

POOR COPY

THE UNION ADVOCATE.

VOL. 35.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1902.

34

Prints.

We have carefully selected a large stock of the very pretty summer fabrics. Our experience has given us many lessons as to what is most required. Pretty and good but not too high in price. They come in white and colors and range in price, from 8c. to 35c.

Zepher Gingham.

From the tiny checks to the larger plaids, and narrow lines to the bolder stripes, but the prettiest patterns, yet shown. Prices 8c. to 20c.

Prints.

We have in these many special lines to show you this season. We have a heavy double thread Print, suitable for children's wear 32 in. wide, for 10c. in light and dark colors. We have print in Blouse patterns, 36 in wide, for 10c. the yard. We have beautiful soft satene prints, in light and dark colors, at 12c. to 15c. the yard.

Underwear.

We have the celebrated "Penman Brand" and it is nice for present season. Fine or heavy, just as you wish, and every garment guaranteed.

Men's Waterproof Coats.

In grey and Fawns, with velvet collar.

Price \$4.50.

Men's \$9.00 suits, a specialty.

Watch

our men's furnishings window on Friday morning next.

Something interesting?

I should say so.

Just like picking up gold dollars.

R. N. WYSE. - - Newcastle.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.



In speaking of wedding rings in our advertisement last week the printer made it read

"A SPECIAL VALUE AT \$5.00."

While the copy sent the printer, read

A SPECIAL VALUE AT \$5.00.

If you want a ring any time, keep this in mind and for our special value plain ring at \$5.00.

All goods guaranteed.

H. WILLISTON & CO.

PREPARE FOR WARM WEATHER.

We invite your attention, your inspection of our elegant range of cool, dressy summer fabrics.

Muslins, plain and fancy patterns, at 7c. and 10c. Very pretty designs, at 15c. The quality of these goods is well known and admired. Mer Lawns, India Dimities, Organdies, etc., in white and colored, prices, 25c. and 27c. The patterns of these goods are exquisite.

Black India Lawns, Black Swiss Muslin. Tucked Lawns. Tucked ruffling, etc.

Also, a fine range of embroideries, all over lace, appliques, insertions, laces, etc. All at bottom prices.

CLARK & CO.

City Restaurant

LUNCHES at all hours,
ICE CREAM and CAKE,
BEER and CIGARS.
Ice Cream, etc., supplied for picnic
and parties at reasonable prices.

Allan Russell
THE BOURNE HOUSE

AT HOME.

A Very Enjoyable Evening
Spent at

BACHELORS' "AT HOME"

In the Town Hall last Friday
Evening:—Pretty Cost-
umes Worn.

When it was announced some time ago that a number of Newcastle's young men were going to entertain their friends at an At Home in the Town Hall on May 23rd, all femininity was agog with preparations for the event which all looked forward to with pleasure.

On Friday evening a gay assemblage gathered at the Town Hall which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion with bunting, tapestry, pictures, etc. and at about 9 o'clock the Grand March and Circle was formed, which began the evening's programme.

The Chaperones were Mrs. W. S. Moore, Mrs. R. Nicholson, Mrs. W. A. Hickson, Mrs. J. Russell.

The young men who gave the entertainment were:

P. Peckham, S. L. T. Harrison, W. F. Duff, A. J. Ferguson, F. M. Hoyt, S. Simpson, Murray, A. McKay, G. McNaughton, E. W. Miller, G. G. Stothart, A. E. Shaw.

About 12 o'clock lunch was served by the caterer J. J. James of the new restaurant in a style which pleased all and has added much to his name as a caterer.

The dance was continued until early morning.

The following are some of the dresses worn.

Mrs. Hickson—black brocaded satin, corsage bouquet of pink carnations.

Mrs. Moore—ivory satin, corsage bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. Nicholson—black silk with overdress of black tulle.

Mrs. J. Russell—black sequin net, corsage bouquet of white carnations and white roses.

Mrs. Morrison—brown figured organdie trimmed with black lace applique.

Mrs. Thorold—light blue tulle silk, corsage bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. Robinson (Millerton) black silk with overdress of black Brussels net, trimmed with black satin ribbon.

Mrs. R. T. D. Aiken—white silk, corsage bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. R. H. Armstrong—gown of black net over cerise silk.

Mrs. Manny—black silk trimmed with black lace, bouquet of red roses.

Mrs. McKee—pink silk with touches of black velvet.

Mrs. Stables—blue and white toulard.

Mrs. J. Robinson—black silk.

Mrs. M. Falconer—navy blue silk trimmed with white.

Miss Vickery—white mohair with corsage trimming of white and gold applique.

Miss Curran (Ottawa) navy blue silk, corsage bouquet of white carnations.

Miss M. Fink—black and white organdie, the skirt being prettily trimmed with black lace applique.

Miss Nichol (Chatham) rose pink silk, corsage bouquet of white carnations.

Miss Troy—navy green nun's veiling with black lace bolero.

Mrs. McPhee (Frederickton) blue and white organdie.

Miss Lena Doran—white muslin.

Miss Harley—cream silk with bodice trimming of embroidered chiffon and narrow black velvet ribbon rosettes.

Miss Burchill—blue and white organdie, the skirt being prettily trimmed with black lace applique.

Miss K. Troy—turquoise blue veiling, effectively trimmed with blue chiffon and ribbon.

Miss M. Russell—black silk net, trimmed with black satin ribbon and touches of blue panne.

Miss Sargeant—pink dimity trimmed with narrow white satin ribbon.

Miss Miller (Chatham)—dove gray silk.

Miss A. Bell—white muslin, the skirt being prettily trimmed with lounce of the same, embroidered with pink roses.

Miss M. Elliott—white tulle organdie with yoke of black and gold net.

Miss R. Elliott—light blue organdie trimmed with satin ribbon the same shade.

Miss Layton—pink muslin trimmed with narrow black lace.

Miss Aiken—black surah silk with pale blue trimming on bodice.

Miss Stables—white muslin embroidered in silver.

Miss Pallen (Chatham)—white organdie.

Miss Robinson (Millerton)—white tulle silk with overdress of point d'esprit prettily trimmed with white chiffon ruchings.

Miss Falconer—white organdie.

Miss Nicholson—white and black striped silk, corsage bouquet of white carnations.

Miss Fleming—pink dotted muslin, corsage bouquet of white carnations.

Miss Fleming—pink and white muslin, corsage bouquet of white carnations.

Miss Chiesman (Chatham)—black net, corsage bouquet of white roses.

Miss McAllister—black silk skirt with black and white silk waist.

Miss C. Russell—white organdie with white net flounces edged with narrow black velvet.

Miss Ollie Russell (Chatham)—pale blue and white figured net-lawn.

Miss DeLacey (Chatham)—blue organdie trimmed with white lace.

Miss F. Fleigher (Chatham)—cream cashmere.

Miss M. Robinson—white muslin, bodice trimmed with tiny bunches of blue flowers.

Y. M. C. A.

At the business meeting last Tuesday night in the rooms of Association, considerable business was transacted. A plan proposed for forming junior society for boys under 16 years was discussed at length, and a committee appointed to look into the matter and report at next meeting.

Agitation for forming a Ladies committee was also proposed and discussed, this also laid down for further consideration.

Meeting was adjourned to meet on Tuesday night, May 27.

The rooms are patronized by quite a number of young men who seem to take a great pleasure in the reading matter and games provided. New members are being added weekly.

The meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms a Sunday afternoon was largely attended, about 40 were present.

Rev. Mr. Wallace suppling the Presbyterian church at present was the speaker. His very practical address was listened to with close attention. The association feel very grateful to Mr. Wallace who on such short notice presented so cheerful a manner to give an address, and take great pleasure in announcing that he will be the speaker next Sunday afternoon also.

OBITUARY.

By the death of Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCale which took place at her home last Friday morning, the community has lost a bright and estimable young lady, one which will be greatly missed by her many friends. Deceased was seventeen years of age and had been in ill health for some time but up to a very short time ago it was not thought it would result fatally. The family has the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

The funeral Sunday afternoon was very largely attended. The body was taken from the house to St. Mary's church where Rev. Father Dixon met, he held and conducted the remains, carried by the pallbearers, Messrs. A. Ferguson, C. Morrissey, P. Keating, Wm. McLean, Frank Dalton and J. Kingston, into the church where the solemn service of the Catholic church was rendered. After the service the remains were taken to St. Mary's cemetery and buried in the family plot.

The "Children of Mary", a society of which deceased was a member, walked in the funeral procession. Six of them, M. Ryan, M. Hennessy, K. Foran, A. Power, M. Morrissey and C. Creaghan acted as pallbearers with the six young men.

SMALL POX AGAIN.

Campbellton Has Another Case.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., May 28.—Joseph Phillips, a single sawyer at the Alexander mill, was discovered to be suffering from small pox this morning. The Board of Health is actively at work endeavoring to prevent the spread of the disease, but the general feeling around town is that a little more activity on the part of the board about a month ago would have kept the disease away altogether. Phillips has relatives living at Kel River Cove, a district which has recently been infected, and about a month ago, Dr. Ferguson, of Dalhousie, wired the Campbellton health authorities the look-out for this man, but they did not find him, despite the fact that he has been working right along at the Blair mill and the Alexander mill.

PEACE ASSURED.

British Government Has Not Yielded an Essential Point.

WELLINGTON, May 25.—The Boer delegation is still here and the conference at Vereeniging continues. Nothing definite of the result is known, but it is believed that the negotiations are proceeding favorably. At the celebration of Victoria Day yesterday a large crowd gathered in the square here, expecting to hear a proclamation of peace. There were no disturbances.

As confirming the probability that peace is not distant, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, the premier of New Zealand, who is now visiting here, has sent a cablegram home in which he said: "I have had a satisfactory interview with Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner. I do not think another New Zealand contingent is necessary."

LONDON, May 26.—The Daily Mail in its issue this morning says the announcement of peace may be expected at any moment and that it will be found that the government has remained inflexible on all vital points at issue.

MINE DISASTER.

Explosion in B. C. Mine Bur-
ies Over

ONE HUNDRED

Miners—Over Seventy-five
Bodies Recovered, Relief
being Sent.

FERNIE, B. C., May 24.—Rescue work is proceeding slowly on account of gas. Very few foreigners volunteer. A report that the mine was on fire yesterday checked work, but it proved false. The rooms in the mine have not yet been reached. There have been 40 bodies recovered, all from the main shafts. Some were killed by rocks, some by fire and some by afterdamp and gas. Many were badly scorched. The English church is being used as a morgue, where the bodies are placed in coffins. A public funeral was held at six o'clock this evening. The rescue work will last several days. Some of the bodies may never be got as they are buried deep by debris. The coal company is arranging for the funerals. The board of trade organized a relief fund and \$11,000 was contributed on the spot. It had asked assistance of the provincial government and large centres through the press. It has also arranged to co-operate with the coal company in any measure of relief it may offer. Col Prior is expected at once. Many destitute families are left, and relief is badly needed. The explosion was due to dust. The government inspector of mines was here when the explosion occurred. The inquest has been adjourned for one week.

The gas overcomes rescuers often. The doctors are working night and day. There have been many heart-rending scenes, and several losses in the same family. One son and two son-in-law is a case in point. The manager of the Bank of Commerce is treasurer of the relief fund.

CANADA'S POLICY.

Our Ocean Traffic Will be Aggressive One Says C. P. R. President.

MONTREAL, May 31.—"The time is at hand, has indeed already come, when we shall pursue a strong, aggressive policy with regard not to the Atlantic alone, but the Pacific, as well. When I say we, I mean Canada, the country, all of us together. I am not speaking for the Canadian Pacific now, and if we proceed upon that principle, doing the utmost we can for ourselves, I do not think we need have any fear as to the future, and can afford to disregard any attempts that foreign capitalists may make to secure our national property."

This was the significant declaration made to-day by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, during the course of an interview on the report that American capitalists are seeking to secure control of the property.

He admitted that he had seen rumors in the newspapers that there was an effort on the part of American capitalists to obtain possession of sufficient Canadian Pacific stock to enable them to dictate the policy of the Canadian Pacific, and particularly to so govern it that that should not be introduced into it the factor of a fast Atlantic steamship line. Sir Thomas was not disposed to attribute great importance to the report. It was, he said, no doubt possible to obtain control of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Its stocks were widely scattered, and it was difficult to look after the whole of them, but he would say this, that it would take a very long time to accomplish this purpose, much longer than many people perhaps imagined.

It was clear from Sir Thomas's words that he considers the Canadian Pacific reasonably safe from foreign domination and control, for, when he was asked as to whether the Parliament of Canada would not be likely to impose such conditions upon foreign capitalists as would make the undertaking practically hopeless, and thus cause the property to revert to Canada he replied: "Oh, yes; but I do not think we need fear such a bogaboo as that." He followed this with a declaration of the utmost significance with regard to a Canadian steamship line, the strongest by far that he has yet expressed.

OATS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

PORTLAND, Ore., May 24.—The British steamer Aschellea, a six thousand ton carrier, will sail to-day from Counsel for Portland under charter to load 300,000 bushels of oats for the British government in South Africa. This will not only be the largest cargo of oats ever put aboard at a Pacific Coast port, but it will be the first full cargo ever shipped from an American port on the Pacific for South Africa.

A Pipeful of "Amber" Plug
Smoking Tobacco will burn 75
minutes.
"Test it!"
Save the Tags.

A. RUNDLE.

CASE 113.

(Continued from page 6)

answer. "Ah, it is thus, then," said M. Fauvel, unable to contain himself any longer. "You dare—? Between you and me, M. Prosper Bertomy, justice shall decide. God is my witness that I have done all I could to save you. You will have yourself to thank for what follows. I have sent for the commissary of police. He must be waiting in my study. Shall I call him?" Prosper, with the fearful resignation of a man who abandons himself, replied in a stifled voice: "Do as you will."

The banker was near the door. He opened it and after giving the cashier a last searching look said to an office boy:

"Anselme, ask the commissary of police to step down."

CHAPTER II.

THE commissary sent for by M. Fauvel soon made his appearance. A short man dressed in a full suit of black, which was slightly relieved by a crumpled collar, followed him. The banker, scarcely bowing to him, said: "Doubtless, monsieur, you have been apprised of the painful circumstance which compels me to have recourse to your assistance?"

"It is about a robbery, I believe."

"Yes; an infamous and mysterious robbery committed in this office, from the safe you see open there, of which my cashier—"

"—he pointed to Prosper—alone possesses the key and the word."

This declaration seemed to arouse the unfortunate cashier from his stupor.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he said to the commissary in a low tone. "My chief also has the word and the key."

"I should have said so."

The commissary at once understood that these two men accused each other.

"Well," he said, "a robbery has been perpetrated, but by whom? Did the robber enter from without?"

The banker hesitated a moment. "I think not," he said at last.

"And I am certain he did not," said Prosper.

The commissary was prepared for those answers, but it did not suit his purpose to follow them up immediately.

"However," said he, "we must make ourselves sure of it. Turning toward his companion, M. Fauvel, he said, 'go and see if you cannot discover some traces that may have escaped the attention of these gentlemen.'"

M. Fauvel, nicknamed "The Squirrel," was indebted to his prodigious agility for this title, of which he was not a little proud. Slim and insignificant in appearance, he might, in spite of his iron muscles, be taken for a ballet dancer under the thin in his thin black overcoat. He had one of those faces that impress us disagreeably—an odiously turned up nose, thin lips and little restless black eyes. Fauvel, who had been on the police force for five years, burned to distinguish himself, to make a name. He was ambitious. Alas, he was unsuccessful, in his career as a gendarme.

Already, before the commissary spoke to him, he had ferreted everywhere—studied the doors, sounded the partitions, examined the clock and stirred up the ashes in the fireplace.

"It would be very difficult," said he, "for a stranger to enter here."

He walked around the office.

"Is this door closed at night?" he inquired.

"It is always locked."

"And who keeps the key?"

"The office boy, to whom I always give it in charge before leaving the bank," said Prosper.

"This boy," said M. Fauvel, "sleeps in the outer room on a sofa bedstead, which he unlocks at night and folds up in the morning."

"Is he here?" inquired the commissary.

"Yes, monsieur," answered the banker.

He opened the door and called: "Anselme!"

This boy had been a confidential servant of M. Fauvel for ten years. He knew that he would not be suspected, but the idea of being an eavesdropper—a spy—was repulsive to him. He entered the room trembling like a leaf.

"Did you sleep in the next room last night?" asked the commissary of police.

"Yes, monsieur," answered the banker.

"What! Do you not know? Have not your aunt and cousin told you?"

"They have told me nothing. I have scarcely seen my cousins this morning, and my aunt is so ill that I felt uneasy and came to tell you. But for heaven's sake, please, tell me what has happened."

Prosper hesitated. Perhaps it occurred to him to open his heart to Madeleine, of revealing to her his most secret thoughts. A remembrance of the past coming up chilled his confidence. He sadly shook his head and replied:

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for this proof of interest, the last, doubtless, that I shall ever receive from you. But allow me, by being silent, to spare you distress and myself the mortification of blushing before you."

Madeleine interrupted him with an imperious gesture.

"I insist upon knowing," she said.

"Alas, mademoiselle," answered Prosper. "You will only too soon know my misfortune and my grief, then you will know what you have done."

But she stood firm. "Tell me," she said.

"Yes, monsieur, as usual."

"At what hour did you go to bed?"

"About half past 10. I had spent the evening at a cafe near by with monsieur's valet."

"Did you hear no noise during the night?"

"No, and still I sleep so lightly that if monsieur comes down to the cash-room when I am asleep I am instantly awakened by the sound of his footsteps."

"Does M. Fauvel often come to the cash-room at night?"

"No, monsieur; very seldom."

"Did he come last night?"

"No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not, for I was kept awake nearly all night by the strong coffee I had drunk with the valet."

"That will do," said the commissary. "You may retire."

When Anselme had left the room, Fauvel resumed his search.

"Where do these stairs lead to?" he asked.

"To my private office," replied M. Fauvel.

"Is not that the room," asked the commissary, "to which I was conducted when I first came?"

"Precisely."

"I would like to see it," said Fauvel, "and examine the entrances to it."

"Nothing is more easy," said M. Fauvel eagerly. "Come, gentlemen, and you come, too, Prosper."

M. Fauvel's private office consisted of two rooms—the waiting room, sumptuously decorated, and the study, where he transacted business. The furniture in this room was composed of a large office desk, several leather covered chairs and on either side of the fireplace a secretary and a bookshelf. These two rooms had three doors. One opened on the private stairway, another into the banker's bedroom, and the third into the main vestibule. It was through this last door that the banker's clients and visitors were admitted. M. Fauvel examined the study. He seemed puzzled like a man who had flattered himself with the hope of discovering something and had found nothing.

"Let us see the adjoining room," he said.

He passed into the waiting room, followed by the banker and the commissary of police.

Prosper remained alone in the study. Notwithstanding the disordered state of his mind, he could not but perceive that his situation was every minute becoming more serious. Seating himself on a sofa near the fireplace, he was absorbed in the most gloomy forebodings when the banker's chamber door suddenly opened and a beautiful girl appeared upon the threshold. She was tall and slender. A loose morning gown, confined at the waist by a simple black ribbon, betrayed to advantage the graceful elegance of her figure. Her black eyes were large and soft, her complexion had the creamy pallor of a white camellia, and her beautiful dark hair, carelessly held together by a tortoise shell comb, fell in a profusion of soft curls upon her exquisite neck. She was M. Fauvel's niece, Madeleine, of whom he had spoken not long before. Seeing Prosper Bertomy in the study, where probably she expected to find her uncle alone, she could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah!"

Prosper started up as if he had received an electric shock. His eyes, a moment before so dull and heavy, all at once sparkled with joy as if he had caught a glimpse of a messenger of hope.

"Madeleine," he cried; "Madeleine!"

The young girl looked at him with a smile that seemed to hastily retreat and stepped back; but, Prosper having advanced toward her, she was overcome by something stronger than her will and extended her hand, which he seized and pressed eagerly. They stood thus face to face, but with bowed heads.

Madeleine said in a scarcely audible voice:

"You, Prosper—"

These words broke the spell. Prosper dropped the white hand which he held and looked at her with a startled gaze.

"Yes, this is Prosper, the companion of your childhood—suspected, accused of the most disgraceful theft—Prosper, whom your uncle has just delivered up to justice and who, before the day is over, will be arrested and thrown into prison."

Madeleine, with a terrified gesture, cried in a tone of profound sympathy: "Good heavens! Prosper, what are you saying?"

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Prosper remained alone in the study. Notwithstanding the disordered state of his mind, he could not but perceive that his situation was every minute becoming more serious. Seating himself on a sofa near the fireplace, he was absorbed in the most gloomy forebodings when the banker's chamber door suddenly opened and a beautiful girl appeared upon the threshold. She was tall and slender. A loose morning gown, confined at the waist by a simple black ribbon, betrayed to advantage the graceful elegance of her figure. Her black eyes were large and soft, her complexion had the creamy pallor of a white camellia, and her beautiful dark hair, carelessly held together by a tortoise shell comb, fell in a profusion of soft curls upon her exquisite neck. She was M. Fauvel's niece, Madeleine, of whom he had spoken not long before. Seeing Prosper Bertomy in the study, where probably she expected to find her uncle alone, she could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah!"

Prosper started up as if he had received an electric shock. His eyes, a moment before so dull and heavy, all at once sparkled with joy as if he had caught a glimpse of a messenger of hope.

"Madeleine," he cried; "Madeleine!"

The young girl looked at him with a smile that seemed to hastily retreat and stepped back; but, Prosper having advanced toward her, she was overcome by something stronger than her will and extended her hand, which he seized and pressed eagerly. They stood thus face to face, but with bowed heads.

Madeleine said in a scarcely audible voice:

"You, Prosper—"

These words broke the spell. Prosper dropped the white hand which he held and looked at her with a startled gaze.

"Yes, monsieur, as usual."

"At what hour did you go to bed?"

"About half past 10. I had spent the evening at a cafe near by with monsieur's valet."

"Did you hear no noise during the night?"

"No, and still I sleep so lightly that if monsieur comes down to the cash-room when I am asleep I am instantly awakened by the sound of his footsteps."

"Does M. Fauvel often come to the cash-room at night?"

"No, monsieur; very seldom."

"Did he come last night?"

"No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not, for I was kept awake nearly all night by the strong coffee I had drunk with the valet."

"That will do," said the commissary. "You may retire."

When Anselme had left the room, Fauvel resumed his search.

"Where do these stairs lead to?" he asked.

"To my private office," replied M. Fauvel.

"Is not that the room," asked the commissary, "to which I was conducted when I first came?"

"Precisely."

"I would like to see it," said Fauvel, "and examine the entrances to it."

"Nothing is more easy," said M. Fauvel eagerly. "Come, gentlemen, and you come, too, Prosper."

M. Fauvel's private office consisted of two rooms—the waiting room, sumptuously decorated, and the study, where he transacted business. The furniture in this room was composed of a large office desk, several leather covered chairs and on either side of the fireplace a secretary and a bookshelf. These two rooms had three doors. One opened on the private stairway, another into the banker's bedroom, and the third into the main vestibule. It was through this last door that the banker's clients and visitors were admitted. M. Fauvel examined the study. He seemed puzzled like a man who had flattered himself with the hope of discovering something and had found nothing.

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Madeleine said in a scarcely audible voice:

"You, Prosper—"

These words broke the spell. Prosper dropped the white hand which he held and looked at her with a startled gaze.

"Yes, this is Prosper, the companion of your childhood—suspected, accused of the most disgraceful theft—Prosper, whom your uncle has just delivered up to justice and who, before the day is over, will be arrested and thrown into prison."

Madeleine, with a terrified gesture, cried in a tone of profound sympathy: "Good heavens! Prosper, what are you saying?"

"What! Do you not know? Have not your aunt and cousin told you?"

"They have told me nothing. I have scarcely seen my cousins this morning, and my aunt is so ill that I felt uneasy and came to tell you. But for heaven's sake, please, tell me what has happened."

Prosper hesitated. Perhaps it occurred to him to open his heart to Madeleine, of revealing to her his most secret thoughts. A remembrance of the past coming up chilled his confidence. He sadly shook his head and replied:

"Thank you, mademoiselle, for this proof of interest, the last, doubtless, that I shall ever receive from you. But allow me, by being silent, to spare you distress and myself the mortification of blushing before you."

Madeleine interrupted him with an imperious gesture.

"I insist upon knowing," she said.

"Alas, mademoiselle," answered Prosper. "You will only too soon know my misfortune and my grief, then you will know what you have done."

But she stood firm. "Tell me," she said.

"Yes, monsieur, as usual."

"At what hour did you go to bed?"

"About half past 10. I had spent the evening at a cafe near by with monsieur's valet."

"Did you hear no noise during the night?"

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The WHIRL of the TOWN

Minstrel Show in the Temperance Hall Thursday night.

Monday was generally observed as a holiday. It was a wet disagreeable day.

John Donost had one of his feet crushed by a plank at Ritchie's mill yesterday.

The much needed rain has come and in such a quantity that all the drives will come out safely.

Major Malby has also received a long service decoration as described in our last issue.

Buy a copy of our Souvenir for your friends who are abroad, they will appreciate it. In wrappers ready to mail for 10 cents.

The Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons will visit Northumberland Lodge on Wednesday evening, June 4th.

Nearly twenty boats were cut fishing base on Sunday morning. This is surely an opportunity for the Sabbath Day Alliance to work upon.

Trout fishing has commenced at Indian town and the Orbow but the rain of the past three days has made the water too high. The river is also full of smelts.

On Sunday June 1st, at the Baptist Church. Sermons will be preached by the Rev. A. F. Brown. Morning—The Righteous. Evening—St. Peter's Destruction.

Mr. John Falconer who has been living here for some time went to his old home at Douglstown to visit friends and while there was taken seriously ill with pneumonia and there are small hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Wm. L. Curtis of this town killed a pig May 21st, eleven months old which weighed when dressed, 402 lbs. He killed one in November last which weighed 470 lbs. He considers this very good pork raising for one year.

A case of cruelty to animals has come to our notice. A woman, a resident of this town, tied a cat up in a bag then threw it under a barn where it was left to starve to death. The neighbors were disturbed by the animal's cries and after diligent search found it nearly starved to death. This is surely a case for the S. F. C. A.

Mr. Timothy Lynch was in town yesterday direct from Boiestown. He reports the freest high in the Southwest and all drives coming along at a lively rate. The water raised about three feet. The same reports reach us from the Northwest and drives which were not expected to be in the boom for a week or more will probably arrive to-day or to-morrow.

Two Moose made a visit on Sunday afternoon to Chatham water works pumping station, Morrison's Brook. In leaving, one jumped the wire fence successfully, but the other put its leg through between the wires and was thrown. Engineer Craig and John Archibald captured and tethered it, but becoming acquainted with the law on the subject, liberated it.—Advance.

Major Malby received word yesterday, announcing that Jones, Ross and Craig had been selected to represent the 12th Field Battery at the Coronation. The departmental Division did not see its way clear to send such an honor to C. W. Anslow, notwithstanding he has been for years a member of this battery besides serving with credit in the first Contingent. There is something radically wrong with the department in this matter.

A number of Newcastle, Douglstown and Chatham friends of Lt. Col. and Mrs. R. R. Call, pleasantly surprised them by gathering at the home last Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of their marriage. A very pleasant evening was spent with toasts, speeches, recitations, etc. The host and hostess, although taken by surprise, entertained in their usual manner, a sumptuous repast being served. Many handsome presents were received. The Advocate congratulates Lt. Col. and Mrs. Call on this occasion and hopes that they will live to celebrate many more anniversaries.

"The Salvation Army is on the eve of its Self-Denial Week, and considerable activity is seen among its members. It seems that they are confident of obtaining their share towards the sum of \$3,000 which is to be raised throughout this territory. The local target as it is termed in army parlance, is \$120.00. We should think, that considering the acknowledged good work this organization has done in the midst, and the splendid record the social institutions have achieved, they have evoked sufficient sympathy in this town to guarantee that sum to be donated during self-denial week. Whatever our personal opinions may be as to the army methods, and paraphernalia, we are agreed that the Army is in earnest, and intensely practical, as well as most economical in spending the funds entrusted to it, and we wish it every success.

The C. M. B. A. band played in the band stand Monday evening.

J. E. Brown, Optician will be at Shaw's drug store to-day.

The latest poem "The Man Behind the Booth" in our "Souvenir" price, 10 cents.

Dr. Cates Dentist will be found at his new office in the Lonsbury Block until the evening of the last day of every month.

Mrs. M. Morris, wife of Ald. Morris of Chatham, died at her home there on Monday.

The popular poem, "The Days of Duffy Gillis" will appear in our Souvenir Edition, price 10 cents.

Our Souvenir Edition will soon be issued. Price 10 cents. Order now and receive copies with least possible delay.

Don't forget the meeting for men in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock Rev. Mr. Wallace will address the meeting.

The schooner, Schoffner Bros. is discharging a small quantity of hard coal which she brought from Boston as ballast and which was purchased by Mr. Call.

A large number of bass are being caught with hook and line. Some of them weigh as much as twenty pounds, but the average run is about five pounds.

The first salmon taken with the fly on the North Shore was landed at Tide Head, Restigouche, on Friday last, 16 inst. This is the record take for that river.—Advance.

It was currently reported in both Newcastle and Chatham yesterday morning that Mrs. Danville of Chatham had died suddenly but on making enquiries we were pleased to learn that such was not the case.

Miss M. E. Foley of Nelson who has been to New York for some time has added a stock of millinery to her dress making establishment and is prepared to receive orders. Opening May 28 and 29. Read her adv.

DIED.

At Newcastle, on May 18th, David McDonald, age 21 years.

At Newcastle, on May 23rd, Mary McCabe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCabe, aged 17 years.

At Black River, May 20th, John Lollard, son of James and Mary Lollard, aged 36 years.

At Bartibogue, May 22nd, Dugald McLean, aged 42 years.

MARRIED.

At San Francisco, Cal., on May 20th, 1892 by the Rev. Mr. Welden, Mr. John McKane, to Miss Florence, daughter of the late Edward Sinclair.

OFF TO THE WAR.

HALIFAX, N. S., May 23.—Trooper Corinthian sailed at 1.30 o'clock for South Africa with the Fifth Regiment, mostly all men from the West. The troopers were played to the ship by the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment. They were given a good send off at the wharf. The signal flag on the steamer as she sailed down the harbor read: "Good by, Canada; and no surrender."

PLUMBING AND HEATING,

R. E. FITZGERALD,

21 Dock Street,
St. John, N. B.

Write to our Bathurst branch.

THE VERY FACT

Of us selling more wheels than any firm on the North Shore is proof that we do the square thing with every customer, and carry the best wheels. The best is the cheapest.

CLEVELAND,

MASSEY-HARRIS,

PASTIME,

K. O. S.,

HYSLUP

AND OTHERS.

Sundries of every description.

McMurdo & Co.

Social & Personal

Mr. W. A. Loudon, the popular leader of the Citizens Band, Clitham, has accepted a position in the Auditor General's office, Fredericton. His many friends on the Miramichi will be sorry to lose him but are glad that he has secured so lucrative a position.

Mrs. Allan and Wm. McLellan, spent the holidays with friends here.

Miss Katie Fleming, who is teaching at Pine Ridge, Kent Co., spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday at her home.

Mrs. Pierce Cummings and child of Boston is visiting her home here.

Miss Minnie Ingram, has been very ill for the past three weeks, and her many friends join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Martin Ericson spent Sunday in Restigoucheville.

Prof. Prince of St. John spent Sunday here.

C. L. Grant, the popular traveller for Smith Bros. of Halifax was in town Saturday and Sunday.

A. B. Copp of Sackville spent the holiday here.

Word was received here recently of the marriage of Mr. John McKane, for years manager of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax here, and Miss Florence Sinclair of Bridgeport, daughter of the late Edward Sinclair. The ceremony was performed at San Francisco.

Miss Laura Call Jones, who is visiting her grand parents entertained nine of her little friends last Thursday afternoon at her home. The little tots, all of which were about two years old were served supper at a specially prepared table and enjoyed it very much after which they were photographed by Mr. Larsen and a very cunning picture was the result.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yorston of Campbellton spent a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. Benn at Douglstown.

Miss M. Stothart of Boston arrived last week to spend the summer at her home at Douglstown.

Miss Johnston who has been in Boston for some time is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston.

Rev. Wm. Aitken and family have removed to their new house, which has been recently completed.

In the closing exercises of Mount Allison Conservatory of Music we notice the name of Miss Beatie Crocker. She sang a solo, was in a trio and rendered a piano solo. The St. John Globe's correspondent says the following: Miss Beatie Crocker is the possessor of a contralto voice of unusual depth and clearness. She sang "O del mio dolce" with exquisite expression.

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresoline—they breathe it.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the shareholders of the Lonsbury Co., Limited, will be held at the head office of the company in the Lonsbury Block, Newcastle, on Tuesday the seventeenth day of June, A. D. 1902, at two o'clock, p. m. for the purpose of organizing the said company, the election of directors and such other business as may be legally brought before the meeting.

JOHN T. CLARK,

WM. G. CLARK,

G. C. HAYWARD.

May 23rd, 20. Provisional Directors.

TO CATCH FISH



some sort of an outfit is necessary. Needn't be elaborate or expensive but it should be good. Most likely you know that such an outfit can be obtained here. We carry a good line of

FISHING TACKLE.

Rods from 10c. to \$5.00.
Reels from 25c. to \$2.50.
Lines from 3c. to \$2.25.
Hooks; Casts, Brackets, etc.

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

MILLINERY

Owing to the very disagreeable weather during our opening days, we have still a number of lovely hats left over. Ladies will do well to take a look through them before purchasing elsewhere. A nice line of knock-about and sailor hats now on hand.

New Grass linen blouses and elegant underskirts must open.

Mrs. H. A. Quilty

Dental Rooms.

Removal Notice

Dentist.

Wm. Murphy rooms in the Lonsbury Block, on and after May 1st, the dates 26th to 1st of every month.

A girl for housework. Apply to MRS. J. McMurdo.

GIRL WANTED

A girl for housework. Apply to MRS. J. McMurdo.

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Electric Lights are an assured fact but for inside as well as outside purposes there is a lot of wiring to be done.

Poor wiring is unsatisfactory and costly. Our experience in the United States, places us in a position to do good and satisfactory wiring. That experience is at your disposal.

Then about those bells of yours they don't work properly. The fault may be in the batteries.

Let us test your batteries and remedy the fault whatever it may be.

How About Your Bicycle?

Our repair work is second to none. We have the knowledge and experience, also the knack of working rapidly and well at the same time. Besides we carry a stock of first class sundries and will furnish the best materials at the lowest prices.

Our machine work will compare with the best.

Wheels to sell. Wheels to let.

Hay & Follansbee.

Next door to H. Williston & Co.

At the

Newcastle Bakery.

Fresh bread, pastry, cakes baked every day. Wedding cake to order.

Choice family groceries and fruit in season always on hand.

at HENRY WYSES.

FRUIT! FRUIT! FRUIT!

ARRIVING WEEKLY.

Strawberries, Pine Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Grape

Fruits, Figs, Dates, Apples, Rhubarb.

We buy only the best in the market and our prices, considering quality are the lowest in town. Try us, and see

GEO. STABLES.

THE CHEAP CASH STORE

OLARANCE SALE.

READY-M DE CLOTHING.

Having a stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, we are in a position to offer the best values on the market in this line.

MEN'S TWEED SUITS. All sizes at prices ranging from \$3.75 to \$10.00.

BOYS' SUITS. We have a big range of these at all prices from \$1.00 upwards.

BOYS' COATS. Clearing out a lot of these at \$1.00.

MEN'S COATS. We have a big stock of coats only, which must be cleared out and in order to do this we have put prices down to the lowest notch.

MEN'S VESTS. All sizes. A big variety of patterns, at 60c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Although we are still selling all kinds of Dry Goods, Gent's

and you will see for yourself that everything is exactly

at this store.

NEWCASTLE.

CASE 113.

(Continued from page 6)

"Ah, it is thus, then," said M. Fauvel, unable to contain himself any longer. "You dare—Then between you and me, M. Prosper Bertomy, justice shall decide. God is my witness that I have done all I could to save you. You will have yourself to thank for what follows. I have sent for the commissary of police. He must be waiting in my study. Shall I call him?" Prosper, with the fearful resignation of a man who abandons himself, replied in a stifled voice: "Do as you will."

The banker was near the door. He opened it and after giving the cashier a last searching look said to an office boy: "Anselme, ask the commissary of police to step down."

CHAPTER II.

THE commissary sent for by M. Fauvel soon made his appearance. A short man dressed in a full suit of black, which was slightly relieved by a crumpled collar, followed him. The banker, scarcely bowing to him, said: "Doubtless, monsieur, you have been apprised of the painful circumstance which compels me to have recourse to your assistance?"

"It is about a robbery, I believe." "Yes; an infamous and mysterious robbery committed in this office, from the safe you see open there, of which my cashier," he pointed to Prosper, "alone possesses the key and the word."

This declaration seemed to arouse the unfortunate cashier from his stupor. "Pardon me, monsieur," he said to the commissary in a low tone. "My chief also has the word and the key."

"I should have said so." The commissary at once understood that these two men accused each other. "Well," he said, "a robbery has been perpetrated, but by whom? Did the robber enter from without?"

The banker hesitated a moment. "I think not," he said at last. "And I am certain he did not," said Prosper.

The commissary was prepared for these answers, but it did not suit his purpose to follow them up immediately. "However," said he, "we must make ourselves sure of it." Turning toward his companion, "M. Fanferlot," he said, "go and see if you cannot discover some traces that may have escaped the attention of these gentlemen."

M. Fanferlot, nicknamed "The Squirrel," was indebted to his prodigious agility for this title, of which he was not a little proud. Slim and insignificant in appearance, he might, in spite of his iron muscles, have been for half-diff's under clerk as he walked along buttoned up to the chin in his thin black overcoat. He had one of those faces that impress us disagreeably—an odiously turned up nose, thin lips and little restless black eyes. Fanferlot, who had been on the police force for five years, burned to distinguish himself, to make his name. He was ambitious, unscrupulous, and successful, having advanced by genius.

Already, before the commissary spoke to him, he had ferreted everywhere—studied the doors, sounded the partitions, examined the window and stirred up the ashes in the fireplace. "It would be very difficult," said he, "for a stranger to enter here."

He walked around the office. "Is this door closed at night?" he inquired. "It is always locked."

"And who keeps the key?" "The office boy, to whom I always give it in charge before leaving the bank," said Prosper.

"This boy," said M. Fauvel, "sleeps in the outer room on a sofa bedstead, which he undresses at night and folds up in the morning."

"Is he here?" inquired the commissary. "Yes, monsieur," answered the banker. He opened the door and called: "Anselme!"

This boy had been a confidential servant of M. Fauvel for ten years. He knew that he would not be suspected, but the idea of being connected with a robbery is terrible, and he entered the room trembling like a reed.

"Did you sleep in the next room last night?" asked the commissary of police. "No, monsieur," answered the boy.

"What! Do you not know? Have not your aunt and cousins told you?" "They have told me nothing. I have scarcely seen my cousins this morning, and my aunt is so ill that I felt uneasy and came to tell uncle. But for heaven's sake speak. Tell me what has happened."

Prosper heaved. Perhaps it occurred to him to open his heart to Madeleine, or revealing to her his most secret thoughts. A remembrance of the past coming up chilled his confidence. He sadly shook his head and replied: "Thanks, mademoiselle, for this proof of interest, the last, doubtless, that I shall ever receive from you. But allow me, by being silent, to spare you distress and myself the mortification of blushing before you."

Madeline interrupted him with an imperious gesture: "I insist upon knowing," she said. "Alas, mademoiselle!"

Prosper. "You will excuse my misfortune and my silence, yes, then you will excuse me, what you have said."

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"Yes, monsieur; as usual." "At what hour did you go to bed?" "About half past 10. I had spent the evening at a café near by with monsieur's valet."

"Did you hear no noise during the night?" "No, and still I sleep so lightly that if monsieur comes down to the cash-room when I am asleep I am instantly awakened by the sound of his footsteps."

"Does M. Fauvel often come to the cash-room at night?" "No, monsieur; very seldom."

"Did he come last night?" "No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not, for I was kept awake nearly all night by the strong coffee I had drunk with the valet."

"That will do," said the commissary. "You may retire."

When Anselme had left the room, Fanferlot resumed his search. He opened the door of the banker's private staircase.

"Where do these stairs lead to?" he asked. "To my private office," replied M. Fauvel.

"Is not that the room," asked the commissary, "to which I was conducted when I first came?" "Precisely."

"I would like to see it," said Fanferlot, "and examine the entrances to it."

"Nothing is more easy," said M. Fauvel eagerly. "Come, gentlemen, and you come, too, Prosper."

M. Fauvel's private office consisted of two rooms—the waiting room, sumptuously decorated, and the study, where he transacted business. The furniture in this room was composed of a large office desk, several leather covered chairs and on either side of the fireplace a secretary and a bookshelf.

These two rooms had three doors. One opened on the private staircase, another into the banker's bedroom, and the third into the main vestibule. It was through this last door that the banker's clients and visitors were admitted. M. Fanferlot examined the study. He seemed puzzled like a man who had flattered himself with the hope of discovering something and had found nothing.

"Let us see the adjoining room," he said. He passed into the waiting room, followed by the banker and the commissary of police.

Prosper remained alone in the study. Notwithstanding the disordered state of his mind, he could not but perceive that his situation was every minute becoming more serious. Seating himself on a sofa near the fireplace, he absorbed in the most gloomy forebodings when the banker's chamber door suddenly opened and a beautiful girl appeared upon the threshold. She was tall and slender. A loose morning gown, confined at the waist by a simple black ribbon, betrayed to advantage the graceful elegance of her figure. Her black eyes were large and soft, her complexion had the creamy pallor of a white camellia, and her beautiful dark hair, carefully held together by a tortoise shell comb, fell in a profusion of soft curls upon her exquisite neck. She was M. Fauvel's niece, Madeleine, of whom he had spoken not long before. Seeing Prosper Bertomy in the study, where probably she expected to find her uncle alone, she could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah!"

Prosper started up as if he had received an electric shock. His eyes, a moment before so dull and heavy, all at once sparkled with joy as if he had caught a glimpse of a messenger of hope.

"Madeleine," he cried; "Madeleine!" The young girl blushed crimson. She seemed about to hastily retreat and stepped back; but, Prosper having advanced toward her, she was overcome by something stronger than her will and extended her hand, which he seized and pressed eagerly. They stood thus face to face, but with bowed heads.

Finally Madeleine said in a scarcely audible voice: "You, Prosper—you?"

These words broke the spell. Prosper dropped the white hand which he held and answered bitterly: "Yes, this is Prosper, the companion of your childhood—suspected, accused of the most disgraceful theft—Prosper, whom your uncle has just delivered up to justice and who, before the day is over, will be arrested and thrown into prison."

Madeline, with a terrified gesture, cried in a tone of profound sympathy: "Good heavens! Prosper, what are you saying?"

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Prosper heaved. Perhaps it occurred to him to open his heart to Madeleine, or revealing to her his most secret thoughts. A remembrance of the past coming up chilled his confidence. He sadly shook his head and replied: "Thanks, mademoiselle, for this proof of interest, the last, doubtless, that I shall ever receive from you. But allow me, by being silent, to spare you distress and myself the mortification of blushing before you."

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Prosper. "You will excuse my misfortune and my silence, yes, then you will excuse me, what you have said."

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police and a detective. They will soon return. I entreat you to assure that they may not find you here."

As he spoke he gently pushed her through the door, she hesitating, and closed it upon her. It was thus, for the next moment the commissary and M. Fauvel entered. They had visited the main entrance and waiting room and had heard nothing of what had passed in the study. But Fanferlot had heard for them. This excellent bloodhound had not lost sight of the cashier. He said to himself: "If he believes himself to be alone, his face will betray him. I shall direct a smile or a wink that will near something."

Leaving M. Fauvel and the commissary to pursue their investigations, he posted himself to watch. He saw the door open and Madeleine appear upon the threshold. He lost not a single word or gesture of the rapid scene which had passed between Prosper and the young girl. It mattered little that every word of this scene was in English. M. Fanferlot was skilful enough to complete the sentences he did not understand. As yet he only had a suspicion, but a suspicion is a point to start from. He was promptly beginning a plan upon the slightest incident, thinking he saw in the past of these people whom he did not know glimpses of a domestic drama. If the commissary of police is a skeptic, he detective has faith. He believes in evil.

"This is the situation," said he to himself. "This man loves the young lady, who is really very pretty, and as he is quite handsome I suppose his love is returned. This love affair vexes the banker, who, not knowing how to get rid of the importunate lover by fair means, has to resort to foul and plans this pretended robbery, which is very ingenious."

Thus to M. Fanferlot's mind the banker had simply robbed himself, and the innocent cashier was the victim of an odious machination.

Meanwhile, the search up stairs completed, the searchers returned to Prosper's office. The commissary, who had seemed so calm when he first came, now looked serious. The moment for taking a decisive part having come, he hesitated.

"You see, gentlemen," he began, "our search has only confirmed our first opinion."

M. Fauvel and Prosper assented. "And what do you think, M. Fanferlot?" continued the commissary.

The detective did not answer. Occupied in studying the safe lock, he manifested signs of surprise. Evidently he had just made an important discovery. Noticing this, M. Fauvel, Prosper and the commissary rose and surrounded him.

"Have you discovered any trace?" asked the banker eagerly.

Fanferlot turned around with a dissatisfied air. He reproached himself for not having concealed his impressions.

"Oh," said he carelessly, "I have discovered nothing of importance!"

"But we should like to know," said Prosper.

"I have merely convinced myself that this safe has been recently opened or shut, I know not which, with great violence and haste."

"Why so?" asked the commissary, becoming attentive.

"Do you see this scratch near the lock?"

The commissary took a magnifying glass that the detective had used, and peered carefully at the scratch on the outer coat of varnish.

"I see it," said he. "But what does that prove?"

"As I said before."

Fanferlot said this, but he did not think it. This scratch recently made had for him a significance that escaped the others. He had discovered a confirmation of his suspicions. If the cashier had stolen millions, there was no occasion for his being in a hurry. The banker, creeping down in the dead of the night, scratched the varnish, leaving the boy in the anteroom in order to ride his own money safe, had every reason to tremble, to hurry, to hastily withdraw the key, which, slipping along the lock, scratched the varnish. Resolved to unravel by himself the tangled thread of this affair, the detective determined to keep his conjectures to himself. For the same reason he was silent as to the interview which he had overheard between Madeleine and Prosper. He hastened to withdraw attention from the scratch.

"To conclude," he said, addressing the commissary, "I am convinced that no one outside of the bank could have obtained access here. The safe is intact. No suspicious pressure has been used on the movable buttons. I can affirm that the lock has not been tampered with by burglar's tools or false keys. Those who opened the safe knew the word and the key."

This formal affirmation of a man whom he knew to be skilful ended the hesitation of the commissary.

"That being the case," he replied, "I must request a few moments' conversation with you."

"I am at your service," said the banker.

Prosper followed the commissary. He quieted down on the table to the distress and mortification of the others, and passed into the study.

Fanferlot also went to the study. The commissary received a letter from the young girl, which he read with interest.

"I am going to bed," said he, "but I shall be waiting for you."

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sleepy, he fixed himself in a comfortable position for taking a nap, gaped until his jawbone seemed about to be dislocated and finally closed his eyes. Prosper seated himself at the desk of an absent clerk. The others were burning to know the result of the inquiry. Their eyes shone with curiosity, but they dared not ask a question. Unable to restrain himself any longer, little Cavallion, Prosper's defender, ventured:

"Well, who is the robber?" Prosper shrugged his shoulders. "Nobody knows," he replied.

Was this conscious innocence or hardened recklessness? The clerks observed with surprise that Prosper had resumed his usual manner, that sort of icy haughtiness that kept people at a distance and made him enemies in the bank. Never would a stranger entering the room have supposed that this young man, idly lounging in a chair and playing with a pencil, was resting under an accusation of robbery and was about to be arrested. He soon stopped playing with his pencil and drew toward him a sheet of paper, upon which he hastily wrote a few lines.

"Ah, ha!" thought Fanferlot the Squirrel, whose hearing and sight were wonderfully good in spite of his profound sleep. "Eh, eh! He makes his little confidences on paper, I see. Now we will discover something positive."

Having written his note, Prosper took it carefully in the smallest possible size and, after furtively glancing toward the detective, motionless in his corner, threw it to little Cavallion with a simple word:

"Clipp!"

Fanferlot was confounded and began to feel a little uneasy.

"The young man has more pluck and nerve than many of my oldest customers. This, however, shows the result of education."

Yes, innocent or guilty, Prosper must have been endowed with great self control and power of dissimulation to affect this imperturbable calmness and presence of mind at a time when his honor, his future happiness, all that he held dear in life, were at stake. And he was only thirty years old. Either from natural deference or from the hope of gaining some ray of light by a private conversation the commissary determined to speak to the banker.

"There is no doubt, monsieur," he said as soon as they were alone, "this young man has robbed you. It would be a gross neglect of duty if I did not secure his person."

This declaration seemed to distress the banker. "Poor Prosper!" he said. Prosper was called in by Fanferlot, whom they had much trouble to awaken, and with the most complete indifference listened to the announcement of his arrest.

In response he only said: "I swear that I am innocent."

M. Fauvel, much more disturbed and excited than his cashier, made a last attempt.

"There is still time, poor boy," he said, "in the name of heaven, reflect!"

Prosper did not appear to hear him. He drew from his pocket a small key, which he laid on the mantel, and said: "Here is the key of your safe, monsieur. I hope for my sake that it will some day be convinced of my innocence, and I hope for your sake that it will not come too late." Then, as every eye was silent, he added: "Before leaving, here are the books, papers and accounts necessary for my successor. I must at the same time inform you that, without speaking of the stolen three hundred and fifty thousand francs, I leave a deficit in cash. There is a deficit of three thousand five hundred francs on my cash account, which has been disposed of in the following manner: Two thousand taken by myself in advance of my salary and fifteen hundred advanced to my fellow clerks. This is the last day of the month. Tomorrow the salaries will be paid, consequently—"

The commissary interrupted him. "Where you authorized," he demanded, "to draw money whenever you wished to make advances?"

"No, but I knew that M. Fauvel would not have refused me permission to oblige my friends. What I did is done everywhere. I have simply followed my predecessor's example."

The banker made a sign of assent. "As regards that spent by myself," continued the cashier, "I had a sort of right to it, all of my savings being deposited in this bank—about fifteen thousand francs."

"That is true," said M. Fauvel. "M. Bertomy has at least that amount on deposit."

This last question settled, the commissary's errand was ended, and his report might now be made. He announced his intention to leave and ordered the cashier to prepare to follow him. Usually this moment, when stern reality stares us in the face, when our individuality is lost and we feel that we are being deprived of our liberty—this moment is terrible. At this fatal command, "Follow me," which brings before our eyes the yawning prison gates, the most hardened sinners weep and beg for mercy. But Prosper lost none of that studied phlegm which the commissary secretly pronounced consummate impudence. Slowly, with as much careless ease as if going to breakfast, he drew on his dressing gown and said politely:

"I am at your service."

"I am at your service," said the banker.

Prosper followed the commissary. He quieted down on the table to the distress and mortification of the others, and passed into the study.

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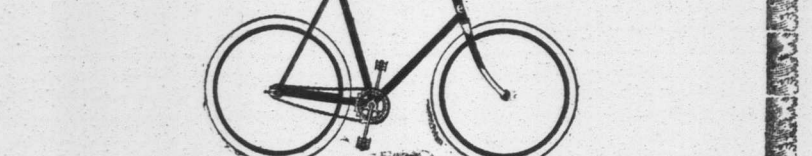
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The HYGENIC CUSHION FRAME prevents all vibration while the COASTER BRAKE does half the work. Rough roads made smooth. Other improvements add greatly to the appearance. We can please you both in bicycle and price. Write for catalogue.

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St. John, N. B.

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Yours truly,
HOWARD BLAKLEY, H. WENTWORTH,
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Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

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

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RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

Pond's Extract

Over fifty years a household remedy for Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises, Coughs, Colds and all ailments liable to occur in every home.

CAUTION—There is only one Pond's Extract. Be sure you get the genuine, sold only in sealed bottles in buff wrappers.

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The D.E. Emulsion

For Lung Troubles, Severe Coughs, Colds, Emaciation, &c., &c.

Five systems can assimilate pure Oil, but as combined in "The D.E. Emulsion" and digested, will build you up. Will add solid pounds of flesh. Will bring you back to health.

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

CECIL RHODES' AIM.

HE DREAMED OF A GREAT WORLD'S SECRET TRUST.

The Philosophy of the Man's Life—His Scheme for Universal Peace Among the Nations Unfolded to Mr. W. T. Stead—Warned the British of Wasting Time—He Voices a Grand Idea and Tells the Lesson of Home Rule.

A remarkable document, being nothing less than the political will and testament of Cecil Rhodes, the Empire builder, was given to the world on April 9 by William T. Stead, the close friend of the great Imperialist. Mr. Stead's article, extracted from which follow, sets forth Rhodes' most aims, and consists of a free, powerful, explanation of Rhodes' views on the United States and Great Britain.

It was written by Rhodes to Stead in 1890 as a summary of a long conversation held between himself and Stead.

In its three columns of complex sentences the whole philosophy of Mr. Rhodes' international and individual life is embraced. Perhaps it can best be summarized as an argument in favor of the organization of a secret society on the lines of the Jesuit order, for the promotion of the peace and welfare of the world, and the establishment of an American-British federation, with absolute home rule for the component parts.

It was written by Rhodes to Stead in 1890. For originality and breadth of thought it eclipses even his now famous will, yet it is merely a collection of disjointed ideas, hurriedly put together by the Colossus as a summary of a long conversation held between himself and Mr. Stead.

"I am a bad writer," said Rhodes in one part of what might be called his confessions, "but through my ill-connected sentences you can trace the way of my ideas, and you can give me my idea the literary clothing that is necessary."

But Mr. Stead wisely refused to edit or dress it up, saying: "I think the public will prefer to have these rough, hurried, and sometimes ungrammatical notes exactly as Mr. Rhodes scribbled them off, rather than have them supplied with literary clothing by anybody else."

Mr. Rhodes commenced by declaring that the "key" to his idea for the development of the English-speaking race was the foundation of "society copied, as to organization, from the Jesuits." Combined with "a differential rate and a copy of the United States," he proposed an organization formed on these lines in the House of Commons, constantly working for decentralization and not wasting time on trivial questions, would, Mr. Rhodes believed, soon settle the all-important question of the markets for the products of the Empire.

"The labor question," he wrote, "is important, but that is deeper than labor." America, both in its possibilities of alliance and its attitude of commercial rivalry, was apparently ever present in Mr. Rhodes' mind. "The world with America in the forefront," he wrote, "is devising tariffs to boycott your manufactures. This is the supreme question of the day. I believe that England, with fair play, should manufacture for the world, and being a free trader, I believe that, until the world comes to its senses, you should declare war (I mean a commercial war) with those whose aspirations is a desire to organize like Loyola, supported by the accumulated wealth of those whose aspirations is a desire to organize like Loyola, and who are spared the 'hideous annoyance' daily created by the thought as to which of their incompetent relations they should leave their fortune. These wealthy people, Mr. Rhodes thought, would be greatly relieved, and be able to turn their ill-gotten or inherited gains to some advantage." Referring to himself, Mr. Rhodes said:

"It is a fearful thought to feel you possess a patent, and to doubt whether your life will last you through the circumlocution of the patent office. I have that inner conviction that if I can live I have thought out something that is worthy of being registered in the patent office. The fear is, shall I have time and opportunity, and I believe, with all the enthusiasm, lived in the soul of an inventor, that it is not self-glorification that I desire, but the wish to live and register my patent for the benefit of those who, I think, are the greatest people the world has ever seen, but whose fault is that they do not know their strength, their greatness, or their destiny, but who are wasting their time in minor or local matters. As a Laborer, who possesses no sentiment, should be taught that the labor of England is dependent on the outside world, and that as far as I can, the outside world, if he does not look out, will boycott the result of English labor."

Once again the personal feelings of the man crop out. "They are calling the new country Rhodesia," he wrote: "I find I am human, and should like to be living after my death. Still, perhaps if that name is coupled with the object of England will lead to the cessation of all wars, and one language throughout the world, the patent being a universal absorption of wealth, and the minds of the highest."

"What an aim!" he wrote, "even the Jesuits would be ashamed of it. Statesmen, however, are not concerned with aims, but with the means of attaining them."

The Only Liniment

Equally good for internal and external use in JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, STINGS, CHILBLAINS, COLIC, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, and all ailments of the bowels. It is made of pure vegetable ingredients, and is the only liniment of its kind, brisly rubbing the muscles with

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment

will double the value of any liniment, and is the only one of its kind, brisly rubbing the muscles with

JOHNSON & CO. Boston, Mass.

Five years in Washington and five in London. The only thing feasible to carry out this idea is a secret society gradually absorbing the wealth of the world, to be devoted to such an object.

"There is Baron Hirsch," interpolated Mr. Rhodes, "with £20,000,000, very soon to cross the unknown border and struggling in the dark to know what to do with his money, and so one might go on and initiate."

There was Mr. Rhodes' dream of trans-Atlantic greatness. "Fancy," he objects, "the dream of young America just coming on, and dissatisfied for they have filled up their own country and do not know what to do with the surplus. The present position of the Government of the whole world. Their present President (Mr. Harrison) is dimly seeing it, but his horizon is limited to the new world, North and South, and so he would intrigue in Canada, Argentina, and Brazil, to the exclusion of England. Such a brain wastes but little to see the true solution."

He is still groping in the dark, but very near the discovery, for the American has been taught the lesson of home rule and of the success of leaving the management of the local affairs to the local people. He does not burden his House of Commons with the responsibility of cleansing the parish drains. The present position of the English House is ridiculous. You might as well expect Napoleon to have found time to reorganize his count his dirty linen before he sent it to the wash and to recount it upon its return.

"It would have been better for Europe if Napoleon had carried out his idea of a universal monarchy. He might have succeeded if he had hit upon the idea of granting self-government to the component parts."

Dealing with the "sacred duty" of the English-speaking world of taking the responsibility for the still uncivilized world," and commenting upon the necessary dispute of the future, Mr. Rhodes said: "What comes the next two centuries for the best of the world of the best people in the world."

On the matter of tariffs Mr. Rhodes was characteristically positive. "I note," he wrote, "with satisfaction that the committee appointed to enquire into the McKinley tariff, reports that in certain articles our trades have fallen off 50 per cent. Yet the fools do not see that if they do not look out they will have England shut out and isolated, with 90,000,000 to feed and capable of internally supporting about 6,000,000. If they and a statesman they would at the present moment be commercially at war with the United States, and would have boycotted the raw products of the United States until she came to her senses, and I say this because I am a free trader. Your people have not known their greatness. They possess one-fifth of the world and do not know it is slipping away from them."

Your supreme question at present is the nature of the labor vote for the next election. Read the Australian bulletins and see where undue pondering to the labor question may lead you. But, at any rate, the eight-hour question is not possible without a union of the English-speaking world; otherwise you drive your manufacturers to Belgium, Holland, and Germany, just as you have placed a great deal of cheap shipping trade in the hands of Italy by your stringent shipping regulations."

Here this "political wit and testament," as Mr. Stead calls it, abruptly breaks off. Mr. Stead, commenting on this, says:

"It is rough and inchoate and almost unrecognizable as one of Cromwell's sayings; but the central idea luminous throughout. It is

the one wanted.

It is strange that every time some one whistles to a dog every man in hearing turns to see if he is the one wanted.

COUGHING ALL NIGHT

It is this night coughing that breaks us down, keeps us awake most of the night, and annoys everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be a torment for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm makes life worth living to such people by its soothing action on the throat. The "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balm is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine has been a disagreeable thing about it, and it does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from bark and gums of trees, and is a true specific for most troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balm there is the entire which not only heals the throat, but which protects the inflamed membrane from further irritation. The result is that the tendency to cough is entirely removed. Afterward you would not be troubled by coughing. 25c. at any

ideal is the promotion of racial unity on the basis of the principles embodied in the American Constitution."

"Half-Blooded." "Rolf Boldrewood," or Mr. T. A. Browne, as he is in real life, has just resigned the Presidency of the Australian Literature Society because of the advice of his doctor, says The London Chronicle. He is in his seven-and-sixth year, and until about six months ago was in the enjoyment of remarkably robust health for a man of his age. He is a Wessex man by birth, but as a boy of four he accompanied his father to Australia, where he was destined to a chaplain's career. When he first beheld Melbourne in the thirties it was only a hamlet of a hundred houses. He is now living in its most fashionable suburb, and is one of the most prominent of half a million inhabitants. He was in early life a squatter, worth a quarter of a million; then came a succession of disastrous droughts, and he was a ruined man. Entering the Government service as a stipendiary magistrate and gold-fields Warden, he devoted his leisure hours to literature. Half a dozen of his realistic stories of Australian life and character had been published in the Melbourne and Sydney weeklies before he was discovered by the house of Macmillan in 1888.

Quizzing a Committee. A short time ago instructions were issued to all commanding officers of regiments calling upon them to report by a certain date, first, whether they were in favor of the substitution of a full coat for the present pattern mess-jacket, and, secondly, whether such tails should be red or blue. Among the replies received by the committee was one which ran as follows: "Sir, in answer to your question, I beg to report that (1) I approve the adoption of a tail-coat for mess purposes, and (2) that I consider that one tail should be red and the other one blue."—Manchester Guardian.

The "Spare" Bedroom. Young Wife (looking over new house)—Dear, when we were in the little room this one is! Husband—Yes; I think we'd better call it the spare bedroom.—Judy.

CONSTIPATION

Causes Headache, Abdominal Pains, Piles and in Severe Cases Insanity and Apoplexy.

It is a common mistake to conclude that Constipation is not a dangerous condition. Although at first it is only accompanied by slight inconvenience and pain, yet if not corrected, it will inevitably lead to very dire results.

Great care should be in selecting a remedy for constipation, because if a violent purgative is employed, it is sure to set up pain, irritation and congestion, and result finally in piles.

The experience of those who have tested all the cures for constipation, seems to prove that Ferrazone is the most agreeable and satisfactory treatment. It makes the bowels so well ordered that natural and unassisted action is established. Nothing can equal the immediate sense of comfort it produces, and in the intestines, disappear almost at once.

Ferrazone is very mild and certain in its action, and never causes inconvenience or distress. Ferrazone can be taken easily as long as required, and it in no way interfere with business or pleasure, and nothing may be feared from its use however prolonged it may be.

For Constipation, Piles and Sick Headache, Ferrazone stands unrivaled. The driver of the city Express Company, who suffered from piles, says:—"Constant sitting on the wagon seat, produced a rectal irritation, which caused me to feel a stinging condition of the bowels brought on a severe attack of piles. I used without benefit, different ointments, and other remedies, but got quick relief and a satisfactory result from Ferrazone. I can recommend Ferrazone to all who suffer from piles."

Ferrazone always cures, and can be purchased at any reliable drug store for 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. Sent to your address by mail, if price is forwarded to N. G. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

It is strange that every time some one whistles to a dog every man in hearing turns to see if he is the one wanted.

COUGHING ALL NIGHT

It is this night coughing that breaks us down, keeps us awake most of the night, and annoys everybody in the house. Lots of people don't begin to cough until they go to bed. It gets to be a torment for the night is an empty form, for they cannot rest.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm makes life worth living to such people by its soothing action on the throat. The "tickling sensation" promptly disappears when the use of the Balm is begun, and the irritation goes with it. This medicine has been a disagreeable thing about it, and it does efficient service in breaking up coughs of long standing. It is prepared from bark and gums of trees, and is a true specific for most troubles.

Handling coughs is a science that every one should learn. Not knowing how to treat them has cost many fortunes and many lives. In Adamson's Balm there is the entire which not only heals the throat, but which protects the inflamed membrane from further irritation. The result is that the tendency to cough is entirely removed. Afterward you would not be troubled by coughing. 25c. at any

A married woman can always have her audience at home without going to the lecture platform.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

The reason some men get elected to office so easy is because the people have not found them out.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A girl who has money in her own name is anxious to change it.

HAMILTON'S PILLS FOR THE LIVER. Flattery is one thing and praise is another.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

A man who contends that the world owes him a living is generally too lazy to go out and collect it.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative B. Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

Some housewives get so economical that they are always trying to roasts their husbands.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN. Schrs. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

That a man should tell his wife all he knows depends altogether on what kind of a wife he has and what he knows.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c. Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Lower. Breaks the urinary chain, cleans the passages, stops dripping in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, Stomach and Liver Troubles, etc. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

It is said that money talks, but the success of a pecuniary enterprise frequently depends on the ability to keep perfectly still.

to cure a cold in a night—use Vapo-Cresolene. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All Druggists.

A good woman is the noblest work of all Gods creation, but there are as many different grades as there are in lead pencils.

WOMAN IS AS OLD AS SHE LOOKS. It is not age but disease, weakness and ill-health that makes woman look old, care-worn and wrinkled. You cannot look your best unless you feel well, strong and vigorous, with pure, rich blood and steady nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food makes good health, restores the healthful glow to the complexion, rounds out the form and gives elasticity to every motion of the body.

The devil always fishes in shallow places.

SOMETHING ABOUT FAITH CURE. What a great variety of faith cures there must be, some have faith in so-called divine healers, others in certain doctors and still others in the medicines they use. Every person who has tested Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills has faith in them, but faith or no faith they cure just the same, for they act directly and specifically on the kidney, liver and bowels, and make these organs healthy, active and vigorous. Judging from the enormous demand for these pills, there must be those of people that have faith in them.

It would be a great blessing to humanity if all were blessed with good mandates.

INFLAMED NOSE AND THROAT. And such diseases of the respiratory organs as Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Colds in the head, and Nasal Catarrh, are treated with marvellous success on strictly scientific principles by Catarrh-zone. The medicated vapor of Catarrh-zone quickly traverses every air passage possible to be reached by any treatment. All soreness, pain, congestion and inflammation are at once relieved, and by means of the healing powers of Catarrh-zone the inflamed tissues are quickly restored. Where Catarrh-zone is used only ten minutes, a cough is half an hour, and Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough, Stomach and Liver Troubles, etc. A trial will convince anyone of the startling merit of Catarrh-zone. Costs \$1.00, small size 25c. At Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS FOR THE LIVER. All Druggists.

PROFESSIONALS.

F. L. Pedolin, M. D. Telephone 1b. Pleasant Street. NEWCASTLE.

O. J. McCully, M. A., M. D. Graduate Royal College of Surgery, London, England. SPECIALIST. Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat. Office of the late J. H. Morrison, St. John, N. B.

Davidson & Aitken. Attorneys. NEWCASTLE N. B.

Dr. H. & G. J. Sprout.

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

DR. GATES, Dentist, at his Newcastle office from 25th to last of every month. All kinds of Dental Work done by Latest and Improved Methods. Office in Lonsbury Block.

Thomson & Thomson, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS AND NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS, ETC. Claims collected and promptly paid over. Offices, County Buildings, Newcastle, N. B.

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

Dr. C. B. McManus. DENTIST. Rooms over J. D. Cresshams store. Is prepared to do all work in a most satisfactory manner by latest methods. All work guaranteed.

Thos. W. Butler. Attorney and Barrister, at Law, Solicitor in Equity, Notary Public, etc. Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. Office in Brick Block opposite public square Newcastle, N. B.

HOTELS. QUEEN HOTEL, J. A. EDWARDS, Prop. Fredericton, - N. B. HOTEL BRUNSWICK George McSweeney, Prop. Moncton, - N. B. Hotel Blanchard, JOS. THEO. BLANCHARD, Prop. The only first class hotel in Caraquet. Livery stable in connection. Opposite Station. CARAQUET, N. B.

PROVISIONS. CONSISTING OF Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams Bacon, Teas, Sugars, Molasses Barley, Peas, Soaps, Lard Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats and Standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in bulk and in barrels. Ontario and Moncton Cracked Feed, etc.

Store on Public Wharf J. A. RUNDLE.

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

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

All business communications should be addressed to ANSLOR 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, MAY 28, 1902.

OUR SOUVENIR ISSUE.

We are hard at work on our Souvenir issue and it is no small task to print this large edition and carry on the regular business of this office, especially our growing business, as never in our experience have we been so busy and had so much general commercial job printing on hand, and unavoidable delays are bound to occur. Our presses are running all day and far into the night to keep up with our orders and also to get out this special issue in a creditable manner, and we are taking great pains to make it a credit to the town as well as to this establishment.

The cover picture, in four colors, entitled "His Last Run" represents a large moose, with beautiful head, badly wounded and just about his last. It is a regular gem in the printing art.

The illustrations are all of a high character, and show off the many resources of the Miramichi to the best advantage.

The different articles descriptive of the Miramichi are well chosen, both from a literary as well as a descriptive point of view and will doubtless prove a good advertisement for this district.

This issue will contain a revised edition of the poem "The Days of Duffy Gillis" as well as the latest production from the same author, entitled "The Man Behind the Boathook." This poem will be illustrated and is descriptive of the great log jam at the Southwest railway bridge when the Southwest boom broke in 1881. This poem alone is worth the price we are asking for the whole issue.

Besides these there are a number of hunting and fishing stories, views of Newcastle and Chatham, and other interesting places.

Enclosed in each Souvenir is a finely printed map of New Brunswick showing all the rivers, lakes and plains where big game abounds. The edition will be of twenty pages with cover and will make a neat souvenir of the Miramichi.

Orders are being received at this office at 10 cents a copy. Orders will be filled in rotation as received so order at once and procure them with the least possible delay.

**Exhibition Building and Driv-
ing Park for the North
Shore.**

In matter of establishing an Exhibition building, grounds and track for the North Shore, on the Miramichi, which has for some time engaged the attention of Agricultural Society No. 9 and leading citizens interested in the improvement of horses and other live stock, bids fair to materialize. A meeting of the Society and citizens was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, presided over by Mayor Snowball, at which Mr. Geo. Hildebrand, in behalf of the Society's committee, explained what had been done toward the object sought. The society had leased for a term of fifty years, with clause for another fifty year extension, the Loggan field property, excepting the part owned by Judge Wilkinson on which they had an option for purchase, and also one for the purchase of that of Mr. Arthur Johnson adjoining on the west. The formation of an exhibition association was suggested by Hon. Mr. Tweedie and after being discussed by that gentleman and Messrs. Hildebrand, Geo. E. Fisher, Geo. Watt, the Mayor, Ald. Murdoch and others it was resolved to form an association. Messrs. R. A. Lawlor and Joseph Tweedie were appointed to prepare a prospectus and Messrs. Geo. E. Fisher, Geo. Hildebrand, Geo. P. Searle, Geo. Watt, J. D. Creighton and Jas. Falconer to solicit stock. Hon. Mr. Tweedie said the association might rely on a grant of \$1,000 or more from government for an exhibit on next year. The estimated cost of the whole undertaking is about \$10,000. The Directors of the Agricultural Society

met on Tuesday evening and decided to subscribe 130 shares at \$10 per share and to call a meeting of the society to ratify same forthwith. Citizens subscribed about eighty additional shares yesterday, through the solicitation of Mr. Hildebrand. The enterprise is one which should be supported, not only in Chatham but elsewhere on the North Shore as it is undertaken with the object of having large exhibitions in this part of the province, similar to those held in St. John, Woodstock and Sussex.—Advance.

RED DEER COUNTRY.

Streams of Settlers Flocking Into It From the Western States—Man From Oklahoma Tells Why.

The most interesting of Canada's new American settlers, bound for the Red River country on the Edmonton branch, in a recent train load, was, however, the man from Oklahoma, who, with his wife and four children, ranging from twelve to three, was en route to the latest land of promise. "Born in Iowa, lived in Kansas, was in the Oklahoma rush, been farming and fronting all my life," he said. "No use talking; that land of mine down there wasn't any good."

He said "warn't," but the reader can reproduce the mid-western drawl for himself. "If it had been I wouldn't be here. Sold the place for seven hundred; so you can guess. Got some good stock, dairy cows, four fine horses, some pigs, and other stuff. Got a couple of tents, and when I reach Ponoka I'm just going to pitch the tents and let the family stay till I look up some land. It has got to have timber on it. My wife, she has been on the plains all her life, and she is just bound to have some timber. Don't care if it is back from the railroad a bit. Guess I'll not be so far from the other road when it strikes across to the Pine River Pass. I reckon it's going through all right. Why did I come? There are my boys growing up. Real smart boys. Want to give them a chance. I'm anxious about schooling for them, and if we go too far out I guess there may be some trouble."

The Oklahoma man for the next few minutes pumped me (The Toronto Globe's Alberta correspondent) like one of his prairie windmills on the details of Government, the organization of school districts, the relations with Great Britain, the powers of the Territorial and Federal authorities, and the safety of life and property.

"I got a revolver," he said, when I told him of the law against the carrying of concealed weapons, but it ain't for use against man. There's lots of gun play where I come from, but I reckon it ain't Christian to put lead in a man when his back is turned. Lots of them settle their rows with their guns, but, you know, they're getting down on it, and sometimes they put a man in the pen for a good long term for shooting another, sort of unfair."

The Oklahoma man's ideas of our relations to Great Britain were hazy. "They tried to scare me off," he said, "when I told them I was going to Canada, by saying first thing I knew I'd be packed off to South Africa to fight the Boers; but I didn't scare a bit. I just said to myself, there ain't no conscription in Canada that I ever heard of, and I'll risk it anyway. Besides that war's a gone con."

The Oklahoma young hopefuls were originals. The six-year-old boy proudly drew out a knife and exhibited it, a big horn-handled jackknife. "My uncle gave me that to skin the bears up in Canada," he said, confidentially. "I'm going to get a pony, too, and I think I'll call it Daisy. We had a bird at home, but we had to let it fly away when we left. I'm sleepy, but you can't tire me. No, sir. We had to sleep on the quilt last night, in the room at the station, and I just couldn't sleep."

These poor little children had been on the train traveling steadily, under great hardships, for eleven days, and yet the mountain peaks, a colt in a meadow, a flock of wild ducks, and the ice on the little lakes interested them keenly. Ice, of course, is rather scarce in Oklahoma. Other settlers had stories largely of the same sort. Growing families and no room to spread out at home; reports from friends who had settled in Alberta as to the fine opportunities for mixed farming; and the crop results of last year. They were

**How To
Gain Flesh**

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somewhat the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking

Scott's Emulsion

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."

J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c. enough for an ordinary case, 50c. for a severe case, 75c. for a most economical for chronic cases. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

bound all up the line, a little knot dropping off at each station. The most intense interest was displayed in the country through which we passed. The judgment was frank and decided. "Too much alkali there for me." "I have had enough of bare prairie; I want trees." "That is fine black earth; bet you that would grow rare crops," were remarks heard at random.

An Old Romance Recalled.

In the year 1848 William Sinclair was chief factor of Hudson Bay Company at Norway House, then known as Rossville. When Her Majesty's Sixth Regiment left the shores of the Red River for England they returned by way of Hudson Bay, and spent some considerable time at Norway House, and there Montague William Darling, deputy commanding general of the forces on Her Majesty's staff, fell in love with pretty Margaret Sinclair, the factor's daughter. Before the vessel sailed the marriage was solemnized and Margaret left her far northern home for England. Nothing seems to have been heard of the young couple until this winter, when word was received at Norway House from Margaret Darling, now a widow, asking for a copy of her marriage certificate to file with the War Office in order that she might receive her widow's pension. Her letter was dated from Boulogne, France, and stated that her husband died in South Africa last year. Rev. J. Semmons, Indian agent at Norway House, procured the certificate asked for, which shows that the witnesses of the marriage were P. Robertson, surgeon, Sixth Regiment, William Sinclair, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company at Norway House, and Sophia Mason. The officiating minister was Rev. William Mason, one of the missionaries who may well be counted among the heroes of the Methodist Church.

Shoe Famine in Belleville.

A gentleman recently made the rounds of Belleville's shoe stores trying to purchase a pair of tan shoes. Not one pair was on sale. They have "gone out."

Ferretes at Bobcaygeon.

The fragrant rat of the marsh, whose pelt is an item of commerce, is catching it, or rather is being caught. Mr. E. F. Read is buying the pelts and pays from 16 to 18 cents each. First-class mink are up to about \$2. Common fox are 91 to \$1.50, and a silver fox you can swap for a corner lot and house with a brown stone front and a brass knocker. That's right.—Bobcaygeon Independent.

A Vast Irrigation Scheme.

The C.P.R. has in contemplation a great project for irrigating the immense plateau stretching from Calgary eastward to Medicine Hat. The area that it is possible to supply water to is 100 miles by 30 and the soil is of great fertility. The water to be used is that of the Bow River, and the most favorable point of a very promising project is that in June, July and August, when water is most needed on the land, the river, because of the melting of snow on the Rockies, where it has its source, is at its maximum flow, and will provide water enough to turn what is now a barren plain into a garden.

With such work to their hand and such an outlook for the future, it is little wonder that the people of Calgary look more care-free than those of us who wrestle for a living in what a dreary happy described as the "cent belt." Here at Calgary we are in the heart of the "nickel region," and the man who offers a copper in payment even for a stamp is speedily made aware that he has done something almost as heinous as eating with his knife.

McOmney, or Duncan—The son of Brown Head.

MRS. S. MCLEOD,

wishes to announce that she is just opening a carefully selected stock of ladies' and children's furnishings, in the Carter Block.

Thanking the public for their generous patronage in the past, she invites customers old and new, to call and see her in her newly fitted-up rooms.

Remember the place, room vacated by the Bank of New
Newcastle, May 19th, 1902.

Notice of Sale.

To John Casey of Lower Newcastle in the County of Northumberland, Farmer and all others whom it may concern.

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Town Hall in the Town of Newcastle on Monday, the 26th day of June next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon all that certain piece of land and premises situate, being in Lower Newcastle aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: It is by the river, on the upper side by Dr. McHardy, on the lower side by Alexander Stewart and in rear to the full extent of the original grant, being the same piece of land willed to the said John Casey by his father, the late Timothy Casey, and on which the said John Casey at present resides.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the third day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety two and made between the said John Casey of the first part and James Doyle of Douglstown in the County aforesaid, trader, since deceased of the second part. Default having been made in the payment of the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

Terms Cash.

Dated this fifth day of May A. D. 1902.

LAWRENCE DOYLE,

Executor to the last will and testament of the late James Doyle.
E. P. WILLISTON,
Solicitor to the Executor.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

We want at once trustworthy men and women in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards and advertising matter posted in prominent places throughout the town and country. Steady employment year round; commission or salary, \$25.00 per month and expenses not to exceed \$2.50 per day. Write for particulars.
International Medicine Co., London, Ont
April 26th 02.

**GRAND
CLEARANCE SALE.**

As we intend going out of business this fall we are clearing out our stock below cost to clear.

**BARGAINS.
BARGAINS.**

As everything MUST be sold we are prepared to give unheard of Bargains in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Fancy Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Gents, Furnishings, etc.

John O'Brien & Co.

Newcastle

**--- THAT ---
OLD BIKE**

Can be made to look like a new one by having it re-enamelled. Our enamelling and bicycle repairing is as good as the best and better than most.

Wheels called for and delivered within town limits.

F. W. PICKLES,
Over McMurdo & Co's.

**RUSSELL'S
COAL and WOOD YARD.**

On hand 200 cords of wood and 200 tons of best steam, house and blacksmiths coal, also sperm and cylinder oils, guaranteed best quality. Orders taken at their office in Farrel building, delivered at lowest rates to all points on the river.

John Russell & Co.
Newcastle.

Oct. 8th, 1901.

**WE GUARANTEE OUR
"OLIVE OIL AND CUCUMBER SOAP"**

To be superior to all others at the same price,
3 Cakes for 10c.

**Williamson's Cough Mixture Still Leads
All Others.**

25 cents a Bottle.

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

**PAINTS, OILS,
HARDWARE, ETC.**

We are now thoroughly established in our new premises in the Lonsbury Block and are now prepared to attend promptly to all orders for

**Sherwin-Williams' Paints, Oils,
Varnishes, Turpentine.**

Also all kinds of shelf and heavy hardware, rope, glass, putty, oakum, zinc, nails and spikes of all kinds and sizes, dry and tarred building paper, and in fact everything required in renovating or building.

Our prices are as low as any on the market when taking into consideration the quality of the goods offered.

JOHN FERGUSON,
LOUNSBURY BLOCK, NEWCASTLE.

**COME TO THE
BRICK BLOCK
FOR
Mas & Rische and Newcombe
PIANOS**

Our Pianos all others in quality of tone and class of workmanship. With our prices we guarantee we can save you money.

Those we have in stock.

COMPANY,

A LIFE IN A PRISON

CONVICT OF 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE TELLS THE AWFUL STORY.

A Plain, Unvarnished Account of Its Terrible Brutality—The Various Stages of a Convict's Penal Progress in England Vividly Described—The Dietary Scale for Convicted Criminals—Penal Servitude.

A writer in London Tit-Bits tells this story of the awful brutality of life in a prison:

"To have had twenty-five years' experience of prison life is not a matter upon which any properly constructed mind can offer or accept complimentary observations. Much less can one chant the hymn of triumph over such a circumstance, but, as Mr. Kettle once justly observed: 'The man who has lived many years under peculiar circumstances may be under the same public obligation to describe his experience as the explorer who explores unknown regions is under to describe the countries through which he has passed.'

It is in this spirit that I sit down to write the story of my prison life—a life which commenced when, as a youth of nineteen summers, I was condemned to seven years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision, through what has since been publicly admitted to be a miscarriage of justice. From that date, July 7th, 1873, down to the third of August last, a period of twenty-eight years, most of my time has been spent within the walls of one or other of her Majesty's prisons.

On the 7th of July, 1873, I was led down from the Assize Court at Manchester to the cells beneath that building, and, when I had recovered somewhat from the shock given to a naturally sensitive mind by what was admitted, on all hands, to be an excessively severe sentence, I found myself sitting on a low table, with my head in my hands, vainly striving to bolster up my mind with the illusive hope that my case would be taken up by the press and a reconsideration of the case made imperative.

"Ah, the poor, delusive fancy! Ah, the wretched make-believe!"

Within three hours of that maddening moment, I was led with thirteen other prisoners (all under sentence of penal servitude) to the county jail, situated at the rear of the courts, where I was ordered to strip off all clothing, etc., sent into a long, stony corridor fitted up with cells on each side, and subjected to a bodily scrutiny which can only be described to a man of my somewhat delicate instincts as most degrading and inhuman.

The modus operandi was simply this: A principal warder, with three subordinate officers, entered the cell and commenced to question me as to my family and personal history. One of the warders then ordered me to stand straight against the wall of the cell and throw up both my arms. I was at this time stripped of all my clothes, and could not, for the life of me, conceive the aim and object of the hypercritical examination instituted by those official inquisitors. The following is a verbatim note, made within a week of the occurrence, and whilst a sense of the indignity imposed was still fresh in my mind:

"Warder Williams first made me stand against the whitewashed wall, and whilst thus pilloried, with absolutely nothing on, I was ordered to throw up my arms above my head, then to 'turn round,' lift up the right leg, 'now the left,' 'now open your mouth,' 'now stoop down and rest on your hands,' etc.

Thus the whole demoralizing process went on until, stung by what I then took (and still take) to be an unnecessary and cruel infliction, I protested in the interests of common fair play against it. The warder in charge (an ordinary humane man) informed me that if I had any complaints to make I could 'see the governor next day,' and this I then resolved upon doing.

Accordingly, on the following morning, when my cell door was first opened, I asked permission to see the governor, and at mid-day had an interview with that gentleman. He spoke very civilly to me, but gave me to understand that, however objectionable the thing might be in itself, the characters of those forming the bulk of a prison population made such a course necessary. 'For,' said he, 'some prisoners make a practice of concealing money and tobacco upon their persons, and this is the only means we have of preventing such practices.'

Many years later (1897), when a similar incident elicited a similar protest at H. M. Prison, Parkhurst, the honored governor of that establishment made a statement to the writer of this article which put the 're' concealment of money and tobacco' altogether in the background.

In reply to my appeal against the degrading experience necessitated by the fortnightly 'search,' the amiable Lieut.-Col Plummer used these words:

"I am afraid that all you or others may urge against this practice will not carry much weight at Whitehall; and, if consulted on the matter, I could not honestly recommend its discontinuance, as I have known cases in which men have concealed dangerous weapons about their bodies."

But, to resume the narrative, I was in a month when an order came to remove a batch of convicts to London, and after an uneventful ride from London Road to Euston I was, in the company of nine other prisoners, brought to the 'Model Prison,' as Pentonville was then called.

In those days Pentonville was the first stage in the convict's penal progress, the place where all male prisoners spent the 'probationary' period of nine months which (before the passing of the last Prison Act, 1898) all convicts were foredoomed to spend in 'strict solitary confinement.'

On arriving at 'The Villa' we were all rigged out in the knickerbocker suit of grey, liberally bedaubed with what was originally the outward and visible insignia of all Government 'stores,' but has since become a badge of infamy—the broad arrow.

After all necessary formalities had been gone through (such as bathing, shearing, weighing, measuring, and passing the medical officer's seal) we were located in 'number seven' cell on the basement of 'C' hall, and when the card bearing my penal name and address' (872) and other items of information (for the guidance of the officials) had been hoisted on the outer wall of the cell, I was regaled with a pint of gruel and an 8-ounce loaf, and told that I could make my bed down and get to sleep as soon as I liked.

To make my bed down was an easy matter, but going to sleep was quite another story.

Were I to live for a hundred years the memories of my suffering on that first night in a convict prison would remain as vivid as they are now, when nearly thirty years stand between the event and this brief history of it.

My poor mother, old home-ties, all the dear associations of that child and boy-life from which I was then cut off forever, haunted my mind (and I fancy I hear) throughout the whole of that dreadful night; and when at 6 on the following morning, the deep, sepulchral notes of the great bell at the front gate rang out, I was conscious of having passed the night without having had one minute's sleep!

But, fagged and 'washed-out' as I was, I felt it as a welcome relief to be up and 'doing some thing'; and when breakfast (2 of good cocoa and 8 ounces of white bread) had been served, and we all had taken a few sips of the chief warder (Mr. Casgrove), who gave us some sound fatherly advice as to the advisability of conforming to the 'rules and regulations' (a copy of which was hung upon the walls of every cell in the prison), we were led in single file to the fine old chapel where for so many years the Gospel of free grace was so ably preached by the venerable Ambrose Sherwin.

As a part of the religious services at Pentonville, one would like to point out to the authorities who last year expressed a willingness to consider any suggestions I would submit to them, the advantage connected with the musical part of the daily services at that prison.

I have known more than a dozen prisoners with whom I rubbed shoulders in the early days of the 'eighties' who attributed their success in after-life not to the penal element in the prison regimen, but to the influence of the fine organ recital with which Mr. Hoare (the prison organist, in those days) generally concluded the morning services at Pentonville; and were instrumental in the musical part of the daily services at that prison.

Although there were workshops at Pentonville in those days, as there are in these days, most of the inmates were employed in their cells, where, for nine months, each man spent twenty-two out of the twenty-four hours.

Here is a copy of the prison dietary scale, one of which is supplied to every prisoner, so that each may know the quantity and quality of the rations to which he is by law entitled:

Breakfast, 2 pint cocoa, 8 ounces bread.

Dinner, Monday, 4 ounces beef, 8 ounces potatoes, and bread; Tuesday, 1 pint shin of beef soup, 8 ounces potatoes, and bread; Wednesday, 4 ounces potatoes, and bread; Thursday, 12 ounces pudding, 8 ounces potatoes, and bread; Friday, same as on Tuesday.

day: Saturday, same as on Monday; Sunday, 4 ounces cheese, 12 ounces bread.

Supper, 1 pint gruel, 8 ounces bread.

It will complete the description of the prison fare at Pentonville in those days to state that the only other diet known to and allowed by the powers that were (outside the infirmary, for which, of course, no 'regulation' menu was issued) was that invariably imposed by the then governor (Captain Lewis) for breaches, or alleged breaches, of prison discipline, to wit:

No. 1. Punishment diet—One pound of bread per diem.

No. 2. Punishment diet—One and one-half pints of strabuton and 12 ounces of bread per diem.

THE PUNCH BOYS.

Old Punchline gave her whitest and best—the mottle of her pastures none dare nobly they've stood grim-visaged war's Fighting they fell that bloody April morn. Drawn from the plough and labelled 'raw recruits,' To active service stammered; to duty went; In Peace they'd garnered of her humble In War 'twas victory or a gory bed.

Charge after charge; 'Stand steady, Squadron E!' The brunt of the battle it is yours to bear. 'Thrice thrice done!' through dimming eyes they see The flagging Boers and join the British cheer.

And Clyde is now in bitter sorrow steeped— And thoughts are of the brave hearts far away— The hero who to the Empire's summons leaped. For handslaps ready, anxious for the fray, Old Punchline to the God of Battles kneels, Up from her springing verdure goes a prayer— For mother's grief kind heaven a pity feels— And asks that He their precious lives may spare.

J.P.D., in Guelph Herald.

\$1,200 AN HOUR.

Entertaining Prince and Princess 18 Hours Cost New Brunswick \$22,273.37.

A return submitted to the New Brunswick Legislature recently shows that the Provincial Government of that Province spent \$22,273.37 in entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales and members of their suite who spent about eighteen hours there in November last. So well pleased were their Royal Highnesses with the entertainment provided, particularly with the catering, that they authorized J. J. McCafferty, manager of the Hotel Dufferin, who had charge of the arrangements to use on his hotel paper the term 'caterers to their Royal Highnesses May and George.'

It may be stated in passing that this was an honor and distinction not given in any other Canadian city visited by the Royal guests, and it is some measure compensated for the failure to make any money from among the dining and tinguished sons of this province. Two houses were placed at the disposal of the Royal visitors. One was occupied by the Duke and Duchess, the other by the Governor-General and Lady Minto. Only a few personal attendants accompanied the visitors. Other members of their staff remained on the Royal trains. The official return presented to the Legislature shows why the catering was so satisfactory. Their Royal Highnesses reached the city about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and left again the morning after at 11. They had two meals, dinner and breakfast. The outlay for these appears to have been \$1,927.95. This included the cost of the manager of the hotel for his personal services, and of \$645.96 paid to Mr. A. Finn for wines. It is also exclusive of expenditures for hire of silver, china, cut glass, etc., as well as for flowers, amounting in all to \$807.92, also of \$15 paid for vegetables. Adding these items together it will be seen that the two meals cost \$3,696.83. These figures are exclusive of a further sum of \$3,619.28 paid for painting and decorating, renting furniture, etc. The proportion of this that was spent in the dining rooms is not possible to state, but it would probably be at least \$4,000. No wonder the Prince and Princess were pleased with the banquet.

There's Nothing Like Leather.

"We have called," said the head of the department of Tuxedo citizens, "to protest against the street car service you are giving us. Why, some of us cannot even get a strap to hang on by."

"Very well, gentlemen, I shall at once increase the service," said the affable magistrate, while the hearts of the department leaped with joy, "by putting in more straps."

Eczema's Itch Is Torture

Mrs. Ann McDonald, Kingsville, Ont., writes: "For about three years I was a dreadful sufferer from eczema. At times the patches of raw, flaming flesh would extend from my waist to my neck and from the knees to the ankles. The intense itching almost drove me crazy and though I tried all the local physicians, they could not even relieve the suffering. The flesh would crack open, and I don't believe any one ever suffered more."

"I was told of Dr. Chase's Ointment but did not believe that it could help me. After the fifth application of this preparation, I began to feel the benefit of its soothing, healing effects, and now attribute my cure to the persistent use of this wonderful remedy. It is truly worth its weight in gold and I never tire of recommending it to my Mother sufferers."

Besides being a thorough cure for eczema and salt rheum, Dr. Chase's Ointment comes useful in a hundred ways. Every home for every form of skin eruption, chapped skin, chilblains, 50 cents a box, at all drug stores, or by mail, 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

DO NOT NEGLECT THE LITTLE ILLS OF LIFE

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Will Eradicate From the Blood and System the Seeds of Disease.

As grains of sands make our lofty mountains, drops of water the mighty ocean, and as our massive buildings are made of one brick piled upon another, so do the little ills of life contribute to the building up of deadly diseases in the body.

Experienced medical men claim that fully three-fourths of our men and women enter the summer season with little ills and symptoms of disease, which must develop into serious and fatal troubles if not banished at once.

We hear our friends complaining daily of rheumatic tendencies, sharp and darting neuralgic pains, dyspepsia, pains in the side and back, nervousness and sleeplessness; and we see with our own eyes the effects of impure blood in facial blotches, eruptions and sores. The little ills and pains of to-day build up the alarming and fatal diseases that follow days and weeks of neglect.

Wise and intelligent people who have looked into the claims of Paine's Celery Compound and followed its remarkable cure of relatives, friends and neighbors, use it themselves with faith and confidence, to banish their systems of coming troubles, to cleanse the blood, to reestablish nerve force, energy and bodily strength, so that they will be in condition to withstand the enervating effects of the coming hot weather.

In every community where Paine's Celery Compound has been used at this season to banish disease, it is regarded as a godsend. Workers in offices, shops, factories, and weary and rundown wives and mothers in their homes have thanked Heaven for Dr. Phelps' marvellous prescription, because it made them well. Try a bottle or two, you who are ailing and sick; it will give you what you most stand in need of—health and new life.

Some people go to church more for style than to hear what the preacher says.

Wonderful Home Helpers.

The Ablest Analytical Chemists Say They Are the Best.

The ablest and best analytical chemists in the world affirm without hesitation that Diamond Dyes are the purest and best dyestuffs for home dyeing. All the colors are guaranteed fast to light and washing with soap; they color more goods, package for package, than any other dye in the world.

As there are imitations of the popular Diamond Dyes, ladies should be careful of dealers who attempt to recommend the cheap makes. It should be remembered that these imitative dyes are made up of an abundance of cheap, vitriolic, and poisonous and dangerous adulterations, and the hands are often injured by them. Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that a child can work with them successfully. See that your dealer supplies you with the "Diamond" refuse all others.

If you are interested in home mat and rug making, send your address to The Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive free of cost new designs to select from.

COMPLETELY FAGGED OUT.

The world is full of sickly, dependent, tired, enervated people, all hoping to be well some-day. The surest road to health is along the way of taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone is a great appetizer and enables one to eat plenty of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the rapid formation of an abundance of red, vitalizing blood, which will restore the nerves, increase flesh and vigor, and nourish and feed every organ of the body. Ferrozone is an ideal restorative and invigorant. It is a tonic of unequalled merit that anyone can use with benefit. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, at Druggists, or N. C. Wells & Co., Kingston, Ont. Sold by A. E. Shaw.

A girl may pretend to be surprised when she receives a proposal, when she is really wondering why the young man waited so long.

CRAMPS ARE LIKE EAGLES.

They come unexpectedly, when least welcome. Be sure you have a minute cure in a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It cures cramps in five minutes. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the bowels. It is a line in the medicine chest.

ARE YOU DEAF?

ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Baltimore, Md., March 30, 1902.

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation. Examination and advice free. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME as a nominal cost. INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work."

No Soap, Borax, Soda or Ammonia is needed with GOLD DUST.

With little water and less effort you can clean anything about the house better, easier and cheaper than with Soap or any other cleanser. Once try it, you'll always buy it.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY. Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis, Montreal.

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee 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.

Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors.

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

HONEST AND TRUE

As all that can be said of the Brantford bicycle. No wheel is made that will wear longer or run easier than the Brantford. The 1902 models are fitted with the HYGENIC CUSHION FRAMES and other improvements. Do not buy until you have seen this wheel and asked our price. Buy the right bicycle at the right price.

JOHN MORRISEY, NEWCASTLE CASTLE STREET

AT McLEOD'S

Fashionable Tailoring Establishment.

Is where you will find all the best lines of Black and Blue Beavers, fancy suitings in all shades, Tyke and Clay Beavers and fancy Trouserings. All of which we make in styles and at as low a figure as consistent with good fits, always guaranteed. Parties patronizing us we do the cutting free.

Tailoring and dress making carried on in the McLEOD.

A Clear Skin and A Bright Eye

Usually Indicate Health.

Wheeler's Botanic Bitters

Insures good health by Cleansing the Blood, Stomach and Liver. Cures Constipation, Dyspepsia, Bloating, Headache, Dizziness, Kidney Troubles, and all Irregularities.

A GENUINE VEGETABLE SPRING MEDICINE AND REGULATOR.

PRICE 25 CENTS

AT ALL DEALERS. And wholesale by all Wholesale Druggists.

THE UNION ADVOCATE.

VOL. 35.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1902.

34

Muslins.

We have carefully selected a large stock of these very pretty summer fabrics. Our experience has given us many lessons as to what is most required. Pretty and good but not too high in price. They come in white and colors and range in price, from 8c. to 35c.

Zepher Gingham.

From the tiny checks to the larger plaids, and narrow lines to the bolder stripes, but the prettiest patterns, yet shown. Prices 8c. to 20c.

Prints.

We have in these many special lines to show you this season. We have a heavy double thread Print, suitable for children's wear 32 in. wide, for 10c. in light and dark colors. We have print in Blouse patterns, 36 in wide, for 10c. the yard. We have beautiful soft sateen prints, in light and dark colors, at 12c. to 15c. the yard.

Underwear.

We have the celebrated "Penman Brand" and it is nice for present season. Fine or heavy, just as you wish, and every garment guaranteed.

Men's Waterproof Coats.

In grey and Fawns, with velvet collar. Price \$4.50.

Men's \$9.00 suits, a specialty.

R. N. WYSE.

Watch

our men's furnishings window on Friday morning next.

Something interesting?

I should say so.

Just like picking up gold dollars.

Newcastle.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.



In speaking of wedding rings in our advertisement, last week the printer made it read

"A SPECIAL VALUE AT \$5.90."

While the copy sent the printer, read

A SPECIAL VALUE AT \$5.00.

If you want a ring any time, keep this in mind and ask for our special value plain ring at \$5.00.

All goods guaranteed.

H. WILLISTON & CO.

PREPARE FOR WARM WEATHER.

We invite your attention, your inspection of our elegant range of cool, dressy summer fabrics.

Muslins, plain and fancy patterns, at 7c. and 10c. Very pretty designs, at 15c. The quality of these goods are very much admired. Mer Lawns, India Dimities, Organdies, both white and colored, prices, 25c and 27c. The patterns and colorings of these goods are exquisite.

Black India Lawns, Black Swiss Muslin. Tucked Lawns, Tucked ruffling, etc.

Also, a fine range of embroideries, all over laces, appliques, insertions, laces, etc. All at bottom prices.

CLARKE & CO.

City Restaurant

LUNCHES at all hours,
ICE CREAM and CAKE,
BEER and COFFEES.
Ice Cream, etc., supplied for picnics
and parties at reasonable prices.

Allan Russell

THE BOURNEHOUSE.

TO LET.

The store of James Fitch
by James Lyder.
The premises are
and will be ready
the 1st April.
For further
information

AT HOME.

A Very Enjoyable Evening
Spent at

BACHELORS' "AT HOME"

In the Town Hall last Friday
Evening:—Pretty Cost-
umes Worn.

When it was announced some time ago that a number of Newcastle's young men were going to entertain their friends at an At Home in the Town Hall on May 28th, all family was agog with preparations for the event which all looked forward to with pleasure.

On Friday evening a gay assemblage gathered at the Town Hall which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion with bunting, tapestry, pictures, etc. and at about 9 o'clock the Grand March and Circle was formed, which began the evening's programme.

The Chaplains were Mrs. W. S. Moore, Mrs. R. Nicholson, Mrs. W. A. Hickson, Mrs. J. Russell.

The young men who gave the entertainment were:—

P. Pedolin, S. L. T. Harrison, W. F. Duff, A. J. Ferguson, F. M. Hoyt, S. Simpson, J. Murray, A. McKay, G. McNaughton, S. W. Miller, G. G. Stohart, A. E. Shaw.

About 12 o'clock lunch was served by the caterer L. P. James of the new restaurant in a style which pleased all and has added much to his name as a caterer.

The dance was continued until early morning.

The following are some of the dresses worn.

Mrs. Hickson—black brocaded satin, corsage bouquet of pink carnations.

Mrs. Moore—ivory satin, corsage bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. Nicholson—black silk with overdress of black grenadine.

Mrs. J. Russell—black sequin net, corsage bouquet of white carnations and smilax.

Mrs. Milson—brown figured organdie trimmed with black lace applique.

Mrs. Thorold—light blue taffeta silk prettily trimmed with blue and white chiffon.

Mrs. Robinson (Millerton) black silk with overdress of black Brussels net, trimmed with black satin ribbon.

Mrs. R. T. D. Aitken—white silk, corsage bouquet of pink and white roses.

Mrs. R. H. Armstrong—gown of black net over cream silk.

Mrs. Manny—black silk trimmed with black lace, bouquet of red roses.

Mrs. McKee—pink silk with touches of black velvet.

Mrs. Stables—blue and white foulard.

Mrs. Jno. Robinson—black silk.

Mrs. M. Falconer—navy blue silk trimmed with white.

Miss Vickery—white mohair with corsage trimming of white and gold applique.

Miss Curran (Ottawa) navy blue silk muslin with bertha of cream guipure.

Miss M. Fish—black and white organdie, the skirt being prettily trimmed with black lace applique.

Miss Nichol—(Chatham) rose pink silk trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon.

Miss Troy—navy green nun's veiling with black lace bolero.

Miss McEakie—(Fredericton) blue and white organdie.

Miss Lena Doran—white muslin.

Miss Harley—cream silk with bodice trimming of embroidered chiffon and narrow black velvet ribbon rosettes.

Miss Burchill—blauit colored broche prettily trimmed with cream guipure.

Miss K. Troy—turquoise blue veiling, effectively trimmed with blue chiffon and ribbon.

Miss M. Russell—black silk net trimmed with black satin ribbon and touches of blue panne.

Miss Sargent—pink dimity trimmed with narrow white satin ribbon.

Miss Miller (Chatham)—dove gray silk.

Miss A. Bell—white muslin, the skirt being prettily trimmed with flounce of the same, embroidered in pink roses.

Miss M. Elliott—white tulle organdie with yoke of black and gold net.

Miss R. Elliott—light blue organdie trimmed with satin ribbon the same shade.

Miss Layton—pink muslin trimmed with narrow black lace.

Miss Aitken—black sarah silk with pale blue trimming on bodice.

Miss Stables—white muslin embroidered in silver.

Miss Pallen (Chatham)—white organdie.

Miss Robinson (Millerton)—white taffeta silk with overdress of point d'esprit prettily trimmed with white chiffon ruchings.

Miss Falconer—white organdie.

Mrs. Nicholson—white and black striped muslin with black, corsage bouquet

trimming—pink dotted muslin with narrow velvet.

Miss Nicholson—black and white

trimming—pink and white

trimming—pink and white

Miss Chesman (Chatham)—black net, corsage bouquet of white roses.

Miss McAllister—black silk skirt with black and white silk waist.

Miss C. Russell—white organdie with white net flounces edged with narrow black velvet.

Miss Ollie Russell (Chatham)—pale blue and white figured mer-lawn.

Miss DesBrisay (Chatham)—blue organdie trimmed with white lace.

Miss E. Fleisher (Chatham)—cream cashmere.

Miss M. Robinson—white muslin, bodice trimmed with tiny bunches of blue flowers.

Y. M. C. A.

At the business meeting last Tuesday night in the rooms of Association, considerable business was transacted. A plan proposed for forming junior society for boys under 16 years was discussed at length, and a committee appointed to look into the matter and report at next meeting.

A plan for forming a Ladies committee was also proposed and discussed, this also laid down for further consideration.

Meeting was adjourned to meet on Tuesday night, May 27.

The rooms are patronized by quite a number of young men who seem to take a great pleasure in the reading matter and games provided. New member are being added weekly.

The meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms a Sunday afternoon was largely attended, about 40 were present.

Rev. Mr. Wallace supplying the Presbyterian church at present was the speaker. His very practical address was listened to with close attention. The association felt very grateful to Mr. Wallace who on such short notice consented to cheerfully give an address, and take great pleasure in announcing that he will be the speaker, at next Sunday afternoon also.

OBITUARY.

By the death of Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCabe which took place at her home last Friday morning, the community has lost a bright and estimable young lady, one which will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Deceased was seventeen years of age and had been in ill health for some time but up to a very short time ago it was not thought it would result fatally. The family has the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

The funeral Sunday afternoon was very largely attended. The body was taken from the house to St. Mary's church where Rev. Father Dixon met the bier and conducted the remains, carried by the pallbearers, Messrs. A. Ferguson, C. Morrisey, P. Keating, Wm. McLean, Frank Dalton and J. Kingston, into the church where the solemn service of the Catholic church was rendered. After the service the remains were taken to St. Mary's cemetery and buried in the family plot.

The "Children of Mary", a society of which deceased was a member, walked in the funeral procession. Six of them, Mr. Ryan, M. Hennessy, K. Foran, A. Power, M. Morrissey and C. Croghan acted as pallbearers with the six young men.

SMALL POX AGAIN.

Campbellton Has Another Case.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., May 28.—Joseph Phillips, a shingle sawyer at the Alexander mill, was discovered to be suffering from small pox this morning. The Board of Health is actively at work endeavoring to prevent the spread of the disease, but the general feeling around town is that a little more activity on the part of the board about a month ago would have kept the disease away altogether. Phillips has relatives living at East River Cove, a district which has recently been infected, and about a month ago, Dr. Ferguson, of Dalhousie, wired the Campbellton health authorities to be on the look-out for this man, but they did not find him, despite the fact that he has been working right along at the Blair mill and the Alexander mill.

PEACE ASSURED.

British Government Has Not Yielded an Essential Point.

PARTONIA, May 25.—The Boer deputation is still here and the conference at Vereeniging continues. Nothing definite of the result is known, but it is believed that the negotiations are proceeding favorably. At the celebration of Victoria Day yesterday a large crowd gathered in the square here, expecting to hear a proclamation of peace. There were no disturbances.

As confirming the probability that peace is not distant, the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, the premier of New Zealand, who is now visiting here, has sent a cablegram home in which he said: "I have had a satisfactory interview with Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner. I do not think another New Zealand contingent is necessary."

LONDON, May 26.—The Daily Mail in its issue this morning says the announcement of peace may be expected at any moment and that it will be found that the government has remained inflexible on all vital points at issue.

MINE DISASTER.

Explosion in B. C. Mine Buries Over

ONE HUNDRED

Miners—Over Seventy-five Bodies Recovered, Relief being Sent.

FERNIE, B. C., May 24.—Rescue work is proceeding slowly on account of gas. Very few foreigners volunteer. A report that the mine was on fire yesterday checked work, but it proved false. The rooms in the mine have not yet been reached. There have been no bodies recovered, all from the main shafts. Some were killed by rocks, some by fire and some by afterdamp and gas. Many were badly scared. The English church is being used as a morgue, where the bodies are placed in coffins. A public funeral was held at six o'clock this evening. The rescue work will last several days. Some of the bodies may never be got as they are buried deep by debris. The coal company is arranging for the funerals. The board of trade organized a relief fund and \$11,000 was contributed on the spot. It had asked assistance of the provincial government and large centres through the press. It has also arranged to co-operate with the coal company in any measure of relief it may offer. Col Prior is expected at once. Many destitute families are left, and relief is badly needed. The explosion was due to dust. The government inspector of mines was here when the explosion occurred. The inquest has been adjourned for one week.

The gas overcomes rescuers often. The doctors are working night and day. There have been many heart-rending scenes, and several losses in the same family. One son and two son-in-law is a case in point. The manager of the Bank of Commerce is treasurer of the relief fund.

CANADA'S POLICY.

Our Ocean Traffic Will be Aggressive One Says C. P. R. President.

MONTREAL, May 31.—"The time is at hand, has indeed already come, when we shall pursue a strong, aggressive policy with regard not to the Atlantic alone, but the Pacific as well. When I say we, I mean Canada, the country, all of us together. I am not speaking for the Canadian Pacific now, and if we proceed upon that principle, doing the utmost we can for ourselves, I do not think we need have any fear as to the future, and can afford to disregard any attempts that foreign capitalists may make to secure our national property."

This was the significant declaration made to-day by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, during the course of an interview on the report that American capitalists are seeking to secure control of the property.

He admitted that he had seen rumors in the newspapers that there was a effort on the part of American capitalists to obtain possession of sufficient Canadian Pacific stock to enable them to dictate the policy of the Canadian Pacific, and particularly to so govern it that that should not be introduced into it the factor of a fast Atlantic steamship line. Sir Thomas was not disposed to attribute great importance to the report. It was, he said, no doubt possible to obtain control of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Its stocks were widely scattered, and it was difficult to look after the whole of them, but he would say that, that it would take a very long time to accomplish this purpose, much longer than many people perhaps imagined.

It was clear from Sir Thomas's words that he considers the Canadian Pacific reasonably safe from foreign domination and control, for, when he was asked as to whether the Parliament of Canada would not be likely to impose such conditions upon foreign capitalists as would make the undertaking practically profitless, and thus cause the property to revert to Canada he replied: "Oh, yes; but I do not think we need fear such a bugaboo as that."

He followed this with a declaration of the utmost significance with regard to a Canadian steamship line, the strongest fact by far that he has yet expressed.

OATS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

PORTLAND, ORE., May 24.—The British steamer Askchella, a six thousand ton carrier, will sail to-day from Coronal for Portland under charter to load 300,000 bushels of oats for the British government in South Africa. This will not only be the largest cargo of oats ever put afloat at a Pacific Coast port, but it will be the first full cargo ever shipped from an American port on the Pacific for South Africa.

A Pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.

"Test it!"

Save the Tags.

CASE

By...
Emile Gaboriau

CHAPTER I.

In the Paris evening papers of Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1893, the following announcement appeared:

"A great robbery, committed against one of our most honorable bankers, M. Andre Fauvel, caused intense excitement this morning throughout the neighborhood of the Rue de Provence. The robbers with extraordinary skill and boldness succeeded in making an entrance to the office, in forcing the lock of a safe that has heretofore been considered impregnable and in getting away with the enormous sum of 350,000 francs in bank notes. The police, immediately informed of the robbery, displayed their accustomed zeal, and their investigations have been crowned with success. Already, it is said, one P. B., a clerk in the bank, has been arrested, and there is every reason to hope that his accomplices will be soon overtaken by the hand of justice."

But this time the newspapers were inaccurate in their information. The sum of 350,000 francs certainly had been stolen from M. Andre Fauvel's bank, but not in the manner described. The following are the facts as they were related with scrupulous exactness at the preliminary examination:

The banking house of Andre Fauvel, 87 Rue de Provence, is an important establishment and, owing to its large force of clerks, presents very much the appearance of a government department. On the ground floor are the offices, with windows on the street, protected by strong iron bars, sufficiently large and close together to discourage all burglarious attempts. M. Fauvel's private office is on the first floor over the office and leads into his private apartments. This private office communicates directly with the bank by means of a narrow staircase, which opens into the room occupied by the head cashier. This room, which in the bank goes by the name of the "cashier's office," is proof against all attacks, no matter how skillfully planned. Fastened in the wall by enormous iron clamps is a safe, a formidable and fantastic piece of furniture, calculated to fill with envy the poor devil who easily carries his fortune in a pocketbook.

The safe is opened by a curious little key. But this is the least important part of the mechanism. Five movable steel buttons, upon which are engraved all the letters of the alphabet, constitute the real power of the safe. This piece of furniture, before inserting the key into the lock the letters on the buttons must be in the exact position in which they were placed when the safe was locked. In M. Fauvel's bank, as everywhere, the safe was always closed with a word which was changed from time to time. This word was known only to the head of the bank and the cashier. The cashier, however, his various desks about half past 9 o'clock when a middle aged man of very dark complexion and military bearing, in deep mourning, presented himself in the office adjoining the safe, where he found five or six employees. He asked to see the cashier. He was told that the cashier had not yet arrived and that the cashier was not expected till 10 o'clock, a notice of which was posted in the entry.

"I thought," he said in a tone of cool impertinence, "to find some one here ready to attend to my business, having arranged the matter with M. Fauvel yesterday. I am Count Louis de Clameran, an iron maker at Oloron, and have come to draw 300,000 francs deposited in this bank by my late brother, whose heir I am. It is surprising that no orders were given about it."

Neither the title of the noble manufacturer nor his explanations appeared to affect the clerks.

"The cashier has not yet arrived," they repeated, "and we can do nothing for you."

"Then conduct me to M. Fauvel," there was some hesitation, then a clerk named Cavillon, who was writing near a window, said:

"The chief is always out at this hour."

"Then I will call again," said M. de Clameran. And he departed without saying "Good morning" or even touching his hat.

"Not very polite," said little Cavillon. "But here comes Prosper."

Prosper Bertomy, cashier of Fauvel's banking house, was a tall, handsome man of thirty, with light hair and blue eyes, and dressed in the height of the fashion.

"Ah, here you are!" cried Cavillon. "Some one has just been inquiring for you."

"Who? An iron manufacturer, was it not?"

"Precisely."

"Well, he will return. Thinking that I would be late this morning, I attended to the matter yesterday."

Prosper had unlocked his office and as he finished speaking entered and closed the door behind him.

"There is a cashier," exclaimed one of the clerks, "we never knew anything about him."

Prosper turned to the clerk and said: "Write a note to the bank for a loan of 300,000 francs. Send at once. Let the messenger take a carriage."

Prosper did not move.

"Do you hear me?" said the banker angrily.

The cashier trembled. He seemed as if he were in a stupor.

"It is useless to send," he said. "There is a credit to this gentleman of 300,000 francs, and we have less than 100,000 in the bank."

M. de Clameran evidently expected this answer, for he muttered:

"Naturally."

Although he only pronounced this with a low voice, his manner, his face, clearly said:

"This comedy is well acted, but nevertheless it is a comedy, and I don't intend to be duped by it."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, monsieur," said the banker. "This house has other resources. Have patience till my return."

He went out and up the narrow steps leading to the safe and at the end of five minutes returned, holding in his hand a letter and a bundle of securities.

"Here, quick, Counteur," he said to one of his clerks, "take my carriage, which is waiting, and go with monsieur to M. de Rothschild's. Give him this letter and these securities. In exchange you will receive 300,000 francs, which you will hand to this gentleman."

The iron founder was visibly disappointed. He seemed to wish to apologize for his impertinence.

"I assure you, monsieur, that I had no intention of offending. For some years our relations have been such that I—"

"Enough, monsieur," interrupted the banker. "I desire no apologies. In business friendship counts for nothing. I owe you money. I am not ready to pay you. You are pressing. You have a right to demand what is your own. Follow my clerk. He will pay you your money."

Then he turned to his clerks who stood curiously gazing on and said: "As for you, gentlemen, resume your desks."

In a moment the room was cleared of every one except those who belonged there, and they sat at their desks with their noses almost touching the paper before them, as if absorbed in their work.

stood it. Yet the cashier's strange calmness did not leave him. He gently released himself from the clerk's grasp and said:

"In fact, monsieur, I am the only one who could have taken this money."

"Unhappy man!"

Prosper drew himself up and, looking M. Fauvel full in the face, added: "Or you?"

The banker made a threatening gesture, and there is no knowing what would have happened if they had not been interrupted by loud and angry voices in the entry. A man insisted upon entering in spite of the protestations of the employees and succeeded in forcing his way in. It was M. de Clameran. The clerk stood looking on, bewildered, motionless, in profound silence. It was easy to see that some terrible question—a question of life or death—was being weighed by all these men. The iron founder did not appear to observe anything unusual. He advanced, his hat on his head, and said in the same impertinent tone:

"It is after 10 o'clock, gentlemen."

No one answered, and M. de Clameran was about to continue when he for the first time saw the banker. He went straight to him.

"Well, monsieur," he said, "I congratulate myself upon finding you in at last. I have been here once before this morning and found the cashroom not opened, the cashier not arrived; you were absent."

"You are mistaken, monsieur; I was in my office."

"I return, and this time not only the cashroom is closed, but I am refused admittance to the office. I am confused to find myself in this way. Will you tell me, yes or no, can I have my money?"

M. Fauvel listened, trembling with anger, yet he controlled himself.

"I would be obliged to you, monsieur, for a short delay."

"I thought you said—"

"Yes, yesterday, but this morning, this very instant, I find I have been robbed of 300,000 francs."

M. de Clameran bowed ironically and said:

"Shall I have to wait long?"

"Long enough for me to send to the bank."

Then, turning his back on the iron maker, M. Fauvel said to his cashier:

"Write a note to the bank for a loan of 300,000 francs. Send at once. Let the messenger take a carriage."

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The undersigned having been appointed and sworn as assessors of rates for the town of Newmarket in the county of Northumberland, hereby give notice to every person and body corporate liable to be assessed within the said town, to furnish the assessors, within thirty days of the date hereof, with a written statement of the real and personal estate and income for which he is liable to be assessed within the said town.

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