

POOR COPY

NEWCASTLE, N.B., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1901.

46

R. N. WYSE.

Intelligent comparison brings business to this Store.

FRENCH FLANNELS, new and beautiful, all the newest shades and designs. As the goods are to be very popular this fall, we would advise selections, this will enable you to get your garments up early and enjoy the cool weather when it comes. Prices 50 and 75c. See on application.

FLANNELETTES and WRAP-PERETTES.

Our selection this year has been the best that our knowledge of materials would allow us to purchase. We have studied your needs, made a note of same and bought accordingly. We try with all confidence we can suit you and the prices are the lowest.

FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY.

It is not more visited this Store upon that day you know what that means, if you have not, it will be to your money saving advantage to do so. Note this.

SMALL WARES.

We have made an effort to keep all the little necessities required in any household, or by dressmakers, etc. If you cannot obtain what you want, we consider it no trouble to procure the same for you, as this is our business.

NOTICE.

If you are a stranger in town you are welcome to visit this store your headquarters while waiting for goods, trains, etc.

Every Transaction must be Satisfactory to you. We wish it so.

THIS WEEK

Our complete line of Stick Pins, Regular price of which were 25 and 50 cents, are offered this week for 10c. each.

Call and get a pin away below cost.

H. WILLISTON & Co.,
JEWELERS.

Clarke & Co.'s

Red Figure Sale of Clothing.

Opportunity Knocks But Once at a Man's Door. DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY.

We have gone carefully over our clothing. Sort of stock as it were, and come to the conclusion that we have too much for this time of year. Our aim now is to reduce the stock to make room for Fall goods. The low down prices are all marked in red figures, hence the name RED FIGURE SALE.

Those strong tweed \$5.00 suits that were the surprise of every one that saw them, for this sale \$3.00. Only a few left.

Halifax tweed suits, dark grey, also grey and brown checks, 41 wool suits that look well, wear well and will stand lots of hardship, priced at \$6.50, for this sale \$4.95. All wool tweed, Fenwick, fine quality, marked at \$10.00 and \$10.50, for this sale \$7.00. Our unrivalled \$10.00 double breasted serge suits, heavy twill and well made, for this sale \$6.90. Better quality serge suits worth \$11.50 and \$12.00 now marked \$9.00. Correspondingly low prices in Boys' and Youth's Suits. Boys' two piece suits from 4 to 9 years, very cheap starting at \$1.50 for \$2.00 suits \$1.75 etc. These are not light, flimsy things but good weight fall suits.

Men's black striped pants in three qualities \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.75 now \$1.60, \$1.75 and \$2.10.

Men's fancy two piece pants marked at \$2.75 and \$3.50, now all one price \$2.25.

Men's strong tweed working pants in great variety ranging in price from \$1.00 up to \$2.25. We start these now at 50 cents, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 for the best quality. This is an opportunity not to be neglected. Sale to start on Wednesday morning, Aug. 14th.

CLARKE & CO.

HAYING TOOLS
FOR THE FARMERS.

Our Fine India Steel Scythe, Scythe Snathes, Scythe Stones, Forks and Rakes.

PARIS GREEN.

Everything in the hardware line at the
HARDWARE STORE.

McLaughlin's best Family Flour

STAPLE GROCERIES.
GEO. S. STOTHART.

WANTED.

A second class female teacher for District No. 9, Upper Nelson. Apply to Geo. Clark, Trustee.

PUBLIC SCHOOL NOTICE.

The Public Schools open on the 26TH OF AUGUST, 1901. The law requires beginners to be six years of age. Permits to beginners can be obtained from Secretary to the Board of School Trustees, at the Town Clerk's Office, on Saturday 24th, inst.

PULP INDUSTRY. OVER THE WIRES.

Gradual Decline of Saw Mills
A Brave Mother Loses Her Life.
THROUGHOUT MAINE. PLANTER WRECKED.

Pulp Industry Rapidly Outgrowing Its Older Rival

BANGOR, Me., Aug. 13.—A vigorous protest went up all over Maine, and particularly along the Penobscot valley, when a few years since a prominent mill owner of this city, who is also largely interested in timber lands and lumbering operations, made the prediction that the day was not far distant when the manufacturing lumber interests would be of secondary importance to that of the pulp making industry. The forecast was ridiculed as an impossibility, and the question, "What would Maine do without her sawmills?" was asked.

To-day, those same men who ridiculed their fellow-operators statement are among the first to acknowledge that he was right, and that the pulp mills, and not the sawmills are furnishing the business and employment for the people of Maine.

To better illustrate the growth of the pulp and paper making industry in Maine, and the extent to which it has outstripped its older rival, the sawmill, this statement of the situation along the Penobscot valley is given. But two of the sawmills are running, while each one of the 10 pulp and paper mills are working full crews on full time, 24 hours a day for six days in a week and 10 hours on Sunday, or rather on Saturday night. One mill alone—the Great Northern at Millbrook—employs as many men as all the sawmills on the river combined, and the men employed in any one of the other nine would supply full crews to from two to four of the sawmills. Not so very many years ago this condition of affairs would have been the reverse—all the sawmills would have been working on full time, and there would have been scarcely more than two pulp plants that could have been running, but the pulp industry has steadily and rapidly outstripped the sawmills.

It must, in fairness, however, be said that more of the mills would be working but from the fact that they have no logs to keep their saws going; still this is due to the great increase of the pulp mills rather than to any thing else. The log cut on the Penobscot last winter was larger than for many years past and in the course of ordinary years these logs would now be in the booms and to a great extent cut out and delivered at the various sawmills along the river.

But the demand from the sawmills is not responsible for the large cut of the past winter. On the contrary, it was the demand for spruce logs to be converted into pulp and paper. And it is this new demand that is causing the delay in getting the drives to the down river booms. All the pulp logs are being brought down the Penobscot and its branches in the same drives as those intended for the sawmills. When they reach the coves where the pulp companies store their logs those belonging to the particular company have to be sorted out from the rest and piled into the dead waters, to be rafted or piled up upon the shores. As each one of these drives contains thousands and thousands of logs it is not a short job to examine the marks on each one and pick out those belonging to each place. And the operation repeated at every pulp mill reached causes a great delay in the time of the drive arriving at the Penobscot and Bangor booms.

But even though the drives were in and the logs delivered to the saw mills and they were working on full time their importance in the industrial world of this section would still be far less than that of the pulp mills for their earnings would be much less and the number of men to which they would be furnishing employment would be nowhere near so great. This condition of affairs is true not only of the Penobscot valley but of all Maine and practically men freely admit that instead of increasing in importance the saw mills must of necessity decrease, while the pulp and paper making plants will increase in value and importance as well as numbers.

The pulp makers have an advantage over their rivals, the lumber makers, in the fact that their supply of raw material is far greater, and they are handling it in a manner to force the saw mills out of competition with them. Here is the manner in which they are using it. They are buying large tracts of spruce timberland, which they are holding in reserve and not cutting upon, while buying their supply for present consumption from the small operators, who buy stumpage of the clear land owners and are willing to sell to whom or offers the largest price. The pulp and paper market being by far better than the lumber market, pulp people are in position to pay a price for logs that is all but prohibitive for the saw mill men. They can do this and make a profit, too. The operators, being controlled entirely by a desire to make money, do not let sentiment creep into their business in the least, and sell to the highest bidder.

More Linching in U. S. Shamrock Arrives Burghar Confesses.

Motor ran Away.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 9.—The "Soleil" says Prince Albert of Belgium, nephew of King Leopold, had a narrow escape while riding in a motor yesterday. The motor ran into a ditch and turned over, with the prince underneath it. He was extricated and sustained no injuries except some bruises.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 8.—Mrs. Frederick Shepherd lost her life at New Glasgow today in a heroic effort to save her boy from drowning. The boy fell into an old quarry in which were ten feet of water. The mother plunged into the water after the boy and she managed to hold him up until assistance came. The boy was saved but the mother's strength was exhausted and she was drowned.

Peter Jackson is Dead.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 8.—Peter Jackson, the famous negro pugilist, died July 23, at a private sanitarium at Roma, near Sydney N. S. W., of consumption.

The Boer War.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—A despatch from Lord Kitchener, dated from Pretoria today, says: "A blockhouse near Brandfontein, (Orange River Colony) was rushed and captured by the Boers after severe fighting on the night of August 7th. Elliott has captured 70 prisoners and large quantities of stock and wagons which he is sending in. No details have been received."

Steamers in Collision.

QUEENSTOWN, Aug. 8.—The White Star line steamer Oceanic, Captain Cameron, which sailed from Liverpool yesterday for New York, via Queenstown, arrived here this morning and reported having been in collision last night, in the Irish channel, with the steamer Kinross. The Kinross was a steel screw steamer of 455 tons. She belonged to the Waterford Steamship Co.

Victims of the Strike.

VANCOUVER, Aug. 7.—The headless body of a Jap was found floating in the Fraser river this morning. Two Japs have been missing since the strike of the fishermen, and by the striking fishermen, and it is believed the body found is one of them, and that he was murdered.

The Royal Tour.

PORT LOUIS, Mauritius, Aug. 8.—The steamer Ophir, with the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on board, left today bound for Durban.

Burglar Confesses.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 10.—Jack Winters, who was arrested as a suspect in connection with the Selby smelting works robbery, has confessed, and so far \$130,000 worth of bullion has been recovered from the bay, where he had sunk it.

A Mother's Crime.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Robert Pringle while temporarily insane from illness today, fired three shots into the body of her 13-year-old daughter, Mildred; then fired a single bullet into her own abdomen, and, without knowing that the weapon was empty, aimed it at her 11-year-old son, Bartol, and pulled the trigger. The boy grappled with his mother and took the weapons from her, after which she fell to the floor unconscious and died at 8 o'clock tonight. Mildred will probably recover.

Shamrock Arrives.

SANDY HOOK, N. J., Aug. 11.—Shamrock II, Sir Thomas Lipton's second challenger for America's cup, in tow of her consort, the big steam yacht Eria, arrived off Sandy Hook Lightship shortly after 11 o'clock tonight and anchored for the night just inside the lightship half an hour later.

Signor Crispi Dead.

NAPLES, Aug. 11.—Signor Crispi died at 7.45 o'clock this evening. He was surrounded by the members of his family and several intimate friends.

The result of this is inevitable. Before many years all the good spruce, excepting that upon the large reservations owned by the pulp companies, will be cut away. Then, where will the saw mills go for their raw material? The pulp mills will be all right for many years even then, for they have got the thousands and thousands of acres to fall back upon being estimated that the pulp companies now control sufficient spruce land to keep them running for a period of nearly 20 years. A spruce tree that has attained a growth of 15 years is sufficiently large to cut for use in a pulp mill, but for the purposes of a saw mill it must grow at least five years longer.—Boston Herald.

"GO WEST"

Many Take Advantage of the

HARVESTING EXCURSION.

A number of Miramichi men Join the Large Crowd of Excursionists.

It is said that nearly three thousand men from the Maritime Provinces left on the first of the Harvesting Excursions last Saturday. From nearly every station on the L. C. B. numbers of men purchased tickets. The cheap fare, \$10 to Moose Jaw and the prospects of plenty of work at wages from \$35 to \$60 a month has induced many of our best young men to go to the West many will return during the fall and resume their occupation here as formerly but undoubtedly many will remain in that growing country.

EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The District Convention of the Epworth League met in the Methodist Church Newcastle, Aug. 6th at 8 o'clock. Song service was given by members of Newcastle Ep. League, and devotional exercises conducted by Rev. H. R. Baker. The President of Dist. Ep. League, Rev. John Goldsmith, then took the chair.

The Sec'y Treasurer, Robert W. Beersby of Richibucto, not being present and requesting to be relieved of the office, H. R. Baker was thereupon duly elected in his stead.

The president made a short address upon the greatness of our opportunities to work for Christ or humanity. He was followed by Rev. H. E. Thomas in a very telling address on the Use and Abuse of Organization. After Hymn 454 was sung the convention was favored with a most practical and helpful essay in the necessity of Perseverance by Miss Anna O. McLeod. Rev. J. J. Pinkerton gave great satisfaction in an inspiring and instructive address on the Work of Committees. This was followed by a number of questions by members of Convention and a general discussion. It seemed to be the opinion of those who spoke that where it is not possible to have two prayer-meetings during the week it is helpful to unite the regular prayer-meeting with that of the Ep. League using the topic card and some other features of Ep. League Organization.

R. N. Wyse Esq. spoke in our Responsibilities. His excellent remarks were driven home by the Pastor of the church, Rev. F. H. Pickles, in a most fervent and earnest address.

At the evening session the choir gave a most delightful song service which was followed by devotional exercises, and the Rev. J. K. Curtis held an entranced for 20 minutes in an address of great eloquence and power on The Privilege Opportunities and Responsibilities of members of Ep. League. Rev. W. C. Matthews talked to us very forcibly in the forward movement for Missions giving many facts and much information.

Convention adjourned to meet at the next Financial District Meeting.

Negro Burned at the Stake.

SEVANHALL, Ga., Aug. 11.—Eighteen miles south of Savannah, near the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, the charred trunk of the body of Joe Washington, the negro ransacker of Mrs. J. J. Clark, is all that remains to tell the story of the tragedy of last night. Washington was captured at Liberty City yesterday afternoon and was brought to Way Station, near which place his crime was committed. He was carried in before Mrs. Clark, who identified him positively as the negro who had assaulted her. The negro's positive identification sealed his fate. A mob of 400 men clamored for his life, but the leaders, numbering less than a dozen, carried into execution their plan of vengeance. The rest of the mob was kept at a distance. Washington walked to his death without a tremor and met it without a prayer or appeal for mercy. He admitted his guilt of crime incident to the principal, but to the end he stubbornly refused to acknowledge that he had assaulted Mrs. Clark.

Severe Electrical Storm.

SHERBROOKE, Que., Aug. 12.—On Saturday evening about six o'clock a terrific electric storm broke out over this district and lasted for an hour. The rain fell in torrents accompanied by an electric display, and great damage was done to the highways and railways. The express between Sherbrooke and Newport was stalled by a washout. Gullies 15 feet deep were cut in places across the highways, bridges and culverts were washed away.

Steamer Halifax Wrecked.

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—The Plant Line steamer Halifax, Captain Pye, from Charlottetown, Port Hawkesbury and Halifax, N. S., struck a ledge off Miramichi's light while coming in port in a thick fog early today. She foundered, however, and was beached in a safe condition. Tugs and lighters have gone to her for the passengers and baggage.

POOR COPY

MR. BOWSER'S THREE DAYS.

He is Laid up in the House with Rheumatism.

Mr. Bowser had been complaining for a fortnight of twinges in his legs, but had scorned Mrs. Bowser's advice to use liniment.

He got his feet wet as he came home the other night in a thunder shower, and at bedtime he suddenly discovered that he had a very decided limp in his left leg.

While he was wondering if he had been sitting down on a broken bottle all the evening a limp struck the other leg, and, hanging to the back of his chair, he exclaimed:

By John, Mrs. Bowser, but what in thunder has got into my legs? I don't believe I can walk three steps.

It's rheumatism, probably, she replied, and you ought to attend to it very sharply. Your legs must be well rubbed with liniment.

You—you don't mean that I've actually got rheumatism! he whispered as he grew white around the mouth.

I assure of it. I think you've had it hanging about you for some weeks.

A rheumatism ties a man up in a net, and often goes to his heart and kills him like a bullet!

Mr. Bowser grew paler, and his chin quivered, but as Mrs. Bowser said to express her hopes that this was not a mild attack and would yield readily to treatment he took a sudden resolve and almost eagerly said:

Well, you won't worry. What ever it is I will bear it like a man. I may be a cripple in the house for months or years, but you won't hear one word of complaint from me.

He managed to get up stairs after a good deal of trouble, and after his legs had been rubbed and he had been helped into bed he felt so much better that he went to sleep.

When he woke in the morning, however, it was a different thing. His legs were almost as stiff as crowbars, and the doctor arrived to warn him that he was good for three days in bed.

He was asked to exercise patience and kept a cheerful spirit, and he replied:

Not one complaint shall be heard from me, doctor, and I'll whistle and sing all the time.

DAY THE FIRST.

That was the way day the first started in. The doctor had been gone exactly four minutes when Mr. Bowser suddenly exclaimed:

By gum, but you are taking it cool for a woman with a dying husband!

But what can I do? asked Mrs. Bowser.

You can turn my pillow over, rub my feet, give me that camphor get me the morning paper, bring me a cigar.

A loving wife would think of a hundred things to do.

During that first day Mr. Bowser was assisted to turn over in bed 23 times, his pillow was elevated or

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the end of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

But I don't understand.

Simply because you don't know your husband. I could have filled the house with complaints, but I uttered not a word. I could have folded my arms and died, but I will-d it otherwise. Let this be a great moral lesson to you, Mrs. Bowser, and behold—

And he went waltzing around the room with his knees as limber as springs and the cat following after, while Mrs. Bowser raised her hands in astonishment and said to herself:

Was there ever another man in all the world like Mr. Bowser.

OUR BISHOP'S JUBILEE.

To the Right Reverend James Rogers, D. D., Bishop of Chatham, Fifty years a Priest July 2nd, and Forty-one years a Bishop, August 15th, 1901.

All hail the day and auspicious hour When thou wert sent forth to pray and preach.

In the plenitude of the priestly power, Most kind of heart and correct of speech.

Full fifty years of retrospection, How many changes have come since then, What joy and grief and what fond affection.

Those bygone years and those buried men, God bless the old who are going from us, God guard the new who are coming in, Their mighty mantle hath fallen on us, To shirk the same would be shame and sin.

Then, Ave! Vail! our noble Pastor, In God's great service now growing old, Thy people's pulses throb fast and faster As thou art nearing the crown of gold.

Another Moses on Nebo's mountain, Thou canst look down on the promised land, While the fairer fields and the fuller fountains.

By eye of faith may be clearly scanned, God bless our Bishop in living, dying, God guard with grace his declining years; While the winds of winter are around him sighing, God's glorious springtime of life appears.

CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA and all Summer Complaints in Children and Adults readily cured by Fuller's Blackberry Cordial. Always reliable. At all dealers at 25 cents.

Where are the bees? asked the star boarder.

They ain't got up yet, replied the absent minded landlady, with her thoughts on the second storey back.

PUTMAN'S PAINLESS CORN AND WART EXTRACTOR

Is the only remedy that positively cures corns and warts without pain in twenty-four hours. Ask your druggist about it, he has sold it for a long time. Club any druggist who offers you a substitute for Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. He knows it is the best; you will too if you try it.

Come, Harry, it is time for you to get out and work the lawn mower.

All right, Harriet, and it is time for you to go into the pantry and work the lemon squeezer.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

That rich Mr. Singleton is quite a big gun, isn't he? asked Rose.

Yes, said Lily; but I can tell you one thing—he isn't a popgun.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.

H. A. Archer, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

can be obtained from E. Sullivan, Campbellton, J. J. Roy, Bathurst, W. W. Mitchell, Newcastle, Geo. Watt, Grafton, McCormick & McCarthy, Black James Parks, Redbank, A. C. Johnson, St. Louis, Andrew Ferguson, Havana

CAUTION! Purchasers would do well to make sure they are buying from a dealer who sells GENUINE McLAUGHLIN'S.

CARRIAGE FACTORY

We make the very finest of Carriages, wagons, carts, hand made and guaranteed to be the best of imported stock, stock to select from.

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

James M. Falconer

NO SUMMER VACATION

Our arrangements are complete for our usual Teachers' and University Students Classes, during the vacation season. Any desired selection of studies from either our Business or Technical courses (or from both) may be made.

REMEMBER—St. John's climate and our superior ventilating system, make study in Summer just as pleasant as in any other season.

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Office returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to obtain a patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense.

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Sent for sample copy FREE. Address, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., (Patent Attorneys), Evans Building, - WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO CURE A HEADACHE IN TEN MINUTES.

KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDERS

From all walks in life we hear good words of KUMFORT Headache Powders.

Madame M. J. Pelletier, Proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel, Quebec, writes: "I have used KUMFORT Headache Powders and found them very beneficial."

J. Fred Edwards, of the Learmont Hotel, Truro, says: "I recently used KUMFORT Headache Powders and they cured me in short order. It seems as if they never fail."

Mr. W. C. Balcom, the travelling Jeweller of Hantsport, N. S., writes: "I used KUMFORT Headache Powders recently and found them a marvelous cure for Headache."

KUMFORT Headache Powders are safe, pleasant and effectual. They contain no opiates and create no habit from continued use.

All dealers sell them in 10 and 25 cent packages. Be on your guard and insist on the GENUINE. Imitations are are to be avoided.

F. G. WHEATON CO., LTD., Sole Proprietors, FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

POOR COPY

ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1901.

A Man of Guile and Wiles out on Top.

It came for the night by evenin' and the wickedness of man-kind. The old kins didn't know that a straight beat two pairs. I let him win \$3 from me to encourage him to keep on doing good. He would have passed on into the night and played 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' as he went. But I insisted that he share my humble couch.

He melted my heart with another tune and we turned in, and as I weary of body and my soul feared not an evil I slept like a buck. When the sun rose again and the buzzards scolded to each other over the plains of Oklahoma I threw off the chains and rose up like an ox from the pasture.

In about a minute I discovered a goodness—the old man gone, the cuffs gone, everything gone. While I had slept the sleep of a good man the critter had despoiled me of my all and fled.

In my surprise and despair I cried out and jumped on my back, but the knowledge that truth was my lamp and integrity my watchword soon brought calmness and I took the villain's track.

He had made for Calamity hill, and being unduly elevated over his victory, he had plunged into dissipation and was drinkin' his third glass of beer as I clapped him on the shoulder and said:

The grains of the wicked are like chaff on the open ground, but the dollars of integrity are plunked out as old stockin' to stay. Let us amble.

We stambled out, and when the citizens of the town heard my story they took the old critter and hung him to a limb.

They did not encompass his death, but hung him three times as high as I had, and left him breath enough to pursue his journey.

It was a reward of virtue, was turned over the accordeon, and when I left the town, seated on my wagon, with the sun of noonday warning the earth and the birds carlin' in the trees of love, I yanked the reins of my horse and exulted from the old box and said to myself:

It don't allus happen as quick as this, but the man of integrity is sure to find his reward in the end.

And lastly.

Greet a feller wish love in your heart, but don't forget the cussedness that was born in him.

Dunsap—I went to Henriques restaurant yesterday in a shirt waist, and they refused to serve me.

Bertwhistle—Is that so? Why, I understand they served lobsters in every style.

EVERY BOTTLE OF KENDRICK'S Liniment is the same, you can depend upon the quality at all times, at all times the best.

Newby Nobbs says he's afraid to get married.

He says that girls nowadays look so smart.

A KNOCK OUT FOR ASTHMA.

You have had many disappointments, filled your stomach with nasty drugs, tried lots of things, but they all failed. Not being a stomach complaint, of course Asthma can't be cured by stomach medicine. But Asthma can be cured by the Inhalant. Inhalant Asthma: it makes breathing easy, cures the cough, makes you well. Doctors say there's nothing like Asthma for Asthma. All dealers, 25c and \$1.00.

Daughter—What do you think of my coming out gown?

Ben—Well, my dear, I don't see how you could vary well come out of it any farther.

And Poor Alkie was Pain-Killer. It was internally for cramps, colic and diarrhea. Applied externally cures rheumatism, swollen muscles, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer. Per-sonal, 25c and 50c.

Holton—So your son has graduated from college. What is he going to do?

Holton—Well, for the present he's going to sit round and tell the rest of us all he thinks he knows.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Carter

See Face-Outline Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Parson's Pills

ONE PILL IS A DOSE

They make new, rich blood, prevent and cure Bile, Scourges and Bile-Indigestion. Enclosed in glass vials. Footpads—25 cents a bottle. \$1.00 for six.

L.S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

PRAISES CANADA.

English Traveller is Delighted With What He Saw Out West.

Mr. James Sanderson is a retired English merchant of the good old city of London, who thought he would like to see Canada with his own eyes that he might derive impressions at first hand. So he took a holiday—a holiday which now expires. He is now on his way back to England. At the C. P. R. offices today, Mr. Sanderson expressed himself in terms of unqualified admiration for the boundless heritage which the Canadians possess.

First, he thought the C. P. R. was a marvel. He had heard about the C. P. R. in the Old Country, but he had no idea of the luxury which could be expressed on wheels. Politeness—yes, Parisian politeness. Every attention, every kindness. Comforts—abundant. Every appointment perfect, the whole giving the notion of delicacy and refinement. The food on the way to the coast—better than he had got at first-class London hotels. The C. P. R. was something to think about. The scenery he had read about and he would not attempt to describe it. He was only a plain man, but he would just say that it was magnificent. The pity was that so few Englishmen had seen it. The knowledge of Canada was spreading in England, and it was about time, for there was the greatest opportunity here for the young man, for the young woman, for all who desired to better themselves. In England they had hundreds of men farming at a loss, and yet unwilling to give up. They had thousands of young women who did not know what to do. This was the place for them. The west was superb. He had seen the wheat belt. It was simply prodigious, and especially to an Englishman, who could see so little of this. He believed the crop would come very close to sixty million bushels. British Columbia seemed prospering, and mining business was settling down, which was a good thing—the speculative element had been pretty well eliminated and Manitoba and the North-West were growing at a wonderful rate. The people were well off and contented; he found growing communities on every hand, of men and women who breathed free, and found the taste of ownership sweet. He was very glad indeed that he had had such an opportunity in his life. The Dominion was a great country destined to become influential among the nations of the world. Every effort should be made to spread the knowledge of its resources abroad. What little he could do in this direction he would be delighted to do when he returned.

—Montreal Witness, Aug. 2nd.

WHY EXPERIMENT when you can get a remedy that has been tested for over 25 years? Carter's Little Liver Pills, cures all Summer Complaints in Children and Adults and may be had at all dealers, price 25 cents.

High horse—I'm going to leave off horse—What for?

High horse—See what guys we are—tugged out in our owner's last year's summer hats.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The Nineteenth Century.

BY MICHAEL WHELAN.

(Specially written for the Advocate)

What progress has the new era brought us? That just has breathed out its latest breath? When at its dawn the dead century sought us? The people's lay in the lap of death. Napoleon marched o'er the graves of freeman, While law lay trampled beneath his heel; And when he died, still survived the demon Of war that damned the poor people's weal. In the dark days when the fearful fire Had swept with fury over lovely plains, White slaves and black ones with fierce desire, In old and new worlds, cried, "break our chains." When peace proclaimed by that blessed Banner, That flies, cross crowned o'er the war-cursed earth, Arose to plead for the negro slave, Their chains were broken in far or near land Where brave Britannia doth rule the wave. In Canada, of our dear devotion, Rebellion rose up to right our wrongs, Like the restless waves of the mighty ocean Or great Niagara, it breathes our throngs. Much blood was shed to cement that Union In the far south, with its flag of stars, When blue and gray in one vast communion Were sacrificed to the greed of Mars. A few brief years and the haughty German Swept o'er the plains of fair sunny France, Behold, O Canada, at once your arms, In "blood and iron" Bismarck advances. In Africa, while the spears were flying, The last Napoleon gave up life's star. His widowed mother in sorrow sighing, For her Prince—who perished from France afar. Our gallant Jordon too bravely perished While facing hosts of black demons there; May his memory long in the land be cherished, Where he is loved by the brave and fair. As gallant hearts by the bullets bitten, Beneath the eagle you are lying still And many a maiden, both Boer and Brit, Shall long remember Majuba Hill. The century's close heard the cannon's peal In swarthy Cuba and Philippine; While Boer and Briton in bloody battle, Broke the brave heart of England's Queen. And still war rages between the nations In that far scene of the savage south, And death is dealing its devastations, From Mauser rifle and cannon's mouth. But! "Onward still," is the era war cry, No lagging back for the ages dead. And, Forward! March! is the fierce and far cry, No looking backward, but go ahead. Behold the beauty that blooms around us, In field and forest, on hill and glens In paradise bath the cycle found us With newer methods and nobler men. We see the strides of the age gigantic, From sail ship slow to the steamship strong, Till news is flashed o'er the vast Atlantic, In six short seconds it sweeps along. From the old oil lamp and the tallow candle, From the metric gas to electric light, From the dim dark age of the Goth and Vandal, To bright noon-day in the depth of night. From the slow stage coach of our fathers, To the rushing train and the railway car, Why the dear, dead century surpassed all others, As slower snail by a shooting star. All hail the new and the August season, Good bye, God speed to the great one gone, This is the age of remorseless reason, But God still reigns and His Christ lives on.

TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

Every one who would have a clear, soft, velvety skin free from pimples, blackheads, redness and disfiguring eruptions must use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is a true food for the skin, does not clog the pores as do powders, and assures permanent benefit. There is not a single itching, burning skin disease of man, woman or child that Dr. Chase's Ointment will not cure. Mothers find it invaluable for Baby Eczema, scald head and chafing on little ones.

ERENCH GOLD GALORE.

The people of Richmond County have a Klondyke all to themselves. In a manner it is superior to the Klondyke of the North in as much as the gold is found even in and all ready to be put in circulation.

Over a year ago gold coins to the number of fifteen were found at Point Michieu, about 12 miles distant from St. Peter's. The coins found were about the size of an English shilling. On close examination they proved to be the Louis d'Or of France, the nominal value of which is about \$5. The first coin found bore the date 1742 and a few of the others found later were of the same date. All the coins found appeared as if just from the mint. At the time crowds could be seen on the beach each searching for some of the treasure. Only 15 were found, however, and the seekers gave up the hunt. Last week a man who was doing some work on the beach picked up a gold coin the self same kind as was found a year ago and in about the same place as the others were found. The news spread that another gold coin had been found on Pt. Michieu beach, and soon crowds were again on the beach seeking for the coins. Last week about 60 coins altogether were found, all of them Louis d'Or of France and bearing dates between 1730 and 1742. The coins are all found at low tide, and so far as can be learned are not found above high water mark. The question is, how came the ducats here? It is generally allowed that it is not a buried treasure, as the coins are found singly and no two exactly in the same spot. The theory is that a warship's crew to pay the troops at Louisbourg during the French occupation of the place was wrecked on the coast here. It is supposed that the action of the waves has slowly been driving the coins shoreward; whatever be the explanation it is certain that the gold coins are found here and just now in paying quantities.

You May Need
Pain-Killer

For
Cuts
Burns
Bruises

Cramps
Diarrhoea
All Bowel
Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.
There's only one PAIN-KILLER.
PAIN-KILLER
Two sizes, 25c and 50c.

Tonsorial Parlor.

Barbering in all its branches done here, razors honed, scissors ground, hair dyed, shampooing, shaving, hair cutting in all the latest styles, beard trimmed, etc. Ladies wishing their hair shampooed can call at the house. Don't forget I have choice cigars.

J. A. COLLINS.

DUNLOP SOLID RUBBER TIRES

Means more comfort for you, easier work for your horse and saves the wear and tear on your carriage.

CAN BE FITTED TO ANY VEHICLE.

WE HAVE THE TOOLS AND PUT THE TIRES ON IN OUR OWN SHOP AND CAN ALSO REPAIR TIRES THUS SAVING THE DELAY AND TROUBLE OF SENDING THEM TO THE FACTORY.

EVERY SET GUARANTEED.

MITCHELL & RUSSELL, NEWCASTLE.

CUSTOM TAILORING

Mr. J. R. McDonald has moved to the rooms over J. Demers' grocery store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

PRESSING, CLEANING, REPAIRING executed with neatness and despatch.

R. McDONALD.

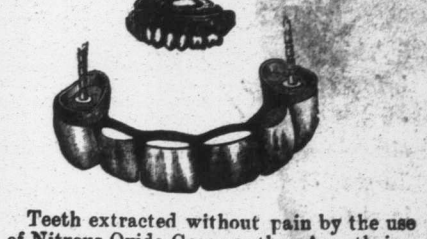
PROFESSIONAL.

F. L. Pedelin, M. D.

Telephone 15. Pleasant Street
NEWCASTLE.
O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D.
Graduate Royal College of Surgeons, London, England.
SPECIALIST.
Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
Office, 101 Westmorland and Main Street, Moncton, N. B.

Davidson & Aitken, Attorneys, NEWCASTLE N. B.

D. H. & G. J. Sprong,



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

DR. CATES, Dentist,

at his Newcastle office from 2nd to last of every month. All kinds of Dental Work done by
Latest and Improved Methods.
Over Jos. Demers' Store.

J. E. LAYTON

Graduate of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music.
Pupil of Johannes Weidenbach, "Prof. Gustav Schreck and Dr. Robert Pappert, Leipzig, Germany."
Instruction given in
Piano, Organ and Theory.
RESIDENCE: **Waverley Hotel, Newcastle.**

W. H. Irvine, M. D.,

BOJESTOWN, N. B.
Special attention given to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
(Eyes tested and glasses furnished.)

HOTELS.

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

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

Chatham, N. B.

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

PROVISIONS

CONSISTING OF
Flour, Reef, Pork, Hams
Bacon, Teas, Sugars, Molasses
Barley, Peas, Soaps, Lard
Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats
and Standard Oatmeal and
Corn meal in bbls. and 4 bbl
Ontario and Moncton
Crackee Feed, etc

Store on Public Wharf
J. A. RUNDLE

WANTED.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO. require a
First Class Local Agent
for Newcastle and vicinity. Excellent contract to a first class man, both salary and commission.
NOTE—The Great-West Life have just closed the best year in its history. Agents who can offer the public lowest rates with highest guarantees, together with highest interest earnings, secure the best business, you can only offer the above with a Great West Agency. Apply naming references to
ALBERT J. RALSTON,
Manager Maritime Province Branch, ST. JOHN, N. B.

POOR COPY

Advertising Rates.
One inch—First Insertion 60 cents, and 25 cents for each additional insertion.
Yearly Contract—\$5.00 per inch.
All business communications should be addressed to ASHLEY BROS., Newcastle, and all letters to the Editor should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE ADVOCATE, Newcastle, N. B.
ANNOUNCEMENT.
In the future the publishers of the Advocate will render all advertising accounts monthly.

The Union Advocate,
ESTABLISHED 1867.

NEWCASTLE, AUGUST 14, 1901.

MIRAMICHI TIME.

This vacation question is again before the public and all because the owners of the two lumber mills persist in having a time of their own. Instead of going to work at 7 o'clock local time they start in at 6.15 and work until 11.15 from 12.15 to 5.15. This may be advantageous to some but it is a nuisance to the majority of the citizens who keep the proper Miramichi time. Recently an elderly lady, a stranger, was observed on the public wharf at a few minutes past eleven and when asked where she was going she said Chatham and was greatly surprised when informed that she would have a long wait as the boat did not leave until 12.15. She remarked that the 12 o'clock whistle had blown a few minutes before. This is only one instance of many that has come under our notice of late. These mill owners signed the agreement to abide by Miramichi time and we think they ought to live up to their agreement. Mr. Manny deserves the thanks of all as the spool mill keeps excellent time.

CONTENTED ISOLATION.

The New York Post, referring to an article in the Atlantic Monthly on Canada's isolation, remarks that Canada seems to be doing pretty well under the disease. After commenting on the flourishing state of our trade, it says that though Canada is doing very well she would be glad to do better—that no nation is really indifferent to great markets. We have quite as much interest in increasing our trade with Canada. In fact, the general ignorance and indifference to our third best customer is a little surprising. We sell more to Canada than we do to all South America, and yet we get excited over Latin-American trade and politics, while we give to the Joint High Commission, which will probably meet again this fall, only the most languid attention. The main outstanding question is the tariff. We are certainly mistaken in levying excessive duties on Canadian oats, barley, dairy products, steam coal, woodpulp and lumber. The Canadians, on the other hand, might concede something to our manufactures, such as iron, glass and cloth. Such a reciprocity convention should not, we feel, be complicated by the introduction of other outstanding issues. The Newfoundland fisheries and the Alaskan boundary are questions to be settled on their own merits. All that is needed is a little friendliness. Details aside, The Post states the case fairly. Canada has shown that she can do without the American market. At the same time nobody doubts that freer access to that market would be of advantage to us. It is all a question of terms they choose to impose. Now this notion seems to be gradually disappearing. The Post says that it is for the American representatives to move. "We owe it to the Canadians to remove any prejudice concerning our motives and intentions."

CANADA AND ENGLAND.

Hon. R. R. Dobbell, Quebec, questioned as to his view on trade matters and Canada's standing in Great Britain said he foresaw the greatest possibilities for this country in the very near future and predicted enormous increases in the exchange of the products of two countries. Canada, said he, occupies a most enviable position imaginable in the effectuations and thoughts of the great British people. Her active support of the mother country in the Boer war and the efforts in drawing attention to the ad-

vantages and possibilities of colonization in Canada has placed her in the very front rank and cannot fail to have far-reaching results.

BATHURST.

Miss Emma Burns left Bathurst for Chatham where she will remain for a few weeks.

Mrs. M. M. of Newcastle, is visiting Mrs. R. Payne.

Mrs. J. White, Miss J. B. Burns and Miss Pauline White made a short visit to St. John last week.

Mrs. W. S. Brown and her daughter Miss Minnie, who have been guests of Mrs. T. Galtin for the past week, returned to their home in Newcastle on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Porter of Bellefleur and Mrs. G. G. of Quebec were here the first part of this week.

Miss M. Cruise has returned from a visit to St. John, she was accompanied by Miss Tina Quinn who will remain as her guest for a few weeks.

Rev. G. Street and Miss Street went last week to Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Landry are receiving congratulations on the advent of a young son to their home.

Misses R. Burns, Bella Mullins, Frances Mullins and Eva Mullins went to Jacques River for a few days this week.

Miss A. McKendry who has been spending the past week here returned on Monday to Douglastown.

Miss Dyer and Miss M. S. Rive of Carleton Place visited Bathurst recently.

Miss M. Melanson of Moncton is the guest of Mrs. J. J. Melanson.

Miss Dickson of Derby is visiting Mrs. Wm. Armstrong.

Miss Ethel Baldwin of Carney Hospital South Boston is spending a vacation at her home here.

Miss Gertrude White also from Carney Hospital is visiting her home people. Their many friends are delighted to see the girls but regret that their vacations are so short.

Mrs. Donald, of Windsor, N. S. is the guest of her sister Mrs. T. E. Carter.

Mrs. P. F. of Carleton made a short visit here lately.

Miss Millie Carter's numerous friends are delighted to have her at home. Her stay however must be a brief one as she will soon return to resume her duties at the Hospital in Fall River.

A dear little baby girl is being most welcomed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Bishop. Our best wishes for the health and happiness of the little stranger.

Mr. John Young M. R. F. of Carleton is in town not long since.

Mrs. H. Pallen of Chatham has been visiting friends here.

Mrs. T. McManus of Sydney was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jenkins of Amherst are visiting friends in Bathurst and vicinity.

The Superintendent of cheese factories, Mr. Cyrille Daigle was here on an official visit last week. He reports our factory as being in flourishing condition.

Rev. Frs. Ugal and Matthew of St. Basil and Montreal respectively were guests of His Lordship Bishop Bury last week.

The contract for the manufacture of the pipe for the church of the Sacred Heart has been given to Mr. J. C. Walker, manager, of the Machine Co. and Woodwork Co. The pipe is to be of a Gothic style, specially designed by Mr. Walker and will be finished in about six weeks.

The Superior of the College of the Sacred Heart, C. O. of St. Father Le-Bonard, and two of the P. teachers, Rev. Father Drian and Rev. Father Haquin spent last week here.

His Lordship Bishop Barry has gone to Campbellton, to be absent several days.

Mr. Clarence Adams of New York is the guest of his uncle M. T. M. Burns M. P. P.

Miss Jessie Quinn and Miss Carleton of St. John on their way home from Buffalo are making a stay in Bathurst.

Mrs. McDonald of Chatham is visiting Mrs. J. C. Menahan.

Miss Mary Landry of Bathurst is visiting Mrs. N. A. Landry.

Mr. Clay Adams of New York is spending a vacation here the guest of his uncle, Mr. T. D. Adams.—Event.

Australia Thanks Canada.

Letter From Premier Barton to Premier Laurier for Canada's Representative at Opening of Commonwealth.

OTTAWA, Aug. 11.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier has received the following letter from Premier Barton, of the Australian Commonwealth:
Department of External Affairs, Melbourne, June 30, 1901.

Sir,—I have the honor on behalf of myself and my honorable colleagues, the members of the Commonwealth government to convey to you our most cordial thanks for the representation of Canada at the opening of the Commonwealth parliament.

The presence of Mr. Mulock was largely appreciated and his representation of your dominion enhanced the importance of the most historic event in the history of Australia.

The action of your government was received with much satisfaction by all Australians and unquestionably emphasized the vastness and solidity of the great British Empire.

EDMUND BARTON.

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."
W. D. Quinn, Marcellus, Ill.

One thing is certain—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle, and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The One Thought.

We have most of us heard of that sweet wadded blue.
Of two hearts that are beating as one,
And two souls with a single thought sealed with a line,
And have wondered, perhaps, how 'twas done.

But to those who have been by experience taught
This effect is not hard to explain.
For in most of the cases that one "single" thought
Is—"I wish I was single again."

The Fee Was Tempting.

A very young couple in southwest Georgia called on a colored minister and offered him a string of fish to marry them. Said the minister:

"I might as well say both of you is too young for marry. But don't you look a heap older than what you is, en, fudermo, ef dey is one ting I wants partickler fer dinner dis day it is fish. So fine han's?"

But Yet a Woman.

When Muriel plays her violin,
With grace elevated 'neath her chin,
Such minstrel mood dwells in her eyes
I fear her husband for the dials.

But, ah, while music's magic speaks,
A string snaps; color mounts her cheeks;
Her eyes snap, too; then, flows my doubt;
I know she's human, "no" and out.

Her First Concert.

A country servant was given a ticket by her mistress for a local concert. She arrived home rather late and was questioned by her mistress on the matter.

"It came away before 'twas over," she replied, "and they were hurrying it on, 'cause they were winging away a time when I left."—Tribune.

Reparations.

He turned and gazed at her, and she blushed it right away.
In hopes to make amends, said he,
With weak attempt at apology,
"I'd like to add to my family tree
A branch so fresh and fair to see."
She answered, "I don't care to be
Ingrafted on a rubber tree!"

Reverence.

Mr. Fijit—I thought you said our new neighbors would not let their children play with our Tommie. I see him with them now.

Mrs. Fijit—Yes, but their parents don't know it. Tommie is just getting over the measles, and I want their children to catch 'em, the stuck up things!

His Bright Prospects.

Her father asked her money.
But I don't want it, honey,
For does I will be content to be content;
For do moonlight will be shining
When I'm plain, do a plain
For do moonlight will be shining

They'll Fix It.

Mrs. de Style—Of course this new furniture you've bought is quite pretty, but it's so distressingly new. It lacks the fashionable marks of age and antiquity.

Mrs. de Style—Never mind. It'll be all right after the children have operated on it for a couple of weeks.

The Bad Habit of Hoarding Trash.

In cleaning house from year to year
A woman's ways are wondrous queer.
She walls o'er rubbish; then, sick,
'Tis dusted and put safely back.

The Ingrate.

This is an ungrateful world. It not infrequently happens that the man who laughs the loudest at the mother-in-law jokes at the vaudeville show is the man who lives at the expense of his wife's mother and depends upon her to supervise the cooking, perhaps to do it.—Boston Transcript.

No Oldest Residents.

Turning to the picturesque resident, the man from the east, with a praiseworthy desire to be pleasant, asked:
"Have you lived here long?"

"No," replied Larin Lem, carelessly shifting his gun from one hand to the other. "Nobody lives here long."

If you

are lean—unless you are lean by nature—you need more fat.

You may eat enough; you are losing the benefit of it.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will help you digest your food, and bring you the plumpness of health.

Especially true of babies.

See our free sample and try it. SCOTT'S EMULSION. Beware of cheap imitations. See and know all druggists.

**FURNITURE
CARPETS AND
HOUSE FURNISHINGS**

Everything in the above Lines at

MORRISON'S

The Great Emporium of the Miramichi, where you can get your Home Furnished at manufacturer's Prices, cheaper than anywhere in the Province.

Just Received and now Open for Inspection

TEN PARLOR SUITES,

In Welton Rug, Silk and Velour Coverings, latest design and pattern fresh from the Manufacturers, ranging from \$29 to \$75 per suite.

LOUNGES

In Leather, Velour and Silk Tapestry from \$6.00 to \$15.00 each. COUCHES from \$8.00 to \$25.00

MORRIS CHAIRS, New Designs,

Cobler Rockers and Fancy Chairs, Diners and Rockers at all prices. Extension tables from 6 to 12 feet. Kitchen tables, centre tables, bed room tables.

BED ROOM SUITES.

In elm, ash and golden oak, latest designs at manufacturer's prices. Hat Racks, Sideboards at prices to suit wants of all. A large assortment of

Iron Bed Steads.

bed springs and mattresses. Curtain poles and trimmings from 5 to 12 feet.

All colors window shades from 25c to 75c each. Room moulding, picture moulding. A few pictures framed.

Mirrors, all sizes, very cheap.

CARPET.

Six pieces purchased from the manufacturers at a large discount, will be at a sacrifice. Floor matting and oilcloths. Children's Carriages and Carts. Call and see us and be convinced. Not compulsory to buy because you look.

D. Morrison, Newcastle

Nice New Dark

Wrappers and P. K.

Skirts Just Opened.

Mrs. H. A. Quilty,

THE SARGEANT STORE.

**Remedies for the
Season at the Pharmacy**

Extract Wild Strawberry
Blackberry Syrup
Both are good and pleasant cures for summer complaint.
Our own Fruit Salt
A splendid morning medicine.
Our compound syrup of Hypophosphites
The very best tonic and builder.
We have also a few more tins of "Eureka Fly Killer" with the sprayers at \$1.75.

A. E. Shaw's,
Druggist.
Newcastle.

Exquisite Style in Dress

Belongs to the man who has his clothing made to measure by an artist tailor who knows the value of perfect fit, good finish and fine workmanship, and who selects his fabrics with an eye to please the taste of the well bred gentleman. "The tailor makes the man," is an old saying and we can supply all defects of form and give you both style and satisfaction in every form.



We have 5 Bargains for the men who get here first, we have 5 suit lengths of Moncton Tweed which we are selling at a Bargain to Clear, the former Price was \$17.00, leave your order for one of these before Saturday night and get it for \$13.00 Cash. You should see them, it is a snap.

McMURDO & CO.,

POOR COPY

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

He looked at her, at the gleam of the
ant hair, at the arch of the proud
eyebrows, at the dreamy, luminous eyes,
as a face singularly dazzling, im-
passive and beautiful at all times,
but so of all in the dusky shadows of
the waiting desert tent.

"You have an exquisite art. They
are for sale?" she asked him. She
spoke with the careless, gracious
courtesy of a grande dame to a corporal of
chasseurs, looking little at him, much
at the ivory kings and their mimic
hosts of savages and Bedouins.

"And their price?" Old habits van-
quished; he forgot who and where he
was. He looked as in other days, as
he had used to bow in the circle of St.
James.

"Is the honor of your acceptance, if
you will deign to give that?"
He forgot that he was not as he once
had been. He forgot that he stood but
as a private of the French army before
an aristocrat whose name he had never
heard. She turned and looked at him,
which she had never done before, so
absorbed had she been in the chessmen
and so little did a chessman of the
ranks pass into her thoughts. There
was an extreme of surprise, there was
something of offense, and there was
still more of coldness in her glance.

"What a fool I am still!" he thought
as he made his way out of the bar-
ack room. "I might have fairly for-
gotten by this time that I ever had
the rights of a gentleman. I wonder
if I shall never touch the Black Hawk
that he may strike his back in once
too far?" he pondered with a sudden
darker, graver touch of musing, and in-
voluntarily he stretched his arm out
and looked at the wrist apple as Da-
masus steel and at the muscles that
were traced beneath the skin as he
moved his sleeve up.

He shook the thought off as he would
have shaken a snake. It had a terri-
ble sting.

"They are at your service, madame."
The temptation—a temptation which he
knew might any day overmaster him,
and Cecil was resolute to follow the
military religion of obedience enjoined
in the service that had received him at
his needs and to give no precedent in
his own person that could be fraught
with dangerous, rebellious allurement
for the untamed, chafing, redoubt-
ful for his comrades, for whom he
knew insubordination would be ruin
and death. Cecil had always thought
very little of himself.

CHAPTER VI.
CORPORAL VICTOR, Mon-
sieur le Commandant de-
sires you to present your-
self at his quarters to-
night at 10 precisely with all your car-
riage, above all with the chessmen."
The swift, sharp voice of a young
officer of his regiment wakened Cecil
from his musing as he went on his
way down the crowded, tortuous, sil-
encing street. He had scarcely time to
catch the sense of the words and to
halt, giving the salute before the chase-
saur's skittish little Buggy had galloped
past him. Cecil involuntarily stood
still. His face darkened. All
orders that touched on the service,
even where harness and most uncer-
tain, he had taught himself to take
without any hesitation till he now
suddenly felt the check of the steel
curb, but to be ordered thus like a
hackney to take his wares thus like a
blacket!

"Ah! We are soldiers, not traders,
aren't we? You don't like that, M.
Victor? You are no piddler, eh? And
you think you would rather risk being
court-martialed and shot than take
your ivory toys for the Black Hawk's
salute?"

Cecil glanced up in astonishment at
the divination and translation of his
thoughts to account for the bright
eyes of Cigarette looking down on
him from a little oval casement above.
"Good day, pretty one," he answer-
ed with a little weariness, lifting his
eyes to her with a certain sense of
annoyance that this young Bohemian of
the barracks, this child with her
stang and her satire, should always be
in his way like a shadow.

"Good day, my brave one!" returned
Cigarette contemptuously. "We are
not so ceremonious as all that in Al-
giers! Good fellow, you should be a
chamberlain, not a corporal. What
fine manners!"

She was incensed and plucked and
provoked. She had been ready to for-
give him, because he carried so won-
derfully and sold the carvings for his
comrade at the hospital. She was
holding out the olive branch after her
own petulant fashion, and she thought
if he had had any grace in him he
would have responded with some such
doffed compliment as those for which
she was accustomed to box the ears of
her admirers, and would have swung
himself up to the coping to touch, or
at least try to touch, those sweet,
fresh, crimson lips of hers that were
like a half opened damask rose.

"Fine manners!" echoed Cecil, with a
smile. "My poor child, have you been
so buffeted about that you have never
been treated with common courtesy?"

"Where?" cried the little lady, blow-
ing a puff of smoke down him.
"None of your pity for me! Buffeted
about? Do you suppose anybody ever
did anything with me that I didn't
choose? If you had as much power as
I have in the army, Chateauroux would
not send for you to sell your toys like
a peddler. You are a slave! I am a
sovereign!"

He listened, amused by her boastful
supremacy, but the last words
touched him with a certain pang just
in that moment.

"Well, yes," he said slowly, "I am
a slave, I fear. I wish a Bedouin slave
could put me in my thrall as you have
been treated with common courtesy."
He spoke jestingly, but there was a
tinge of sadness in the words that
touched Cigarette's changeable temper
to contrition. She knew she had been
ungenerous, a crime dark as night in
the sight of the little chivalrous sol-
dier.

"Never mind!" she said softly and
waywardly, winding her way right
with that penetration and tact which,
however unsexed in other things, Ciga-
rette had kept thoroughly feminine.
"That was but an idle word of mine.
Forgive it and forget it. You are not a
slave when you fight. They say to see
you kill a man is beautiful to see you
manlike! And you would go out and
be shot tomorrow rather than sell your
honor or stain it, eh? Take a glass of
champagne? Prutut, how you look!
Oh, the bottles with the silver necks
are not barrack drink, of course, but I
drink champagne always myself. This
is the prince's. He knows I only take
the best brands."

With which Cigarette, leaning down
from her casement, which she had
about a foot above his head, tendered
him peace offering in a bottle of Claret,
three of which, packed in her knap-
sack, she had carried off from the
luncheon table of a Russian prince who
was touring through Algiers and who
had half lost his grand duel head after
the bewitching, dauntless, capricious,
unattainable, unpurchasable and co-
quettish little fire eater of the spahis,
who treated him with infinitely more
insolence and indifference than she
would show to some battered old veter-
an or some worn-out old dog who had
passed through the great Kabaila raids
and battles.

"You will go to your colonel's to-
night?" she said questioningly as he
drank the champagne and thanked her.
"But I saw the spirit in which the gift
was tendered. He shrugged his shoul-
ders. He did not care to discuss his
colonel's orders with this pretty little
Bacchante."

"Oh, a chief's command, you know!"
"A fig for a chief!" retorted Ciga-
rette impatiently. "Why don't you
say the truth? You are thinking you
will disobey and risk the rest!"

"Well, why not? I grant his right
to barrack and field, but not to
order!"

"But!" echoed Cigarette, leaning out
of her oval hole, perched in the quaint,
gray, Moroccan wall, particu-
larly with broken enclosures of varied
heights. "That little word has been the undoing of
the world ever since the world began.
But my black cat and never
did anything but miss fire yet. So
you won't obey Chateauroux in this?"

He was silent again. He would not
answer falsely and he did not care to
say his thoughts to her.

"No," pursued Cigarette, translat-
ing his silence at her fancy, "you say
to yourself, I am an aristocrat—I will
not be ordered in this thing—you say
I am a good soldier; I will not be sent
for like a hawkey—you say I was
noble once; I will show my blood at
the ledge of the house opposite, a low

built wine, a home life,
ly touched the smiling walls of the
Moorish buildings in which she had
been perched. The crowd in the street
below looked up amazed and against
as she flew over their heads like a blue
and scarlet winged bird of Oren, but
they laughed as they saw who it was.

"It is Cigarette," growled a Turco
indignant. "Ah, ha, the devil for cer-
tainly must have been her father!"
Cecil looked after her with a certain
touch of pity for her in him.

"What a gallantry is pooled in that
little amazon!" he thought. The quick
flush of her face, the quick withdrawal
of her hand, he had not noticed. She
had not much to do for him—scarcely
any, indeed—save that he saw she was
pretty, with a mischievous face
that all the sun tan of Africa and all
the wild life of the Caserne could not
harden or debase. But he was sorry a
child so bright and so brave should be
tossed into three parts as proper, as she
was, should have been tossed up on the
scum and filth of the lowest barrack
life and should be doomed in a few
years to become the yellow, water-
tated, foul mouthed, vulture eyed camp
follower that premature old age would
surely render the darling of the triol-
ers, the pythons of the *Ar de l'Empire*.

"Fah!" said Cigarette between her
little teeth.

She stood in the glittering Algerine
night, brilliant with a million stars and
balmy with a million flowers, before
the bronze trellised gate of the villa on
the Sahel, where Chateauroux, when he
was not on active service, indulged
himself with the magnificence that his
private fortune enabled him to enjoy,
the glided scrollwork, then thrust her
rugged privations that he always shared
willingly with the lowest of his sol-
diers. Tonight the windows of the
house, low, more white, far stretching
building were lighted and open, and
through the wilderness of cactus, myr-
tile, orange, citron, fuchsia and a thou-
sand flowers that she had buried in, un-
der their weight of leaf and blossom a
myriad of lamps were gleaming like so
many glowworms beneath the foliage.

She saw the cedar tree and the melo-
dies and overtures of the best military
bands in Algiers came mellowed by the
distance and the fall of the bubbling
fountains. Cigarette looked and lis-
tened, and her gay, brown face grew
dusky with wrath.

"Ah," she muttered, as she
pressed her pretty lips to the lattice-
work. "The men die like murrained
sheep in the hospital, and get sour
because they are not allowed to be
pigs, and are thrashed if they pour
their muskets for a stoup of drink
when their throats are as dry as the
desert—and you live in glory!"

At all she saw was a small and bril-
liant group sauntering to and fro be-
fore the open windows after dinner,
listening to the bands and laughing low
and softly, and at once distance from
them, beneath the shade of a cedar, the
figure of a corporal of chasseurs, calm,
erect, motionless, as though he were
the figure of a soldier cast in bronze.
"A true soldier!" she muttered where
she lay among the rhododendrons, while
her eyes grew very soft as she gave the
highest word of praise that her whole
range of language held. "A true sol-
dier! How he keeps his promise! But
it must be bitter."

She looked awhile very wistfully at
the chasseur where he stood under the
Lebanon boughs; then her glance swept
bright as a hawk's over the terrace and
lighted with a present hatred on the
central form of a woman's. There were
two other great ladies there, but she
passed them and darted with un-
erring instinct on that proud, fair, pa-
trian head with his haughty, staggish
carriage and the crown of his golden
hair.

Cigarette had seen grandes dames by
the thousand, but now for the first time
the sight of one of those aristocrats
smote her with a keen, hot sting of
heartburning jealousy, with a sudden
perception, quick as thought, bitter as
salt, wounding and swift and poignant,
of what this womanhood that he had
said she herself had lost ought to be in
its highest and purest shape.

"Unsexed!" he said. "I was unsexed,"
she mused, while her teeth clung on
the ruby fullness of her lips, and her
heart swelled half with impotent rage,
half with unconfessed pain. For the
first time looking on this imperial for-
eign beauty, sleeping so slowly and so
silly along there in the Algerian star-
light, she understood all that she had
missed, all that he had meant when he
had said that single word for which
she had vowed on him her vengeance

and the vengeance of the army of Al-
giers.

"If those are the women that he
knew before he came here, I do not
wonder that he never cared to watch
even my dance," was the latent, un-
known thought that was so cruel to
her; the consciousness—which
forced itself in on her while her eyes
loosely followed the perfect grace of
the one in whom instinct had found
her rival—that, while she had been so
proud of her recklessness and her de-
votion and her trooper's slang and her
deadly skill as a shot, she had only
been something very worthless, some-
thing very lightly held by those who
liked her for a ribald jest, a dance and
a spahis' supper of headlong riot and
drunken mirth.

The mood did not last. She was too
brave, too fiery, too dauntless, too in-
timated. "Bah! She would faint, I dare
say, at the mere sight of these piglets,"
she thought, with her old disdain, "and
would stand fire no more than a ge-

(Continued on page seven)

Kills the Bugs
Feeds the Plant
BUG DEATH
Pat. in Canada Nov. 9, 1927
and Jan. 22, 1928
NON TOXICUS
Kills Potatoes, Squash
and Cucumber Bugs;
Current and Tomato Worms; and all
other insects that destroy the leaves
of plants.
Bug Death keeps the plant
green and growing.
It produces a large crop and better
quality.
Bug Death is in the form of a
powder which can be sifted or shaken
on to the plants, or it can be mixed with
water and put on with a spray.
Bug Death is sold in one, three,
five and twelve and
unbreakable pound packages.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO.
Sole Proprietors for Canada,
St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

Dunlop
SOLID RUBBER
Carriage
Tires
Will carry heavy loads and
withstand hard service.
An ever-satisfactory, casy-
riding wheel tire.
Every set guaranteed.
Can be fitted to any wheel.
Send for Catalogue
DUNLOP TIRE CO.
LONDON
YONKERS
SASH NO DOOR FACTORY.
The subscriber is prepared to supply from
his steam factory in Newcastle,
Windows, Sashes and Frames, Glazed
and Unglazed.
DOORS AND DOOR FRAMES, MULLIONS,
Planing and Matching, etc.
J. C. NIVEN.

One of nature's
becoming more and more
a drink for all seasons.
To get a good article is
to get one of the most
delicious drinks imagin-
able.

Sovereign
Lime Juice
will please, it is pure;
strong, and has all the
delicate flavor of the fruit.

SIMSON BROS. & CO.
Wholesale Druggists, HALIFAX, N.S.

Opportunity
Knocks
but seldom at one's door. If
day it may be easy to ignore
your life; tomorrow, im-
possible. Health is uncer-
tain, without it, Life Insurance
is refused.

Here's the
Opportunity
to act promptly. Insure with
the Old Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.
of Portland, Me. Policies
contain no restrictions of any
kind, and GUARANTEE
MORE than any other com-
pany doing business.

Write for figures. We are knocking
—will you answer.
Albert J. Machum, M'gr.,
103-12 PRINCE ST., N.Y.
AGENTS, ST. JOHN, N.B.
WANTED.

50 YEARS
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Any person desiring to
secure a patent for an invention
should apply to the undersigned
for a free consultation. He will
be able to advise as to the
possibility of securing a patent,
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be able to advise as to the
value of an invention, and
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also be able to advise as to
the best method of securing
a patent for an invention,
and the best method of
proceeding. He will also
be able to advise as to the
value of an invention, and
the best method of securing
a patent therefor.

Douglastown Property
For Sale
The property owned and occupied
by the late Daniel Magner.
For terms and particulars apply to
DAVIDSON & ATKINSON.
Newcastle, April 4th, 1901. 3m

Tinware,
Enamelware,
Ironware,
I have just received a large stock of the
above goods and am prepared to sell at
prices to suit cash purchasers.
All kinds of tinware made up at short
notice.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
FRANK MASSON.

HARDWARE,
TINWARE.
I have a large stock
of shelf and heavy
Hardware at prices
that defy competition.
Also the usual stock
of stoves, tinware, etc.
J. H. PHINNEY,
NEWCASTLE
A. W. CHASE & CO.
DATAHON CO.

POOR COPY

The WHIRL of the TOWN

To-morrow is the last day of the salmon fishing season.

The rain of Saturday and Sunday did not prevent a large amount of good trout from being taken.

Mr. J. E. Brown, the Toronto eye specialist, will be at A. E. Shaw's drug store on Aug. 23 and 24. All eyes tested free.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre F. Cummings of Lawrence Mass. are receiving congratulations. It is a son.

The S. S. Teelin Head arrived in port Monday and is loading at Messrs D. & J. Ritchie & Co's wharf.

While blasting rock last Saturday near Shad Pond, Mr. Robert Ridley of Chatham, N. B., was struck by a fragment and instantly killed. He was 24 years of age. His relatives reside in Chatham.

Father Murdoch's picnic at Renous last Thursday was a grand success both as a picnic and financially. A large number attended from Newcastle and all say they had a jolly time.

Mr. Patterson Williston, son of Wm. A. Williston of Bay du Vin, was recently drowned off a steamer sailing to New York on which he was employed as fireman. He had gone on deck to get some fresh air and while there a sea swept him overboard.

The new Methodist church at Protectionville will be dedicated next Sunday, Aug. 18th. There will be three services, morning, afternoon and evening. It is expected that Revs. Geo. Harrison, Mr. Matthews and Mr. Pickles will conduct the services.

Now that the county schools have reopened, we hope our friends among the teachers will not forget that we are anxious to have correspondence from them each week. News that will be of interest no matter how little is always welcomed. Make up your mind today and write something every week.

The Canadian Order of Foresters picnic from Moncton yesterday was very alight attended only about ninety coming up from Moncton. It was raining when the special train left the railroad city which, no doubt, was the cause. It was an ideal day on the Miramichi and those who came had a good time. No baseball team arrived so our boys did not have an opportunity to play.

The mate, Ole A. Olsen, of the bark Jacob Rainers, which is loading at Flett's was affected by the heat last Tuesday. He turned in and shortly after came on deck and jumped overboard. He was rescued with difficulty and brought to town and lodged in jail so that he could do himself no harm and a doctor has been attending him. He is now nearly recovered.

The Rev. J. R. de Wolfe, Coptic, organizing Secretary of the Diocese of Fredericton, will give a talk on Church work in New Brunswick, illustrated with lantern views made from recent photographs, in St. Andrew's Sunday School Hall on Tuesday evening, Aug. 20th at 8 o'clock. The address will be not only of interest but instructive and worthy of general attention.

Recently the house of Mr. Edward Travis of Little South West, was entered in the absence of the members of the household and a sum of money stolen. The money was put carefully away in a wallet in a coat pocket and the coat was put in a chest. The party who abstracted the money must have been well acquainted with the premises and the people. Neighbors had better keep a sharp lookout for such a mean sneak thief.

The Big Bartibogue bridge at Connell's and the Little Bartibogue bridge at Doyle's, are in a dangerous state. The stringers are so rotten that one can shove sticks into them and they bend under the weight of a team in a threatening manner. There is sure to be a breakdown soon, perhaps with loss of life, and there is neither sense nor economy in delaying the work of making necessary repairs. These must be made soon, and ought to be made before somebody is killed or injured by the collapse of one of the structures.—World.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Makes the bread more healthful.

Safeguards the food against alum.

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

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

The well digger has started a new well near the Masson field, at the old pond.

Water was turned on in the fountain yesterday afternoon and it was much admired by citizens and visitors.

Don't forget the date of Mr. J. E. Brown's visit to Newcastle. He will be at A. E. Shaw's drug store on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23 and 24.

Messrs. Vye have completed their contract of putting a basin around the fountain and making other alterations and the job is a credit to them and to the town.

Peter Bannerman, breakman on the day freight while handling freight at the freight shed here had his leg broken below the knee. A heavy box of tin fell on it. The limb was set by Dr. Pedolin and the injured man was sent to his home at Moncton.

The Newcastle Orange Band will give one of their popular band concerts in the bandstand Thursday night. We think that the boys ought to be given some encouragement to play often. Some one might donate some new music or money to buy music.

Sheriff Hayward and Sam Jones returned last week from a ten days' fishing trip on the Miramichi. One day, in thirty minutes the sheriff caught 147 trout, some of them weighing two pounds. He also landed a 22 pound salmon, and he broke his rod on one that must have weighed 35 pounds. They got seven salmon in all.—Woodstock Dispatch.

A man named Green of Rosebank who is working with Mr. Lamont at the steamer he is building out his knee last Friday. Two stitches had to be taken in the cut. Geo. King of C. I. road while making sleepers cut his foot severely last week. Three stitches were required to dress the wound. Dr. Pedolin attended both men.

A two-year-old granddaughter of Ald. McIntosh, was accidentally killed Thursday afternoon, while playing on the shore in front of his house, in the lower end of Chatham. It is supposed, from what can be gathered from a girl of eleven or twelve who was with the child, that a log, loosened by a wave, rolled from the bank, knocked the little one down, and rolled over it. The girl carried the child to the house. Dr. Richard, who was summoned, found an incision on one side of the head, from which blood was flowing slowly, and severe bruising on the other side, as if the head had been crushed between a sharp stone and the log. The child was unconscious, and remained so until it died, an hour or so later. Probable cause of death, concussion of the brain. The child's father, Mr. Michael Cowhig, was working at Renous River, and Mrs. Cowhig, who had been staying at her father's, had gone up to attend the picnic and see her husband, leaving the little one with its grandmother. It was their only child and the pet of its grand parents. The public deeply sympathize with the family. The funeral will take place at three this afternoon.—World.

Social & Personal

Mrs. Masson has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Bathurst.

Miss Maud Corbett and her little sister who were visiting friends here returned to Petit Rocher last week.

Mrs. Charles Oll gave a picnic to her numerous friends last Friday.

Miss Belle Gekie and Miss Annie Craig have returned from a pleasant visit to Gibson, accompanied by Mrs. H. H. Barker and child.

Miss Katie Watson of Fredericton, who was visiting friends at Douglastown, returned home last week.

Miss Rita Louiser of Tracadie who has been visiting friends here returned home Saturday.

Miss Blanch Ingram who was visiting friends at Tracadie and Pokemouche has returned home.

Mr. Henry Johnson of Portsmouth, N. H. is visiting friends here.

Messrs. Margaret and Miss Florrie McQuarry of St. John are visiting friends in town.

Mr. Hedley V. Parker of New York Herald, and Mrs. Parker, who have been spending a few weeks vacation at their home here left Monday morning for New York.

Mrs. Joseph Jardine and children are visiting Mrs. Jardine's home at Tabusintac.

Mr. Walter Drummond, of Fitchburg, Mass., is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoboria of Somerville, Mass., are visiting Dr. Pedolin.

Mr. Percy Pedolin is spending his vacation at Ducktown and Fredericton.

Miss Florence Ferguson is visiting friends at Moncton.

Rev. George Harrison is confined to his home through illness.

Mrs. Chas. Robinson and family have moved from Chatham, and will occupy their former home here.

Mrs. Jas. Collins and family left yesterday morning for Mr. Collins' home at Parabo, N. S. where she will reside.

Mr. Collin's left yesterday afternoon for South St. Marie, Ont. where he has accepted a position.

Miss Bessie Greenley has gone to Moncton to spend her vacation.

Miss Mary Heatherington and Mr. Jas. McNeil, were in Chatham, Sunday.

C. C. Hubbard of Carleton Place, is in town.

Conductor Sproul of Sussex was in town Sunday visiting his son Dr. Sproul.

FOREST FIRES.

Break out Again in Several Districts.

Another period of dry weather and forest fires have broken out afresh in the parishes of Nelson and Hardwick and more damage has been done. Last Wednesday the smoke was so heavy in the bay and river that it made navigation almost impossible and the Wheeler, bound to New York with a load of chalk, struck Cape Ledge last night. Two boats with the captain and part of the crew landed at Cape Sable Light. One boat with 14 men has not yet landed. The sea is smooth, and there is a possibility of getting the vessel off.

DIED.

At Newcastle, Aug. 7th, John Robinson, beloved child of Wm. and Lottie Stymish, aged 4 months and 9 days.

1901. New Brunswick Provincial AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION and Industrial Fair.

Fredericton, N. B., Sept. 17, 18, 19 & 20

All Entries should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary, who will furnish Price Lists Entry Blank and any further information on application.

Very Fine array of Special Attractions. Excursion rates from every direction.

JOHN J. CAMPBELL, M. P. P., PRESIDENT. A. S. MURRAY, SECRETARY.

J. DARELL JAGO, ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

Cheap Clearing Sale, Millinery & Fancy Goods

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!

Commencing August 7th

and continuing until the stock is disposed of. Thousands of yards of

RIBBONS, LACES, CHIFFON, SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS,

to be sold at a sacrifice. This is a chance of a lifetime, do not miss it.

Ladies' dress skirts in plain, check and fancy stripe and fashionably made, going at half price.

Tailor made costumes, suitable for autumn, worth double the price we are asking for them.

Blouses in silk, muslin and cambric. These are bound to go. Come early and secure first choice.

CORSETS, WRAPPERS, UNDERSKIRTS, UNDERWEAR, BELTS, TIES, GLOVES, VEILINGS,

and a variety of other useful articles.

ALL MUST BE SOLD.

Mrs. J. Demers.

GOOD NEWS!

GOOD NEWS!!

Having recovered my hearing and general health I am bound to give the people the benefit of my close attention to business.

CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

I have recently purchased a job lot of Men's, Youths' Boys' and Children's suits, in all \$1260 worth, making the largest stock and best assortment in town and am bound to sell them cheap.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

I have a large quantity of dress goods of choice pattern which I will sell at half price.

PRINTS, MUSLINS, WHITE COTTONS, TOWELING, SKIRTS, ETC., ETC.

Women's Undervests at unheard of prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The usual big stock with a large quantity of the latest styles just received.

300 Trunks and Travelling Bags.

WOMEN'S COTTON HOSE, 4 PAIRS FOR 25 CENTS.

With a full line of men's and women's hose in other qualities.

A quantity of choice tea in bulk will be sold at cost to clear.

Napoleon and Index Tobaccos

at low figures.

Thousands of other things not mentioned in this advertisement can be had at my store.

The Cheap Cash Store.

JAMES BROWN, NEWCASTLE.

JULY 31st, 1901.

Canada's Financial Year.

Revenue Shows an Increase of Over a Million-Expenditure Rose Three Million.

OTTAWA, Aug. 11.—The department of finance has issued a statement of the revenue of the years 1900 and 1901. It shows a revenue of \$32,010,000 and an expenditure on ordinary account of \$44,129,046. The only on capital account is \$10,412,815. The revenue shows an increase over last year of \$1,117,531, but the expenditure rose during the same period by \$3,311,142. The figures are as follows:

| Revenue. | 1900. | 1901. |
|------------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Customs | \$28,428,789 | \$28,575,067 |
| Excise | 9,870,185 | 10,315,397 |
| Post Office | 3,098,336 | 3,410,367 |
| Pub works, including railway | 5,394,875 | 5,815,834 |
| Miscellaneous | 4,100,286 | 3,815,599 |
| Total | \$50,892,475 | \$51,927,664 |
| Expenditures | \$46,815,489 | \$44,129,046 |

Big Vessel Ashore.

HALIFAX, Aug. 12.—The four-masted schooner Pisicilla, two thousand tons, bound to New York with a load of chalk, struck Cape Ledge last night. Two boats with the captain and part of the crew landed at Cape Sable Light. One boat with 14 men has not yet landed. The sea is smooth, and there is a possibility of getting the vessel off.

DIED.

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NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
FRANK R. DALTON, Prop.
QUICKLY BUILDING, NEAR POST OFFICE.

PRESCRIPTIONS.

filled here are done accurately, and quality are right. We carry line of patent medicines.

BACK IT GOES.

Everyone knows that violins and some manufacture vary greatly in tone. The same true of pianos only not to as great an extent. How, then, only a piano expert can tell the difference between one a little off tone and the best. Almost every day we are receiving new Pianos, and not once over accept about a thorough examination by us. If the piano is of good quality, action, or any other particular, what do you think we do? Do we keep it? Decidedly not. We send it back. We have returned Pianos of some of the most eminent manufacturers in America. We know the difference between the Piano that would pass with the average person, and the one that is really artistic, and we only have an instrument in our stock that is not up to the standard in every particular.

The moral of this argument is to buy a Piano from a firm that knows the business and have the reputation for keeping the best.

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