

FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

HAVELOCK

Havelock, Oct. 31.—An elderly and respected citizen of Havelock, in the person of Stephen Burgess, was laid to rest yesterday. Mr. Burgess was upwards of 80 years old and was one of the old hand...

Miss Pearl Boyd, principal of the superior school at Elgin, and Mrs. J. B. Cochrane, of Parkdale, arrived here on Saturday, spending Sunday and Thanksgiving with relatives and friends at Upper Ridge. Miss Nannie Thorne, a trained nurse and graduate of Beverly School for Nurses, is visiting her home here for a week or so...

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Branscomb, of St. John, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Branscomb's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Killam, of Killam's Mills. Miss Emily Powell, relict of John W. Powell, died at the residence of George E. Killam, of Killam's Mills, on Friday last, aged 82 years.

SALISBURY

Salisbury, N. B., Oct. 31.—Among the visitors who are spending the Thanksgiving holiday here are Harry Bennett, C. E., of St. John; William Duncan, of Moncton; G. A. Trites, of Sydney; L. W. Carter, of the postal car service; G. A. Colpitts, B. A., of Colpitts, Albert county; H. A. B. Carney, of Boundary Creek; V. E. Gowland, John Kennedy, Leslie Kennedy, traveling salesman; Thomas Bentley, of Swampscott (Mass.); Misses Marion Murray and Beth Bleakney, of Intervale (N. B.); Mr. and Mrs. Myers and two children, of Norton (N. B.); Misses Isabelle and Mary Foster, and Miss Florence Sentell, teachers; J. Stewart Henry, principal of the school at Surrey, Albert county.

Fredericton Junction, Oct. 31.—Miss Maud Greenlaw, of St. Andrews, is spending the holiday with her cousin, Mrs. S. L. Currie. Mrs. Moses Burpee, of Houlton (Me.), spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. S. L. Currie. Joseph and George Alexander, Marshall Nason and Homer Currie, of the U. N. B., all spent the holiday with their parents here.

Ernest Alexander and son and daughter, of Houlton (Me.), spent Sunday at the former's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Thos. L. Alexander.

Miss Lucile Mersereau spent Sunday and Monday in St. John, returning last night.

Dr. Angus J. Murray spent the holiday

in Earlton, Colchester county (N. S.), with his children and their grandmother, Mrs. Mackay. Mrs. Stephen Alexander entertained a number of young people on Saturday in honor of the birthday of her daughter, Miss Hazel. Mrs. Thomas B. Hart is quite ill. Miss Florence Alexander returned yesterday from a month's visit to friends in Houlton, Woodstock and Presque Isle. Master Edwin and Miss Balah Stuart, of Newcastle, spent the holiday with their grandmother, Mrs. T. W. Alexander, and their aunt, Mrs. Fenwick W. Prude. Miss Marion Alexander, teacher in the Maryville school, spent the vacation with her parents, Postmaster and Mrs. S. D. Alexander. Elmer Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, has accepted a good position in the shipping department of the Swift Company, of Chicago.

RIVERSIDE

Riverside, Oct. 31.—Miss Jean B. Peacock is spending Thanksgiving with her friends in Moncton. Miss Harper, of Shediac, is visiting here at the home of her brother, D. W. Harper. Miss Viola Stiles left last week for Boston, where she hopes to secure a position as bookkeeper. Miss Millie Turner, of Sackville, is spending Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Turner. Mr. Fowler, of Albert, while stream-drawing on Crooked Creek, near Moore's dam, noticed two bears some distance in the woods. He fired at the animals, and succeeded in killing one, but the other escaped. Bears seem to be quite plentiful in that section as a number of sheep were killed by them last spring and summer.

NEWCASTLE

Newcastle, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Jerome Goodin died yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph D. Paulin. Deceased was a native of Petit Rocher, lived some years in Montreal, and for the last three years had made her home with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Paulin. Seven children survive—Henry Goodin, of Orono (Me.); Mrs. John A. Albert, of Caraquet; Mrs. D. Goodin, of Caraquet; Mrs. J. D. Paulin, and three other daughters, who have taken religious vows. The losses of Saturday night's fire were heavy. Wm. M. Corbett, who owned the carriage shop lost \$800, of which \$300 is covered by insurance. A. C. Allan, the insurance agent, lost a good deal of material, including a typewriter. A. W. Holroyd, Charlottetown; F. A. Burgess, Windsor (N. S.); and Alfred Ogden, of Halifax, are in this country procuring salmon ova from the South Esk fish hatchery.

FREDERICTON

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 1.—Winners in the civic prize essay competition were announced this evening. The subject of the essay was, "Fredericton: its history as a place of Residence." The winners were Prof. Frank P. Day, Miss E. B. Hunter, 2nd; Prof. Robt. B. Miller, 3rd. The prizes were \$30, \$15, and \$5. The city council this evening recommended that the limits for water, sewerage, and light be extended to Ball's Neck Bridge, almost a mile west of the present limit. The extension of the water service was recommended to be made next spring. A horse belonging to T. V. Monahan, attached to a plow, caused some excitement in Queen street this afternoon by running away. The animal collided with the carriage of Roadmaster McKay, and with that belonging to Rev. Father Carney in which a lady was sitting. Both vehicles were damaged, but fortunately no one was hurt, although there were narrow escapes.

FREDERICTON JUNCTION

Fredericton Junction, Oct. 31.—Miss Maud Greenlaw, of St. Andrews, is spending the holiday with her cousin, Mrs. S. L. Currie.

Mrs. Moses Burpee, of Houlton (Me.), spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. S. L. Currie.

Joseph and George Alexander, Marshall Nason and Homer Currie, of the U. N. B., all spent the holiday with their parents here.

Ernest Alexander and son and daughter, of Houlton (Me.), spent Sunday at the former's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Thos. L. Alexander.

Miss Lucile Mersereau spent Sunday and Monday in St. John, returning last night.

Dr. Angus J. Murray spent the holiday

in Earlton, Colchester county (N. S.), with his children and their grandmother, Mrs. Mackay. Mrs. Stephen Alexander entertained a number of young people on Saturday in honor of the birthday of her daughter, Miss Hazel. Mrs. Thomas B. Hart is quite ill. Miss Florence Alexander returned yesterday from a month's visit to friends in Houlton, Woodstock and Presque Isle. Master Edwin and Miss Balah Stuart, of Newcastle, spent the holiday with their grandmother, Mrs. T. W. Alexander, and their aunt, Mrs. Fenwick W. Prude. Miss Marion Alexander, teacher in the Maryville school, spent the vacation with her parents, Postmaster and Mrs. S. D. Alexander. Elmer Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, has accepted a good position in the shipping department of the Swift Company, of Chicago.

HOPEWELL HILL

Hopewell Hill, Oct. 30.—Noble Steeves, of Memel, shot a deer recently and Arthur Steeves, son of the lightkeeper, shot one on Grandtongue Island. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brewster, of Moncton, spent the holidays at the former's home here. Miss Nellie Rogers came home from the Normal School on Friday to spend Thanksgiving at home. Mrs. W. S. Starratt left last week to spend the winter in New York, where her sons, S. J. and S. B. Starratt reside. Mrs. F. J. Brewster returned on Friday from a visit to Moncton and St. John. Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Drough, of Moncton, spent Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brewster, of Moncton. Miss Julia Brewster, teacher at Water side, and Miss Helen Newcomb, of the Baltimore school, spent the holidays at their homes here.

Hopewell Hill, Nov. 1.—The funeral of the late Chas. K. Peck, who took place from the family residence here this afternoon, and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends including many of the prominent residents of the county. The service, which was that of the Church of England, was conducted by Rev. Arthur McComb, rector of Albert. On the casket was a beautiful display of floral offerings. At the house the hymns sung were "Fight the Good Fight, Abide with Me, and Lead Kindly Light." The pallbearers were Geo. D. Prough, M. P., Dr. S. C. Murray, Sheriff B. T. Carter, G. V. Peck, John E. Peck and W. J. McAlmon. Interment was made in the family burial ground at this village. Visitors at the next session of the Albert county court will see an added dignity to the court proceedings, through the fact of the court clerk being arranged in the spectacular costume that is really due to his position. Hitherto the court clerk has appeared in the garb of the ordinary citizen. At the recent session of court, Judge Wedderburn called the new clerk before him, and instructed him to get ready for a proper gown and have it made, sending the bill to his honor. Chief Crocker will doubtless make a good appearance in his new vestments.

Chas. Peck and family, of Albert, are being visited by a large number of visitors from the family residence here this afternoon, and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends including many of the prominent residents of the county. The service, which was that of the Church of England, was conducted by Rev. Arthur McComb, rector of Albert. On the casket was a beautiful display of floral offerings. At the house the hymns sung were "Fight the Good Fight, Abide with Me, and Lead Kindly Light." The pallbearers were Geo. D. Prough, M. P., Dr. S. C. Murray, Sheriff B. T. Carter, G. V. Peck, John E. Peck and W. J. McAlmon. Interment was made in the family burial ground at this village. Visitors at the next session of the Albert county court will see an added dignity to the court proceedings, through the fact of the court clerk being arranged in the spectacular costume that is really due to his position. Hitherto the court clerk has appeared in the garb of the ordinary citizen. At the recent session of court, Judge Wedderburn called the new clerk before him, and instructed him to get ready for a proper gown and have it made, sending the bill to his honor. Chief Crocker will doubtless make a good appearance in his new vestments.

Chas. Peck and family, of Albert, are being visited by a large number of visitors from the family residence here this afternoon, and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends including many of the prominent residents of the county. The service, which was that of the Church of England, was conducted by Rev. Arthur McComb, rector of Albert. On the casket was a beautiful display of floral offerings. At the house the hymns sung were "Fight the Good Fight, Abide with Me, and Lead Kindly Light." The pallbearers were Geo. D. Prough, M. P., Dr. S. C. Murray, Sheriff B. T. Carter, G. V. Peck, John E. Peck and W. J. McAlmon. Interment was made in the family burial ground at this village. Visitors at the next session of the Albert county court will see an added dignity to the court proceedings, through the fact of the court clerk being arranged in the spectacular costume that is really due to his position. Hitherto the court clerk has appeared in the garb of the ordinary citizen. At the recent session of court, Judge Wedderburn called the new clerk before him, and instructed him to get ready for a proper gown and have it made, sending the bill to his honor. Chief Crocker will doubtless make a good appearance in his new vestments.

RICHIBUCTO

Richibucto, Nov. 2.—Rev. F. W. F. Bacon returned on Friday from River (N. S.), where he had been spending his vacation with Mrs. Bacon. W. D. Carter, C. C., returned on Sunday evening from Buctouche, where he had been attending the funeral of his father, James Carter, who died last Thursday in Boston, in his eighty-third year. Miss Sarah Flanagan, of the Wesley street school staff, Moncton, spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Martin Flanagan. Mrs. Thomas Legoff is seriously ill. A professional nurse from Moncton is in attendance. Grover Livingston, a blind theological student, who lived here when a small child, went on Saturday to Kouchibouctou and preached the funeral on Sunday. He may remain throughout the winter. Miss Grace Wathen, teacher at Tweedie's Brook, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wathen. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser arrived here on Friday from the United States. They are building a conspicuous residence on Mr. Fraser's property.

WESTFIELD

Westfield, Nov. 1.—Mrs. J. N. Inch and children, of Oak Point, spent Saturday with friends here. Dr. and Mrs. Day and family, of St. John, are spending a few days at their cottage in Westfield. Miss L. S. McNeill spent the latter part of the week, the guest of Miss P. M. Hubeley. The funeral of Mrs. McBeth, who passed away on Thursday, was held at the residence of her son, J. McBeth, at Onneton on Sunday. Ralph Stephenson, of St. John, spent a few days with friends at Onneton last week. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bowman and family are spending the holiday at their cottage here. Ronald Machum, of Mt. Allison Col.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL To All Women: I will send free, with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Uteric Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uteric and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flashes, Nervousness, Menopausal Pains in the Back, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles which are caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to Dr. H. H. Watson, 1111 St. John St., Montreal, P. Q.

spending his holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Machum, at Hillandale. Mr. and Mrs. K. McDonald are spending the week end and holiday at Woodman's Point. Dr. McIntosh and family are spending a few days in Westfield, guest of Miss G. Saul, of St. John, is spending the holiday in Westfield, guest of Mrs. J. F. Cheyne. Miss Caulfield, who has been spending her vacation in Westfield, guest of Miss G. Saul, returned home Monday. Miss Myrtle Anderson spent the latter part of the week and holiday guest of Mrs. J. F. Cheyne. Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Prime and Miss Paul Prime were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Prime on Monday. Fred McKenzie went to Truro (N. S.), recently to attend agricultural college. Mrs. Lingley, of Boston (Mass.), who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Moses McKenzie for a few weeks, has returned home. Miss George Flewelling, who has been spending a number of weeks in Boston (Mass.), has returned home. Archie Parlee, of St. John, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lingley on Monday. Mrs. F. Flewelling has returned from Boston (Mass.). Miss Lois Lingley attended the Hal. lowen party at Welsford (N. B.). Mrs. Frank Peters and mother were in Westfield today in their auto. George Turner, of Hillandale (N. B.), went to the Public Hospital recently to undergo an operation. The many friends of Wm. Blagdon will regret to learn of his illness in the hospital at St. John. Extensive preparations are being made here for a concert in aid of the Campbelloid sufferers, which is to be held in the near future. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lingley, of St. John, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lingley on Sunday.

Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 1.—Mrs. Abasalom Cochran, an aged and much respected lady of North River, Salisbury, who, since the death of her husband several years ago, has been living alone, was so badly burned this morning that it is understood her doctor holds out no hope of her recovery. At an early hour neighbors noticed smoke issuing from her home and Luther Taylor, a near neighbor, forced open the door of the house and found the aged lady unconscious and badly burned. It is supposed that in lighting the fire her clothing had come in contact with the blaze, or possibly the woodwork about the stove may have caught fire and she was overcome with the smoke and unable to make her escape. Just how the accident occurred will probably never be known.

Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 2.—Mrs. Abasalom Cochran, of North River, who was fatally burned while lighting her morning fire on Tuesday, passed away Tuesday evening having remained in an unconscious condition through the day. Neighbors who discovered the unfortunate woman were surprised that the house and its inmates had not been totally consumed. Near the stove, where Mrs. Cochran was found, a large hole was burned through the floor, but when the neighbors had forced the door the fire had died out. Mrs. Cochran was nearly 80 years of age, and an exceptionally smart old woman for her age. Several of her relatives were from time to time tried to persuade her to close her home and spend her declining years with some of them, as they felt that it was not safe for a person of her age to be living alone, but she could not prevail upon her to leave her own home.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

AGED SALISBURY WOMAN FATALLY BURNED IN HOME

Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 1.—Mrs. Abasalom Cochran, an aged and much respected lady of North River, Salisbury, who, since the death of her husband several years ago, has been living alone, was so badly burned this morning that it is understood her doctor holds out no hope of her recovery. At an early hour neighbors noticed smoke issuing from her home and Luther Taylor, a near neighbor, forced open the door of the house and found the aged lady unconscious and badly burned. It is supposed that in lighting the fire her clothing had come in contact with the blaze, or possibly the woodwork about the stove may have caught fire and she was overcome with the smoke and unable to make her escape. Just how the accident occurred will probably never be known.

Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 2.—Mrs. Abasalom Cochran, of North River, who was fatally burned while lighting her morning fire on Tuesday, passed away Tuesday evening having remained in an unconscious condition through the day. Neighbors who discovered the unfortunate woman were surprised that the house and its inmates had not been totally consumed. Near the stove, where Mrs. Cochran was found, a large hole was burned through the floor, but when the neighbors had forced the door the fire had died out. Mrs. Cochran was nearly 80 years of age, and an exceptionally smart old woman for her age. Several of her relatives were from time to time tried to persuade her to close her home and spend her declining years with some of them, as they felt that it was not safe for a person of her age to be living alone, but she could not prevail upon her to leave her own home.

St. Martins, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Harry Sweet and little daughter, Eleanor, have returned to their home in Greenport (N. Y.), after spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. James Wisbart. Miss Minnie Whitney, of St. John, spent the holiday at her home here. Dr. Harry Moran and wife spent Thanksgiving with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moran. Miss Nan Cowie, who has been spending a few weeks in the village, has returned to her home in Liverpool (N. S.). A. MacDonald, accompanied by his wife and daughter, spent the holiday in the village. Mrs. Aldrich, of Sussex, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Bennett. Capt. Wharfedale left on Tuesday for Greenport, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. G. W. Bailey gave a very pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. C. E. Black entertained on Monday evening a large number of Miss Peck's friends in honor of her guest, Miss Alice Townsend, St. John. The citizens of the village of St. Martins are going to tender a banquet on Monday evening, the 29th, to John Black, Jr., manager of the railway department in America here. Mr. Black will leave on the 17th for Ottawa, where he will take the position of accountant in the Bank of B. N. A. there.

RIVER GLADE SCHOOL TEACHER HALED TO COURT FOR "SWITCHING"

Salisbury, N. B., Nov. 2.—The court of Justice E. Foster, Salisbury parish court, commissioner, is occupied here today with a case from the River Glade school district. William Collier is taking proceedings against the teacher, Miss Kaye, for switching the picture of the person speaking in the laboratory in West George was enough to show that Mr. Edison had achieved what he and a host of other inventors have long striven for—the perfect synchronization of motion and action for the moving-picture screen. Into the scene thrown upon the screen last night a man walked, and as his lips moved the sound of his voice issued from the concealed phonograph, effecting an illusion that was perfect. As soon as he opened his mouth the sound came as naturally as they would from precise perhaps it might be said that they came like the sound of the voice on the stage and makes such announcement as the stage manager may desire to put before his patrons. This picture man said in substance: "Ladies and gentlemen (although there were no ladies present this time); While many efforts have been made to produce an apparatus that would not only give here but give you at the same time the sound of the speaker's voice, this is the first time that such effort has been crowned with success. Perhaps in all fairness it should be said here that even the movements of the muscles of the picture man's face were in exact agreement with the sounds that purported to come from the speaker; and not only this, but while the movements of the speaker were thrown upon the screen they were in exact agreement with the sound of the speaker's voice, that is to say from behind the audience, the speaker appeared to come from the man on the scene toward the audience. The man continued: "To illustrate to you what I have been saying I will now take from this table a picture of the speaker's voice, and you will see before me the exact appearance of his apparatus there—a ball and throw it to the platform, and you will hear it rebound at the same time you see it rebound." He

Subscription Rates Sent by mail to any address in Canada at One Dollar a Year. Sent by mail to any address in United States at Two Dollars a Year. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Important Notice All remittances must be sent by post office order or registered letter, and addressed to The Telegraph Publishing Company.

The Semi-Weekly Telegraph is issued every Wednesday and Saturday by The Telegraph Publishing Company, of St. John, a company incorporated by Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick.

Advertising Rates Ordinary commercial advertisements take the run of the paper, each insertion, \$1.00 per inch.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH THE EVENING TIMES New Brunswick's Independent newspapers.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH and The News ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 5, 1910.

BUILDING THE CITY The address delivered here by Mr. Henry Vivian, M. P., may persuade business men and property owners generally, as well as members of the Common Council and of the Board of Trade as such, to give more attention to the improvement of the city and to the direction and nature of its growth.

Building the City (continued) Much that Mr. Vivian had to say is emphasized by Mr. Frederick C. Howe in Scribner's Magazine in an article on "City Building in Germany."

Building the City (continued) Mr. Howe points out that the problems of transportation, light, power, heat, and water, are all fundamental to city life, and are the life blood of the community.

Building the City (continued) The failure of that effort at reform did not by any means indicate that there was not a general conviction favoring a considerable change in the present method of raising money for civic purposes.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

subsequent repair and reconstruction work of the city. Dusseldorf owns the river bank for three or four miles above the city. The city reclaimed it, and architects laid out a broad esplanade and park way.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

with the Valley Railroad—by which one must suppose the Hazen-Gould scheme is meant, in this instance—has been of a political nature, inasmuch as several routes, or several variations of one route, have been surveyed, as if to give the impression to many people in many places that each one of them is going to have a railroad of some sort brought to his door.

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

fresh air, food, a clear conscience and work to do. The modern tendency of being thankful for our necessities, for the things we possess, the things we are relieved of, he sums up in the prayer:

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

Board of Trade make an effort, by holding public meetings, or by other means, to arouse among the taxpayers generally, interest in the subject of civic taxation, and so create a popular demand for an improved assessment act.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years. GASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE THE SECRET MYTHS By Robert G. Ingersoll

WE read the pagans' sacred books with profit and delight. With myth and fable we are ever charmed, and find a pleasure in the endless repetition of the beautiful, poetic and dreams, and efforts stained with tears, of great and tender souls who tried to pierce the mystery of life and death, to answer the eternal questions of the whence and whither, and vainly sought to make with bits of shattered glass a mirror that would in very truth reflect the face and form of nature's perfect self.

BRITISH TARIFF EXPERIENCE. If British statesmen and political economists had not exposed the fallacy of the protectionists that the tariff has a favorable influence on wages of labor there might be some excuse for repeating the blunder in the newspaper press and on the stump in Pennsylvania at this late day.

IMPERIAL MOTHER. Imperial Mother, from whose breasts we drank as babes the pride whereby we question 'em thinne own eyes. And judge thee with no finching eye.

LAKE LAURIER. Will that great new lake, supposed to be as large as Lake Superior, which has been discovered by government surveys in the Canadian northwest, be named Lake Laurier?—Boston Globe.

Uncle Walt The Poet Philosopher. Some bards their harpstrings deftly strike, and sing of roses and the like; of coral isles and starlit seas and birds whose plumage glids the breeze, but when I sing at close of day, my song is A BALE OF HAY.

BRIAN FALLIERI PREMIER PROPOSAL RESIGNATION INDUSTRY FOLLOWS MEASURES RAILWAYS PARIS, NOV. 2.—Resignation of the President Fallier...

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CERTAIN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BRIAND WILL FORM ANOTHER CABINET

Fallieries Calls on Him Again

Premier Has a Tough Proposition Ahead of Him

Resignation of French Ministry Follows Fierce Debate in Parliament Over Measures Taken to Crush Railway Strike.

Paris, Nov. 2.—Following the unexpected resignation of the Briand cabinet today, President Fallieries requested Premier



Premier Briand.

Briand to retain his office and form a new ministry.

This task is proving a somewhat difficult one, and in making up the new cabinet, the premier has been in consultation with former leaders, such as Leon Bourgeois, former premier, and ex-minister of foreign affairs; M. Clemenceau, whom M. Briand succeeded in office, and Jean Sarrasin, ex-premier and ex-minister of justice.

It is probable that no announcement of the personnel of the cabinet will be made until tomorrow. In addition to arranging a cabinet committed to the settlement of pressing social problems, M. Briand must offer a ministry satisfactory to the changing Republican majority, where a number of radicals—the followers of Premier Combes—are not attracted by what they term Briand's tendencies to extreme conservatism.

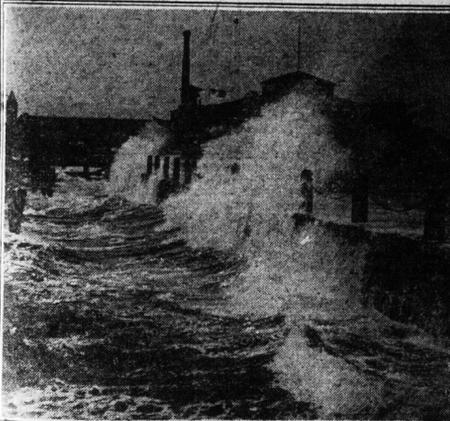
The "Temps" insists upon the imperative of a broad programme of social and republican defense against anarchy with legal means for the settlement of labor conflicts without resorting to a strike. In its opinion the paralyzation of national life by a strike of public service employees should be regarded as the crime of lese patrie.

The French cabinet resigned today. Although the fact that there was a divergence of views among the ministers concerning legislative measures designed to prevent crises similar to that brought about by the recent railway strike was well known, the resignation created a sensation as it had been expected that Premier Combes would remain and remodel the ministry in harmony with his views on a parliamentary programme to meet future strike crises.

The exact nature of Briand's programme has not been announced but it is understood that both M. Millerand, minister of public works, posts and telegraphs, and M. Viviani, minister of labor, dissented particularly Millerand, who insisted upon the principle of arbitration.

Briefly, the resignation is in consequence of the bitter attacks made in the Chamber of deputies upon the government's action in suppressing the recent railroad strike and its proposed legislation for the avoidance of a similar crisis in the future. Briand's cabinet was formed on July 23, 1909.

A WILD STORM IN NEW YORK



WAVES BREAKING OVER BATTERY WALL.

New York, Oct. 28.—Several persons were injured by the recent wild storm, trees and poles were blown down, and the big waves blown up at the Battery broke over the sea wall and sent the spray flying over the pavement for several feet.

Persons who had gathered at the Battery witnessed a novel sight. The whole pier bay had been transformed into a

THREE QUEBEC BOYS ACCUSED OF MURDER

CONSTABULARY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

An Organization Unique in Many Respects

TRAINING THE RECRUIT

Crime is Unknown and Honesty is General—The Politeness of a Newfoundlander is Also a Characteristic That Delights the Visitor.

(Staff correspondence of Toronto Globe.) Trinity Bay, Nfld., Oct. 23.—The physical executive of constituted authority in Newfoundland is an organization unique in many respects. It was established by the colony after the withdrawal of the British troops, and has since continued the island's defence against foes without and disturbers within. Prepared for any emergency, from a clash of imperial arms in the world's battlefields to a peaceful drunk prop up against a blank wall in St. John's, the force continues its steady response to all the colony's needs.

The form of organization is military rather than civilian, while the duties consist largely of an exceptionally peaceful police service, the composition and general usefulness being essentially Newfoundlandic. The inspector-general, superintendent and sub-inspector at Fort Townsend, the central station of St. John's, control a city force of forty-four men and an outside force that brings the total strength to over one hundred. This includes two district inspectors, six head constables, eight sergeants, and eight acting sergeants. The city's fire department is a detachment of the constabulary, augmented by a volunteer or "reserve" force. Since the calamitous experience of the great fire this organization has been brought to a high state of efficiency, both in training and equipment.

Training the Recruit.

The recruit is stationed in St. John's, where he receives general military training. If a Newfoundlandier from an outpost, he requires no instruction in the use of the Martini-Henry rifle, the weapon with which the force is armed, but which no one else ever sees. It is a characteristic of the Newfoundland constabulary that a mechanic of many trades, and requires but little aid or teaching, and the same faculties that make him a ship carpenter, a house carpenter, a sail-maker, rigger, sailor, navigator, cooper, fisherman, also come to his aid when a new weapon is put into his hands. After about three years of clubless police duty in the capital he is regarded as sufficiently grounded in the details of governing a colony to accept the responsibilities of outpost service. There, with the magistrate, the customs collector, the telegraph operator and postmaster he completes the local contingent of constitutional authority. He is in constant touch with the official machinery of the organization, and is frequently moved from one district to another. At the age of sixty-five years or after thirty years' service he may retire on a pension. The duties of constables are nominal for the people are well ballasted with common sense and their time is largely taken up in attending to their own affairs. The twelfth of July, which is their only source of danger, comes round when they are out on the ground too busy lifting traps, splitting and salting to work up such sectarian animosity. They hold their celebrations after the rush of the fishing season is over, but in the fall a procession seems to lack the real presence. There has not been a fatality or even a case of serious injury over the battle of the Boyne for years.

Spontaneous Politeness.

Not only the peaceful, sober sense of the people of Newfoundland but their native and spontaneous politeness tends to make the life of the constable quiet and uneventful. Neither his own nor the uniform nor the official authority vested in him can make him aggressive or arrogant, for he partakes of the leading characteristics of the island. This is so marked that it wins approving comment from every visitor. If a man tripped by a value in the aisle applies to the owner it is safe to conclude that he is of the island, but when it is from further west, it shows that he is from further west. This universal politeness may be attributed in part to association with and descent from the next island in the chain of British possessions. Politeness is inseparable from the soft, rotund Irish accent that declares attention to every remark. The desire to please overflows.

A young waitress in a village road-house when handing a glass of water was asked to get the price of the coffee. A Toronto man's ingrained anxiety to be informed of reports of epidemics and quarantines at the pulp and paper mill town of Grand Falls a few hours distant.

"Oh yes, a former and present customer," she replied in eager satisfaction, obviously glad to be reassuring and accommodating to a stranger, even in a matter so trifling.

There is an instinctive politeness in the people of Newfoundland, however, which cannot be entirely explained on the ground of racial characteristics. Their natures have never been moulded by the relationship of industrialism, which makes real politeness impossible. The dominant consciousness of the employer and the shifty subservience of the employe are alike unknown to them. They have no hours of personal suppression, and consequently no brooding of aggressive incoherence. They never demand equality, for they unconsciously live it. The schooner is generally a partnership of equal interests, and when it is not the owner takes his watch and steers his trick with the same unconscious concession as they are of privileges. This is the life out of which politeness springs, for it puts a man into a relationship with his fellows.

All this is changing. Harvesting from the open sea will not be superseded, but will be supplemented by modern industrialism. The change has already made good advance, and will soon make more. "The mania of owning things" will hold of the island, and the modern Briarcre is grasping the natural wealth and turning it to the satisfaction of a multitude of industries, which the price must be paid. For this the price must be paid. The questions of the price must be paid. The questions of the price must be paid.

The question as to where deceased got the cord with which he hung himself is puzzling the officers, who say they searched the cell and the cell had been cleaned Monday.

Deceased's brother said he saw deceased with a piece of rope in his hand in his shop in Amherst, but could not recognize the fatal rope as coming from his shop. He stated his brother had been very successful in business the last few years.

The inquiry adjourned until tomorrow morning and those Clark, the latter having cut the body down.

WILL FARM HERE ON LARGE SCALE

James Telfer, of Paris, Ont., Has Great Faith in Future of New Brunswick—Now Looking Over Field.

James Telfer, of Paris (Ont.), is one of those who believe that the farming possibilities in New Brunswick are as great as in any other part of the dominion. Several months ago he came to St. John in charge of a large number of sheep, which were sold here by the provincial agricultural department to farmers throughout the province. He visited several counties and was so impressed with what he saw that he decided to come to New Brunswick and buy a farm.

He is now considering some favorable offers in York, Kings and Albert counties, and he expects, after he gets fairly started, to begin stock breeding on a very large scale. He is a member of the firm of Telfer Bros, of Paris.

ST. JOHN WOMAN GRANTED A DIVORCE

Mrs. Ida C. Robinson Allowed to Resume Maiden Name—Didn't Want Costs or Alimony.

Fredericton, Nov. 2.—The divorce court adjourned this afternoon until Nov. 24, when judgment will be given in the case of Smith vs. Smith. The evidence in the case was concluded this afternoon. The witnesses examined were George Gamble, of Queens county; the plaintiff, Herbert Edward Smith, of Johnston, Queens county; Mrs. John L. Burnett, of the Grand Falls; Frederick Mrs. Onhand, of the Orchard Hill, Fredericton. The evidence was to the effect that the defendant, Alice Maud Smith, and Walter Kincaid, the co-respondent, had lived at the hotels mentioned as man and wife. R. B. Hanson appeared for the plaintiff. The case was undefended.

In the case of Robinson vs. Robinson, R. W. L. Tibbits was the last witness. His evidence was to show that Rev. Howard Sprague, who married the parties in the suit, was a duly registered clergyman of the province. On the conclusion of the evidence Judge McKewen said that he would deliver judgment at once, when the facts were clear in his mind. He said he would consider the charges of the libel as proved. He decided the marriage contract should be annulled and plaintiff to be at liberty to resume her maiden name of Warwick. With the consent of H. A. Powell, counsel for the plaintiff, the divorce was made without costs or alimony. In the Robinson case, H. A. Powell, C. C. appeared for the plaintiff. J. D. Phinney had been retained to watch the case for the defence, but has no witness to call.

Mrs. Robinson, formerly Miss Warwick, of St. John, was in court, accompanied by her father. The libel showed that the couple were married in St. John in 1893 by Rev. Howard Sprague, and removed to Marysville; that next year, the defendant left his wife and went west, where he still resides. Divorce is asked on the ground of infidelity.

The plaintiff said her husband was addicted to drink and she had reason to believe he visited houses of ill-repute. Other witnesses called by plaintiff were Chief Police Hawthorne and Mr. and Mrs. George Harris of this city.

TEACH ETIQUETTE IN BAY STATE SCHOOLS

Massachusetts Town Adds "Personal Hygiene" to Curriculum, With Demonstrations by the Teachers.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 30.—Table etiquette—the way to brush the teeth, the necessity of bathing and kindred "personal hygiene" subjects—forms the latest educational advance that is to be inaugurated during the present school term in the towns of West Brookfield, New Braintree and Sturbridge, presided over by C. C. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson is not a faddist nor is he eccentric. The new regime, he believes, is along the most important lines of personal training.

Firm in the belief that many of the ills to which school children are heir may be eliminated, Mr. Ferguson has decided upon a policy that will when put into practice be unique in the annals of New England educational methods.

The teachers who formerly taught the routine facts about hygiene are already preparing to instruct their pupils, by personal example if necessary, the proper way in which to acquire table manners, prevent decayed teeth by the application of the brush, avoid round shoulders, sweep their homes and a plethora of other useful bits of information.

If it becomes necessary there will be demonstrations of the proper way in which to manipulate a knife and fork. The vulgarity at present practiced in table manners will be done away with, and the pupils, in addition to being drilled in the use of the English language and the use of algebra, will be given useful instruction along the lines that will not only fit them for enviable positions in the world but will enable them to hold the positions without criticism of alleged boorishness.

Complete plans for the new departure, said by school experts to be the first experiment for the advancement of etiquette and personal culture in the New England public schools, have not been completed, because it has been impossible as yet to establish the exact needs of the community over which Mr. Ferguson rules in the capacity of school superintendent.

Bathing is to be one of the first subjects to be dealt with. This will be followed by the care of the teeth, the "art" of eating, posture and the beneficial results from a proper position when standing or sitting.

Following lectures on these subjects will come similar ones on sleep, sweeping, fresh air, the eyes and eyesight, the ears, the lungs, the effect of alcohol and tobacco, exercise in general and good health in general.

Politeness as an art will be given its share of importance under the new regime, and the pupils will be instructed in the art of treating strangers as well as friends in the proper way. Particularly among the younger children there will be a course in which will be described the correct way in which to say "thank you," "yes, sir," "excuse me"—and the art of raising the hat to ladies will be divulged so thoroughly as to prevent any mistakes in the future.

Politeness and etiquette, however, will not form the only feature of the curriculum in the Bay state schools during the coming year. Subjects fully as practical are to be performed their part, and none more so than the miniature course in agriculture, by which the boys of West Brookfield and New Braintree are to be instructed in the arts in which they are supposed to be already proficient.

Of the 625 pupils who attend the schools of the district over which Mr. Ferguson holds sway nearly half, coming from the sections of West Brookfield and New Braintree, are a part of the agricultural community.

James Telfer, of Paris (Ont.), is one of those who believe that the farming possibilities in New Brunswick are as great as in any other part of the dominion. Several months ago he came to St. John in charge of a large number of sheep, which were sold here by the provincial agricultural department to farmers throughout the province. He visited several counties and was so impressed with what he saw that he decided to come to New Brunswick and buy a farm.

He is now considering some favorable offers in York, Kings and Albert counties, and he expects, after he gets fairly started, to begin stock breeding on a very large scale. He is a member of the firm of Telfer Bros, of Paris.

Father Morrissey's No. 10

(Lung Tonic) is made of Balsams, Roots and Herbs, and is absolutely free from Opium, Morphine or any similar dangerous drug.

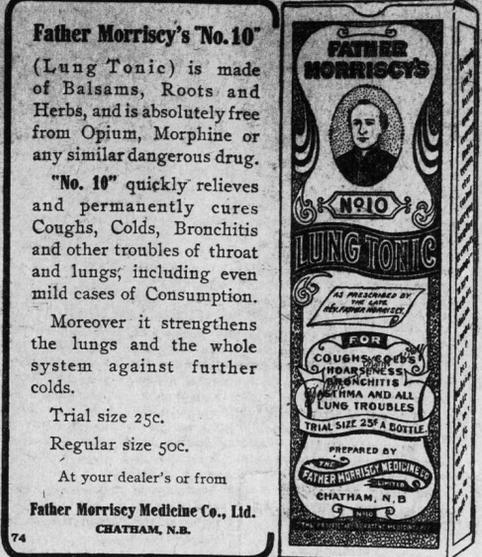
"No. 10" quickly relieves and permanently cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other troubles of throat and lungs; including even mild cases of Consumption.

Moreover it strengthens the lungs and the whole system against further colds.

Trial size 25c. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's or from

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd. CHATHAM, N.B.



Feel Young Forever

Let Me Put Life Into Your Blood, Nerve in Your Body—Follow Me to Health and Manhood—I Can Show You What Others Have Done to Change Debility, Weakness and Dependency into Health, Strength, Vigor



Vitality is the measure of the man in this day of big deeds and monster achievements. He who has great vital strength cannot grow old. Years count for nothing if you have the vitality in your blood and nerves. My Health Belt with suspensory electro-vital force into your weakened system. It works quickly, mildly, continuously after hour while you are sleeping. It is your opportunity, as it has been the opportunity of tens of thousands before you; it supplies you with that vitality upon which health and courage depend. It is a power and strength-giver of the highest order. No drug, nothing to take internally, no dieting, no hardships of any kind. Simply use the Health Belt until you are restored to vigor. It never ceases until you have as much courage and self-reliance as the biggest, fullest blooded man you know. Your eyes will have the sparkle of full health, you will have the vigor of a strong, healthy man. Ernest J. King, 99 Laurier ave., Sherbrooke, Que., writes:—"Thanks to the use of your Health Belt I am young again. It restored me after all else failed. Use my testimonial as you see fit." This is but one of thousands. Get the free books and read of others.

Special rheumatism attachments to my Health Belt carry the Electro-Vitality to any part of the body; the neck, back, arms, legs, feet. It finds and drives away all ailments and aches; it has often completely cured weak back in one night so that it never returned again. It is a wonder remedy for chronic ailments of the nerves, blood and muscles.

FREE UNTIL CURED

Call or write to me and I will at once arrange to let you have the Belt on trial, not to be paid for until cured. No deposit or advance payment. Send it back if it doesn't do the work. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

THESE BOOKS SENT FREE

Let me send you these books. They contain much valuable Health information, are fully illustrated, describe my Health Belt. Fill in coupon or send your name and address on a postal card, or if possible call at office and see Belt. Office hours: 9 to 6; Saturdays, until 9 p. m.

DR. E. F. SANDEN CO.,
140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Dear Sir:—Please forward me your book, as advertised.

NAME

ADDRESS

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that they are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it so? The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no red checks and round form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs is contained in "Favorite Prescription." Any sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. Every letter is held as sacredly confidential, and answered in a plain envelope. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.



and naturally the easiest job in the factory or mine. The confession that they would not come to work if the fishing were good is as surprising as perfect honesty would be in any other walk of life. While the new order of things may aggressively trust the present type of unscrupulous self-confidence aside, it is reassuring to reflect that so long as the sea yields a rich harvest, his like will not pass away. Honesty and personal consideration are ruling characteristics. Crime is unknown. The blowing up of the safe at Grand Falls was a low arise in the opening scene of a new era.

S. T. WOOD.

When making baked custard, if the milk is warmed before adding the eggs no water will settle in the bottom of the baking dish.

STORIES OF PROSE

CREATED MYTHS

By G. Ingersoll

acred books with profit and delight. We are ever charmed, and find a pleasurable repetition of the beautiful, poetic and records of the past philosophies and tears, of great and tender souls who life and death, to answer the eternal wither, and vainly sought to make error that would in very truth reflect perfect self.

opes and fears and tears and smiles, bereaved by all there is of joy and grief and death's sad night. They clothed and gave to gods the virtues, faults in them the winds and waves were streams and springs—the mountains, haunted by a thousand fairy forms, spring with tremulous desire; made of the throne and home of love; filled grapes and gathered sheaves; and king who felt, like Lear, upon his

are beautiful, and have for many touched the heart and kindled thought that all these things are true and all punishment will be the lot of him sweetest myth of all the fable-world me a scorned and hateful thing to

under different conditions wages vary much in the same country in the same question if the tariff had the influence upon wages that is assigned to it.

Yet in face of all the evidence that the protective tariff is an arrogant impostor, his votaries keep repeating for Gospel truth the economic creed of British Tory landlords, that has been long since exploded. Like Hood's Otchaitan, they chew over the stale food of the English protectionists of the middle of the last century as if it consisted of the choicest morsels. At the same time they appear to be afflicted with a strange obliquity of mental vision in presence of the mighty storm of revolution that is sweeping over the land from Maine to California.—Philadelphia Record.

IMPERIAL MOTHER.

Imperial Mother, from whose breasts we drink as babes the pride whereby we question 'em thine own behests, And judge thee with no finching eye; Oft love to hear when thou dost call, Oft vex with a divided will, When once a rival seeks thy fall, We are thy sons and daughters still.

The love that halts, the faith that veers, Are then deep sunk in the Sea; The Sea where thou must brook no peers, And halve with none thy sovereignty.—William Watson, in the London Times.

LAKE LAURIER.

Will that great new lake, supposed to be as large as Lake Superior, which has been discovered by government surveyors in the Canadian northwest, be named Lake Laurier?—Boston Globe.

Walt Philosopher

deftly strike, and sing of roses and seas and birds whose plumage gilds I sing at close of day, my song is wondrous bale, that takes me back to dreamy track to sunny fields where the fields that idlers never sought, backs they shaped their windows at all again, the cheery voices of the, the horses straining in their tugs, ar, the glad march home when day cured and bright, and aptly named to the press and made the bale for handful of this fragrant hay suggest of honest, wise productive toil, to dreamers made this bulky bale; loafers placed the wire around, no men of might were there that day, hay. And so with lilted roundelay

WALT MASON.

BURNING DAYLIGHT

By Jack London

Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

"BURNING DAYLIGHT"—Elam Harnish—is introduced to the reader as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is. All the others in the place are "pickers" alongside this vast figure of a man, who dares everything to win his own way.

Possessed of a tidy fortune and sure of making a vast one, Burning Daylight proceeds to stir up the life of the gambling house. The men and women all admire him, for he is of the type that dominates, and he, conscious that in everything, physical and mental, he is the superior of the assemblage, undertakes to arouse enthusiasm.

Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the wives of the women who frequent the dance hall. He is sought by all of them, persistently by one. But he is afraid to be even civil to a woman, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman meant, in his mind, that he was conquered.

Drink leads to boasting, and in the turmoil that follows Burning Daylight shows his amazing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him. Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him at the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than broke.

Then the indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an impossible task—to run the mail to Dyea and back with a dog team.

"I swore in '83 I'd never go out till I'd made my stake," he exclaims, "and I swear once more, by the mill tails of hell and the head of John the Baptist, I'll never hit for the outside till I make my pile, and I tell you, all here and now, it's got to be an almighty big pile."

And so Burning Daylight goes forth, over the frozen, trackless wastes, while behind him bets are made and taken on the chances of his returning inside of sixty days. For they all know he will return. He is Burning Daylight, the man who never turns back.

As the indomitable man goes on his way the difficulties that come to him seem too vast to be overcome, and one by one his hardy Indian companions and his dogs succumb to the terrific hardships of the Alaskan winter. But Burning Daylight compels the weakening men and dogs to keep on the trail, and Dyea is reached. The return trip is even more terrible, but Burning Daylight wins, and the old crowd is in the Tiwolt to greet him after his sixty days of magnificent accomplishment.

That night there is a dance, and the marvelous man outdances the men—and the women, too. In the morning the men he has chosen for his partners start on the trail again for the newest gold strike.

Dominating them in all things, Burning Daylight puts heart in the weak, leads the way into the limitless future—and fortune.

CHAPTER XII

DESPITE his many sources of revenue, Daylight's pyramiding kept him pinched for cash throughout the first winter. The pay gravel, thawed on bedrock and hoisted to the surface, immediately froze again. Thus his dumps, containing several millions of gold, were inaccessible. Not until the returning sun thawed the dumps and melted the water to wash them was he able to handle the gold they contained. And then he found himself with a surplus of gold deposited in the two newly organized banks, and he was promptly besieged by men and groups of men to enlist his capital in their enterprises.

But he elected to play his own game and he entered combinations only when they were generally defensive or offensive. Thus, though he had paid the highest wages, he joined the Mine Owners' Association, engineered the fight and effectually curbed the growing insubordination of the wage earners. Times had changed. The old days were gone forever. This was a new era, and Daylight, the wealthy mine owner, was loyal to his class affiliations. It was true the old timers who worked for him, in order to be saved from the club of the organized owners, were made foremen over the gang of chechaquos, but this with Daylight was a matter of heart, not head. In his heart he could not forget the old days, while with his head he played the economic game according to the latest and most practical methods.

But outside of such group combinations of exploiters he refused to bind himself to any man's game. He was playing a great lone hand and he needed all his money for his own backing. The newly founded stock exchange interested him keenly. He had never before seen such an institution, but he was quick to see its virtues and to utilize it. Most of all, it was gambling, and on many an occasion not necessary for the advancement of his own schemes he, as he called it, sent the stock exchange a flutter out of sheer wantonness and fun.

"It sure beats faro," was his comment one day when, after keeping the Dawson speculators in a fever for a week by alternate bullying and bearing, he showed his hand and cleaned up what would have been a fortune to any other man.

Other men, having made their strike, had headed south for the States, taking a furlough from the grim Arctic battle. But when asked when he was going Outside, Daylight always laughed and said when he had finished playing his hand. He also added that a man was a fool to quit a game just when a winning hand had been dealt him.

It was held by the thousands of hero-worshipping chechaquos that Daylight was a man absolutely without fear. But Betties and Dan MacDonald and other sourdoughs shook their heads and laughed as they mentioned women. And they were right. He had always been afraid of them from the time, himself a lad of seventeen, when Queen Anne, of Juneau, made open and ridiculous love to him. For that matter, he never had known women. Born in a mining camp where they were rare and mysterious, having no sisters, his mother dying while he was an infant, he had never been in contact with them. True, running away from Queen Anne, he had later encountered them on the Yukon and cultivated an acquaintance with them—the pioneer ones who crossed the passes on the trail of the men who had opened up the first diggings. But no lamb had ever walked with a wolf in greater fear and trembling than had he walked with them. It was a matter of masculine pride that



It had struck him at the time as a funny and embarrassing thing, her bending over his hand and kissing it.

he should walk with them, and he had done so in fair seeming; but women had remained to him a closed book, and he preferred a game of solo or seven-up any time.

And now, known as the King of the Klondike, carrying several other royal titles, such as Eldorado King, Bonanza King, the Lumber Baron and the Prince of the Stampeders, not to omit the proudest appellation of all, namely, the Father of the Sourdoughs, he was more afraid of women than ever. As never before they held out their arms to him, and more women were flocking into the country day by day. It mattered not whether he sat at dinner in the Gold Commissioner's house, called for the drinks in a dance hall or submitted to an interview from the woman representative of the New York Blade, one and all of them held out their arms.

There was one exception, and that was Freda, the girl that danced and to whom he had given the flour. She was the only woman in whose company he felt at ease, for she alone never reached out her arms. And yet it was from her that he was destined to receive next to his severest fright. It came about in the fall of 1897. He was returning from one of his dashes, this time to inspect Henderson, a creek that entered the Yukon just below the Stewart. Winter had come on with a rush, and he fought his way down the Yukon seventy miles in a frail Peterborough canoe, in the midst of a run of mush ice. Hugging the rim ice that had already solidly formed, he shot across the ice spewing mouth of the Klondike just in time to see a lone man dancing excitedly on the rim and pointing into the water. Next he saw the fur-clad body of a woman, face under, sinking in the midst of the driving mush ice. A lane opened in the swirl of the current. It was a matter of seconds to drive the canoe to the spot, reach to the shoulder in the water and draw the woman gingerly to the canoe's side. It was Freda. And all might yet have been well with him had she not later, when brought back to consciousness, blazed at him with angry blue eyes and demanded, "Why did you? Oh, why did you?"

This worried him. In the nights that followed, instead of sinking immediately to sleep, as was his wont, he lay awake visioning her face and that blue blaze of wrath and conning her words over and over. They rang with sincerity. The reproach was genuine. She had meant just what she said. And still he pondered.

The next time he encountered her she turned away from him angrily and contemptuously. And yet again she came to him to beg his pardon, and she dropped a hint of a man somewhere, some time—she said not how—who had left her with no desire to live. Her speech was frank but incoherent, and all he gleaned from it was that the event, whatever it was, had happened years before. Also, he gleaned that she had loved the man.

That was the thing—love. It caused the trouble. It was more terrible than frost or famine. Women were all very well, in themselves good to look upon and likable, but along came this thing called love, and they were seared to the bone by it, made so irrational that one could never guess what they would do next. This Freda woman was a splendid creature, full bodied, beautiful and nobody's fool; but love had come along and soured her on the world, driving her to the Klondike and to suicide so compellingly that she was made to hate the man that saved her life.

Well, he had escaped love so far. Just as he had escaped smallpox; yet there it was, as contagious as smallpox and a whole lot worse in running its course. It made men and women do such fearful and unreasonable things. It was like delirium tremens, only worse. And if he, Daylight, caught it he might have it as badly as any of them. It was lunacy, stark lunacy, and contagious on top of it all. A half dozen young fellows were crazy over Freda. They all wanted to marry her. Yet she, in turn, was crazy over that some other fellow on the other side of the world and would have nothing to do with them.

But it was left to the Virgin to give him his final fright. She was found one morning dead in her cabin. A shot through the head had done it, and she had left no message, no explanation. Then came the talk. Some wit, voicing public opinion, called it a case of too much Daylight. She had killed herself because of him. Everybody knew this and said so. The correspondents wrote it up, and once more Burning Daylight, King of the Klondike, was sensationally featured in the Sunday supplement of the United States. The Virgin had straightened up, so the feature stories ran, and correctly so. Never had she entered a Dawson City dance hall. When she first arrived from Circle City she had earned her living by washing clothes. Next she had bought a sewing machine and made men's drill parkas, fur caps and moosehide mittens. Then she had gone as a clerk

into the First Yukon Bank. All this and more was known and told, though one and all were agreed that Daylight, while the cause, had been the innocent cause of her untimely end.

And the worst of it was that Daylight knew it was true. Always would he remember that last night he had seen her. He had thought nothing of it at the time, but looking back he was haunted by every little thing that had happened. In the light of the tragic event he could understand everything—her quietness, her calm certitude as if all vexing questions of living had been smoothed out and were gone, and that certain ethereal sweetness about all that she had said and done that had been almost maternal. He remembered the way she had looked at him, how she had laughed when he narrated Mickey Dolan's mistake in staking the fraction on Skookum Gulch. Her laughter had been lightly joyous, while at the same time it had lacked its old-time robustness. Not that she had been grave or subdued. On the contrary, she had been so patently content, so filled with peace, she had fooled him, fool that he was. He had even thought that night that her feeling for him had passed, and he had taken delight in the thought and caught visions of the satisfying future friendship that would be theirs with this perturbing love out of the way.

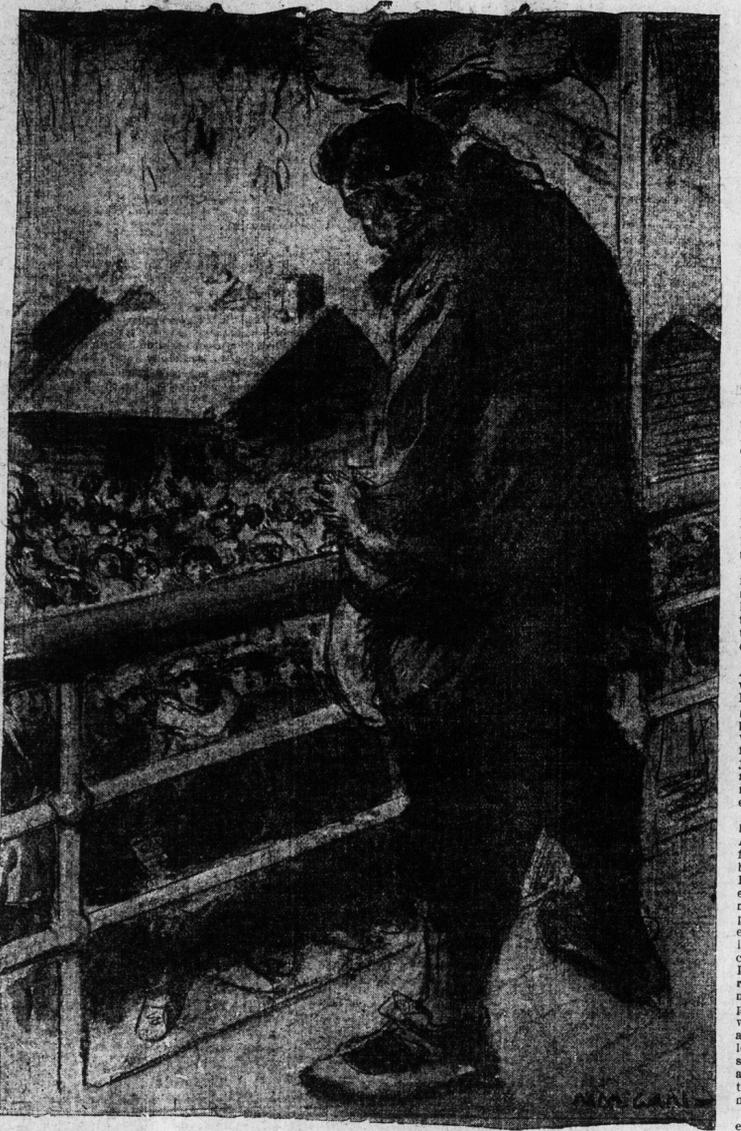
And then, when he stood at the door, cap in hand, and said good night. If had struck him at the time as a funny and embarrassing thing, her bending over his hand and kissing it. He had felt like a fool, but he shivered now when he looked back on it and felt again the touch of her lips on his hand. She was saying goodby, an eternal goodby, and he had never guessed. At that very moment and for all the moments of the evening, coolly and deliberately, as he well knew her way, she had been resolved to die. If he had only known it! Unhatched by the contagious malady him-

making bawds or suicides out of virtuous women and scoundrels and murderers out of men who had always been clean and square.

For the first time in his life Daylight lost his nerve. He was badly and awfully frightened. Women were terrible creatures, and the love term was especially plentiful in their neighborhood. And they were so reckless, so devoid of fear. They were not frightened by what had happened to the Virgin. They held out their arms to him more seductively than ever. Even without his fortune, reckoned as a mere man just past thirty, magnificently strong and equally good looking and good natured, he was a prize for most normal women. But when to his natural excellences were added the romance that linked with his name and the enormous wealth that was his practically every free woman he encountered measured him with an appraising and delighted eye, to say nothing of more than one woman that was not free. Other men heads, but the only effect on him was to increase his fright. As a result he refused most invitations to houses where women might be met, and frequented bachelor-boards and the Moosehorn saloon, which had no dance hall attached.

CHAPTER XIII

SIX thousand passed the winter of 1897 in Dawson, work on the creeks went on apace, while beyond the passes it was reported that one hundred thousand more were waiting for the spring. Late one brief afternoon Daylight, on the benches between French Hill and Skookum Hill, caught a wider vision of things. Beneath him lay the richest part of Eldorado Creek, while up and down Bonanza he could see for miles. It was a scene



He tore off his cap and waved it. "Goodby, you-all!" he called. "Goodby, you-all!"

self, nevertheless he would have married her if he had had the slightest inkling of what she contemplated. And yet he knew, furthermore, that hers was a certain stiff-necked pride that would not have permitted her to accept marriage as an act of philanthropy. There had really been no saving her after all. The love disease had fastened upon her and she had been doomed from the first to perish of it.

Her one possible chance had been that he, too, should have caught it. And he had failed to catch it. Most likely if he had it would have been in connection with Freda or some other woman. There was Darrowthorpe, the college man who had staked the rich fraction on Bonanza, above Discovery. Everybody knew that old Doolittle's daughter Bertha was madly in love with him. Yet when he contracted the disease of all women it had been with the wife of Colonel Walthstone, the great Hammersmith mining expert. Result, three lunacy cases—Darrowthorpe selling out his mine for one-tenth its value, the poor woman sacrificing her respectability and sheltered nook in society to flee with him in an open boat down the Yukon, and Colonel Walthstone, breathing murder and destruction, taking out after them in another open boat. The whole impending tragedy had moved on down the muddy Yukon, passing Forty Mile and Circle and losing itself in the wilderness beyond. But there it was, love disorganizing men's and women's lives, driving toward destruction and death, turning topsyturvy everything that was sensible and considerate,

and the sum of the gold taken out would be more than equal what was left behind.

Organization was what was needed, he decided, and his quick imagination sketched Eldorado Creek from mouth to source and from mountain top to mountain top in the hands of one capable management. Even steam thawing, as yet untried but bound to come, he saw would be a makeshift. What should be done was to hydraulic the valley sides and benches, and then on the creek bottom to use gold dredges such as he had heard described as operating in California.

There was the very chance for another big thing. He had wondered just what was precisely the reason for Hammersmith and the big English concerns' working in their high salaried experts. That was their scheme. That was why they had approached him for the sale of worked out claims and tailings. They were content to let the small mine owners dig out what they could, for there would be millions in the leavings.

And gazing down on the smoky Inferno of creeks, Daylight outlined the new game he would play, a game in which Hammersmith and the rest would have to reckon with him. But along with the delight in the new conception came a weariness. He was tired of the long Arctic years, and he was curious about the Outside—the great world of which he had heard other men talk and of which he was as ignorant as a child. There were games out there to play. It was a larger table and there was no reason why he, with his millions, should not sit in and take a hand. So it was that afternoon on Skookum Hill that he resolved to play this last best Klondike hand and pull for the Outside.

It took time, however. He put trusted agents to work on the heels of great experts, and on the creek where they began to buy he likewise bought. Wherever they found a corner a worked out creek they found him standing in the way, owning blocks of claims or artfully scattered claims that put all their plans to naught.

"I play you-all wide open to win—am I right?" he told them once in a heated conference.

Followed by losses, reverses, compromises, victories and defeats. By 1898 sixty thousand more were on the Klondike and all their fortunes and affairs revolved around and forth and were affected by the battles Daylight fought. And more and more the taste for the larger game urged in Daylight's mouth. Here he was already locked in grapples with the great Hammersmith and whose low grade dirt was valuable only because of its vastness. The ownership of a block of seven claims in the heart of grave Daylight his grip and they could not come to terms. The Hammersmith experts concluded that it was too big for him to handle, and when they gave him an ultimatum to that effect he accepted and bought them out.

The plan was his own, but he carried it out to the States for competent engineers to set down to the Rinkabally watershed, eighty miles away, he built his reservoir, and for eighty miles along the wooded conduit carried the water across country to Ophir. Estimated at three millions, and his electric power plants were installed, and his workings were lighted as well as run by electricity. Other sourdoughs who had struck it rich in excess of all their dreams shook their heads gloomily, warned him that he would go broke, and declined to invest in an extravagant venture. But Daylight said and sold out the remainder of his town site holdings. He sold at the right time, at the height of the boom. When he prophesied to his old cronies in the Moosehorn saloon that with five years' work lots in Dawson could not be given away, while the cabins would be chopped up for firewood, he was laughed at roundly and assured that the mother lode would be found ere that time. But he went ahead, when his need for lumber was fulfilled, selling out his sawmills as well. Likewise he began to get rid of his scattered holdings on the various creeks, and without thanks to any one he finished his conduit, built his dredges, imported his machinery, and made the gold of Ophir immediately accessible. And he, who five years before had crossed over the divide from Indian River and threatened the silent wilderness, his dogs flacking Indian fashion, himself living Indian fashion on straight moose meat, now heard the hoarse whistles calling his hundreds of laborers to work, and watched them toil under the white glare of the arc lamps.

But having done the thing he was ready to depart. And when he left the world he left the Hammersmiths vied with the English concerns in bidding with a new French company in bidding for Ophir and all its plant. The Hammersmiths bid highest, and the price they paid netted Daylight a clean million. It was current rumor that he was worth anywhere from twenty to thirty millions. But he alone knew just how he stood, and that, with his last dividend and the table swept clean of his winnings, he had ridden his hunch to the tune of just a trifle over eleven millions.

His departure was a thing that passed into the history of the Yukon along with his other deeds. All the Yukon was his guest, Dawson the seat of the festivity. On that one last night no man's dust save his own was good. Drinks were not to be purchased. Every saloon ran open, with extra relays of exhausted bartenders, and the drinks were given away. A man who refused this hospitality and persisted in paying found a dozen fights on his hands. The worst chechaquos rose up to defend the name of Daylight from such insult. And through it all on mechanical feet moved Daylight, heels-coaring, burning and radiating, howling his howl and claiming the night as his, bending men's arms down on the bits, performing feats of strength, his bronzed face flushed with drink, his black eyes flashing, clad in overalls and blanket coat, his earflaps dangling and his cap letted mittens swinging from the cord across his shoulders. But this time it was neither an ante or a stake that he threw away, but a mere marker in the game that he who held so many markers would not miss.

As a night it eclipsed anything that Dawson had ever seen. It was Daylight's desire to make it memorable, and his attempt was a success. A goodly portion of Dawson got drunk that night. The fall weather set in and where an hour's sleep would be fatal, Daylight, whose whim it was to make himself drunk by hundreds and by thousands, was the man who initiated this life saving. He wanted Dawson to have his night, but in his deeper processes he knew that he was playing a game that was not without accident. And, like his olden nights, his ukase went forth that there should be no quarrelling or fighting, offenders to be dealt with by him personally. Nor did he have to deal with any. Hundreds of devoted followers to it that the end of the disposed were rolled in the snow and buried in bed. In the great world, when great captains of industry die, all wheels under their erstwhile management are stopped for a minute. But in the Klondike such was the hilarious uproar at the departure of Daylight that for twenty-four hours the work was not stopped. Even great Ophir, with its thousand men on the payroll, closed down. On this day after the day there were no men present or fit to go to work.

Next morning at break of day Dawson said goodby. The thousand that lined the creek were lined up, and their earflaps were pulled down and tied. It was below zero, the rim-ice was thickening, and the Yukon carried a run of mush-ice. From the deck of the Seattle Daylight waved and called his farewell, and the lines were cast off and the steamer swung into the current those near him saw the man's head well up in Daylight's eyes. In a way it was his departure from his native land, this grip, this Seattle, which was practically the only land he had known. He tore off his cap and waved it, and called "Goodby, you-all!" he called broadly, "you-all!" (To Be Continued.)

WANTED—A man in each local...
WANTED—A second male teacher...
WANTED—Cook, wages...
WANTED—A competent cook...
WANTED—Gill for no washing...
SMART WOMAN—dairy and house...
AGENTS—able and energetic...
FOR SALE—ten acres of rich...
WE WANT—Any man, unemployed...
DOMINION—Montreal...
Up-to-Date—Card Systems...
ONTARIO BANK—SHAREHOLDERS...
Cures No Doctors—Oxygen or Ozon...

