and the following half brothers and sisters—Everett, Alex. Russell, Annie and Marguerite. The funeral will be tomorrow afternoon at 2.30.

CHILD WASN'T DEAD

Sat up and Spoke and Undertaker Nearly Collapsed.

New York, Dec. 4.—Just as the undertaker put out his hands to lift the body of three year old Lillian Viand today to prepare her for burial the child sat bolt upright in her winding sheet, opened her eyes and cried: "Mamma. I want my mamma. I'm cold." The undertaker fell back in a chair, nearly fainting, but, regaining his presence of mind, he snatched up blankets and wrapped the child in them and rushed down stairs to where the parents were. A doctor was brought and said he believed the child's life had come back permanently. The little girl had been ill five days with convulsions. This afternoon she stiffened, her eyes glazed, and none of the familiar tests showed any signs of life. The undertaker's assistant was just tying crepe on the street door when the father bolted out for the doctor.

Clothes

Pressing

Clothes Pressed and Cleaned in the most UP-TO-DATE manner by BERT STEWART OVER RETHRO'S SHOP Opposite Public Square. All Work received Promptly Attended. June 28

XMAS. SPECIAL!

BLACK MELTON OVERCOAT MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

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Referee Equity Marriage Licenses MONEY TO LOAN NEWCASTLE, N. B.



Patience
The stomach is a larger factor in "fitness" than most people are aware of. It can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. A good stomach is fit for treason, stratagems and treacheries. A man who goes to the front for his country will be a weak soldier and a fault finder. A sound stomach makes for good citizenship, health and happiness. Diseases of the stomach and other organs of nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by
DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICINE
It builds up the body with solid muscle.
The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discover" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 50 stamps for the cloth bound. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

HEWSON SWEATER

New Sweaters for Men
" " " Boys
" " " Ladies
" " " Gents

Arrived late but still in time for Christmas. Keep the Girls and Boys Warm with A HEWSON Sweater.

CLARKE & CO.

MENS OUTFITTERS.

JUST ARRIVED

Car Gravenstein Apples

Cape Cod and Bay du Vin Cranberries. Oysters.

GROCERIES

Breakfast foods of all kinds. Chase & Sanborn's coffee. Estabrook's coffee. Camp coffee. Baker's cocoa. Bendrops' Cocoa. Motts' cocoa. Robinson's Pat. Barley. Pkg. Coconut. Armour's Ext. Beef. Tomato Catsup. MacLaren's Imperial Cheese. English Queen Olives. Celery Powder. Lea & Perrins' Sauce. H. P. Sauce. Maconochies' Pickles. Heaton Pickles. H. P. Pickles. Lazenby's White Onions. Mustards of all kinds. Royal and Magic Baking Powder. Pure Gold Jellies. Cox & Knox Gelatines. Essences of all kinds. Teas of all kinds. Seed-ed Raisins. Fresh Val. Raisins. Currants. Spices of all kinds. Biscuits, Fancy and Plain. Lime Juice. Fruit Syrups. Canned Goods of all kinds. Soap. Flour of all kinds. Mess Pork. Clear Cut Pork. Plate Beef. Hams and Bacon. Pressed Ham and Bologna. Codfish and Herring. Fancy Barbados Mol. only 45c gal. Brown Sugar. Granulated Sugar. Corn Meal. Middlings. Shorts. Bran. Heavy Feed. Cracked Corn. Buckets. Brooms. Tobacco. Cigars. Oranges. Lemons. Bananas. Apples. Ganongs. G. B. Candies. Potatoes. Perf. Oil. Whiting. Vinegars, White Wine and Cider.

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CHRISTMAS NEWS

The Ancient and Honorable Kris Kringle has been so wise as to again choose our Store as His Headquarters. Below will be found the names of a few of the Articles which delight the young folks and give pleasure to the old.

CALENDARS, BOOKLETS, XMAS. CARDS, XMAS. POST CARDS, PAPERIES, TOY BOOKS, BOOKS OF POETRY, STORY BOOKS, GAMES, POST CARD ALBUMS, &C.

FANCY CHINA In CUPS and SAUCERS, MUGS, SALT and PEPPERS, ROSE JARS, VASES, BITCHERS, etc. NOVELTIES IN NECK-TIE HOLDERS, MATCH and HAT PIN HOLDERS. Toys in an endless array. Dolls with bisque heads, cellaloid heads, china heads—Dolls dressed and undressed.

... A WORD TO THE WISE... "CALL EARLY..."

FOLLANSBEE & COMPANY.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

COPY

THE MAN FROM BRODNEY

Continued from page 2

charged from one to the other, striking fire to the blood. He was forgetting Neenah, forgetting himself, thinking only of the opportunity and its fascination. In another instant he would have drawn her hand to his lips. Neenah came to a standstill and uttered a warning whisper. Chase recovered himself with a mighty start, a chill as of one avoiding an unseen peril sweeping over him. Geneva heard the sharp, painful intake of his breath and felt the sudden relaxation of his fingers. She was not puzzled. She, too, had felt the magic of the touch, and her blood was surging red. She knew then that she had been clasping his hand with a fervor that was as unmistakable as it was shameless.

Neenah may have felt the magnetic current that coursed through these surcharged creatures. She was smiling mysteriously to herself. "Wait here," she whispered to Chase, ever so softly. She released his hand and moved off in the blackness of the passage. "I will bring Selim," came back to them.

"Oh!" fell faintly, tremulously, from Geneva's lips. It was a trap, after all! But it was not the trap laid by a traitor. She fell all aquiver. Her heart fluttered violently; her breath came quickly. Alone with him, and their blood leaping to the touch that thrilled!

Chase could no more have restrained the hand that went out suddenly in quest of hers than he could have checked his own heart throbs. A wave of exquisite joy swept over him—the joy of a temptation that knew no fear, no conscience. He found her cold little hand and clasped it in tense fingers—fingers that throbed with the call to passion. He drew her close; their bodies touched and sweetly trembled.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered in tones he had never heard before. "Yes," she murmured convulsively—"of you! Please, please don't!" At the same time she tightened her grasp upon his hand and crept closer to him, governed by an unconquerable craving. Chase had the sensation of smothering. He could not believe the senses which told him that she was responding to his appeal.

"Geneva!" he murmured, almost gasped, in his delirium. His arms went about her slender figure suddenly, and she was strained to his breast, locked to him with hands that seemed unbreakable. Her face was lifted to his. The blackness of the passage was impenetrable, but love was the guide. He found her lips in one wild, glorious kiss.

A door creaked sharply. He released her. Their quivering arms fell away. They drew ever so slightly apart, still under the control of the influence which had held them for that brief moment. She was trembling violently. A soft, wailing sigh as of pain came from her lips.

Then the glimmer of a light came to them through the half open door at the end of the passage. They gazed at it without comprehension, dumb in their sudden weakness. A shadowy figure came out through the door, and Selim's voice, low and tense, called to them.

"Forgive me," he murmured. "It is too late," she replied. Then his hand sought hers again, and, dizzy with emotion, he led her up to the open door. As they passed into the huge, dimly lighted chamber he turned to look into her face. She met his gaze, and there were tears in her eyes. Selim was ahead of them. She shook her head sadly, and he understood. "Can we ever forget?" she murmured plaintively.

"Never!" he whispered. "Then we shall always regret—always regret!" she said, withdrawing her hand. "It was the beginning and the end."

"Not the end, dearest one—if we are always to regret," he interposed eagerly. "But why the end? You do love me! I know it! And I worship you—oh, you don't know how I worship you, Geneva!"

"Flush! We were fools! Don't, please! I do not love you. I was carried away by— Oh, can't you understand? Remember what I am! You know and yet you have degraded me in my own eyes. Is my own self respect nothing? You will laugh and you may boast after I am married to—"

"Geneva!" he protested as if in great pain. "Excellency," came from the lips of Selim at the lower end of the chamber, breaking in sharply upon their little world, "there is no time to be lost. Time to be lost! And he had held her in his arms! Time to be lost! All the rest of time was to be lost! They may return at any moment!"

Chase pulled himself together. He looked into her eyes for a moment, finding nothing there but a command to go. She stood straight and unyielding on the very spot which had seen her trembling with emotion but a moment before. "Come, Selim," he said, and moved away from her side as Neenah came toward them from the opposite wall. Geneva did not move. She stood quite still and numb, watching his tall figure crossing the stone floor. Ah, what a man he was! The little Persian wife of Selim, after waiting for a full minute, gently touched the arm of the princess. Geneva started and looked down into the dark, accusing, smiling

eyes. She flushed deeply and hated herself.

"Shall we go back?" she asked nervously. "I—I have seen enough. Come, Neenah. Lead me back to—"

"Most glorious excellency," said Neenah, shaking her pretty head, "we are to wait here. The sahib and Selim will join us soon."

"Where are they going?" demanded the princess, a feeling of awe coming over her. "I don't want to be left here alone." Chase and Selim had opened a low, heavy iron door at the lower end and were peering into the darkness beyond.

"Selim will explain. He has learned much. It is the secret passage to the coast. Be not afraid."

Geneva looked about her for the first time. They were standing in a long, low room, the walls of which reeked with dampness and gave out a noxious odor. A single electric light provided a faint, almost unnatural light. Selim raised a lighted lantern as he led Chase through the squat door. Behind Geneva were enormous casks, a dozen or more, reaching almost to the ceiling. A number of boxes stood close by, while on the opposite side of the chamber four small iron chests were to be seen, dragged out from recesses in the distant corner. Observing her look of wonder, Neenah vouchsafed a casual explanation.

"It is the wine cellar and the store-room. The iron chests contain silver and gold plate that came from the great rajah of Marpat in exchange for the five huge rubies which now adorn his crown. The old sahibs stored the chests here many years ago, but few know of their existence. See! They were hidden in the walls over there. Von Blitz has found them."

"Von Blitz?" in amazement. "He has been here. He has carried away many chests. There were twenty in all."

"And—and he will return for these?" queried the princess in alarm. "Assuredly, most glorious one. Soon, perhaps. But be not afraid. Selim can close the passage door. He cannot get in. He will be fooled, oh! Why should you be afraid? Have you not with you the most wonderful, the most brave sahib? Would he not give his life for you?" The dark eyes sparkled with understanding—aye, even mischief. Geneva felt that this oriental witch knew everything. For a long time she looked in uncertain mood upon that smiling, wistful face. Then she said softly, moved by an irresistible impulse to confess something, even obscurely.

"Oh, if only I were such as you, Neenah, and could live forever on this dear island!"

"But, most high, there are no princes here. There is no one to whom the most gracious one could be sold. No one who could pay more than a dozen rubies. Women are cheap here, and you would be a woman, not a most beautiful princess."

"I would not care to be a princess, perhaps."

"You love my Sahib Chase?" demanded Neenah abruptly, eagerly. "Neenah!" gasped Geneva, with a startled look. Neenah looked intently into the unsteady, blue gray eyes and then bent over to kiss the hand of the princess. The latter laughed almost aloud, in her confusion. She caught herself up quickly and said with some asperity: "You foolish child, I am to become a prince's wife. How can I love your sahib? What nonsense! I am to marry a prince, and he is not to pay for me in rubies."

"Ah, how wonderful!" cried Neenah, with ravishing candor. "A prince for a husband and the glorious Sahib



Jacob von Blitz stepped into the light. Chase for a lover all your life! Ah!

The exclamations was no less than a sigh of rapturous indorsement. The princess stared at her first in consternation, then in dismay. Before she could find words to combat this alarming prophecy, so ingeniously presented to her reflections, Selim and Hollingsworth Chase returned to the chamber. She was distressed, even confounded, to find that she was staring at Chase with a strange, abashed curiosity growing in her eyes—a stare that she suddenly was afraid he might observe and appreciate. A wave of revulsion, of shame, spread over her whole being.

With the swiftness of lightning she recalled the things that had been said

or more than one girl—a dame in Europe—eye, of women at her own court. Even a princess she had known who—but for shame! she cried in her heart. It could not be. Despite herself a cruel, distressing shyness came over her as he approached, his eyes glowing with the light she could just catch. Was this man to remain in her life? Was he? Would he come to her and wage the unfair war? Was he honest? Was he even now coveting her as other men had coveted the women she knew and despised? She found herself confronted by the shocking conviction that she knew she could never be his wife. He knew she was to wed another, and yet—it was unbelievable.

She met his eager advance with a quick, shrill laugh of defiance and noted the surprise in his eyes. Dim as the light was, she could have sworn that the look in those eyes was honest. Ah, the silly Neenah! The reaction was as sudden as the revolt had been. Her smile grew warm and shy.

"Von Blitz has been here," he was saying half diffidently, still searching deep in her eyes. "He's played hob. And he's likely to return at any minute."

"Then let us go quickly. I have no desire to meet the objectionable Mr. Von Blitz. Isn't it dreadfully dangerous here, Mr. Chase?"

"Mr. Chase?" he said, with his winning smile. "Now?"

"Yes, now and always Mr. Chase," she said steadily. "You know that it cannot be otherwise. I can't always be a fool."

His face turned a deep red; his lips parted for retort to this truculent estimate, but he controlled himself. "Yes, it is dangerous here," he said quietly, answering her question. "As soon as Selim bars that door upon the inside we'll go. I was a fool to bring you here."

"How could you know what the dangers would be?" she asked. "I'll confess I didn't expect Von Blitz," he said dryly.

"But you did expect"—she began, with a start, biting her lips. "There's a vast difference between expectation and hope, princess." Neenah had joined Selim at the door when the men re-entered the chamber. Now she was approaching with her husband.

"May Allah bless you and profit for himself, excellencies," said the good Selim. Neenah plainly had advanced her suspicions to the brown body servant. Geneva blushed, and then her eyes blazed. She gave the girl a scornful look. Neenah smiled happily, unreservedly, in return.

"Allah help us, you should say, if Von Blitz returns," interposed Chase hastily. "Is the door barred?"

"No, excellency. The bars have sprung. I cannot drop them in place. As you know, the lock has been blown away. The charge sprung the bolts. We must go at once."

"Then there is no way to keep them out of the chateau?" cried Geneva anxiously.

"They can go no farther than this room," explained Selim. "We lock the double iron doors from the other side—the door through which you came, most glorious excellency—and they cannot enter the cellars above. This is the chamber which opens into the underground passage to the coast. The passage was made for escape from the chateau in case of trouble and was known to but few. My father was the servant of Sahib Wyckholme, and I used to live in the chateau."

"Once there was a boat, a launch, which lay hidden below the cliffs on the north coast. The passage led to this boat. It was always ready to put out to sea. But one night it was destroyed by the great rocks which fell from the cliffs in an earthquake. When I came here I at once thought of the passage. You will see that the doors into the cellar cannot be opened from this chamber. The locks and bolts are on the other side. I knew where the keys were hidden. It was easy to unlock the doors and come into this room. I found that some one had been here before me. The door to the passage had been forced open from without, cracked by dynamite. Many of the treasure boxes have been removed. Von Blitz was here not an hour ago. He wears boots. I saw the footprints among the naked ones in the passage. They will come back for the other chests. Then they will blow up the passageway with powder, and escape from the chateau through it will be cut off. I have found the kegs of powder in the passage and have destroyed the fuses. It will be of no avail, sahib. They will blow it up at the other end, which will be just the same."

"There's no time to be lost," cried Chase. "We must bring enough men down here to capture them when they return—shoot 'em if necessary. Come on! We can surprise them if we hurry."

They were starting across the chamber toward the door when a gruff, sepulchral oath came rolling up to the chamber through the secret passage. Quick as a flash Selim, who realized that they could not reach and open the door leading to the stairs, turned among the huge wine casks, first blinding his lantern. He whispered for the others to follow. In a moment they were squeezing themselves through the narrow spaces between the dark, strong smelling casks, back into a darkness so opaque that it seemed lifeless.

"They won't suspect that we are here," whispered Selim as the door to the passage creaked. "Keep quiet! Don't breathe!" The single electric light was still burning as Selim had found it when he first came. The door swung open slowly, heavily, and Jacob von Blitz, mud covered, reeking with perspiration and panting savagely, stepped

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end, or Bring your orders and we will do the rest.

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POOR CO

PERSONAL

Messrs. Hubert and Ernest Sinclair visited New York last week.

Rev. E. E. Mowatt and Mrs. Mowatt of Redbank, spent Saturday in town.

Miss Edith McLean spent last week in Moncton, the guest of Mrs. A. H. Somers.

Daniel Aiton of Redbank, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. James Aiton.

Thomas J. Jeffrey has returned from a several months stay in Gloucester County.

Mr. Edward Hubbard returned on Tuesday to resume his studies at Mount Allison, Sackville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hachey are rejoicing over the advent of a daughter at their home Tuesday.

Mr. George Stables visited Sackville a few days ago where his son Stuart is attending college.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregory Layton left yesterday for a visit to New York. They will be absent about six weeks.

Mrs. Ellen MacKenzie and four children of Rome, New York are visiting the former's brother, Thomas Jeffrey, Sr.

Mrs. A. E. G. McKenzie has returned to Campbellton after a few days visit to her parents, Postmaster and Mrs. James M. Troy.

Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Millar of Bass River spent yesterday in Newcastle and Millerton, where they were guests of Mrs. H. Ingram.

John McKinnon who has been in Maine for a few years, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colin McKinnon, Douglastown.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Connell and the latter's sister, Miss Laura Driscoll of Bartibogue, spent Thursday with Mrs. George Driscoll in Douglastown.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jones and family of Montreal came on Friday to visit Mr. Jones' sister, Mrs. Bronlow Malby of Newcastle and brother, Fred Jones of Nelson.

Conductor J. Fraser of the C. P. R. Brownville, Jct., Me., and W. A. Fraser, of Boston, were in town last week attending the funeral of their father, Donald Fraser.

Mr. Fred Duffy of Boistown was in town last week.

J. B. Anslow, editor and manager of the Campbellton Graphic spent Saturday in town.

Mr. J. J. Gilmore, the popular representative of the F. P. Reid Co. is at the Miramichi today.

Mr. W. C. H. Grimmer, St. Stephen, was at the Miramichi Hotel on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Thomas McDonnell, of Bangor, Me., who was attending the funeral of his mother, returned home Tuesday.

Messrs. B. Williston, A. S. A. McLeod, L. Williston and Bernard Williston, of Bay Du Vin, were in town last week.

Miss Mary Craig, James and William Craig, were in Douglastown last week attending the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. McDonnell.

John R. Johnston, Loggieville, is enjoying a vacation of two weeks. Thomas Chancy of Chatham Jct. is in his place as station agent.

Dr. J. B. Crocker of Fredericton, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Crocker of Millerton, returned home a few days ago.

The many young friends of Miss Laura Curry who has been in failing health for the past two months will be sorry to hear that she is now confined to her bed.

Mr. P. J. Young the popular manager of the Renous Bridge Lumber Company, was in town on Friday of last week. Mr. Young was registered at the Miramichi Hotel.

Mr. T. O. Murray, manager of the K. N. Railway, was called to Antigonish, N. S., last week on account of the illness of his son, Thomas, who has been attending St. Francis Xavier University.

Mr. W. H. Russell, formerly of Newcastle, but who has been residing in England the past few years, is a guest at the Miramichi Hotel. Mr. Russell is a well known inventor and has many friends in this town and vicinity.

WM. OSBORNE CAIN

Willie Osborne, the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Cain of Whitneyville, died this morning. The little boy had been suffering from pneumonia for two weeks. All that could be done was done, but in vain. Dr. McGrath was the attending physician. The funeral will be at St. Stephen's church, Whitneyville, at 2:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Rev. E. E. Mowatt to officiate.

LARGE BEAR KILLED NEAR INDIANTOWN

Horse Becoming Frightened at Carcass Endangered Life of Michael Donovan.

A large bear was killed in the woods near Warwick road, about three miles from Indiantown station, about the first of the present month. A crew of men from the camps of the Renous Lumber Company discovered Bruin in his cosy winter quarters and one of the men, Mr. Robert McNeil, of Renous Bridge, had a desperate fight with the animal, but Mr. James Duffy came to his assistance and both with their axes battled with the animal for some time. A heavy blow from the axe in the hands of Mr. McNeil put the bear out of commission and the men triumphantly loaded their victim on horse back and took it to the camp where it was skinned. They are now in possession of a splendid bear hide. The horse, after being put into the house became very much excited and became unmanageable, and Mr. Michael Donovan had a mercurious escape from death, while trying to get past him in the stall.

MRS. HANNAH McDONNELL

The death took place Saturday, Dec. 3, 1910, at her home in Douglastown, of Hannah, wife of John McDonnell, who died very suddenly eight years ago. Mrs. McDonnell was 76 years of age, widely known and very much respected. She will be much missed not only in her own home, but by a large number of friends, as she was always a friend to the poor and the sick. By her death the family have suffered a great loss, and they have the sympathy of their many friends. Mrs. McDonnell was born in Derby and was a daughter of the late Jeremiah Newman. She is survived by three daughters, Mrs. John McNamara, Gardiner, Me., Mrs. Frank King, Douglastown, and Anastasia at home, and five sons, Thomas of Bangor, John, California; Jeremiah, Frank and Timothy residing in Douglastown. Also surviving are three sisters, Mrs. Christopher Craig, Newcastle, Mrs. Dennis Sullivan and Miss Katherine Newman, Nelson, and one brother, John Newman, of Nelson. The funeral was held Dec. 5th, to St. Patrick's church, Nelson, and was the largest funeral procession ever seen in Douglastown.

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field. Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. N. Power. The pall bearers were her four sons, Frank King, (son-in-law,) and John McDonnell, (grandson).

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley V. Atkinson and daughter Dorothy, of Douglastown, are visiting Mrs. Atkinson's sister in Moncton.

Revs. D. Henderson and Geo. Wood of Chatham; J. M. McLeod, New Mills; R. H. Staver, Harcourt; T. P. Drumm, Campbellton; and F. C. Simpson of Douglastown were guests today of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ingram.

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