

THE UNION ADVOCATE.

VOL. 41

NEWCASTLE, N. B., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1909

No. 41

NEWSPAPER MAN WEDS

Mr. K. Parlee Manager Frederickton Herald, Marries Miss Jennie Babbitt.

PARLEE-BABBITT

FREDERICKTON, July 14.—Mr. Wm. King Parlee, manager of the Herald, was united in marriage this afternoon to Miss Jennie Babbitt, daughter of the late Mr. Babbitt, of St. Mary's. The ceremony which took place at the bride's residence, Church street, was performed by the Rev. J. A. Cahill of Centreville. The contracting parties stood under a floral lovers' knot in the drawing room. The bride wore a becoming dress of white ivory satin with pearl trimmings, with veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. Her sister, Miss Jessie Babbitt, acted as maid of honor. Hannon's orchestra played an appropriate program during the evening. Luncheon was served in the dining room which was prettily decorated. The bride, who is very popular, was the recipient of many beautiful presents. The newly wedded couple will leave this evening by C. P. R. for St. John, en route to Prince Edward Island, on their honeymoon trip.

NATIONAL MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN

The Laymen's Movement to Conduct District Meetings Throughout the Dominion—Denominational Secretaries to Co-operate—A Call to Prayer.

The Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which has the direction of the work throughout the Dominion, has just issued a statement as to its policy and plans for the immediate future.

The Policy was adopted and then submitted to the different Denominational Committees and heartily endorsed by them. The Denominational Secretaries each agreed that the best results come to their work through the larger inter-denominational meetings, and will therefore all co-operate in the campaign of the fall and winter. This will include district meetings covering two days each, in every Province of the Dominion, so located that every church may be able to send one or more delegates without great outlay of time or money.

It is expected that invitations will be received from different centres, and the Council will make selections with the best interests of the entire work in mind. The first meetings will probably be held in Ontario in September and those in the western provinces in October and November.

An earnest call to prayer for wisdom in planning and planning these meetings has been issued to co-operating clergy and laymen throughout the Dominion.

Wharf's Lament Cures Garget in Cows.

MONTREAL MAN GIVES HIS LIFE FOR WOMAN

He Jumped into Lake St. Louis to Save a Woman and Both Drown

MONTREAL, July 12.—Another drowning fatality occurred this afternoon on Lake St. Louis, when a young man and woman lost their lives within a few feet of the shore.

The victims were Lily Oatkins, a young English girl, and Edouard Marchand, her tender at the Chateaugay Hotel. The girl had only come from England with her mother a week ago, and both were employed at the hotel.

Miss Oatkins had been rowing on the bay with a couple of children and coming back essayed to step from the boat to the wharf when the boat pushed

OBITUARY.

MRS. AUSTIN GARRET.

The death took place Wednesday noon of Mrs. Austin Garret, after an illness of two days of bowel trouble. Mrs. Garret was formerly Miss May Barry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Barry, Barryville. She has been a resident of Newcastle for the past ten years, and previous to her marriage was on the tailoring staff of L. B. McMurdo's establishment. She was thirty years of age, and is survived by her husband but no family. She also leaves to mourn their sudden loss, her parents and five sisters in Barryville, and three brothers, Frank in West Thornton, N. B.; James, of Abbott, Me., and John at home.

The remains were taken to her former home in Barryville Thursday morning on the Alexandra, and the funeral took place Friday morning from St. Peter's Church, Bartibogue, the services conducted by Rev. Father Hawkes. Interment in St. Peter's cemetery.

EDITORS MAIL

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

A DERBY NUISANCE

To the Editor UNION ADVOCATE
Sir,—Derby, as you know, is beautifully located on the Miramichi. We are a plain living people. Wars and rumours of wars never disturb our equanimity. But we have an occasional alarm now and then. Owing to the war scare that has recently occupied much of the space in the papers, we were afraid that the German fleet had steamed up the S. W. Miramichi. It was the other morning, we were aroused from our slumbers a little earlier than we cared to be. There was, most people thought, a sharp crack of musketry. The invaders were being repelled by the land forces. But on an enquiry being made we were informed that what we supposed was the rattle of musketry, was nothing but the sweet dulcet notes of a motor boat, which was minus something. That something, if in war, would be a great relief to the nerves of distracted people. All nuisances should be abated, and this is one. It has been suggested that a public subscription be opened to purchase a muffler and present it to the owner of the gasoline launch. It's a good suggestion, and no doubt, would meet with a ready response. However let the war scare cease.

Yours Truly,

DISTRACTED.

Derby, July 17, 1909.

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Marchand was standing near and although he could not swim, at once jumped to the rescue, when Miss Oatkins clung him around the neck. Both went down and never rose to the surface again. Their bodies were picked up twenty minutes later.

BASEBALL SYMPATHIZERS

Subscribe Large Sum in Aid of the Newcastle Victors.—Names of Subscribers.

The members of the Victor Baseball team of Newcastle wish, through the columns of the UNION ADVOCATE, to tender their sincere thanks to the friends who so kindly contributed toward procuring suits, outfit, etc. The members also take this opportunity of expressing their hearty thanks to Miss Pinkie Ingram, who so very kindly collected for the team and met with great success. The following is a list of the kind friends who by their generous contributions have shown their interest in Baseball.

Amount collected \$63.00.

Mr. W. L. Durick	\$5.00
"H. R. Moody	1.00
"H. Phinney	.50
"J. A. Whalen	1.00
"T. W. Butler	1.00
"M. Jones	.50
"R. H. Grenley	1.00
Dr. Desmond	1.00
Mr. R. Lingley	1.00
"J. R. Lawlor	1.00
"C. R. Simpson	1.00
"C. B. Dalton	1.00
"J. Follansbee	1.00
"J. D. Creaghan	1.00
"Geo. Stables	1.00
"J. Mailer	.25
"E. Morris	.25
Dr. Pedolin	1.00
Mr. M. Bannon	.25
"J. W. Vanderbeck	1.00
Dr. MacMillan	1.00
Mr. F. E. Locke	.25
"J. H. Wood	.50
"F. S. Henderson	1.00
"O. W. Fiedler	.50
"A. Gilmore	1.00
Master Aitken Ingram	.25
Mr. J. A. Murphy	1.00
"C. Sargeant	1.00
"H. W. Brightman	1.00
Dr. Lewis	.50
Mr. F. Dolan	1.00
"W. W. Steeves	1.00
"G. E. Davis	1.00
"N. R. Norman	1.00
"H. Ferguson	1.00
"W. S. Williamson	1.00
"H. Taylor	.25
"E. Delano	.25
"C. H. Rae	.25
"C. Miller	.25
"J. D. Paulin	1.00
"O. Nicholson	1.00
"C. P. Stothart	1.00
"S. W. Miller	1.00
"C. Dickson	.25
"J. Morrissey	1.00
"McGillvery	.25
"P. Russell	1.00
"L. B. McMurdo	1.00
"D. Creaghan	.50
"L. R. Morrison	.50
"A. J. Ritchie Jr.	.50
"W. Stables	.50
"A. E. Shaw	1.00
"W. Corbett Jr.	.50
"C. McCabe	.50
"W. McD. Nicholson	1.00
"P. Wheeler	1.00
"H. Williston	.50
"E. Ashford	.25
"J. A. Ingram	.50
"C. R. Mersereau	.25
"S. B. Miller	.25
"G. G. Stothart	.50
Dr. R. Nicholson	1.00
"McGrath	1.00
Mr. J. W. Reid	1.00
"F. V. Dalton	.50
"B. Hennessy	.50
"J. E. T. Lindon	.50
Miss M. Robinson	.50

Sorting Up.

Day Books, Ledgers, Cash Books, Carbon Paper, Tablets in letter and note size, Envelopes, 4, 6, 7, and Official Memorandum Books, Drafts, Notes, Receipts, &c. Our stock is always fresh & bright.

Follansbee & Co.,
Public Square NEWCASTLE

WEDDING BELLS.

RUSSELL-SWEEZEY.

A delightful event took place at the residence of Mrs. Annie Sweezy at 8.30 p. m. Wednesday, when her daughter, Miss Minnie Alice Sweezy was married to Perley Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Russell, Rev. S. J. Macarthur tying the nuptial knot, in the presence of the immediate friends of the principals.

The bride, who was unattended, was gown in white silk mull, and wore a veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of brides roses.

After luncheon was served, the happy couple drove to their new home on Mill street, where they have begun housekeeping in the Ramsay house. The gifts were both numerous and handsome. The choir of St. James' church of which the bride has been so valued a member for years, presented her with a China tea-set and gold brooch set with pearls, and the congregation presented her with a handsome upholstered rocking chair and sofa and centre table, finished in mahogany.

Mr. Russell's tailoring establishment was elaborately decorated with bunting and flags in honor of the wedding, as was also the store of Clarke & Co., where the bride has been employed as clerk for the past three years.

The young couple are deservedly popular, and have the best wishes of their many acquaintances.

DOUCETT-BEAZLEY

Thomas Doucett, of Belledune, Glou. Co., late member of the firm of T. LeCuffe & Co., tailors, and Miss Bessie Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. James Beazley, Newcastle, were married at Dunstaffnage, Chatham, Monday evening last week by Rev. D. Henderson. The bride who was unattended, wore a traveling suit of dark blue broadcloth and champagne hat. The happy couple will reside in Regina, and left for their future home after the wedding ceremony. The bride was the recipient of some very pretty presents.

MCGRATH-SHEEHAN.

One of our most popular citizens, M. J. McGrath, assistant in Fred Gough's blacksmith shop, and one of Barnaby River's fair young ladies, Miss Mary Sheehan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sheehan, were married by Rev. Father O'Keefe in the Chatham pro-cathedral on the 14th instant. Miss Agnes Sheehan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by Joseph McMahon of Newcastle. The bride looked charming in a dress of white Swiss muslin, with lace trimmings and lace hat with plumes. The bridesmaid was dressed in pale blue mull, with hat to match. After a few days honeymoon in Maine Mr. and Mrs. McGrath returned to Newcastle and are boarding at the Union Hotel.

Mr. H. Whitney .25
"T. H. Whalen 1.00
"A. A. Davidson 1.00
"R. C. Clark 1.00
"B. F. Maltby .50
"H. Belyea 1.00
"J. Robinson Jr. 1.00

JACK JOHNSON AND KAUFMAN

They Have Been Matched to Fight 20 Rounds on August 27th.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Jack Johnson accepted an offer of a guarantee of \$10,000 to fight Al Kaufman, the Pacific Coast heavyweight.

The battle, according to the telegram received by Johnson, will be decided on the night of August 27.

The offer comes from the match-maker of the Mississippi Club in San Francisco.

The affair will be 20 rounds, this being in accordance with Johnson's wishes when the match was first broached.

ADJOURNED MEETING OF COUNCIL

New By-law Re Public Works Dept. Men Goes

Town Council adjourned from preceding night, when no business was done, met on Friday night, Mayor Miller in the chair.

Aldermen present: Belyea, Morrison, McMurdo, Sargeant, Doyle, Thos. Russell and Samuel Russell.

A communication was read from the Mother Superior of St. Mary's Academy, asking for exemption from water rates.

Ald. T. Russell seconded by Ald. Sargeant, moved that the prayer of the communication be granted, the water rates for same number of taps as at present to be fixed at \$100 a year.

Ald. Morrison said he was prepared to deal most liberally with St. Mary's Academy. It was saving the town much expense for education. He moved that the communication be handed to a committee of three to be reported upon at a future meeting, the rates in the meantime to be left in abeyance.

This was seconded by Ald. Belyea.

Amendment was lost on following vote:

For—Belyea, Morrison, McMurdo.

Against—Doyle, Sargeant, T. Russell, S. Russell.

Motion carried by same vote reversed.

Communication was read from the military authorities demanding that the town repair its drain through the Armory property else the drain would be filled up. Referred to Public Works Committee.

On recommendation of the Finance Committee, the UNION ADVOCATE'S printing bill for \$8.00 was ordered paid.

The Public Works Committee recommended payment of following bills:

John Ma'oney \$154.69
J. H. Sargeant 49.70

Report was adopted.

On recommendation of the Park and Fire Committee, the bill of the Canada General Electric Co. for \$10.70 was ordered paid.

The Police and Appointment to office committee desired that the matter of Policeman Hill should be referred to the whole council.

Ald. Belyea moved the adoption of a new bye-law, which after thorough discussion and a few changes, was finally adopted as follows:

That no person, unless he or she be a ratepayer and whose name is on the assessment list and who shall have paid his or her taxes the previous year in the town of Newcastle, shall be allowed to canvass at retail from house to house, or on any of the streets, squares, or vacant lots of the said town for groceries, dry goods, meats, wares, or goods of any description without first having obtained a license from the town clerk or Treasurer, which license shall be paid for at the following rates: one day, \$1.00; one week \$4.00; one month \$8.00; six months \$15.00; one year \$25.00.

None of the previous provisions of this bye-law shall apply to:

(a) Any farmer selling or offering for sale within the town fire-wood, meat, milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, or other farm produce raised or produced by himself or on his own farm, or in his own garden or dairy.

(b) Commercial travellers or other persons selling by sample, specimen or price list, directly to dealers who are ratepayers or licensees of the town, and doing business therein.

That any person violating any part of this bye-law shall be subject to a penalty of two dollars for each and every violation thereof, together with costs of conviction.

Adjourned.

DANCED HIGHLAND FLING AT 99

Mrs. Janet McCorkindale, Strathroy, Ont., who has passed her 99th birthday was given a treat the other day by the London pipers, who were there for a celebration. They were escorted to her house, where they played several times, after which the good old lady lanced the Highland fling. The pipers were highly amused.

O. A. COTO HAS

NOT GONE AWAY

No Reason Whatever for Despatch From Chatham That He Had Absconded

The following despatch appeared in most of the daily papers of the province, in several north shore weeklies, and has doubtless gone all over Canada and the United States, seriously damaging the reputation of an innocent man, who all along has been in his home at Wilson's Point, near Newcastle, or in the vicinity tending to his business and moving about in public without any thought of absconding. For the article in question Mr. Coto will demand satisfaction in the law courts. It reads as follows:—

"Chatham, N. B., July 14.—The creditors of O. A. Coto, who conducted a clothes-pressing and dyeing business here for some months are anxious about his disappearance from town a few days ago and it is thought he is away in the United States. Lately he has gone into the Star Steam Laundry business with S. A. Gould and has left his books in a bad state, collecting a lot of debts and failing to pay the employees of the laundry. Coto was in town Saturday and is known to have collected considerable money.

"A telephone message from his wife who lives in Newcastle, stated he was sick in bed there. If Coto has absconded, much sympathy will be felt for Mr. Gould who has worked hard to build up the laundry business and has been defrauded by partners on three separate occasions."

THE UNION ADVOCATE was not one of the papers that helped to circulate the libel, and now that we have seen Mr. Coto and know that the story is false, we reproduce the article to show what an injury has been done to a struggling business man who was and is prepared to face anybody who may have any claims upon him.

Mr. Coto was not in Chatham that day collecting bills, and his wife sent no telephone message.

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT

The only way to get along

In weather such as this is, is to forget your taxes and woe.

And think about your billes.

Don't moan and fret and go your way

With grumbling and protesting.

But talk about some cheerful things.

It's far more interesting.

What if you always feel the heat?

There are a million like you.

A statement that the weather's warm

May cause someone to strike you.

The heat is frightful causes wrath.

For everybody knows it.

It's hot is common knowledge too.

You need not thus disclose it.

Talk cool, think cool, get cool in

friend.

Heat troubles if you let it.

But you won't notice it so much,

If you will but forget it.

Talk politics or tariff bill.

And argue them together.

Talk any subject that you wish

But don't discuss the weather.

Resolution Of Condolence

From Northumberland Lodge No. 17 A. F. and A. M., to the Family of John Cassidy, Newcastle, N. B.

Whereas it has pleased the Great Architect of the Universe in his inscrutable wisdom to remove from our midst our late Brother, John Cassidy, who for nearly forty-four years was a faithful and consistent member of our Fraternity

And whereas the members of Northumberland Lodge No. 17 A. F. and A. M. desire to express the great loss they have sustained and express their sympathy with the surviving members of the family of our late Brother in their sore affliction

Therefore resolved that while we bow in humble submission to the will of Divine Providence we sincerely mourn the death of a Brother whose removal is a loss to the Fraternity.

(R. NICHOLSON

Signed J. M. TROY

D. W. STOTHART

Newcastle, July 18th, 1909.

POTATOES!

POTATOES!

15c PER PAIL.
\$1.50 PER BARREL

GEO STABLES.
THE PEOPLE'S GROCER.

Would You Convict a Prisoner on Circumstantial Evidence?

Hate as primitive as in the age of crawling things brought the two young men, with tense, ready muscles and out thrust jaws, face to face and eager for battle. A motive old as life itself impelled them each toward the other's throat—the disputed favor of a woman. And here intruded the note of a higher development and civilization, for instead of standing aside in savage content the woman threw herself between the two.

With hands outstretched she mutely motioned them apart. For a second they hesitated, then obeyed the pleading, impartial gesture. Thereafter each took his leave formally and left her, white faced and alert, among the shadows on the porch. Tyler was the first to go, and he awaited Bell at the garden gate. Their figures stood clear in the moonlight and the girl watched anxiously, but the red flood of instant rage had left them fiercely cold and restrained.

"George Bell," said Tyler, "this is no place for a settlement, but I'll make it my business to see that you answer to me some time."

The other, without pausing, moved past through the gate, but turned at the other side.

"I reckon you know where to find me when you're ready, John Tyler. We'll arrange our little differences where we won't be interrupted and whenever you're lookin' for some trouble."

That's me," remarked Tyler briefly. They parted, one walking toward the town, the other toward his tethered horse at the post, without a backward glance. The girl, who had listened intently, remained until the footsteps of Tyler had died away down the path and Bell's mount had vanished over a swelling rise. Then, filled with a dread she felt powerless to remove, she hurried into her home, closing the door.

It was a Sunday night when the cert of defiance, in accepted Kentucky manner, was exchanged between the rival admirers of Elsa McDonald. The quarrel had been a matter of slow growth, the outcome of the Blue Grass beauty's coquetry and frequent meetings on contested ground. She had given neither particular encouragement, but each grew to believe him self obstructed and s'ndered by the other, after the common persistence had driven other candidates from the field. The cause of their enmity had played the familiar game, and at first with safety. But these were men of the soil, virile, masterful, impatient, and the inevitable spark had been struck.

Tyler lived in the town, on the outskirts of which stood the McDonald place. Bell, recently fallen heir to a considerable estate and breeding farm, occupied his family mansion about six miles distant along the country road.

Early on the following Thursday morning the employes on the Bell farm, swarming to work from breakfast, found the favorite horse of their employer, the one he most frequently rode, standing outside the gate of the stable yard, lathered and exhausted. The animal was spattered with mud, part of the bridle had been torn away the girl had loosened and the saddle hung awry against one flank with dragging stirrup. The stableman, stepping by force of habit to adjust the displacement even before he had exclaimed upon the singularity of it, cried out as he placed a hand upon the pommel. The saddle leather on the right side was streaked and splashed with blood.

The alarm spread with scarce a word spoken, and men about the place were being collected by the overseer of the farm, Mason, before the stableman had removed the broken bridle. It was a matter calling for instant action, and action was something that Mason understood. A few sharp questions brought out that young Bell had started out the preceding evening about seven o'clock, heading at a brisk gallop toward the town.

"There's only one place he'd be like to go on that road, 'less he passed it," was the stableman's comment.

"And that's to the McDonald's," added the overseer. "He hasn't missed a week time out of mind sparkin' that girl."

Four of the farm hands, under the lead of Mason, quickly saddled and mounted, and the group made off down the highway at top speed. They drew rein before the McDonald house while the family were still at breakfast, and the overseer, hat in hand, walked into the room without ceremony.

"Bey pardon, Miss McDonald," he asked abruptly, "but did Mr. Bell come to see you last night?"

The young woman, startled and coloring under the sudden question, answered that she had not seen Bell since Sunday night. The word turned to her father, with his word of explanation.

"He started, I suppose, for your place

last night. His horse came home this morning with blood on the saddle. There's been some devilry between them and here."

McDonald instantly volunteered his services, and the men left the house. The girl, alone with her mother, sat with compressed lips and flushed cheeks. For her the affair had a greater significance than she cared to acknowledge. There was an element of fear and self-reproach in her reflections, but she was not given to subtleties and she set herself to await the outcome of the search.

While one of the farmhands pressed forward into the town to notify the authorities of the facts the rest of the party was split up under the direction of Mason, and the laborious work of investigation along five miles or more of road was begun. It was evident that Bell's thoroughbred had travelled far and through rough country, but the natural supposition was that its wanderings had been those of a riderless steed. The thought of foul play was uppermost and the likeliest spot for violence was along the highway. Within a few hours nearly a hundred of the townsmen, mounted and afoot, came to aid the searchers. The day closed barren of results.

The task was resumed the next day, and the next. Public excitement, which had ranged high with the first word of murder, began to subside. It was advanced as possible that the wealthy young landowner had left the country on a lark, or perhaps was being held for ransom. No one could suggest a feud in which he might have become involved. The residents of the village returned to their accustomed round, only Mason and his handful of assistants clinging to a wearying and seemingly hopeless search. The overseer, having examined every foot of the roadway and its fringes, widened the strip of ground to be covered on both sides and caused his men to ride up and down the length as if following successive furrows. This led them ultimately into the woods on either side.

The first few fruitless days wore out Mason's impatience and it became after that a matter of dogged loyalty. He let it be known that he would pursue his tactics for a month if there were need, or until some word or a clue to the whereabouts of Bell came to light. One other member of the community, Elsa McDonald, followed the progress of Mason's work with an interest equal to his own.

It was a full week after the Thursday on which the horse had returned without his owner when the discovery was made. Mason himself came upon it. The body of George Bell was found in a heavily wooded section about a hundred rods off the road and midway between his own home and that of the McDonalds. It had been divested of coat, shirt and boots. There was a wound almost as large as the palm of a hand under the left shoulder blade. Subsequent medical investigation showed that the contents of both barrels of a shotgun had practically torn away the left side.

Rigid examination of the spot failed to reveal any clue. The revolver which Bell had been known to carry was missing, as was the belt from which the holster had hung at the back of the right hip. No trace could be found of the missing garments. A small sum of money and a pocket knife completing the inventory of what the young man was known to have had with him, were gone. The autopsy established that death must have been instantaneous. The course taken by the shot had been on an upward angle toward the opposite shoulder. From this it appeared beyond all question that the victim had been murdered while riding his horse and oblivious of danger.

Mason made a close inspection of the features of the surrounding ground. He found that almost in a straight east to the highway a thick clump of bushes grew on both sides of the ditch affording a close covert, against which wagon wheels brushed in transit. There could have been designed no better place for the ambushing of an unsuspecting traveller. He sought for marks that might have been left by a concealed assassin, but could discover none. He was more successful in finding proof that the body had been dragged from the road to its hiding place. In the dust of the wagon track stains were easily obliterated, but through the thick, close woven underbrush he discovered frequent marks of blood. He noted as worthy of remembrance that the Wednesday night in question had been misty and overcast. When he left the spot the overseer had a clear picture of the method by which the murderer had accomplished the crime.

While the coroner's jury was hearing the case the next day a buggy drove up to the town hall. From it alighted Elsa McDonald, and the crowd made room for her as she moved into the room in which the inquest was being

held. She was agitated and under stress of deep emotion, but there was no hesitation in her manner. During the time since the disappearance of Bell she had taken herself seriously to task. She had formed the resolution to tell everything she knew if there should prove to be a fatal outcome to the mystery, and she was now present to keep that resolve. The coroner had been notified of her desire to appear as a witness and she was called to the stand.

Without pose or sentimentality she related the source of differences between Bell and Tyler and the scene on the porch. She repeated the phrase with which the men had parted, holding threat of a speedy settlement of scores. Her recital was brief and dramatic, and the crowd sat breathless while she described her postponement of a furious quarrel by stepping between the enemies. When she came to an end with Tyler's phrase, "You'll have to answer to me sometime," there was a stir in the room, and several men started quietly and unobtrusively for the doors.

The movement did not escape the quick eye of the Sheriff. He whispered a moment with three of his deputies and despatched them hurriedly. After further testimony by Mason and members of his party the coroner called for Tyler. There was no response. One of the Sheriff's men returned and the coroner was informed that deputies had visited the Tyler home, but could not find the young man. It further had been learned that Tyler had not been at his home for about a week.

Mason was a man whose most marked characteristic was a need of rendering absolute fidelity to some one. His relations with Bell had been closer than those of master and man and he had accorded to his employer unreserved devotion. The tragic death of the young landowner filled him with slow burning rage and the unreserved determination to devote himself to applying what assistance lay in his power toward the ends of justice. His mind was rather narrow but intensive and he possessed an admirable power of application. Meanwhile he was just and clear headed and was not the one to allow one set of appearances to outbalance another in favor of vengeance. He did not merely demand of himself that some one must suffer for this thing, but that the guilty man must suffer.

It was this quiet strong, forceful personality that now became dominant in the case. He followed the obvious track indicated by the testimony of Elsa McDonald and applied himself to tracing Tyler's relations with Bell. He learned, in the first place, that there had been no opportunity for a meeting between the rivals after the throwing down of the gauntlet up to the time when Bell left his farm on Wednesday evening for the purpose, so far as could be judged, of visiting the girl. Neither of them had been seen at the McDonald house after Sunday night. His inquiry was then directed toward discovery of any communication that might have been passed between them for it ran in his mind that a place of meeting had been appointed at which they were to submit their quarrel to the arbitration of personal combat. The precision with which Bell had been waylaid argued, to Mason's mind, that Tyler knew where and at what time to expect his enemy.

The intelligent, clear eyed quality of the man instinctively found its complement in Elsa McDonald before he had taken many steps into the affair. Her attitude toward the case was much the same as his own, and although she had not loved Bell she felt a loyalty to his memory not unmixed with a desire to remove the shadow of reproach cast by her unthinking aggravation of a quarrel. If Tyler were innocent it was in her interest to prove him so. In any event she wanted the truth as keenly as did Mason.

The overseer visited her immediately after the inquest and obtained from her all details that might have a bearing on the crime. She supplied one fact of first importance. She said that on Tuesday she had received a note from Bell announcing that he would call to see her on Wednesday in the hope of finding her at home. Might it not be that some one had obtained word of the young man's movements from this note? She added that she suspected one of her servants, a negro, of aiding Tyler in his courtship through information concerning the McDonald family and its affairs.

Pursuing the investigation, Mason questioned the negro and elicited the fact that he had been employed in some such capacity by Tyler. Under pressure he admitted that the kitchen of the McDonald place was a busy clearing house for gossip; that rumors of an impending quarrel between the suitors had been discussed and that one of the maids had learned of Bell's

intended visit to her mistress. This bit of news, he said, being of the kind which he had communicated to Tyler on several occasions, he had sought that young man on Tuesday night and informed him concerning the note.

Here was an important advance into the surrounding circumstances. Tyler, already stamped as Bell's enemy, was now clearly indicated as one of the very few persons who could have known beforehand of the plans of the land owner and the time at which he would be likely to be passing along the road.

While engaged in these preliminaries the overseer had not neglected to keep an eye upon the pursuit of Tyler which was being pushed by the Sheriff and his aids. There had been no result. No one had seen him leave the town, nor could any member of his family give information as to the exact time of his departure or his present whereabouts.

Gaining no further result from inquiries into the complications that had preceded the murder, Mason now threw his own work parallel with that upon which the Sheriff was engaged. He saw some possibility of aid in the negro who had acted as Tyler's spy. The man had been discharged following the revelation of his secret transactions, and the overseer sought him out.

"Have you any idea what has become of Tyler?" was his direct question.

"No more'n you," came the sullen answer.

"Look here, you're out of work, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, 'cause I couldn't hold my blamed tongue. I ain't goin' to make no more plays like that."

"Well," said Mason, "it's pretty clear you haven't got much to expect from Tyler now. Here's fifty dollars. You get it the minute Tyler is landed in jail. I don't know and don't care, just now, whether he's innocent or guilty. What I want is to get him."

The negro glanced at the money but made no reply. The next day he sought the overseer.

"Have you looked for him at his uncle's house, 'bout ten miles down river?"

Ten minutes later Mason was galloping, rifle in hand, down the river road in the direction indicated by the negro. He had known in a vague way that Tyler's uncle lived in the country, but no one among the authorities had thought to look for him at such a place. They inclined to the belief that he had taken to the mountains or had headed for Louisville.

Mason rode up to the house of Benjamin Tyler, a tobacco planter, in the early afternoon. He did not dismount, but thrust his horse close in to the steps, thus bringing himself on a level with the porch and directly before the door. He waited until the clatter of his arrival should bring him a response, alert for danger and with his weapon ready in the crook of his elbow. There came leisurely footsteps along the hall inside, and a figure appeared in the doorway. Mason's rifle came to his shoulder in a flash, and it was along the steady sights that he opened the conversation.

"Just keep your hands where they are, John Tyler."

The young man stood leaning with a hand on either side of the doorway, and starting at the warlike apparition thus suddenly projected from the sunshine of a summer day. Finally, having adjusted himself in some part to the situation, he spoke with a hard smile.

"What's wrong, Mason? taken to stickin' folks up for a livin'?"

"Don't try to work that game with me," said the overseer, sharply. "You know well enough what I'm here for. I'm a deputy sheriff, and I arrest you for the murder of George Bell."

Tyler started slightly and then sneered.

"I don't know what you're talkin' about. I nuther do you, I reckon. If you'd given me half a chance you wouldn't be sittin' there so sassy with your gun. Well, what next? Want my roll? 'Taint very big."

Mason did not restrain a grim smile of admiration.

"You're smart, Johnny," he said. "I'd never be the one to deny it. Just march over and turn your back to me, and keep your arms lifted. That's it. Likely little pop shooter you got there."

It was growing dusk when the towns people flocked to the street to watch the passing of a strange little cavalcade. Tyler sat on Mason's horse with his arms bound behind him. The overseer walked ahead, holding the bridle over his arm, and with his rifle at a trail.

With the prisoner safely in jail Mason and the Sheriff made the trip to Benjamin Tyler's again the next day to gather facts as to his nephew's arrival there. The planter said that on the Wednesday night of Bell's disappearance

(Continued on page 5)

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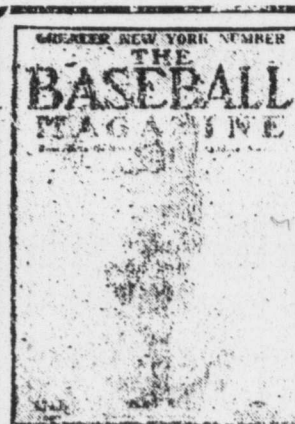
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SILENCED THE BORE.

"Let me see," yawned the man who generally bought a box of matches and ate a quart of prunes and loafed around the corner grocery an hour. "I am interested in naval affairs. Which is the strongest fort in your estimation?"

"Rouquetfort," blurted out the exasperated grocer. "Rouquetfort chooses. Anything else you would like to know before I tap a barrel of herring?"

THOSE GOTHAM SHARKS.

Silas Rycotop—"Back from New York, eh? How did you like the town, Hiram?" Hiram Hardapple—"Got bunked, be gone. Some smart chap said for a quarter he'd direct me to the Flatiron building, where they made flatirons, and when I got there I couldn't buy a flatiron to save my life, he goes!"

Mildred—"I know it is Mrs. Newgilt's first visit to Florida."

Maud—"How do you know?" Is she telling everybody that she is going to Palm Beach?"

Mildred—"No, she is telling them that she is going to Palm Beach."



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meditative eyes the shadow of a great unvoiced longing. He told her of his father, the crochety old soldier whose absurd sense of duty and whose elaborate southern courtesy had become a byword in the south. He told her household tales that were prized like pieces of the Burrell plate, beautiful heirlooms of sentiment that mark the honor of high blooded houses, following which there was much to recount of the Meades, from the admiral who fought as a boy in the bay of Tripoli down to the cousin who was at Annapolis, the while his listener hung upon his words hungrily, her mind so quick in pursuit of his that it spurred him unconsciously, her great, dark eyes half closed in silent laughter or wide with wonder, and in them always the warmth of the leaping firelight, blended with the trust of a newborn virgin love.

Then he began to laugh silently.

"What is it?" she said curiously.

"Oh, nothing! I was just wondering what my straitlaced ancestors would say if they could see me now."

"What do you mean?" the girl asked in open eyed wonderment.

"I don't care," he went on, unheeding her question. "They did worse things in their time, from what I hear."

He leaned forward to draw her to him.

"Worse things! But we are doing nothing bad," said Necia, holding him off. "There's no wrong in loving."

"Of course not," he assured her.

"I am proud of it," she declared. "It is the finest thing, the greatest thing, that has ever come into my life. Why, I simply can't hold it. I want to sing it to the stars and cry it out to the whole world. Don't you?"

"I hardly think we'd better advertise," he said dryly.

"Why not?"

"Well, I shouldn't care to publish the tale of this excursion of ours. Would you?"

"I don't see any reason against it. I have often taken trips with Poleon and been gone with him for days and days at a time."

"But you were not a woman then," he said softly.

"No, not until today, that's true. Dear, dear, how I did grow all of a sudden! And yet I'm just the same as I was yesterday, and I'll always be the same, just a wild little. Please don't ever let me be a big time. I don't want to be commonplace and ordinary. I want to be natural—and good."

"You couldn't be like other women," he declared, and there was more tenderness than hunger in his tone now as she looked up at him trustfully from the shelter of his arms. "It would spoil you to grow up."

"It is so good to be alive and to love you like this!" she continued dreamily, staring into the fire. "I seem to have come out of a gloomy house into the glory of a warm spring day, for my eyes are blinded, and I can't see half the beautifuls I want to, there are so many about me."

"Those are my arms," interjected the soldier lightly in an effort to ward off her growing seriousness.

"I've never been afraid of anything, and yet I feel so safe inside them. Isn't it queer?"

The young man became conscious of a vague discomfort and realized dimly that for hours now he had been smothering with words and caresses a something that had striven with him to be heard, a something that instead of dying grew stronger the more utterly this innocent maid yielded to him. It was as if he had ridden impulse with rough spurs in a fierce desire to distance certain voices and in the first mad gallop had lost them, but now far back heard them calling again more strongly every moment. A man's honor or if old may travel freely, but his pursuit is persistent. It was the talk about his people that had raised this uneasiness and indecision, he thought. Why had he ever started it?

"The marvelous part of it all," continued the girl, "is that it will never end. I know I shall love you always. Do you suppose I am really different from other girls?"

"Everything is different tonight—the whole world," he declared impatiently.

"I've had a big handicap," she said, "but you must help me to overcome it. I want to be like your sister."

He rose and piled more wood upon the fire. What possessed the girl? It was as if she knew each cunning joint of his armor, as if she had realized her peril and had set about the awakening of his conscience deliberately and with a cautious wisdom beyond her years. Well, she had done it, and he swore to himself. Then he melted at the sight of her, crouched there against the shadows, following his every movement with her soul in her eyes, the tenderest trace of a smile upon her lips.

When she beheld him gazing at her she tilted her head sideways daintly, like a little bird.

"Oh, my! What a fierce you are all at once!"

Her smile flashed up as if illumined by the leaping blaze, and he crossed quickly, kneeling beside her.

He lifted up a great sweet scented

couch of springy boughs and fashioned her a pillow out of a bundle of smaller ones, around which he wrapped his khaki coat; then he removed her high laced boots and, taking her tiny feet, one in the palm of either hand, bowed his head over them and kissed them with a sense of her gracious purity and his own unworthiness. He spread one of the big gray blankets over her and tucked her in, while she sighed in delightful languor, looking up at him all the time.

"I'll sit here beside you for awhile," he said. "I want to smoke a bit."

At times a great desire to feel her in his arms, to have her on his breast, surged over him, for he had lived long apart from women, and the solitude of the night seemed to mock him. He was a strong man, and in his veins ran the blood of wayward forbears who were wont to possess that which they conquered in the lists of love, mingled with which was the blood of spirited southern women who had on occasion loved not wisely, according to Kentucky rumor, but only too well. Nevertheless they were honest men and women, if overemotional, and had transmitted to him a heritage of chivalry and a high sense of honor and courage. Her love had placed a barrier between them greater and more insurmountable than her blood.

He gently withdrew his fingers from her grasp and, seeing the other side of the wickup, covered himself over without disturbing her and fell asleep. It was early dawn when Necia crept to him.

"I dreamed you had gone away," she said, shivering violently and drawing close. "Oh, it was a terrible awakening!"

"I was too tired to dream," he said.

"So I had to come and see if you were really here."

He quickly rekindled the fire, and they made a hasty breakfast. Before the warmth of the rising sun had penetrated the cold air they had climbed the ridge and obtained a wondrous view of broken country, the hills alight with the morning rays, the valleys misty and mystical.

"I wish Stark was not one of Lee's party," he said once. "He may misunderstand our being together this way."

"But when he learns that we love each other that will explain everything."

"I am not so sure. He doesn't know you as Lee and Poleon and your father do. I think we had better say nothing at all about—you and me—to any one."

They clung to the divide for several hours, then descended into the bed of a stream, which they followed until it joined a larger one a couple of miles below, and there, sheltered in a grove of whispering firs, they found Lee's cabin nestled in a narrow, forked valley.

"There's no one here," said Necia gleefully. "We've beat them in! We've bent them in!"

They had been walking rapidly since dawn, and, although Burrell's watch showed 2 o'clock, she refused to halt for lunch, declaring that the others might arrive at any moment, so down they went to the lower end of "No Creek." Lee's location, where Burrell blazed a smooth spot on the downstream side of a tree and wrote thereon at Necia's dictation. When he had finished she signed her name, and he

signed his.

"I'll sit here beside you for awhile," he said.

witnessed it, then paced off 440 steps, where he squared a spruce tree, which she marked:

Lower center end stake of No. 1 below discovery.

Necia GALE, Locator.

"Now you stake the one below mine," she said. "It's just as good and maybe better. Nobody can tell." But he shook his head.

"I'm not going to stake anything," said he.

"You must!" she cried quickly, the sparkle dying from her eyes. "You said you would, or I never would have brought you."

"I merely said I would come with you," he corrected. "I did not promise to take up a claim, for I don't think I ought to do so. If I were a civilian I would be different, but this is governing land, and I am a part of the gov-

ernment, as it were. Then, too, in addition to the question of my right to do it, there would be the certainty of making enemies of your people, old 'No Creek' and the rest, and I can't afford that now."

All arguments and pleading were in vain. He remained obdurate and insisted on her locating two other claims for herself, one on each of the smaller creeks where they came together above the house.

"But nobody ever stakes more than one claim on a gulch," objected the girl. "It's a custom of the miners."

"Then we'll call each one of these branches a different and separate creek," he said. "The gold was carried down one of those smaller streams, and we won't take any chances on which one it was."

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAGIC OF BEN STARK.

BEFORE the party came in sight the sound of their voices reached the cabin, and Burrell rose nervously and sauntered to the door. Uncertain how this affair might terminate, he chose to get first look at his enemies, if they should prove to be such, realizing the advantage that goes to a man who stands squarely on both feet. Then he heard Lee say:

"Well, I'll be d—d! Somebody's here ahead of us."

"We've been beaten!" growled Stark angrily, pushing past him and coming around the corner, an ugly look in his eyes.

"Good afternoon," Burrell nodded pleasantly.

Lee answered him unintelligibly.

Stark said nothing, but Runnion's exclamation was plain.

"It's that cursed blue belly!"

"When did you get here?" said Stark after a pause.

"A few hours ago."

"How did you come?" asked Lee.

"Black Bear creek," said the soldier curtly, at which Runnion broke into profanity.

"Better hush," Burrell admonished him. "There's a lady inside." And at that instant Necia showed her laughing face under his arm, while the trader uttered her name in amazement.

"Lunch is ready," she said. "We've been expecting you for quite awhile."

"Ba gar! Dat's funny t'ing for sure," said Poleon. "Who tol' you 'bout dis strike, eh?"

"Mother. I made her," the girl answered.

"Take off your packs and come in," Burrell invited, but Stark strode forward.

"Hold on a minute. This don't look good to me. You say your mother told you. I suppose you're Old Man Gale's other daughter, eh?"

Necia nodded.

"What time of day was it when you learned about this?"

"Cut that out!" roughly interjected Gale. "Do you think I double crossed you?"

The other turned upon him.

"It looks that way, and I intend to find out. You said yesterday you hadn't told anybody."

"I didn't think about the woman," said the trader, a trifle disconcerted, whereupon Runnion gave vent to an ironical sneer.

"But here's your girl and this man ahead of us. I suppose there's others on the way too."

"Nonsense!" Burrell cut in.

"I call it sleech work," chuckled the Canadian, slipping out of his straps. "De nex' time I go stampedin' I tak' you 'long, Necia."

"Me, too," said Lee. "And now I'm goin' to tear into some of them beans I smell a-billin' in yonder."

The others followed, although Stark and Runnion looked black and had little to say. It was an uncomfortable meal. Every one was ill at ease. Gale in particular was quiet and ate less than any of them. His eyes sought Stark's face frequently, and once the blood left his cheeks and his eyes boldly eyed Necia.

"You are a mighty good looking girl for a 'blood,'" remarked Stark at last.

"Thank you," she replied simply, and the soldier's dislike of the man crystallized into hate on the instant. There was a tone back of his words that seemed aimed at the trader, Meade thought, but Gale showed no sign of it, so the meal was finished in silence, after which the five belated prospectors went out to make their locations, for the fear of interruption was upon them now.

First they went downstream, and, according to their agreement, the trader staked first, followed by Poleon and Stark, thus throwing Runnion's claim more than a mile distant from Lee's discovery. From here they went up the creek to find the girl's other locations, one on each branch, at which Stark sneeringly remarked that she had pre-empted enough ground for a full grown white woman.

Runnion's displeasure was even more open, and he fell into foul mouthed mutterings, addressing himself to Poleon and Stark while the trader was out of earshot.

"This affair don't smell right, and I still think it's a frame-up."

"Hah!" exclaimed Poleon.

"The old man sent the girl on ahead of us to blanket all the good ground. That's what he did!"

"Wait wan minuit," interrupted Poleon, his voice as soft as a woman's. "I tol' you dat I know all 'bout dis Black Bear creek too. You 'member, eh? Wan, mebbe you tink I'm traitor too? Wait? Why don't you spik out?"

The three of them were alone, and only the sound of Gale's ax came to them, but at the light in the Canadian's face Runnion hastily disclaimed any such thought on his part, and

Stark shrugged his denial.

There are men quite devoid of the ability to read the human face, and Runnion was of this species. Moreover, malice was so bitter in his mouth that he must have it out. So when they paused to blaze the next stake he addressed himself to Stark loud enough for Poleon to hear.

"That lieutenant is more of a man than I thought he was."

"How so?" inquired the older man.

"Well, it takes nerve to steal a girl for one night and then face the father, but the old man don't seem to mind it any more than she does. I guess he knows what it means, all right."

Stark laughed raucously.

"That's probably how Gale got his squaw," concluded Runnion, with a sneer.

It seemed a full minute before the Frenchman gave sign that he had heard; then a strange cry broke from his throat, and he began to tremble as if with cold. He was no longer the singer of songs or the man who was forever a boy. The mocking anger of a moment ago was gone. In its place was a consuming fury that sucked the blood from beneath his tan, leaving him the pallor of ashes, while his mouth twitched and his head rolled slightly from side to side like a palsied old man's. But evidently Poleon meant no violence, for he allowed the passion to run from him freely until it was spent.

"Somebody goin' die for w'at you say jus' now. Mebbe it's goin' be you, m'sieu; mebbe it's goin' be him. I can't tell yet, but I'm hope an' pray it's goin' be you, because I tink w'at you say is a lie, an' nobody can spik dose kin' of lie 'bout Necia Gale."

He went crashing blindly through the underbrush, his head wagging, his shoulders slumped loosely forward like those of a drunken man, his lips framing words they could not understand.

When he had disappeared Runnion drew a deep breath.

"I guess I've framed something for Mr. Burrell this time."

"You go about it queer," said Stark.

"I'd rather tackle a gang saw than a man like Poleon Poret. Your frame-up may work double."

"Huh! No chance. The soldier was out all night alone with that half breed girl, and anybody can see she's crazy about him. What's the answer?"

"Have you got your eye on her too?"

"Sure! Do you blame me?"

"No, but she's too good for you. Better stay out," the gambler advised.

As a matter of fact, I don't like her father any better than you like her lovers."

"Well, it's mutual. I can see Gale hates you like poison."

"—and I don't intend to see him and his tribe hog all the best ground hereabouts."

"They're already done it. You can't stop them."

"Yes, I can stop them," said Stark.

"I want the ground that girl has staked, and I'm going to get it. It lies next to Lee's, and it's sure to be rich. Ours is so far away it may not be worth the recorder's fees. This creek may be as spotted as a coach dog, so I don't intend to take any chances."

"She made her locations legally," said Runnion.

"You leave that to me. When will the other boys be here?"

"Tomorrow morning. I told them to follow about four hours behind and not to run in on us till we had finished. They'll camp a few miles down the creek and be in early."

"You couldn't get but three, eh?"

"That's all I could find who would agree to give up half."

"Can we count on them?"

"Huh!" the other grunted. "They worked with me and Soapy Smith on the Skagway trail."

"Good—five against three, not counting the girl and the lieutenant," Stark mused. "Well, that will do it." He outlined his plan; then the two returned to the cabin to find Lee cooking supper.

Poleon had finished several pipes and after supper sat in the shadows in the open doorway apparently tired and dejected, though his eyes shone like diamonds and roved from one to the other. Half unconsciously he heard Stark saying:

"This girl was about your size, but not so dark. However, you remind me of her in some ways. That's why I put her in my mind, I suppose. She was about your age at the time—nineteen."

"Oh, I'm not eighteen yet," said Necia.

"Well, she was a fine woman anyhow, the best I'll ever set foot in Chandon, and there was a great deal of talk when she chose young Bennett over the Cayland man, for Bennett had been running second best from the start, and everybody thought it was settled between her and the other one. However, they were married quietly."

The story did not interest the Canadian. His mind was in too great agitation to care for dead tales. His heart burned within him too fiercely, and he felt too great a desire to put his hands to work. As he watched Burrell and Runnion bend over the table looking at a little cup of gold dust that Lee had taken from under his back his eyes grew red and bloodshot beneath his hat brim. Which one of the two would it be? he wondered. From the corner of his eye he saw one rise from Lee's bed, where he had stretched himself to smoke, and take his six shooter from his belt, then remove the knotted handanna from his neck and begin to clean the gun, his head bowed over it earnestly. His face in the shadow he had over

(To be continued.)

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NEWCASTLE, N. B., JULY 21st, 1909.

EXAMPLES FOR NEW BRUNSWICK

The province of Saskatchewan has lately acquired the Bell Telephone Company's property within its borders. Manitoba did likewise some time previously. Government ownership in the West is proving a success. It is high time that the Atlantic provinces should wake up and make a decided move in the same direction. Let New Brunswick lead the way.

CIVIC INDIFFERENCE.

It is too bad that at Town Council meetings there are no spectators present except a policeman and representative of the press. It must be discouraging to the aldermen to see so little interest taken in their proceedings by the general public. Consequently, it can be little wondered at that on Thursday evening last, only three aldermen were present at regular meeting, a fourth having to be sent for to get a quorum in order to adjourn the meeting till next evening. We need more interest taken in civic affairs.

DRUMMONDS TO BUILD AT ONCE.

The Drummond Company have secured the right of way for their branch from the I. R. C. to the bank of the Miramichi from every land holder but one who is away in the States, and are going to build their wharf, we are informed, at once. This will ensure the shipping of the ore from Newcastle, until Bathurst gets a harbor, which latter is a faraway contingency not likely ever to be realized. Several citizens, especially Mayor Miller, have given much time and energy to this matter and deserve credit for what they have been able to accomplish.

JAPANESE GRAFTERS GO TO JAIL.

Twenty-three members of either the present Japanese parliament or the preceding one have been sentenced—five to ten months imprisonment, four to seven months, five to five months, and nine to three months—for being guilty of improperly using their parliamentary positions in transactions in the sugar market. For defrauding the public they are

not let off with a fine, but must go to jail. What a surprise such rigid adherence to justice on the part of the authorities would cause some of the prominent politicians of the United States and Canada!

FRANCE FAVORS FREER TRADE

In France—the home of independent thought, the mother of beneficent revolutions, and the world's experimental station in politics—the Chamber of Deputies has voted almost unanimously to ask the government to call an international conference to discuss the gradual and simultaneous reduction of customs tariffs.

Universal free, or freer trade would be a good thing. Tariff walls and rivalry for the exclusive possession of foreign markets, have, ever since the nations became too wise to fight over religion, been the principal cause of the great wars of modern times. Absolute free trade, coupled with the complete enfranchisement of the working class, would do much to usher in the reign of universal peace. May the efforts of our French allies to help the cause of liberty and progress be completely successful.

ANOTHER GAIN FOR FREEDOM

The cause of constitutional government has won its second great victory in the Mohammedan world. In April the Sultan of Turkey was dethroned and a successor appointed who is on the side of representative institutions. Now, it is the Shah of Persia who for treachery and double dealing has, after a bloody civil war, been compelled to relinquish his throne and take refuge in the Russian legation. His young son has been chosen to succeed him, and absolutism in Persia is at an end. Fortunately for Persian freedom, Russian affairs are too tangled at home to permit the Czar sending sufficient troops to reconquer Persia for the ex-Shah, and the constitution is to be given a free course for the present.

Afghanistan lies east of Persia and we may expect to soon hear that its middle classes and commercial interests want a parliament. Recent events in Turkey and Persia will, also, have a powerful effect upon India and Egypt, where concessions must soon be granted or revolution will break out. Everywhere the cause of irresponsible government is on the wane; everywhere the people—first, the middle classes as in Turkey, Persia and Russia, now, and in England two or three centuries ago; and, second, the lower classes (so-called), as in Australasia, Finland, Scandinavia, France and Britain, at the present time—are coming into the possession of their own.

"Out of the shadows of night.
The world rolls into light.
There is day break everywhere."

LOSING FLESH
in summer can be prevented
by taking
SCOTT'S EMULSION
It's as beneficial in summer
as in winter. If you are weak
and run down it will give you
strength and build you up.
Take it in a little cold milk or water.
Get a small bottle now. All Druggists.

LORD ROSEBERRY LEAVES LIBERAL PARTY

Lord Roseberry, an ex-premier of Great Britain and Ireland, has left the Liberal party, because of its revolutionary budget introduced by Hon. David Lloyd-George, the radical Welshman who at present appears to dominate the party in power.

Lord Roseberry's letter of withdrawal condemns the government for attempting to pass a revolutionary measure on which the people did not vote at last election. Incidentally (but, perhaps, unconsciously) he justly condemns the system under which representatives once elected are allowed to do about as they please during their term of office. But he merely condemns; he does not come out honestly and boldly and advocate the immediate change of the system of indirect legislation now in practice in all countries of the world but Switzerland to that of Direct Legislation by the Initiative and Referendum. Ah no: such a change would put more political power into the hands of the common people, while Roseberry and the whole landholding class, who are the pillars of the British Conservative party, do not want more popular government but less. The letter, however, is well worth reading. No matter how just Lloyd-George's new taxation scheme may be (and we heartily agree with its principle), the whole electorate should have the privilege of voting upon it before it becomes law. The people should have an opportunity of saying yes or no to any act before it is placed upon the statute books. (This is the Referendum.) And they should also have the power to compel the government to submit to the popular vote any Act drawn up by a fair proportion of the electors themselves. (This is the right of Initiative.)

Lord Roseberry's letter to the press, in which he broke away from the British government on the budget proposals, is as follows:

"There is one aspect of the budget, and that the most important, which I have not seen noticed. I mean the light which it throws on our Constitution as at present understood and enjoyed. This is not a budget, but a revolution of the first magnitude. It is obviously intended as one—it is one on the face of it. To say this is not to judge it, still less to condemn it, for there have been several beneficial revolutions. I am not now concerned with the merits of this one, but the feature of the case which impresses me most is this: It will be effected, if it is effected, without the country, indeed, having the least pretence of a voice in the matter. It will be carried only over the heads of the people by a majority in the House of Commons without the faintest desire or attempt to ascertain the views of the people or the vast changes projected. British citizens will have no more control over them than if they were Tartars or Lapps. There is no referendum here. A powerful government does not naturally seek a general election. The only indications of public opinion that we possess are verdicts of fortuitous bye-elections which, whatever their value may be, indicate no special eagerness for revolution. So that the boasted freedom of our Constitution has really come to this—that most sweeping changes may be carried out by a ministry of great numerical backing in the House of Commons without the nation having, or ever hoping to have, a voice in the matter before it is declared. We, if we have votes, elect our rulers for six years amid the tumult and confusion of a general election, which usually turns on the demerits of the government which has been in office during the previous parliament. It is as a rule determined to try new managers and give a lease of power to a new government. When that is done we have nothing to do for the next five or six years but sit and see what our rulers are doing. Surely the country must begin to see that there are vast flaws in the Constitution and that the absolute rule of a party in power differs very little from the absolute rule of an individual, which is what we call despotism. If not, the nation must have changed its character, and its former jealous vigilance

with regard to its liberties have been replaced by an apathy which is a sinister, if not an alarming symptom."

THE PATHOS OF IT.

Can anyone with a bit of compassion in his heart, and understanding in his head, read all the testimony of hopeless and wilful extravagance in the Gould divorce case, think of the plight of the millions of wives of struggling clerks and laboring men in this "land of the free," and still wonder at the inroads of Socialism?

Here is a woman, Mrs. Howard Gould, at one time supposed to represent the flower of the social elect of this country. In her testimony she recited that she spent \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year on her clothes and that she never wore the same gown twice at Palm Beach because "it would have been considered bad form."

Contrast this picture of profligate wealth with the heartrending struggles in millions of homes in this country, where the mothers of our future sturdy generations plan to save and to equip themselves with perhaps one or two new dresses each year, and where, with the price of groceries, meats, shoes and clothes constantly soaring, and wages remaining just about at a standstill, the idea of even a little jaunt into the country with the children, to flee from the scorching days of the city summer, or a visit to a medium priced theatre once a month, seems the essence of luxury or extravagance.

All this naturally forces one to think of the outrageous theft now being perpetrated by the senate on the poorer classes of this country. When confronted with the seemingly impossible plight of the common people today and the ever increasing ardor of their struggles just to earn enough to keep fed and clothed—let alone luxuries of the street-car-ride variety—wouldn't even a hardened highwayman hesitate to squeeze any more out of these victims? Everyone realizes that the increased tariff will heap millions of new tolls into the hands of the wealthy, but in the name of ordinary humanity, is not the toil of the poor man's existence already heavy enough?

Is there no limit to the greed of the wealthy magnates of this country? Surely these men are human and have some conscience. Is it not time that they gave some thought to the need of their poorer brothers, ground down by the exactions of a tariff that makes one class wealthy beyond its fondest hopes, and denies all but the most ordinary necessities to its less fortunate fellow humans?—Columbia State.

MARRIED.

At Gibson, N. B., July 14th, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Wm. Mitchell to Miss Mitchell, both of Doaktown.

At Gibson, N. B., July 14th, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Archibald Macdonald to Miss Ethel Beek, both of Doaktown.

St. Peter's Sunday School, Millerton, held their annual picnic last Thursday. Mr. John Vanderbeck, with his customary thoughtfulness, had tables, swings, etc., all ready for use when the picnic grounds were reached. A large number attended and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A bountiful repast was provided by the ladies of the congregation to which full justice was done. Hearty cheers were given to Mr. Vanderbeck and the ladies.

LONG DISTANCE SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN \$5.00

Send us \$1.00 deposit, state gauge desired, and we will send this Chamberline Long Distance Single Barrel Shotgun C.O.D. by express, subject to examination.

you to pay the express agent the balance and express charges. This Fine Gun is made by expert charges after you find it perfectly satisfactory.

It cannot shoot loose or shaky, strong rigid steel frame built extra solid to withstand the test of any NITRO POWDER. Latest improved top map and surrounding hammer, best quality steel works extra strong spring, fine walnut stock, heavy rubber butt plate, full pistol grip, thoroughly tested for position, penetration and strength. Order to-day or write for our Special Gun Catalogue which contains single barrel shotguns of \$1.75 up and everything in rifles, revolvers, 16 gauge / 30 inch barrel.

T. W. BOYD & SON, 27 NOTRE DAME ST. WEST, MONTREAL.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

OCEAN LIMITED

(CANADA'S SUMMER TRAIN)

Leaves NEWCASTLE 16.25 p. m.
daily except Sunday

arrives MONTREAL 7.35 a. m.
daily except Monday.

Through Matapedia Valley
in Daylight.

Connecting in Montreal, Bonaventure
Union Depot.

—with the—

Grant Trunk Railway's

Intercolonial Limited.

LEAVING MONTREAL 9.00 A. M.
ARRIVING TORONTO 4.30 P. M.

and for
Detroit, Chicago and the West

We are BUYING

South Africa Veteran Scripts

BLANK ASSIGNMENT.

**W. J. Higgins
& CO.,
TAILORS.
ST. JOHN, N. B.**

It must be a great bother to be a Montreal Alderman, with so many people leaving envelopes full of money on one's desk, and in one's safe, like that.

Seven citizens of Whiting, Indiana, were jailed in one warm day for wife-beating. When will women know better than to ask: "Is it warm enough for you?"

It was the public prayer of a New England pastor of historical note that we may honor our rulers and that we may have rulers whom we may be able to respect.

Notice of Sale.

To John Brooks of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland, Province New Brunswick, Trailer and Janet Brooks of the same place, his wife, and to all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the tenth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and four, and made between the said John Brooks and the said Janet Brooks of the one part and William Wilkinson of the parish of Chatham in the said County of Northumberland, then County Court Judge of the other part, registered the tenth day of May A.D. 1904 in volume 81 of the said County Records on pages 338, 339, 340, and 341 and is numbered 214 in said volume, there will for the purpose of satisfying moneys due on, and secured by the said Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction on Mitchell street in front of the premises in the Town of Newcastle in said county, on Monday the second day of August next at the hour of 12 o'clock noon. All and singular the lands and premises situate in the Town of Newcastle in the county of Northumberland bounded and described as follows, namely, Commencing on the southerly side of Mitchell street in the said Town and extending sixty-four feet on the said street bounded easterly by lands of John McCullum, southerly by the factory ground so called and on the westerly side by lands of David Dinan and northerly by said street being the same lands and premises that were conveyed by the said John Brooks to Janet Stewart (now the said Janet Brooks) by Deed dated twentieth day of April one thousand nine hundred and four as the same are described in said Mortgage and being the lands and premises on which the said John and Janet Brooks have resided for some years past.

Together with all and singular the houses, buildings and improvements thereon and the rights members, privileges and appurtenances thereon or to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated 26th day of June A.D. 1909.

WM. WILKINSON
No. 38-5 wks. MONTREAL

Farm For Sale.

200 acres of land, 40 acres under cultivation, new house 20 x 28, all 12 x 16 ft, newly painted outside good water in house, frame barn 30 x 40 with 30 ft shed, horses, cattle and machinery for sale with farm. Sold on easy terms.

Apply to
IRVING SOBEY,
Proctorville, N. B.
July 12th, 1909.

WANTED

Will give 5c. to \$5.00 each for old postage stamps used on envelopes before 1870; also want Quebec stamps and Jubilee stamps. Name of province issue wanted.
W. A. KAIN,
No. 42-2nd St. St. John, N. B.

GOLD IN SASKATCHEWAN

A Great Find Reported 200 Miles North of Prince Albert.

SEATTLE, July 15.—A despatch from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to the Post-Intelligencer, says:

The most remarkable gold discovery since the Klondike finds has just been made at Lac la Ponge, 200 miles north of Prince Albert, in the great hinterland of the province of Saskatchewan. H. C. Hamlin and B. L. Clemons, prominent business men of Prince Albert, having evidence of a rich gold area in northern Saskatchewan last year, outfitted three parties of prospectors. The finds were encouraging, but not sensational.

This year two more parties were sent out, and the finds which have been made of an eight-inch vein of free milling gold quartz have created a profound sensation. On June 21 B. L. Clemons secretly left Post Chase for the north, carrying with him one of the finest specimens of gold quartz found by one of his parties. H. C. Hamlin has a specimen from the same vein of quartz declared by H. L. Rowatz of the timber and mineral lands branch of Ottawa to be the richest and best defined specimen he has seen, and that a carload of such quartz is enough for any one man.

The provincial cabinet is now considering immediate repairs to the Montreal Lake trail, a distance of seventy five miles north from Prince Albert, and as the remaining 125 miles is canoe route, the means of reaching Lac la Ponge will be comparatively easy. William McInnes of the geological survey and Frank Crean of the railway lands branch have just left for the north.

The dominion government has a man now on the ground with a view of establishing without delay an assay office at Prince Albert.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.
There was a man in our town, Exhausted all his health In madly avaricious aim To win the goal of wealth. And when the same he had attained, With all his might and main, He lavished all his wealth To gain his health again.

NATURE REVOLTS AGAINST HIGH LIVING and it is by adding to man's ailments the scourge of diabetes. Eminent medical men until recently pronounced it a "no cure" disease, but South American Kidney Cure has knocked down their pet fallacy and has proved itself master of kidney disease in all its forms. Relief in 6 hours. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy, 92

A burly young fellow from Texas Had a habit that always would vex us. He'd say "Feel my muscle." And then in the tussle He'd soak us a jab in the plexus.

ECZEMA RELIEVED IN A DAY.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure this disgusting skin disease without fail. It will also cure Barber's Itch, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all skin eruptions. In from three to six nights it will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One application brings comfort to the most irritating cases. 35 cents. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—93

After a girl gets to be about so old she gives up the idea of a career and puts in 24 hours a day seeking a husband.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Without prejudice, it may be said that a coal miners' strike in July is more popular than it would be in January.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

JEFFRIES WILL NOT RETURN TO THE RING

MONTREAL, July 15.—Jim Jeffries says positively tonight that he won't fight Jack Johnson under any considerations. The big champion is here giving an exhibition of boxing. He gave as his reasons lack of condition and reluctance to fight a colored man. He said:

"I won't fight Johnson for I have decided to quit the fighting game. I can't get into my old class, and besides I don't want to fight a colored man. I would like to see the championship go to a white man, but I can't go in to defend myself. There are plenty of men who can trim this man Johnson, and I wouldn't be surprised to see some Hoosier get the belt. The fans can count me out, though."

Would You Convict on Circumstantial Evidence?

(Continued from page 2)

appearance John Tyler had spurred up to his door about eleven o'clock. The young man, he said, carried no baggage, but announced that he had come to stay for several days, declaring that he was tired of town life. The two had talked for some time. The elder man admitted that his nephew looked worried and tired and ill at ease.

"What has he been doing since he came?" asked Mason.

"The visitor had been fishing and shooting, the planter said. He had been out of the house most of the time.

"What arms did he bring with him?" "A shotgun and a revolver."

The shotgun, a double-barrelled weapon, was discovered in the house, as were a number of cartridges. When these were examined on return to town it was found that the shot exactly corresponded in size with that taken from the body of Bell.

There remained but two more links in the case against Tyler. One of these was supplied by a knife found in his possession when he was searched at the jail. Mason and others at the Bell mansion could swear that it was identical with the one belonging to their employer which he had carried with him, customarily, every day.

The trial of John Tyler, which took place at Louisville, was carried to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. The general good character of the accused afforded practically the only basis for the defence. An attempt at an alibi was demolished by the final circumstance in Mason's structure of evidence. Three men were put upon the stand and swore to having seen Tyler on horseback, at different points along the road between the Bell and McDonald residences early on the evening of the murder.

The jury was out only thirty minutes, returning with a verdict of "guilty." The date for execution was set eight weeks off.

During his interval of imprisonment Tyler was visited one day by Elsa McDonald, who had urged her father to accompany her to the city once after the trial for this purpose. The convict was sullen and answered her questions shortly or not at all. The ordeal through which he had passed had wrought a strange change in him. He seemed to have retained no affection for the woman to whom he had been utterly devoted but a short time before. He had shrunk from his former strength and it was feared by the prison authorities that he had developed consumption.

The girl had undertaken the mission for but one purpose—to hear from the lips of the condemned man a confession that would set at rest all fear of a possible wrong. She found that she could make no impression upon Tyler. After repeated questioning he avowed his innocence, but without fire and in a mechanical manner. To her instinct, however, there crept the beginning of a doubt as to the man's guilt. With eyes fixed intently upon him she demanded a full, inner conviction that she was looking at the murderer of George Bell. But the response she could gain from herself was halting. She was not satisfied.

She was able to induce her father to obtain the services of a Louisville detective, Kittredge, a middle-aged man of ripe experience and a long record of successes. Kittredge returned to the town with them and was placed in possession of all the facts. His instructions from Elsa McDonald were to go over the crime in all its details in a final attempt to discover some flaw in the case or some mitigating circumstance that might have been overlooked. The detective was not hopeful of uncovering fresh material after such a lapse of time, but applied himself to the task.

For two weeks there was no result from the supplementary investigation. McDonald, who had yielded to his daughter's whim in recognition of the importance of the question to her, began to grumble at the useless trouble and expense. Even Kittredge wished to give over an undertaking that seemed to include no promise of satisfaction for his employer.

Three days before the date set for Tyler's execution the detective announced a discovery. In making random inquiry along the Ohio River about half a mile from the scene of the crime he had caught mention of a ramshackle, houseboat, occupied by a party of negroes which had been seen moored to the bank in the vicinity during the week of the murder. The occupants of the boat, as he learned, were a worthless and savage lot, who had lived upon the proceeds of raids through farms and plantations during their progress down stream.

The clew did not offer much, but Kittredge, at Elsa's urging, proceeded down the river in an attempt to discover the houseboat. He obtained word of it at a town twenty miles below. There had been a fight among the negroes on board. One of them

had been shot in the knee and thrown overboard. He had been rescued and taken to the hospital, where it had been necessary to amputate his leg. He was now convalescent. Following the fight the houseboat had been run down by a steamer and all the remaining occupants had been drowned. Knowledge of this, however, had been kept from the patient.

Kittredge, with but two days left for his purpose, determined upon a desperate, random thrust, knowing that this was his last hope. He caused a physician and a nurse to be present and approached the negro, who lay on his cot.

"Johnson," he said, "I've got the whole outfit, and what do you suppose they're trying to do? They've cooked up a story that you did the killing all alone."

The sufferer rolled his eyes upon the detective.

"They is, huh? Well, I guess I kin fix 'em. They done kill him the way when they was lookin' for a pig to steal. I was soun' asleep on board, I was. Every one of 'em was in it but me. They tried to kill me 'cause they was afraid I'd tell on 'em."

There was quick work getting the facts before the Governor together with a petition for a reprieve, but Elsa McDonald had the satisfaction of knowing that delay had been granted when the morning set for the execution dawned. Later Johnson was carefully examined and was able to prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that his companions had murdered Bell.

Tyler had had no thought of way-laying his rival. His threat had been intended to mean that at some time suitable to both they would fight for the girl, with fists for weapons. He had been on the road the night of the murder. His inability to win Elsa had made him distraught and nervous, and he had been seized with a sudden impulse to leave her behind and to attempt to forget his infatuation. Yielding to this he had stopped at his house, only long enough to take his shotgun with an eye to possible hunting trips, and had galloped to his uncle's place. The pocketknife he carried was not Bell's but his own, a duplicate of the other. It was true that he had been informed of Bell's intention to visit the McDonald place, but he formed no plan to molest him.

The negro criminals, it appeared, had gone ashore on a raid. One of them carried a shotgun. When near the road they had heard an approaching horse. Murder and robbery had been planned and carried out.

When these facts were made clear Tyler was pardoned. It was too late. He had developed a fatal disease in prison and he wasted rapidly to his end. Elsa McDonald did what she could to make him comfortable during his last few months and to repay, in some part, for her share in the disaster that had come upon him.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS DEADLY TO LITTLE ONES.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. For this reason Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. Mrs. P. Laroche, Les Fonds, Que., says:—"Last summer my baby suffered severely from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt administration of Baby's Own Tablets brought him splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

UPPER BLACKVILLE

Upper Blackville, July 17th.—The year's road work began yesterday under the supervision of Mr. Alec Arbeau.

Mrs. B. Donald and three children are visiting at the former's home in Whitteville.

Quite a number of our young men spent the 12th in St. John. They report a pleasant time.

Mr. Henry Swin of Doaktown, contractor, has a number of men working at Mr. Lewis Dunphy's house.

Miss Sadie Gracie and Miss Ina Arbeau of Blackville, were the guests of Miss Mabel J. Donald on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sewell are visiting at the home of Mr. William Davidson.

Miss Grace Davidson is visiting her sister Mrs. Thomas Jardine of Indiantown.

Mr. Charles Donald is spending a few days at his home here.

Mr. Adam Cowie of Taxis River is visiting his old home.

MORAL DANGER OF WAR.

(By Rev. Walter P. Walsh of Dundee, Scotland.)

"Under the influence of self-love every nation is induced to imagine itself the finest possible specimen of the human race. 'Demoralization does not inhere in any one people more than another; it inheres in war itself, by whomsoever waged, in the war spirit by whomsoever provoked. . . . All peoples possess the same capacities, the same capacities for goodness and happiness; all incline to justice and peace; all are responsive to the vast cosmic movement toward brotherhood; and all may equally be turned to cruelty and injustice by the deteriorating influence of the war spirit."

"War considered as an immorality. It is surely now possible to take our stand upon the historical development of Christian consciousness and claim that it demands the substitution of reason for violence, and the triumph of moral over physical forces. . . . Man is a brave brute; all his story shows that a cheery desperado is this man (in war). . . ."

"Be the injuries inflicted by scientific weapons never so hideous—the pierced hands, shattered skulls, severed blood vessels, smashed bones—the war demon has but to pass his red sponge across the page, and lo! it is as if it had never been. . . . It is vain to expect to put an end to war by considerations such as these; (countless details of the awful sum of suffering and torture of war and its aftermath) for experience has shown that they are powerless to restrain the passions which lead to it, that they have no terrors for the bloodhounds which begin to bay in man's heart when fired by lust of battle. . . ."

"Nothing can change this view of war save the sense of its sinfulness; and to bear this sense of guilt in upon the minds of the authors and instruments of war is the bounden duty of the Christian religion. . . . The thing to fear is not pain, but trespass; not suffering, but wrong; not death, but demoralization; not hell, but sin. . . . It is the sin and crime of war that constitute its chief offense and that under it the one peculiarly and entirely damnable occupation of moral beings. . . . Its peculiar sin is that it corrupts while it consumes, that it demoralizes while it destroys. . . . The damage it inflicts upon the persons and property of men is trifling beside the damage it inflicts upon morals; and it is this that is exciting in thoughtful minds a fresh interest in the whole military conception. The ominous thing is not the body prostrate on the battlefield, but the brute rampant in the mother land; the general lowering of ideals, the violent materialism and deficient selfishness, the open and shameless divorce between ethics and religion, the naked and unadorned adultery between ecclesiasticism and the powers of this world. Many feel that they must stand and consider. The time has come to think."

"A bastard patriotism is the sum of passion, pride and prejudice. . . . A reason for war is never wanting. The root motive may be land or blood lust; it may be the pirate or the sheer savage who hastily huddles some tags of argument about his nakedness; but there are never wanting fewer plausibilities to give both to the world in order to satisfy the etiquette of civilization, appease the unquiet conscience and enlist the ecclesiastics. . . ."

"In the eyes of all disinterested persons the attack may be cruel, wanton, cowardly, but it will assuredly be represented as righteous and glorious by the rulers and their journalistic minions by the fashionable circles that revolve like satellites round the seat of government, by the officials with their vast social ramifications, and by the army with its family relationships throughout the length and breadth of the land. . . . Ecclesiasticism will never be wanting with its sanction for the political excuse and with fresh excuses drawn from its own sphere. A clear distinction must always be made between ecclesiasticism and religion, and between religion organized as a church and the religious consciousness in humanity."

Garret O'Conner, of Bridgeburg, suggests a free bridge across the Niagara River as a peace monument. This looks like a good combination of friendliness and common sense.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

PROFESISONAL.

F. L. Pedolin, M. D.,
Pleasant Street.
NEWCASTLE

Dr. H. G. & J. SPROUL,



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

FOR SALE

The house and lot on Pleasant St. Newcastle, lately occupied by Mrs. W. J. Elliott. For terms apply to C. H. ELLIOTT, Perth, Victoria County, N. B.

Teacher Wanted

A Second Class Female Teacher for District No. 15, Williamstown, Northumberland Co. Apply stating salary to W. M. T. SAUNTRY, Millerton P. O., N. B.

WANTED

Tenders for Old School Building, Land about 4 acres and school furniture will be received by the undersigned up to Saturday 6 p. m., July 3rd. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By order of Trustees, Dist. No. 1, Derby.

RANDOLPH CROCKER, Secy.

No. 41-2wks.

Boy Wanted.

A smart, bright boy, about 14 or 15 years old, with fair education, to learn the printing business.

Apply at once at ADVOCATE OFFICE.

FOUND.

A string of Prayer Beads, white. May be lost applying at this office and paying cost of advertisement.

HOTEL MIRAMICHI

Opened January 1905.
Most Luxurious and Up-To-Date Hotel in Northern New Brunswick.
JAS. P. WHALEN, Proprietor
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Best Fishing Privileges on the North
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Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.
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To learn Telegraphy on a Railroad. Then why not attend the G. T. P. SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHERS. Open all summer—Students may enter at any time. Free Catalogue to any address.

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Artificial Teeth at lowest prices. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of gas or local anæsthetics. Teeth filled, crowned, etc. First class work at reasonable rates. Office, Lounsbury Block, Newcastle, N. B. Hours 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Fredericton Business College

IS NOT CLOSED IN SUMMER

Why waste the summer months? Two or three months wasted at this time of your course, may mean loss of that many months' salary at the other end.

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Boarding & Livery Stable

We have as Nobby and up-to-date Turnouts as there are in town.

Parties driven to all parts of the country at reasonable rates.

CARTING and TRUCKING promptly attended to.

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BOATING. BATHING. FISHING.
Now open to Summer Visitors.
Rates: \$5.00 and \$6.00 per wk.
SPECIALTIES FOR CHILDREN.

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Miss Your Opportunity ! !

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Graduate Tuner and Repairer of Pianos and Organs, is now in town.

HAVE YOUR INSTRUMENTS ATTENDED TO

Orders may be left with Miramichi Farm Implement Co.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
No. 40—4 wks

WANTED

A situation as comp. on town or book work; or as a road rider. Total abstainer; over 2 years' experience; references given. Apply to F. W., ADVOCATE OFFICE.

OUR BASEBALL COLUMN

THE BASEBALL FAN

BY "TY" COBB

Champion Batsman, American League

There's a great chance for character study, playing with one of the big league teams. On first thought, a person who had not had any experience would say that baseball fans East or West, North or South, were as a general rule, all alike. By this I mean to say that the average fan in Chicago would follow, just about the same course of action as the average fan in Detroit or Boston, given the same conditions. But such is not the case. The baseball fan in the different cities differs as much as the slow, easy-going inhabitant of a hot country differs from the hustling, nervous native of the land where the mercury is always well down in the glass. In some cities, the fans will be fair-minded, cheering good plays regardless of who makes them, and giving credit for victory where credit belongs. In another city, you will find them just the opposite. They will not applaud a play by one of the visitors, unless it be something entirely marvelous. When their team loses a game, they ascribe it invariably to luck, never to the superior work of the winners. In some towns, the rooters will stick with the home team, winning or losing, and go out and cheer for them day after day, in the hope that some time the worm will turn, and victory rest on their banners. Then again, in another place, if the home boys do not lead the league and win almost every day, there will not be more than a handful go to watch them, and these few will be there only to knock.

As a sample of the city where the crowds can see nothing but the home team I would cite Chicago. The Chicago fans will fight tooth and nail for either the Cubs or Sox, and never think of commending the work of their rivals. When their team loses a game they will call it hard luck, or blame the umpire; in fact, I think Chicago is the worst city on the circuit, from the umpire's standpoint. When a game is over they will follow a visiting player, who has made a star play or secured a hit that has prevented a home victory, to his carriage and jeer and hoot him all the way. Of course I do not say that every Chicago follower will do this, for there are as many honest baseball lovers there as anywhere, but I refer to the class that the ball player is most likely to come in contact with.

As an example of a fan who wants nothing but victory, the New Yorker takes the palm. In Chicago, while they root hard for wins, they will not desert the team if it happens to slump, but in New York, let either the Giants or Red Sox hit the toboggan, and watch the way the crowds will fall off. With the people there it's a case of victory or nothing.

Philadelphia has long been known as a "Slow Town," and the southern holds good as far as baseball is concerned. The people

will turn out to watch the games all right, but it takes something mighty classy to get them excited. Unless a pennant is depending on the result of a game, or there are three or four dozen unheard of plays, they will sit there and cheer perfunctorily. But once they get going, look out. Then they are the wildest crowd that one would care to meet, and they will stop at nothing to get a game. The fan then will take any kind of a chance, and I doubt not, would even run out and try to prevent a player from fielding a ball, if it were not for the fear of the law. At that, even the guardians of the law will join in the feeling, as was evidenced by a well-remembered incident in a seventeen inning game we played there a season ago, when the winning of a pennant was a very doubtful question with us.

In Boston, "The City of Culture," as it is called, the baseball followers live up to their name. Nowhere does the visiting player get the same show and encouragement as in the Hub. It would seem that the people there are satisfied if they see good fast baseball, whoever may win. The umpires rarely come in for censure there, and when they do it is very mild, and you never hear of them having to be escorted from the field by the police. The man who makes a good play is cheered to the echo, whether or not he wears a Boston uniform. Do not imagine that the Bostonians are not real fans—they are; and they support their team in great style. Why a couple of years ago, when the team was at the foot of the race, and made the awful record of 14 straight defeats, there used to be four or five thousand in attendance at every game. No other city in the country would be able to boast half that number under similar circumstances. The good spirit displayed by the fans is the reason that Boston is such a popular place among all the ball players.

The National Capital is cosmopolitan in every sense of the word. The local pride that we find in all the other towns is to a great degree, lacking in Washington, owing to the fact that the population of the city is made up of people coming from such widely scattered places.

Why, at a game there, you are likely to have just as many people rooting for your team as for the home nine. The people there have acquired the habit of taking things easy, and while they wish the Senators to win, they do not take it to heart enough to start any trouble if their hopes are not realized.

The Cleveland baseballists are satisfied at a good exhibition of individual playing, and do not set much store by teamwork. They have become so used to having the chances of their teams blighted by accident that they seem to have lost much of their enthusiasm, and developed into a mild manner of pessimists, who are not surprised whatever happens.

At St. Louis, the fans are a sort of a combination of the Chicago and New York rooter. If their team is losing they will wreak wordy vengeance on the visitors, and if the losing habit become chronic, will desert their team entirely.

In Detroit, the folks are very loyal to the home team and stick by it, no matter how things are going on. They appreciate all the good work of their own players, but, at the same time, are willing to applaud and give credit to the other fellows.

Of course my experience deals only with American League followers, but I suppose that the adherents of the other league exhibit the same characteristics to the observant ball player.

The Grand Lodge of Oddfellows will be held in St. John during the second week of August. At least four hundred delegates from outside points will be present—probably a larger number and from the present outlook the meetings will be of considerable importance. On Tuesday, August 10th, the Rehearsal assembly will meet in annual session, the business lasting throughout the entire day.

I always drive a GENDRON

Because every part of the car is built in the Toronto factory, and of the very best materials—the double curve springs cannot break; the specially welded wheels cannot warp; the tops are of the best satin for parasol and the best leatherette for hoods, and the body of finest wood or prime German reed. They're Canadian made, so if there should be an accident it can be easily and quickly remedied.

You can Always Get Home if you Drive a Gendron

Sold by all first-class dealers. Write as if your dealer doesn't carry them.

GENDRON MANUFACTURING CO. Limited
Toronto, Canada



DOMINION FINANCES.

OTTAWA, July 14.—The books of the finance department for the last fiscal year were finally closed on Saturday last and the official statement of the Dominion's finances for the year was handed out today. The total revenue was \$85,093,407. The total expenditure of consolidated fund account was \$84,071,245. The surplus of revenue over all ordinary expenditure was \$1,022,162.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

Mi-o-na Has Reached a Gold Standard, Says Harry Ellis of Ferguson, for Stomach Trouble.

Harry Ellis of Ferguson, Ont., says: "I believe that Mi-o-na for the cure of stomach trouble, is worth its weight in gold. It cured me from a stomach difficulty that seemed to puzzle all other prescriptions and remedies. I was unable to eat, the food would ferment and form gas and make a serious pressure on my heart. There were terrible pains in the pit of my stomach. I became weak, drowsy, discouraged and later I got nervous and could not sleep or rest. This disease makes one feel like not wanting to see any human being and produces melancholy and forebodings. I was told to try Mi-o-na and when I commenced on the first box I had hardly any faith in it, but the first two days' treatment made the pain in my stomach cease, and to make a long story short, the upset of my system was cured. I cured me wholly, and I now can eat what I like and when I am hungry, I am an ardent advocate of the use of Mi-o-na." T. J. Durick sells Mi-o-na Tablets, the dyspeptic remedy that is making such surprising cures throughout Canada, for 30 cents a box, guarantees them to cure, or money back.

Down at Ticonderoga, Americans, English, French and Indians were gathered on the scene of their former battles and not a man of them wanted to fight. Where the coal strike is, down at Glace Bay, on the contrary, everybody is looking for it.

LETTER FROM A FORTY-NINER.

Here is a simple, interesting and sincere letter from a rugged pioneer of '49, who braved the dangers and hardships of the overland trail to California. It should appeal to all catarrh victims.

Santa Rosa, Cal., May 3, 1908.

Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—I was afflicted with catarrh and tried a number of remedies but received no relief. I purchased an outfit of Hyomei, and before I had used the bottle I noted a marked relief. I used it for a month or so, and thought I was cured, and stopped using it for a year or so. Thought I was getting catarrh again, and started using it again. I used it every morning and keep myself clear of catarrh. I consider it the best catarrh medicine that is used. I have often recommended it to my friends. I am 51 years old. I came to California in 1849, and of course am not as vigorous as I was 58 years ago. My address is 814 1/2 Street, Yours truly, W. Mock.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is guaranteed by T. J. Durick not only for catarrh, but for all coughs, colds, bronchitis and croup. A complete outfit, including inhaler, costs only \$1.00; extra bottles of Hyomei, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents.

Knicker—When he graduated he thought he would save the state.

Knicker—And now he is trying to save a dollar a week.

Digby, N. S.

MENARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED, GENTLEMEN:—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MENARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN R. HOLDEN, Witness, Perry Baker.

FERGUSON VS. FERGUSON.

FREDERICTON, July 13.—The case of Dr. William A. Ferguson of Moncton, against his wife, Bertha Ferguson, was heard in the Divorce Court this afternoon. The application is made on the usual grounds. Mr. J. D. Paine, K. C., appeared for the plaintiff and E. Albert Reilly and M. G. Teed, K. C., for the defendant. It was claimed in the libel that Dr. Ferguson and Miss Bertha Sinclair were married in the vicinity of Newcastle in May, 1890, by the Rev. Wm. Aitken. That they lived together as man and wife in Moncton and Moncton until March 1904, when Mrs. Ferguson went to the United States and in 1907 obtained absolute divorce from her husband. In August 1907, she was married to Geo. Henderson and since then the two have lived together as husband and wife. The libel claimed that the divorce granted in California could not be recognized in this province and that the defendant was living in adultery with Henderson. The defendant by her answer claimed that the divorce was good. Judgment reserved.

A DANGEROUS REFUGE.

WINNIPEG, July 14.—A terrible accident, which may cause the death of three men, occurred on the National Transcontinental, just east of Winnipeg, last evening. A thunderstorm broke suddenly while a number of laborers were at work in the yards and four of the men sought shelter under a standing train of freight cars. While they were crunched there a yard engine came along and moved the train. The men all made a dash to escape, but only one was so fortunate as to get out uninjured. The other three, Constantine Stengel, German; Michael Omchelski, Pole, and Jas. McLeod were caught under the wheels and all terribly maimed. Stengel had both legs cut off and probably will die; McLeod had the fingers of one hand crushed and the foot cut off; Omchelski also will lose a foot. McLeod has a sister residing in Port Arthur.

Now comes a story to the effect that the British Government has already the Dreadnought of the air, a huge balloon propelled by two motors of 220 horsepower each. Are we to learn next that John Bull has a squadron or two of Dreadnoughts hidden in some out of the way harbor?

The highest railway bridge in the United States is on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. It spans the Pecos River 10 miles west of Comstock, Tex. The tracks are 321 feet above the water line. The structure is said to be fireproof and it cost \$750,000.


CHASED BY A BIG BEAR

Henry Braithwaite, Veteran Guide Has a Thrilling Experience

FREDERICTON, July 16.—Henry Braithwaite, the veteran guide, who returned yesterday from the Miramichi, tells of a thrilling experience he had with a bear a few days ago. He had caught the animal in a trap, and noticing that the attached chain was closely wrapped around a stump, he boldly advanced, intending to dispatch it with a axe. As he was about to strike the bear, it gave a spring backwards, and to Braithwaite's great surprise the stump, which was an old and rotten one, gave way, thus releasing the chain. Mr. Braithwaite turned on his heels and made a run for it to a nearby brush pile, with the infuriated bear right at his heels. Fortunately a log, attached to the chain caught against the root of the tree, checking the bear and giving the veteran guide a chance to get out of reach.

He hastened to his camp, a mile distant, and returning with a rifle dispatched the bear. Mr. Braithwaite, during his long career as a woodsman, has had many narrow escapes, but he declares that last week's experience was the worst ever.

A Positive Cure For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.



Rev. Father Morrissey

FATHER MORRISSEY'S "No. 11" TABLETS

—one of the best of the late priest-physician's remarkable prescriptions—positively cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and all the suffering that comes from a "bad stomach."

Each tablet will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food—a good meal.

Take "No. 11" Tablets regularly, avoid articles of food that you have found disagree with you, and you will be benefited from the start and soon cured.

Sole at Your Dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.E.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Ingredients: Sulphur, Glycerin, Quinin, Sodium Chloride, Capsicum, Sage, Alcohol, Water, Perfume.

Anything curious here? Ask your doctor.
Anything of merit here? Ask your doctor.
Will it stop falling hair? Ask your doctor.
Will it destroy dandruff? Ask your doctor.

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

THE GROWTH OF LONDON.

More than 2,000 years ago—before Caesar set foot on British soil—a band of Britons established their lakeport, or Lyndyn, on top of a hill 60 feet above sea level. Where this fort once stood now in place of the non-man's and that surrounded it there has risen up the administrative county of London, with its population of 5,000,000 souls and an annual value of £55,000,000.

Hu—Reckless and extravagant—? When did I ever make a useless purchase?

Wife—Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago; we've never used it once.

It's hard to lose a beautiful daughter, said the wedding guest sympathetically.

It's a blamed sight harder to lose the homely ones, replied the old man who had several yet to go.

Flying the Stars and Stripes for American visitors—says the Toronto Star—is on a par with sending beautiful young women to teach Christianity to Chinamen. It is a case of watering good-will until it flows over.

An eccentric millionaire who never had a telephone, is dead at New London, Conn. While the lack of phone must have proven a nuisance in this world, it has probably improved his chances in the one he has gone to.

Speaking of forest fires, a German resident of Hartford calls attention to the fact that we never hear of such a thing in the Black Forest of Germany, although it covers a territory of 2,000 square miles, as the forest is scientifically taken care of, and there is ample fire protection.

DOWN AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Drummer—What became of that sign, "Abattoir Killed Beef," that used to hang outside?

Storekeeper Jasen—Down at the shop being altered to "Automobile Killed Beef." Them that big machines run over two or three head of cattle every week, stranger.

The annual cry for help to handle the Western crop is heard. Mr. J. Bruce Walker, Dominion Immigration Agent, says that 29,000 men will be required. "We are in desperate straits to get men, experienced or inexperienced."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick, headache and relieve all the troubles that result from biliousness, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Diarrhea, constipation, Pain in the Liver, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct indigestion of the stomach, stimulate the liver and revitalize the bowels. Every family only cured

HEAD

Arches would be almost impossible to find who suffer from biliousness, but Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct indigestion of the stomach, stimulate the liver and revitalize the bowels. Every family only cured

ACHE

Is the bone of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. Under two pills taken a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action place all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.



SUMMER SORES

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it cures the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.

Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer!

Druggists and Stores everywhere.

BROTHER TOLD BROTHER

"One Suffered for Fifteen Years, the Other for Thirteen."

The convincing powers of a testimonial were never more clearly shown than in the case of Mr. Hugh Brown. A brother, Lemuel Brown, of Avondale, N.B., read in the paper about Hon. John Costigan being cured by "Fruit-a-lives." Knowing the Senator would only endorse a medicine which had cured him, Mr. Lemuel Brown tried "Fruit-a-lives." They cured him of Chronic Indigestion and Constipation, so he urged his brother to try them.



Hartland, N.B., Oct. 28th, 1907.

Three doctors told me that I had "Liver Disease and serious Stomach Trouble." My stomach was very weak. I took their medicines for thirteen years and grew worse. My brother (who was cured of terrible indigestion by "Fruit-a-lives" after suffering for 15 years), recommended me to try these wonderful tablets. I bought half a dozen boxes and have just finished the sixth. I eat all kinds of hearty foods without distress and am greatly improved in every way. "Fruit-a-lives" also cured the Chronic Constipation which was so distressing in my case."

(Signed) HUGH BROWN.

50c a box, 2 for \$2.50, a trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives, Limited, Ottawa.

No Summer Vacation

We would greatly enjoy one, but as many of our students are from long distances, and anxious to be ready for situations as soon as possible, our classes will be continued without interruption.

Then, St. John's cool summer weather makes study as pleasant during the warmest months as at any other time.

Students can enter at any time. Send for catalogue.

S. Kerr
Principal

EASTER FLOWERS.

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

H. S. RUIKSHANK,
Florist,
159 Union St. St. John N. B.

Do You Use a Liniment?

Then you want the best. The best Liniment, and other things being equal, is the strongest, and,

GATES' ACADIAN LINIMENT

is certainly the strongest in use. The moral is obvious,—"Get Gates'." A bottle kept constantly on hand will save many an ache and pain. Lumbago has found Gates' Liniment the best they get for both human and beast.

Athletes find it just the thing for a rub down.

For internal use it is par-excellence.

Sold everywhere at 25c
C. GATES, SON & CO.,
Middleton, N. S.

Good Digestion.

You are only at your best when your digestion is perfect. When it is faulty, weakness and pain are certain and disease is invited. Mother Seigel's Syrup corrects and cures the digestive organs, banishes the many ailments which arise from indigestion and invigorates the whole system. Take it daily after meals.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Do not get misled. Beware of cheap imitations. A. J. Seigel & Co., New York.

Small Size. Small Price.

DEATH OF FR. CALLIGHAN.

Esteemed Campbellton Priest
Drowned in New York, the City
of His Adoption.

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

Touching Tributes Paid to The
Dead Man's Memory by Those
Who Knew Him Well.

Father Norbert Callahan of the Sacred Heart church and pastor of the Italian speaking people of this city, was drowned in Bonaparte Lake yesterday afternoon. The accident was caused by the capsizing of a canoe in which Father Callahan and Father Hues of Quebec, P. Q., were paddling about the lake during a high wind. Father Hues was saved by the gallant work of two boys, but Father Callahan sank immediately on the capsizing of the canoe. His body was recovered early this morning.

Father Callahan left this city yesterday morning, intending to return Sunday to say Mass in the Italian mission on Arsenal street. With Fr. Hues he had dinner at the 'Hermitage' hotel at Lake Bonaparte, and then went to the cottage owner by the shores of the lake and got a canoe.

Though the waters of the lake were at that time very rough, the two priests nevertheless ventured out. They had paddled but a short time when, about 70 rods from the shore, immediately in front of the cottage they had just left, they were capsized by the heavy sea.

The accident was witnessed by two of the students in the school in this city, who were staying at the cottage. These two boys, John Sullivan and Simon Wallace, plunged into the spot, and, battling hard, swam to the aid. Father Hues managed to keep up until help reached him, but Father Callahan sank almost immediately. The two boys after great effort succeeded in bringing Father Hues, who was exhausted, to the shore. Father Stephen J. Royet, superior of the Order in this city, was communicated with by telephone, and he gave orders that no expense or effort should be spared in finding the body of Father Callahan.

The search was rewarded about 6:30 this morning when the body was discovered. Undertaker D. E. Gulliford of this city was sent for and he will bring the body to this city some time this afternoon.

Father Callahan was born 24 years ago in Campbellton, New Brunswick. He came to this city at the age of 12 to study for the priesthood. He took his first vows for the order of the Sacred Heart in October, 1903. Having completed the collegiate course in the brothers' school in this city, he was recommended on account of his high intellectual attainments to be sent to Rome for the five year course for the completion of his studies for the priesthood. He was graduated with the degree of doctor of theology, an exceptional honor, and was ordained in April, 1908, as a priest in the Roman Catholic church.

He then went to his old home at Campbellton to visit his adopted father, P. O'Leary, and other relatives. Following a short vacation he came to this city to take up his life work. His acquaintance with conditions in Italy and his knowledge of the Italian language made it particularly desirable that he embark in mission work among the Italians in this city, who had long desired a special priest. He took up the work with enthusiasm and soon had a large congregation of these people at St. Anthony's mission on Arsenal street. He became well liked among his parishioners, teaching their children, helping to cure for their sick, and discharging their religious duties. When one of the prominent Italians of this city heard of his death this morning he expressed great sorrow and said among the Italian residents here there would be the greatest regret felt and expressed over the death of their friend and pastor.

Father Stephen J. Royet in speaking of the dead priest said today:

"I knew him as a boy in school and his gentle nature coupled with his great talents struck me very forcibly then. When he reached manhood he developed these in a greater degree so we feel that the order has lost a man capable of accomplishing great good. He was especially helpful among our Italian parishioners in whom he seemed to have the interest of a father."

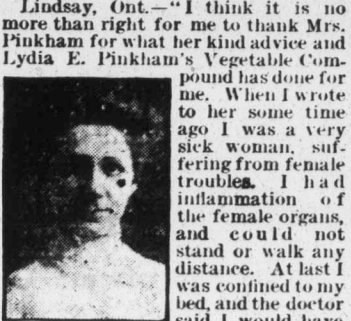
The mother of the dead priest is in Seattle, Wash., so it will be impossible for her to be here for the funeral. Other relatives are expected today from Campbellton, N. B. and after conference with them, the arrangements for the funeral will be made.

Watertown, N. Y. Times, July 1st.

Gathered about the bier of Father Norbert J. Callahan over a score of priests this morning at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart intoned the prayers, chanted the dirges and

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."

FRANK EMMERY, Lindsay, Ontario.

We cannot understand why women will take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, without first trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

participated in the solemn requiem Mass for the repose of the dead priest's soul. The sombre frocks of the Augustinian monks contrasted with the simple white of the altar boys, pupils of Father Callahan, and the gorgeous vestments of the dignitaries of the Mass.

On the catafalque just at the steps of the altar, the body reposed, clad in the vestments of mourning, his hands clasping the chalice as in the act of oblation and with head slightly elevated by the satin pillow, the mortal remains of Father Callahan lay in the silence of death.

From the time when the doors of the church were opened late yesterday afternoon, just as the angelus was chiming out upon the air, until those who came to watch and pray throughout the night, a steady stream of friends of the priest came to look upon his features for the last time. Side by side with the Italian woman with her child came women devoted to the work of the church and co-workers with the dead man in ministering unto men.

The casket was covered with black broadcloth and lined with satin. It had a full open top and at the sides were extension bars of black and gold. About the catafalque on which the casket stood were candles, four on each side.

At 10 this morning the street in front of the church was filled with carriages and the edifice itself was thronged. Silently the priests and altar boys dressed for this service in the simpler vestments filed to the altar, and in unison intoned the prayers for the dead. Following the conclusion of this solemn ritual requiem high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Cornelius O'Mahony as chief celebrant. He was assisted by deacon, subdeacon and master of services and the choir, under the leadership of C. A. Winslow, sang the responses.

The eulogy was pronounced by Rev. Father Maher of the Augustinian order. It was an eloquent effort and well set forth the merits of the young priest, and described the results of his work, cut short by an untimely death. Father Maher deplored the sudden end of Father Callahan's career of brilliant promise and he dwelt upon the high intellectual qualities that he believed would have brought the greatest good and honor to the priesthood that he served.

Following the Mass, the bearers, Dr. Sigefroid Dandurand, John A. Elvert, Augustus Sholett, Ernest Pinsonneault, Samuel Ray, and Dominick Constance, bore the casket from the church. A long concourse of carriages made up the funeral cortege that followed the body to the grave in Calvary cemetery. There a grave had been opened beside that of the late Father Grem who, sixteen years ago, died at the college on the north side, being the last priest of the local congregation of the Sacred Heart, previously to Father Callahan, who had died in this city. Watertown, N. Y. Times July 3rd.

Previous to his going to Watertown, Father Callahan was a pupil of the late Principle Lewis, and was exceptionally bright in his studies. He was the first native of Restigouche ever ordained to the priesthood.

BAPTIST CONFERENCE

Fourth Annual Meeting of United
Baptist Association of New
Brunswick Met Last week

AT FREDERICTON.

233 Churches Reported 26,851
Members, of Whom 20,188
Were Residents.

FREDERICTON, July 14.—At the meeting of the ministers' conference of the New Brunswick United Baptist Association this afternoon Rev. J. H. McDonald, of Fredericton, was elected chairman; Rev. S. J. Perry of Parkinville, assistant chairman; Rev. A. A. Rideout, secretary-treasurer.

Rev. C. W. Townsend read a paper on Pastoral Visitation, and Rev. C. T. Phillips, of Jaccosville, a paper on The Strength and Weakness of the Denomination. Both were heartily thanked.

The program for next year was left in the hands of the executive.

A resolution was passed urging upon the association the necessity of formulating a rule governing the admission of others to the Baptist pulpits.

At the evening session, Rev. E. E. Bisho of Fairville, preached the annual sermon of the association from II. Thess. II:14. At its conclusion Evangelist Beatty led a social conference.

The fourth annual meeting of the United Baptist Association of New Brunswick opened here this morning. It is much the largest and most representative gathering since the union, upwards of 200 being present. A religious conference led by Rev. H. H. Saunders, of Sussex, preceded the business meeting. Many took part in this and it was a most interesting service. The regular business session of the association opened at 10 a. m. Rev. Z. LeLash of Hillsboro, moderator, presiding. In the absence of the clerk, Judge F. W. Emmons of Moncton, the assistant clerk, Rev. A. A. Rideout of Fredericton, acting. Rev. Prof. E. M. Kierstead of McMaster University, Toronto, led in prayer. It was resolved that a telegram of condolence be sent to Rev. E. L. Stevens of Middle Sackville, pastor elect of Hartland, who was stricken with paralysis at Hillsboro, while preaching last Sunday evening. Rev. R. J. Colpitts of Port Elgin, was given charge of enrollment of ministers and delegates. Revs. C. P. Wilson, W. R. Robinson and J. H. McDonald were chosen a committee on arrangement. The nominating committee was composed as follows: Revs. Dr. McIntyre, P. E. Bishop, Geo. Howard, M. E. Fletcher, C. W. Foster, D. H. Nobles, W. E. Wentworth, E. C. Corry and Messrs. J. B. Slipp and C. W. Weyman.

Rev. Dr. McDonald, corresponding secretary, presented his report. There were 286 churches arranged in ten districts, 233 churches reported 26,851 members, of whom 20,188 were residents. There were 649 Baptists taken into the church during the year, making a net gain of 515 members. There are 101 pastors, 298 church buildings. There are 27 licentiates. There was raised a total of \$132,687.25, of which \$58,638.53 was for salaries. The average amount paid per resident church was \$6.07 for all purposes. For foreign work it was but \$1.05. Jas. Patterson, of St. John, treasurer, reported amount on hand \$203.16, total receipts \$1248.34, expenditures, \$948.34.

IT CURES ALL CREEDS.—Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in "live up to preaching" in all it claims. Bishop Sweetnam, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chabbers (Methodist); and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking, 50 cts. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—88

I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel, remarked young Sappie.

You would be foolish to do so, rejoined Miss Slasher when a pint cup would more than hide it.

NURSE'S GOOD WORDS.—"I am a professional nurse," writes Mrs. Elmer, Halifax, N. S. "I was a great sufferer from rheumatism—almost constant association with best physicians I had every chance of a cure if it were in their power—but they failed. South American Rheumatic Cure was recommended—to-day my six years of pain seem as a dream. Two bottles cured me." Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—80

Mrs. Briggs—Does your husband take any special exercise?

Mrs. Griggs—Yes; he's all the time kicking.

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone,weeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.

BRITISH TORPEDO BOAT SUNK.

LONDON, July 15.—A wireless message received at Portsmouth stated that submarine torpedo boat C 11 was in collision last night with an enemy steamship near Lowestoft and was sunk with its crew of sixteen men. Another submarine boat C 17 was damaged in the collision but the crew was saved. It is understood that the crew of the C 11 had no chance to escape, being inside the submarine and went to the bottom with it.

No complete report of the accident has yet been received, but the latest advice from Sherness, whence assistance was sent, indicate that some members of the crew of C 11 were saved.

HORRIBLE BUNGLING AT NEGRO'S EXECUTION

Two Attempts to Hang Him Unsuccessful—Died of Strangulation

NASHVILLE, Ga., July 16.—With blood flowing from his mouth and begging piteously for water, Marshall Lewis, colored, was led back to the scaffold to be hanged a second time after the sheriff had made a bungling job of the first attempt to execute him. The drop of six feet stretched the cotton rope so that the man's feet touched the earth. He was cut down and with the aid of one man mounted the scaffold a second time, talking coarsely. The second attempt proved unsuccessful in breaking the condemned man's neck and death resulted in fifteen minutes from strangulation.

I send you 10,000 kisses, he wrote. Bah, she exclaimed, tossing his letter aside; why doesn't he come, and look over his terminal facilities in person.

I was in Eden with Adam and Eve, cried the man with the wild red eye. I was in Eden with Adam and Eve. The devil you were, said I.

Jimmy—June is de month a lot of persons double up, ain't it?

Pete—Sure thing. Big fellers get married an' little fellers eat too many green apples.

REPORTED GOLD FIND

There is much excitement at Notre Dame, Kent county, and vicinity over a reported gold discovery. It is stated that rich gold quartz was found on the bank of the creek at St. Anthony and larger more quartz at Pellerin Settlement. The report received from New York says the quartz assayed \$220 to the ton. A mining lease has been taken out from the Crown Land office, Fredericton.

Stubb—What is Cogrowed doing since he bought his new automobile?

Penn—Following the horses.

Stubb—Ah, playing the fives, eh?

Penn—No, following the farm horses that tow his machine to town every time it breaks down.

Second thoughts, remarked the moralizer, are always best.

That right, rejoined the demoralizer. By the time you think them the chap who might have mopped up the side-walk with you is several miles away.

A lot of gush is printed about Rockefeller, because he is seventy years of age, and feeling pretty well. We are told that having conquered all in business, he is conquering old age. There are plenty of hale old men of seventy, but as they are not multi-millionaires nobody is silly enough to talk of them conquering old age.

An artist had finished a landscape; on looking up, he beheld an Irish navy gazing at his canvas. "Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment. "Sure, a man c'n do anything if he's drus to ut," he replied.

Moir's Chocolates

The richness and smoothness of the pure chocolate coatings and the rare delicacy of the exquisite flavored centers form a combination too fascinating to resist. Just get a box and try them.

MOIR'S, Limited
Halifax, N.S.

New Brunswick Representatives:
W. J. WHITMORE, St. John, N. B.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric. Use it the Sunlight way. Follow the directions.



LOCAL NEWS.

A special train left Newcastle at 7.30 yesterday morning for Boiestown where hundreds attended Father McRory's picnic there. The cars that left here were well filled.

A touring party from Fredericton, guided by Principal Geo. A. Wathen of Doaktown, visited Muzerall Lake, Doaktown, this week. They got photographs of several moose and deer.

ANDERSON COMPANY GET HALIFAX LAND.

The Halifax City Council have at last decided to grant the Anderson Company the deed of a certain lot of land upon which to erect a factory.

Dr. McCully, Oculist and Aurist will be at the Robertson Hotel, Bathurst, July 28th, and at the Adam House, Chatham, Thursday, July 29. No. 40 & 42.

Mr. Corry Clark, of Newcastle, who was in town last week, says that Newcastle has a splendid water system, which is obtained from one artesian well. A flow of about 200,000 gallons per day comes from this single well. The water is of fine quality and very cold during the summer. By means of a standpipe a sufficient head of water is procured for fire purposes.—St. Andrew Beacon.

LOOKING INTO SHIPPING FACILITIES.

Mr. R. Corry Clark, and Mr. Manny, of Newcastle, were in St. Andrews on Friday last, looking into the opportunities for shipping spool-wood through the port of St. Andrews. They had been engaged on a similar mission at St. Stephen. They were rather impressed with the chances of business here, and it is possible that another season they will send a vessel here to load. It would be necessary at both St. Stephen and St. Andrews that cargoes should be lightered to the steamers, as the latter would not care to lie aground. These spool-wood bars are made of white birch, of which there are great quantities in this county. They are sawed into square stuff, four feet long, of varying dimensions. The market for them is found in the Clyde, Scotland, particularly in the great thread city of Paisley. Mr. Clark made a contract with Mr. George F. Beach, Honeydale, to manufacture a trial shipment, which will be sent through the port of St. John. Thursday's Beacon.

Harry McLean who has been employed in the freight department of the I. C. R. here for some time has been appointed chief freight clerk, and entered upon his new duties Monday morning.

The Inspectors will examine the Newcastle steam fleet as follows:
July 22.—David R., Dorothy N., Loyalist, Laura, Irene.
July 23.—Lady Duferin, J. Howard, Bessie, Marshal W.

Grangeville, Kent Co., Division No. 440, Sons of Temperance has elected and installed the following officers:

W. P.—Rev. Mr. Hubley.
W. A. Mrs. J. R. Jones.
F. S.—J. R. Jones.
Treas.—H. J. Smith.
R. S.—Mrs. H. W. B. Smith.
A. R. S.—Stanley McArthur.
Chap.—Allan M. Haines.
Con.—Leonard W. Smith.
A. Con.—Margaret M. Boyde.
In. Sen.—Dorothy W. Smith.
Out. Sen.—Joshua Jonah.
S. Y. P. W.—Mrs. G. A. Jonah.

Officers of the Newcastle Lodge, No. 93, I. O. O. F. have been installed as follows:

Horace Kethro, W. G.
N. E. Coughlan, V. G.
Percy R. McLean, R. S.
LeRoy Morrison, F. S.
Wm. Corbett, T.
L. B. McMurdo, W.
D. W. Anderson, C.
Rev. F. C. Simpson, Chap.
C. M. Dickison, O. G.
Pearl Russell, I. G.
Otto W. Teidler, R. S. N. G.
Samuel Craig, L. S. N. G.
Clarence Miller, R. S. V. G.
Freeman Matheson, L. S. V. G.
Wm. Irving, R. S. S.
Geo. Bethune, P. G.

DROPSY AND HEART DISEASE.—For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease. Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells made my life a torment. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave great relief, one bottle cured me completely.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy.—90

Some scientists are now declaring that deep breathing is highly injurious. Fortunately we can get new fads as quickly as they discard the old ones.

ARE YOU HAUNTED DAY AND NIGHT?—Mind and body racked and tortured by evil forebodings, gloomy and dull, robbed of that "Divine restorer," sleep, appetite gone, nerves shattered, generally debilitated? This is none too dark a picture for great South American Nerveine to obliterate and set up in its stead the glowing tints of the sun of perfect health. Sold by A. E. SHAW'S Pharmacy. 91

BORN.

At Chatham, July 19th, to Dr. and Mrs. P. F. Duffy, a son.

Social & Personal.

Miss Bessie McRae spent Wednesday in Chatham.

Frank Perry spent last week in Petitcodiac and Elgin.

Mrs. Henry McLean spent Wednesday with Chatham friends.

Mrs. Black of Richibucto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. W. Stothart.

Adkin Grenley, Amherst, is spending a two week's vacation at his home here.

Miss Addie Bockler was the guest of Mrs. W. I. Loggie, Loggieville, last week.

Miss Eugenie Kelly, of St. John, was the guest of Miss Mollie Morrissey last week.

Z. J. Fowler, C. E. of Ottawa, is spending a few days with friends in town.

Miss Bessie McRae went to Bathurst Friday to spend the holidays with friends.

Charles Robinson, manager of the Anderson Co., St. John, spent Friday in town.

Miss Helen Harris, of Moncton, recently visited her sister, Mrs. Hubert Sinclair.

Miss Laura Aitken is home on vacation from Trafalgar College, Montreal.

Misses Angela and Louise Ryan have returned from their visit to Acadieville.

Miss Annie A. Aitken, matron of the Rutland, Vt., hospital is visiting her parents here.

Miss Lyle McCormick went to Youghall Wednesday where she will visit relatives.

James McLearn, of Fredericton, is visiting at the home of his uncle, Mr. A. A. Davidson.

L. S. Brown, chief train despatcher of New Glasgow, is visiting his brother Mrs. W. S. Brown.

Mrs. Adam Stothart and son John, of Boston are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Stothart.

Mrs. Kethro was visiting in Loggieville last week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Loggie.

Miss Isa Leighton is spending some time in Rexton, Kent Co., the guest of her brother, Dr. Leighton.

Miss Nellie O'Brien has arrived from Portland, Me., to spend the summer at her home in Beaver Brook.

Mrs. R. Glendenning, of Charlottetown, Mass., has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Ryan.

Miss May Ryan, of St. James' hospital, Newark, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan.

Miss May Ryan of St. James' hospital, Newark, N. J., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan.

Mrs. Signa A. Watters and little daughter of Chatham, spent part of last week with her mother, Mrs. Fred McRae.

Chester C. Hayward, manager of the Lonsbury Co. Ltd., was registered at Hotel American, Moncton, Tuesday last week.

Miss Hutchinson, stenographer at the Royal Bank of Canada, is enjoying a well-earned vacation at her home in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. John Young of Tracadie is in St. John Hospital where on Wednesday she underwent an operation that has so far been successful.

What the Farmers need in July

Land Plaster,
Paris Green,
Bug Death,
Cow Ease,
Pratt's Fly-go,
Machine Oil,
Oil Cans,
Mica Axle-Grease,

Scythes,
Snaths,
Scythe Stones,
Hay Forks,
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Hay Rakes,
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STOTHART MERCANTILE COMPANY LIMITED
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John O'Brien
has removed from
Russell Building,
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MORRISSEY BUILDING,
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FORMERLY CALL'S RESTAURANT.
He is enlarging his
Business.

Will Run General
Store.

Everything Cheap. Don't forget to call
on him for Bargains.

John O'Brien,

FOR SALE.

Store and Dwelling combined, size
24 x 52. Good opening for general
store, or millinery business.
M. B. BETTS,
No. 41-1 pd. Doaktown, N. B.

day she underwent an operation that
has so far been successful.

Miss Bessie Smith and Miss Effie
Brown of Bathurst who have spent
the last three weeks in Chatham and
Newcastle returned home on Friday.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael of
Toronto are the guests of Rev. and
Mrs. Wm. Aitken. Dr. Carmichael
occupied the Presbyterian pulpit Sunday.

The engagement is announced of L.
H. Vye and Miss Bernice Price, wedding
to take place at the residence of
the bride's parents at 10 a. m., July
28th.

Robert McLean, of Alberton, P. E.
I., who has been visiting his brothers
Henry of Newcastle, and Albert of
Chatham, returned home Thursday
morning. It is seventeen years since
Mr. McLean left Newcastle.

Ladies' Cash Store.

An Extraordinary SALE of Lace, Embroidery & Ribbon.

Lace Allovers, Black, Ecu, Cream and White, Regular Price,
50c-75c now 39cents and 55cents a yard
Embroidery Allovers, Regular Price, 60cents a yard now 39cents a yard
Fine Val. Edgings, Regular Price, 8c-15 a yard now 6-10cents a yard
Embroidery Edgings and Insertions at 5cents a yard
5-inch Silk Ribbon at 15cents a yard
4 1-2 inch Taffeta Ribbon 15cents a yard
Other Ribbons, all widths and all Colors, at Cut Prices.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES AT COST.

Mrs. S. McLeod, Newcastle, N. B.



Have You Seen
Our Spring Goods.

If not, call and inspect them. They are
here and no finer stock of wovens was ever shown
on the North Shore. They comprise all the
latest productions.
Now is the best time to leave your order,
while the stock is complete:

P. RUSSELL,

Fish Building, Pleasant Street, Merchant Tailor

MCLEOD'S

FASHIONABLE TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

We are settled in our own building next to the Post
Office, where we will be found ready to wait on our old and
new customers.

Our Stock is very Select; Plain and Fancy Suitings, in
abundance, which we make up in GOOD STYLE, put in GOOD
TRIMMING, and our Prices are REASONABLE, as they always
have been. CALL AND EXAMINE FOR YOURSELF!

S. MCLEOD.

If You Want a
Mowing
Machine

Call and examine our stock, we
have the most up-to-date Machine
on the Market.

PRICES ARE MADE ON EASY TERMS.

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FOR 25 CENTS.



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