

Thirty-Four Drowned, Six Saved in Wreck of The Hestia

JAPAN'S FOREMOST STATESMAN KILLED

Prince Ito Stricken Down By Korean While Arriving at Harbin--Was Killed by Those He Wanted Most to Help--His Death is Generally Mourned.

Harbin, Manchuria, Oct. 26.—Prince Hirobumi Ito, former Japanese president general of Korea, and probably Japan's foremost statesman, was assassinated here this (Tuesday) afternoon by a Korean, who had followed him here for the express purpose of killing him.

The motive of the assassination was revenge. The assassin was arrested.

Almost immediately on his arrival here and just as Prince Ito left the railroad car at the station the attack was made upon him. The venerable statesman, accompanied by Russian Minister of Finance Kokovoff, was starting to inspect the guard of honor drawn up along the platform when a pistol shot was heard. Several more shots were fired in quick succession the bullets striking the Prince in the back.

The former president general of

Korea fell where he stood mortally wounded.

Others Wounded.

Three of the Prince's companions were also wounded, bullets striking Japanese consul general Kawakan, general manager Tanaka of the South Manchurian railway, and Prince Ito's private secretary, Consul general Kawakan is badly but not fatally wounded, it is believed.

The assassin was promptly seized. On being questioned he said he was a Korean.

"I came to Harbin for the purpose of assassinating Prince Ito to avenge my country," the slayer told his captors. He also said he had a personal account to settle with the great Japanese statesman who during his stay in Korea had ordered the execution of several persons closely connected with the assassin.

STEAMER STRIKES OLD PROPRIETOR

Six Men Stuck to the Wreck From Lack of Boats and Were Saved.

CRIED "SAVE ME MOTHER."

Pathetic Death of Four Boy Passengers--Vessel Swept by Mountainous Seas As Soon As She Struck on "Old Proprietor."

St. John, Oct. 29.—Thirty of her crew and four boy passengers drowned in the raging waters of the Bay of Fundy; her third mate, second engineer and four able seamen at Seal Cove recovering from their awful experience on the submerged wreck before being rescued Tuesday afternoon, by the Seal Cove life saving crew, the Donaldson liner Hestia lies a sunken wreck on the submerged ledges, five miles off the coast of Grand Manan. At the height of a gale which blew at the rate of fifty miles an hour, accompanied by a downpour of rain, the big ship, many miles out of her course struck what is known as the Old Proprietor, at 1 o'clock Monday morning.

This place is five miles from Grand Manan and about four miles north of Gamet Rock lighthouse. Mountainous seas at once swept her from stem to stern, and Captain Newman ordered the boats put out immediately. The tackle of the first boat broke when the latter was half way over the side and its living freight was thrown headlong into the sea. Another boat, containing Captain Newman, the chief officer and nineteen men, succeeded in getting away from the ship, but it is doubtful if they went far for, according to the six men who were left on board, the boat could live in such a sea. So far no word has been heard from the occupants of the second boat and it is believed that their craft was swamped. The six men who were saved clung to the forward rigging and were taken off at 1 o'clock by the life savers Tuesday afternoon after a terrible fight with wind and waves. They are Third Officer Steward, Second Engineer Morgan, and Able Seaman Keene, McKenzie, Smith and Frank Vear.

The four passengers were small boys, bound from Scotland to Canada, presumably to work with farmers in New Brunswick or the west.

Story of Suffering and Death.

The rescued men tell a tale of frightful suffering and death. The Hestia, bound to this port from Glasgow, was proceeding to the mouth of the bay when with terrific force she crashed head-on to the submerged rocks, a ledge declared by old mariners to be one of the most dangerous spots on the Atlantic coast. Just how Captain Newman came to be so far out of his course will probably never be known, as he, with his chief officers, have, it is firmly believed, lost their lives. The currents there are swift and misleading and it is thought that the captain believed himself to be much farther out to sea. The seas were very high and according to the survivors they began to sweep the vessel immediately after she struck.

The Hestia settled rapidly and Captain Newman, fearing that she

would fall off into deep water and sink or be broken up by the fury of the waves, decided to leave in the boats, although it did not seem as if such small craft could have any possible show in so fierce a storm. In the first boat were placed one of the boy passengers, the second officer and eleven of the crew. While being lowered from the davits the tackle at one end broke, allowing it to dip downwards, throwing its occupants into the water.

Appealed to His Mother.

It was then that the survivors declare they could hear the boy cry in a terrified voice, "Mamma, mamma, save me." His appeal was brief, for a huge roller carried him swiftly away into the darkness. The cries of his companions were drowned by the noise of the gale. Only one was seen afterwards. He managed to cling to the boat, which, in a manner almost miraculous, was again turned right side up. For a moment the boat with its single occupant was seen on the crest of a wave, then a huge sea swept over it and it sank from view. Capt. Newman, his first officer and thirteen men had better luck with the second boat, for they succeeded in getting it clear of the ship. When last seen by those left behind they were doing their utmost to keep their frail craft afloat. There seems little doubt, however, that they met a watery grave. The men remained at Grand Manan and Eastport last night thought that the only chance of their being alive lies in their success in reaching the Nova Scotia shore, a feat that these men declare to be practically impossible.

The Men Left Behind.

In the meantime the men left on board climbed to the rigging of the foremast, the ship by this time being submerged with the exception of a portion of this mast in twain, and the clinging seamen believed that only death awaited them. As hour after hour passed and the ship remained in her position, they began to hope that the morning would bring them aid, possibly from the shore, more likely from a passing steamer. As noon approached with no sign of rescue, their hopes again were dashed, their suffering grew intense, and it seemed evident to them that unless taken from the wreck sometime during the afternoon they would perish from their exposure to cold and wet. Here, fliers, have, it is firmly believed, lost their lives. The currents there are swift and misleading and it is thought that the captain believed himself to be much farther out to sea. The seas were very high and according to the survivors they began to sweep the vessel immediately after she struck.

Woman Tried to Blow Up her Husband

Chatham, Ont., Oct. 28.—Mrs. and other members of the family Harry Rumble was committed to the gaol yesterday by Judge Houston on a charge of attempting to blow up the residence of her husband, John Rumble, on the river road, separated from her husband for the past year.

MALE MURDERER IN WRECK

Flares Placed on Wreck of Ship in Wake of Hestia Sunked off the Sydney Division North of Cape Breton.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 29.—The wreck of the Hestia, which was sunk off the coast of Nova Scotia, was sighted yesterday by a steamer. The vessel was found in a state of complete destruction, and the bodies of the passengers were recovered. The wreck was located in the vicinity of Cape Breton, and the bodies of the passengers were recovered. The wreck was located in the vicinity of Cape Breton, and the bodies of the passengers were recovered.

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VESSEL BOUND FROM SHEDIAK WAS WRECKED

Dublin, Oct. 27.—The Norwegian mail steamer Eschscholtz, which was bound from Shediac, N. B., to Liverpool, was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia. The vessel was found in a state of complete destruction, and the bodies of the passengers were recovered.

ST. JOHN MAN HOME FROM TRIP AROUND WORLD

St. John, N. B., Oct. 29.—The famous St. John man, who has been on a trip around the world, has returned home. The man, who has been on a trip around the world, has returned home. The man, who has been on a trip around the world, has returned home.

St. John Man Home from Trip Around World

An interesting visitor to the city just now is Thomas McPartland, of the U. S. Navy. He is a Wisconsin man, and has been on a trip around the world. He has been on a trip around the world, and has returned home. He has been on a trip around the world, and has returned home.

TOOK HER AT HER WORD. AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT.

There is a great deal of needless trouble in the world on account of squeamish sentiment.

A woman came into the general store with a jar of butter. She desired to exchange it for another jar of butter. In churning her butter she had discovered a mouse in the churn.

"It didn't injure the butter," she said to the storekeeper, "and to any one who did not know the circumstance it would taste alright."

Taking the woman at her word, the merchant carried her jar into the back room, transferred her butter to another jar, and the gratified customer took back the mouse butter with a thousand thanks for the accommodation.

WERE SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS AT THE PUMPS

With her crew of seven men almost dead with fatigue, after fighting for seven days and nights, to save their vessel, the schooner Lewanika, Captain McLean came to what was to be her last anchorage, inside of Betty's Island at eight o'clock on Monday morning. The crew, with the exception of

HUSBAND TRIED TO JUMP INTO REVERSING FALLS

St. John, N. B., Oct. 28.—One of the saddest incidents seen at the provincial hospital for many years occurred yesterday when a young husband, crazed with grief at the thought of being parted from his wife, who was brought to the hospital as a patient, attempted to jump into the Reversing Falls. The husband and wife came down river on the steamer Champlain. The woman became violently insane several days ago, and as it was thought best to place her in the hospital her husband took her in charge and started for that institution.

Best Defenders of the Working Men

Washington, Oct. 28.—"Former President Eliot of Harvard now has nothing to occupy him but to talk; he lives in an age he does not understand," said Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a statement issued to-night in reply to a criticism of trades unions by Dr. Eliot at Kenyon College, Ohio, last night.

"Since the time Dr. Eliot was mentally capable of appreciating industrial and commercial conditions, development has gone on," continued Mr. Gompers. "The concentration of industry, in which combinations and trusts have developed, have all escaped him in so far as concerns their in-workers. The division, sub-division and specialization of labor has rendered the workers absolutely helpless in-

dividually, and it is only by association in trade unions and federations that the toilers can obtain some of the rights which, as individuals, they are totally unable to maintain.

"The organizations of labor of to-day are the best defenders of the rights of the workers and the promoters of real democracy. The labor organizations will carry on their mission despite the misunderstanding and consequent hostility of Dr. Eliot.

"They will live long after he and I are gone."

The following notice was recently placed in the window of a shop in the East End of London: "Step inside. After trying one of our celebrated fish suppers you will never want to eat anything else."

THE UNION ADVOCATE.

ESTABLISHED 1867.
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NEWCASTLE, N. B., OCTOBER 30th, 1909

OUR BYE-LAWS,

The Town Fathers have at length decided to give the citizens a copy of the bye-laws. It is some three or four years since they began passing resolutions with the object of having the bye-laws revised and printed. To do it is nearly a year since the revised laws were again revised and the row which occurred over the typewriting has all but faded from our memory. From the huge volume of smoke which arose on that occasion not a single spark of enlightening fire issued forth. The bye-laws were forgotten. But the present Council are about to call for tenders for the printing of these documents and the revised revision will be revised again. In doing so will they pay any heed to our suggestion of some time ago, a place among our police regulations a law prohibiting children from roaming the streets at will after eight o'clock at night? Will they take any steps to prevent young girls from walking the streets all hours of the night, an insult to decent citizens, a school of iniquity to the young and inexperienced, and a living hell for the depraved? Surely our Town Fathers will take the situation in hand and give the police power to arrest such vagrants. Since some parents care so little for their children that they allow them to go to hell by the shortest road they can find, it is the duty of the Aldermanic Board to close the public thoroughfares to them after decent people have retired to rest.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one decided disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TORN FROM HIS
FATHER'S GRASP
AND DROWNED.

Harry Morris, of Advocate Harbor,
Lost From Schr. "Citizen" on
Trip From St. John.

Parrsboro, Oct. 26—Captain Ben Hatfield, of the schooner Citizen, which arrived to-day with merchandise from St. John, reports that Harry Morris of Advocate Harbor, was knocked overboard and drowned yesterday, between Cape D'Or and Spencers Island.

The vessel had been in Advocate Harbor and started for Parrsboro yesterday. The mate and Morris were shortening sail and in some way Morris got caught in the jib and went overboard. Francis Morris, the boy's father, and the mate got hold of young Morris, but he was torn from their grasp and sank before any further assistance could be rendered.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

The compilers of the fourth reader seem to have paid more regard to speed in the issue of the book than accuracy. Perhaps they thought that Kipling was not worth mentioning as a poet. They give us notes on men whose names are seldom or never heard mentioned but Kipling is ignored. For the benefit of our readers therefore, we give below a brief account of his career.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A short biography of Kipling which we promised in our last issue, we are pleased to submit. Rudyard Kipling (originally Joseph Rudyard,) Anglo-Indian author; born at Bombay, India, Dec. 30th, 1865. After studying at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, he returned to India in 1882 as sub-editor of the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette." He left India in 1889 and went to England, after visiting China, Japan, Africa, Australia and the United States. During the second Boer War he visited South Africa as a newspaper correspondent. It was about this time that he wrote "The Absent-Minded Beggar." He first made himself known to a restricted circle of English readers by a volume entitled "Departmental Ditties" (1886) in which he dealt with the salient features of Anglo-Indian life with directness, insight, and metrical facility. An enlarged edition appeared in 1890. In "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1887) he gave the public the first collection of the striking and characteristic stories of English life under Indian conditions, on which his reputation chiefly rests. It was followed by a number of other works at varied dates. His reputation was greatly enhanced by the publication in 1892 of "Barrack-Room Ballads" and other verses. The "Jungle Book" appeared in 1894, illustrated by his father and others, and is regarded by many as his best. It deals with beast-fables of a primitive India. Of Kipling's occasional poems his most famous is "The Recessional," written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (1897). Kipling's best work must always rank high, but he is very unequal, and at times journalistic and mediocre. At his best, however, he is skilful in character-drawing, and his word pictures are often extremely vivid.

I. C. R. NEEDS BRANCH LINES

He Would Have the Branch Lines
Leased—G. T. Pacific will not
Compete With the Intercolonial, says Westmorland M. P.

MONTREAL, Oct. 23—Hon. H. R. Emmerson believes that the I. C. R. can be made profitable. In an interview here Wednesday, a portion of which was given out yesterday, Hon. Mr. Emmerson said in reference to the I. C. R. Management Board:—

"Of course, the whole ideal is to make the line a commercial success. But then, the line never was built for that purpose. It was built as a result of a compact at Confederation, to give transportation to the people of the Maritime Provinces. In Quebec and still more in Ontario, the people have a splendid system of canals which are free to them, and which are maintained at a deficit of a million and a quarter of dollars per annum. The people of the Maritime Provinces have no canals. They have only the railway, and why should there be such an outcry, because the railway, like the canals, does not show a profit?"

"All the same, I believe the I. C. R. can be made profitable, but it will be a policy of expansion, not of construction. What should be done is to extend the line where necessary and to acquire local lines as feeders."

These local lines can be acquired without any capital expenditure—simply by leasing them, as the private corporations do. At present the eastern end of the Intercolonial is very largely a feeder of the C. P. R. at St. John.

Asked if the Grand Trunk Pacific would injure the Intercolonial, when it came into operation, Mr. Emmerson replied in the negative. "It will be a good thing," he replied, "because it will develop the interior of the province and will create its own traffic. It will compete with the C. P. R. far more than it will with the Intercolonial."

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. Atkinson

FARMER'S COLUMN.

WINTER EGGS.

In winter the weather conditions are very changeable. It is not the extreme cold that checks egg-production, but the sudden changes, which in nine cases out of ten may be avoided by keeping the hens in their houses when the thermometer gets to zero and lower. The comfortable bird is the one that is giving the profit, and the best thing to do is to go over carefully the things that cause discomfort to the flocks and use every effort to overcome the losses. When selecting young pullets, bear in mind that any lack of vigor in them while they are young is evidence that they will not be hardy when full grown. Hardiness is everything with a flock, for if any of the old or young stock cannot pass through the winter season of the year with perfect freedom from disease they will not prove profitable as winter layers. The eggs from a flock during cold weather depend on selection and management of the pullets in the summer and fall.

RESULTS OF OVERFEEDING

There is probably no more frequent cause of a small egg supply than that of the hens being in too fat a condition. The necessity for liberally supplying laying hens with food of a nourishing nature has been so often emphasised that many poultry keepers are inclined to overfeed, under the mistaken impression that the more food the birds receive the more eggs do they lay. This is, however, by no means the case, and it is a grave error to feed too liberally or upon too stimulating foods. There is no better method of keeping laying hens in a lean, hard condition than encouraging them to take plenty of exercise. This is not always an easy matter during the winter months, and there are many days when the birds are better under cover. A scratching shed attached to the sleeping compartment is a great boon, as then, no matter how rough or inclement the weather may be, there is always a place in which the hens can obtain exercise, so important a factor towards success. The floor of this scratching shed should be covered with straw or chaff to the depth of several inches, and the grain should always be scattered there among. This gives the birds a good deal of work in scratching for their food, and they soon learn to appreciate the fact that if they work not neither do they eat.

PROTECT FRUIT
TREES IN WINTER.

The piling of scrub about the tree to hold the snow is a good idea, as this may prevent the rabbits from getting near the tree, although it may harbor mice. It is almost impossible to prevent rabbits from injuring fruit trees as they work as much on top of the snow, but sometimes where there is little snow if the trunk is protected there may be no injury. As mice and rabbits may be expected in greater or less numbers every winter, young trees should be regularly protected against their ravages. Mice usually begin working on the ground under the snow, and when they come to a tree they will begin to gnaw it if it is not protected. A small mound of soil from eight to twelve inches in height raised about the base of the tree has been quite effectual, but the cheapest and surest practice is to wrap the tree with ordinary building paper, the price of which is merely nominal. Tar paper is also effectual, but trees have been injured by using it, and it is well to guard against this when building paper will do as well. After the paper is wrapped around the tree and tied, a little earth should be put about the lower end to prevent the mice from beginning to work there, as if they get a start the paper will not stand in their way. It may be stated, however, that although two thousand young trees have been wrapped with building paper for several years at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, there have been practically no instances where the mice have gnawed through the paper to get at the tree. The use of a wire protector or one made of tin or galvanized iron, is economical in the end, as they are durable.

ADDRESS PRESENTED TO
MRS. E. A. McLEAN

At a meeting of the W. M. S. held on Monday evening last, the following address was presented to Mrs. E. A. McLean a prominent worker in the Society:—

Dear Mrs. McLean:—

We the members of Newcastle Auxiliary of the W. M. S. have come here this evening to express to you, our dear friend, our sincere appreciation of the kindness you have shown us ever since you came to reside in our midst.

As soon as you opened your home here, you invited us to hold our meetings with you, and for four years we have regularly visited you each month, and have spent several social evenings here as well. On every occasion we received such a welcome that we could not doubt its genuineness, and we invariably went home with the feeling that we had been where we were wanted, and resolved to go again.

Though we know that you enjoy our meetings, and that in coming here we bring you a little of the outside cheer that you would otherwise miss, yet we feel that the favors we have received have been vastly greater than any we may have conferred on you.

For some time we have thought that we ought to do something to show our gratitude, and we feel sure that in no possible way, can we give you more pleasure, than by presenting you with a certificate of "Life Membership" in the "Society" which fills so large a place in your heart.

This is the evening of our Canadian "Thanksgiving Day," and our people throughout the day have given thanks for God's blessings during the past year. We, as an auxiliary, desire at this time to thank the Providence which has cast your lot and ours in the same place, and has permitted us to have your noble example of unselfishness, and fellowship with your sweet christian spirit.

We trust that this little gathering of friends has brought you happiness, and that the expression of our love and esteem will be an additional cause for thanksgiving on your part.

With a fervent prayer that you may enjoy many years of service for the Master, we are

On behalf of the Auxiliary
Lovingly yours

E. A. Follansbee, Pres.
A. J. Clarke, Treas.

WHOLE SHIP'S CREW
WAS MASSACRED

VICTORIA, B. C. Oct. 21—Further advice of the massacres in New Britain early last month, briefly reported in Sydney cables, received by the steamer Marama yesterday, show that Captain Lindsay, of the ketch Rabaul and ten of his crew, were murdered and burned and the trading vessels looted and set on fire, the bodies of some of the victims being thrown into the flames.

The steamer Laneoog, which had returned to Sydney from the New Britain group shortly before the Marama sailed, reported the occurrence. Her officers said Captain Lindsay, owner and master of the Rabaul, who was prominent in the New Britain trade, was off the east coast of New Britain, about two hundred miles from Herbertsho, recruiting labor. Captain Lindsay went ashore and was escorted to a big native house. As soon as he stepped in he was struck down from behind with a spear, and the blacks sprang upon him with knives. He was hacked to death. The body was then dragged out to the beach and burned. The flotilla of canoes then went off to the Rabaul and the blacks swarmed on board. One after another the ten men of the crew were slaughtered, and a raid was made on the stores, and after they were secured, kerosene was poured over the deck and in the holds and the ship became a funeral pyre for the murdered men. Ship and victims were completely destroyed.

A German punitive expedition was being prepared when the Laneoog left the island.

A report was also brought from the island that the French recruiting ketch Gaudeloupe also was attacked and wrecked by the blacks in New Hebrides at the same time at Malliolo, and the French captain and his crew of eight were massacred, but no confirmation had been received of this.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. Atkinson

An Interesting
Thanksgiving Story

(Continued.)

To see the way they welcomed her no one would have believed that the foregoing conversation could have taken place. But Wilfred was the sort of a girl who is never considered in a dubious light except when she is absent. Girls like Wilfred are too rare and too delightful to be anything but acclaimed when met face to face.

She was twenty-two or thereabouts, with blue eyes and reticent nose, coils of abundant hair wound all around her pretty head, and an adorable gown fitting her adorable figure in the most adorable manner possible. She shook with delight in their dual embrace and returned their various affectionate testimonials in warmest kind.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be back here again," said Wilfred, and her tone was most sincere.

"Why didn't you let us know in time to meet you?" asked Durham, retiring to the hearth rug and contemplating her with a happy smile. "You know we have a modest brougham now."

"No, have you, really? If I had known that I would have telegraphed from Cincinnati. I waited until Indianapolis. Perhaps the reason was that I didn't wake up until I got there you had one."

"I never telegraph before I wake up," said Mr. Durham.

"Last night—at dinner. And then I took the eleven o'clock train. There is a story about town at home that I am engaged, and it annoys me so that I told the family that I would go off until I quieted down. I didn't decide where I'd go until last night, though."

"You can't have done much packing," said Mr. Durham.

"I didn't do any. I haven't a blessed thing with me except one trunk and a hat box and these two bags. I didn't have any time to get things together."

"What a girl you are!" said Durham.

"Am I not? Oh dear, it's awful what a girl I am. Isn't it? And I've been all this winter—oh, I've been ill."

"Not really—what with?"

"Influenza. I had it so badly that whenever I had time I stayed in bed—indeed I did."

"Oh, Wilfred!"

"Yes, I did—on my honor. That's partly why I am here. Change of air, you know. But I want to take off my things; and, oh, have you a telephone?"

"Of course we have a telephone. Do you want to use it?"

"Not now—I just wanted to know if I could use it," said Mrs. Durham.

"I'll take you upstairs and brush you off and then we'll have lunch."

"Perhaps after all I had better use the telephone first. Where is it?"

"Right here," said Durham, stepping aside; "we have it in this room so that it will be real handy."

"Handy, yes; but private, not a bit!" She was at the telephone as she spoke, laughing and picking up the address book.

"We'll go away," said Mrs. Durham.

"Indeed you won't. I want you to share in the fun. I thought of something so droll coming up on the train and I am going to do it at once."

The Durhams exchanged glances.

"Did you ever hear of Harry Thorstall?" Wilfred was looking in the telephone book.

"We've just met him at the Outwents."

"Is he nice?"

"Do you know him? It was Mrs. Durham who spoke."

"I know a man who knows him."

"He's a fine fellow," said Durham, with decision.

"26075. Is he really?" said Wilfred, dropping the book and unhooking the receiver.

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Durham's tone was alarmed.

"Please give me 26075 (to Central). Wilfred, what are you doing?"

"Yes—26075 (still to Central). Wilfred—"

She turned a laughing face toward them both.

"Just listen and you'll find out. Is that 26075? Yes? Is Mr. Harry Thorstall there? No, not his father—I want his son."

"Wilfred, said Durham, almost severely, 'don't you go too far. Remember who you are and who we are.' Wilfred laughed.

"Is that Mr. Harry Thorstall? Very well. Never mind who this is. Just tell me one thing—are you a brave man?"

Durham looked at his wife and his wife looked at him.

Wilfred continued gayly: "I'm so glad to hear it. Do you think that you could stand a test? Would you dare take your motor at once and drive to No. 3286 Delwood avenue and ring the bell?"

"Wilfred Wilfred!" protested Mrs. Durham. Wilfred smiled sweetly on her.

"Never mind who lives there. If Wrightsville and who would take the telegram to Drusilla's grandmother, and the station agent at Wrightsville had an answering telegram saying that Mrs. Creighton's granddaughter was safe in the care of the station agent's wife at Jackson Junction and that

she would be sent along next day. So it was not very long before their minds were relieved of anxiety.

"And now," said Drusilla, "am I going to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, the real American kind like my grandmother said I should have?"

Mrs. Creighton looked a little troubled at this and said: "Well, my dear, I'll do my best, but you know a turkey is a big bird for two people."

"Oh, but we must have turkey," said Drusilla. "It wouldn't be even as good as a London Thanksgiving without turkey, and we could eat it cold, or you could after I'm gone, or we could give it to the cat." Then she had inspiration. "Perhaps," she said, "turkeys are expensive."

"They are, rather," confessed Mrs. Creighton.

"Oh," cried Drusilla, "but I have lots of money and I'm going to buy the Thanksgiving dinner."

And this she persisted in doing in spite of all Mrs. Creighton's efforts to dissuade her. The end of the line isn't a very good place to buy provisions, especially on a holiday morning, but a personal acquaintance with the shopkeeper is of great assistance, and even pumpkin pies of the good old-fashioned brand may be bought from a laborer in an emergency.

So Drusilla had a Thanksgiving dinner such as was never surpassed even in a few years in her own grandmother's stately mansion, for Mrs. Creighton, a jangling hag. And in afternoon, she had a very good dinner, and when the feast was finally ready somewhat late in the afternoon no American need have felt ashamed to see it set before a king.

Besides there was the spice of adventure attached to this Thanksgiving dinner that she herself had bought.

When Drusilla said goodbye next morning, she said, "Now, I have three grandmothers," as she gave Mrs. Creighton a parting hug. And in afternoon, she had a very good dinner, and when the feast was finally ready somewhat late in the afternoon no American need have felt ashamed to see it set before a king.

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No. 4—tf.

A circular logo for Goldie's Choice Flour Blend. In the center is a five-pointed star with a textured, stippled appearance. The word "GOLDIE'S" is arched across the top of the circle. "CHOICE" is on the left side, "FLOUR" is on the right side, and "BLEND" is at the bottom. The entire logo is enclosed in a double-lined circular border.

has gained for itself among business men, means a great deal to the young Man or Woman who secures its Diploma.

Large numbers will be entering in September, but if you cannot come then, come when you can.

Send for free catalogue. Address,

W. J. Osborne,
Frederickton, N. B.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.
DEAR SIRS,—I can recommend your
MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheuma-
tism and Sprains, as I have used it for
both with excellent results.
Yours truly,
St. John.

HAIR LIFTING MYSTERY

Young Lady Loses Her Locks During Sleep.

North Sydney, Oct. 27.—Probably the most surprised person in North Sydney this morning was a young lady, who shortly after arising found that her golden tresses had mysteriously disappeared during the hours she spent in the land of Nod. It was not until some time after arising that the loss was discovered, and the realization that the beautiful locks had disappeared, and in such an unaccountable manner, caused consternation in the household when it became known. The young lady in question was the proud possessor of a head of hair that, when braided, hung considerably below the waist line and was the admiration of all beholders. It was her custom, on retiring at night, to carefully brush and braid her tresses, and last night as usual this duty was faithfully performed. It was when about to start for the bathroom to make her toilet this morning that the hair was missed, for in reaching to her back to seize the braid and prevent it from becoming caught in the jamb of the door through which she was about to pass, she could not find it. Repenting the attempt to secure it, and with the same results she put her hand to her head and found it close cropped. Filled with horror at the realization that her beautiful tresses had disappeared, she rushed to her sister's room with her tale of woe, and eventually surprised the rest of the household of the occurrence.

After standing as a target for a volley of questions she was utterly unable to answer. A search for the missing hair was begun, and it was not until every nook and corner of the house had been repeatedly searched that the probable solution of the mystery was found. Lying on the young lady's dressing table, and hitherto unsuspected of having been instrumental in the tragedy—for tragedy it was—was a pair of manicure scissors, to which clung a few short hairs. This discovery led the sister of the unfortunate girl to look out of the window, and the first object that met her astonished gaze was the braid of hair, fastened at one end with a bow of ribbon, lying on the ground. How it came to be separated from the young lady's head was a mystery too deep to be solved, but after a long family council it was finally determined that the young lady herself, in a fit of somnambulism, had accomplished the difficult task. The job, however, was not performed in an artistic manner as was desirable, and a visit to a professional tonsorial artist was deemed necessary to complete the work so inauspiciously begun.—Sydney Post.

About three years ago a Newcastle girl, while slumbering in the public square, met with a similar misfortune. In his case, one half of his handsome bronze moustache disappeared. Various persons were blamed for the foul deed. But perhaps he too did it during his sleep.

JOE PAGE IS A FREE MAN AGAIN

Montreal, Oct. 28.—Joe Page was acquitted this morning before Judge Choquette in the court of special sessions of the charge of seeking to bribe a crown witness in the case in which Moore and Johnston were accused of trying to swindle Donaldson. In the court this morning Page told that he was responsible in the course of his duty to the C. P. R. for looking after race track men at Delorimer Park, and had been told by a man named Buck that Moore and Johnston had been arrested. When they were called the first day and Donaldson did not appear against them, he had gone up to see what was the matter. Donaldson had then offered to have the case withdrawn if he was paid \$500. That bargain Page had refused. Donaldson was in court and repeated his story. No other evidence was offered and Judge Choquette discharged Page, saying there was no evidence against him.

Social Personal.

Mr. W. E. Fish, C. E. returned from Campbellton Thursday morning. Mr. John Betts of Millerton was in town on Wednesday.

Judge McLatchey was in town Wednesday. A. C. Duchemin of the P. E. Island Salt and Dye factory, Charlottetown was at the Miramichi yesterday.

Mr. John Bannan of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in town, having come to Newcastle in consequence of the critical illness of his brother. He is the guest of his sister, Mrs. P. Hennessy.

Miss Ethel Wilson who has been visiting her home at Wilson's Point, returns to Boston today.

Miss Manservant, of Amherst, is visiting Miss Irving here.

Mr. Chas. W. Anslow of The Graphic, Campbellton, was in town Thursday.

Misses Burtie Ray and Evelyn Williamson spent Wednesday in Chatham.

Mrs. L. R. Leighton was visiting her daughters, Mrs. F. N. Moore and Mrs. W. A. Appleton at Moncton during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. N. McLeod and her little son master Miller, who has been visiting her home here, left Thursday morning for her home in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. R. S. McGilvery of the Royal Bank of Canada staff, late of Shubenacadie, has been removed to the Newcastle branch to relieve J. MacKendie on vacation.

Mr. Chas. Robertson and Mr. Benson, Everett and Clara, spent Thanksgiving with the former's mother, Mrs. John Robertson, at the "Pines".

Mrs. Henry Ingram returned from Campbellton, Saturday, where for the past two weeks, she was the guest of Mrs. John C. Morton.

Miss Edna Payne is spending this week in Chatham the guest of Miss Hattie Gunne.

Mr. Henry Wyse spent Thanksgiving in Moncton.

Mr. O. K. Black, of Richibucto, is in town, the guest of his sister Mrs. D. W. Stothart.

Mr. Frank Curran, Lunenburg, of Richibucto is a guest at the Miramichi. Edward Sinton, Rexton, was in town yesterday, attending the District Division.

BATHURST

BATHURST, Oct. 25.—Miss Emma Power has been making a visit to her friend, Mrs. Paul Doyle in Junction River.

Mrs. P. J. Robert, Inspector of Schools, and Mrs. Robert are being congratulated on the arrival of a wee girl at their home.

Mrs. J. J. Power is spending the Thanksgiving holidays with her sister Mrs. Dugdale in Chatham.

Miss Addie Johnston, who was visiting friends here, has returned to her home in Chatham.

Mrs. P. J. DeWolf of Rosebank, is spending a week here with her husband, who is in the employ of the Bathurst Lumber Co.

Miss Mayme Power has returned from Moncton, where she was visiting her friend Miss Leahy.

Mr. J. Storer of Dalhousie, is spending Thanksgiving with friends in town.

Miss Greta McTomney has returned from a short visit to Carleton Place.

Miss C. Landon of Boston, is making a visit to her home people here.

Mrs. G. Metzler of Campbellton, is visiting her home.

Mr. Eddie Shirley has accepted a position in the town store of the Nipisquit Lumber Co.

Miss Nellie Branch and Miss Marion Miller were the delegates from here to attend the Methodist Mission Board's convention in Campbellton.

Miss Miller while in Campbellton, visited her friend, Miss Fawcett.

The Agricultural meeting held on Saturday evening, which was addressed by Dr. Standish, well known farm expert of Walkerton, Ont., was very well attended and was of much interest to those concerned in farming and stock raising.

Rev. Louis O'Leary, D. D. of Chatham, was a guest at the Presbytery last week.

The parish of the Holy Family, in Bathurst Village is in charge of Rev. John Doucet, during the absence of the pastor Monsignor Varrily, who is in Quebec, attending the Plenary Council.

W. McInerney of Richibucto, is in town this week.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

AN INTERESTING THANKSGIVING STORY

(Continued from page 2.)

knew the voice at once. I never forgot a voice."

"But to ask you to lunch in this way? That's delightful. I like people who go out of the way things, and the more out of the way the things are the better I like them."

He entered the sitting room with her as he said the last words, and Drusilla was there, but alone—Wilfred had vanished.

"I didn't think that you would come," he said jovially. "You are a brave man."

"But I knew," the voice said Thorstall, shaking hands with him also. "Of course I hadn't known the voice I wouldn't have come."

Mrs. Drusilla laughed then, and Drusilla laughed, quite as if he knew what they were laughing over. They laughed afresh then.

"I take it very kind of you to have me to lunch in this way," he said when they had controlled their mirth.

They looked at each other, but suddenly wondering where Wilfred had gone and why he didn't reappear. But at that moment she stepped out from behind the picture.

"Wilfred," she exclaimed.

Thorstall made a sort of bound and seemed to swallow her up as completely as the picture had done.

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Drusilla. She turned quite pale, and looked at her husband, who turned deep scarlet and looked at her.

"You see, I'm engaged," said Wilfred putting her head out.

"Yes, so we—we see," they stammered together.

"Of course," said Thorstall, "turning toward them, 'you understand now that I spoke the truth when I said I knew the voice.'"

Mrs. Drusilla sank weakly into a chair.

"I telegraphed him from Indianapolis, too," said Wilfred in great glee, "but coming up on the train I couldn't help thinking what sport it would be to fool you both—so I did it—and I did it real well, didn't I?"

"I don't think that we were ever better fooled—were we dear?" said his wife.

"No, never."

"I do love to do unexpected things," "Yes, so we—so we—see," they said, another.

"Oh, admirably," said Drusilla.

She said, in great content.

Then Wilfred came out in the open again.

"Change cars at Jackson Junction," said the conductor.

Drusilla nodded and looked dreamily out of the window at the unfamiliar landscape, while she wondered what it really would be like at her grandmother's—her grandmother on her papa's side—to whom she was going for her Thanksgiving vacation.

She had come all the way from New York to make the visit, and now the train was fast leaving Chicago behind her on the main line, from which she had branched out the suburban road which passed through Wellington, the little town where her grandmother on her papa's side had lived ever since she, Drusilla, was a baby.

Drusilla herself had lived in Paris and in London and only for a year past in New York. Her grandmother on her mamma's side, with whom she lived, was fond of travelling, and that was why Drusilla, a big girl of eleven now, had never made her grandmother's acquaintance. She did not know much more about Thanksgiving than she did about America or her other spent the holiday either in a hotel or in travelling or perhaps in a boarding school, and none of these places are likely to give one a very accurate idea of Thanksgiving—a real American Thanksgiving. That was one of the reasons that Grandmother Dalton was so anxious to have her pay the visit promised for so many years at time of the Thanksgiving holidays, and so since Grandmother Schved, the travelling one, didn't care to come so far Drusilla was making the journey alone.

It was getting dark and the landscape was scarcely visible from the lighted cars any longer, so Drusilla drew from her bag the bulky letter that she had received from her papa and mamma just before she left New York. Not every little girl has a papa who hunts crabs in equatorial swamps and a mamma who accompanies him on these perilous and interesting journeys. Whenever Drusilla received one of the wonderfully fascinating letters telling about the adventures and the orchids she counted her blessings and felt that she was the most favored girl on earth, although there were other times, when the other girls' mothers and fathers had her home to tea, for instance, when she almost wished that she had more ordinary parents instead of the orchid hunting kind. Now, however, she was in her most contented mood, for the bulky letter was as fascinating as a fairy tale, in which her own parents figured truthfully as hero and heroine.

Perhaps that was why the time passed so quickly until the train came to a long stop and a passing

JUST NOTE OUR GOOD LINE OF LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Hay	Larrigans	Chairs	General Outfit for
Oats	Blankets	Saws	Cooking in
Flour	Horse Rugs	Axes	Tinware,
Feed, and	Lanterns	S. S. Steel	Graniteware,
General	Peavies	Dolls	or
Provisions	Shovels	Files	Enamelware.

TRY A BARREL OF "BEAVER" FLOUR [Guaranteed.]

STOTHART MERCANTILE COMPANY LIMITED
Phone 45, NEWCASTLE.

employee of the road said, "Getting out, miss?"

Drusilla looked up startled. Every body had left the car. She remembered what the conductor had said about the junction.

"Is this the junction?" she called after the man who had spoken to her. But the man did not hear her, and hastily gathering up her bag, Drusilla disembarked. The train ran up on a siding and Drusilla found herself on a little platform all alone, with not a person in sight anywhere.

Evidently no one had come to meet her, and there was no ticket agent in the station, which was a small one, such as are only opened at train times.

"I will wait," said Drusilla, bravely. "Surely some one will come for me."

She waited patiently. The train once left the cars, and she saw them going away in the dusk and had an impulse to call after them, but did not do so.

Then to her relief she heard footsteps and looking around, saw an old lady coming up on the station. She was a thin old lady, with a sweet sad face, and Drusilla ran toward her eagerly. "Oh," she cried, "are you my grandma? I was afraid you weren't coming."

"I couldn't get over just the moment the train stopped," explained the old lady, "because, you see, I was getting supper, and I was afraid the things would burn, but I knew you couldn't very well get lost in such a little place."

She kissed Drusilla and gave her a warm welcome. They, taking her by the hand, she led the way across a piece of waste land to a tiny little tumble down house back some distance from the station.

It was the smallest house Drusilla had ever been in—the very smallest. There were only two rooms, and both of these had very low ceilings and were not much larger than Drusilla's grandmother, because she had always little bed room at school. It looked as if the roof leaked, too, for in one place the rafters showed through the plaster and there were big stains on the whitewashed walls. But it was very neat and bright. The lamp burned cheerfully and an appetizing smell of fried potatoes greeted Drusilla as she entered. She felt a little surprised that her grandmother should have such a small house and she wondered if she could be so very poor, but there was no doubt that she was a very pleasant grandmother and Drusilla was quite contented.

For supper there were apple sauce and an egg for Drusilla besides the fried potatoes. Drusilla also had a sugar cake, with a large raisin in it. She noticed that her grandmother had neither an egg nor a raisin cake, but it never occurred to her to ask why.

After supper Drusilla felt so tired and sleepy that she fell into a doze while she was petting the great grey cat, which was her grandmother's, and was awakened by a pleasant voice in her ear saying that perhaps it would be better for her to go to bed and talk things over tomorrow. Drusilla had been wondering all through supper time where she was going to sleep, for she had seen only one bed in the small inner room, and that she had supposed belonged to her grandmother. They had talked very pleasantly about her journey and the cat, etc. while they were at supper and her grandmother had not asked her many questions, for she saw Drusilla was a little shy and wanted to get acquainted in her own way. Once or twice Drusilla caught her looking at her peculiarly, as she was studying her granddaughter's appearance.

But she did not think much about it and tumbled comfortably into the bed which her grandmother said was to be hers. "I sleep on the couch in the other room," she explained. Still in spite of her sleepiness there was one thing that lurked in the back of Drusilla's mind. How different her grandmother looked from the photograph which had reached them in London three years ago. The lady had been quite imposing, with a jewel at her throat and her white hair piled high in a fashionable coiffure. This lady seemed much smaller and

her soft hair was arranged most simply. Still people change very much often in three years, and evidently her grandmother had also grown poor in that time. That would account for her not looking so splendid. The Sand Man refused to wait a minute longer by the time Drusilla had considered the situation thus far, and in a moment she was sound asleep.

However, it all came back to her next morning, when her grandmother came to help her dress. Drusilla's bag had been unpacked and her toilet things were spread out on the window sill. Drusilla saw her grandmother gazing curiously at the contents of the bag.

"It doesn't seem much for a whole two weeks," laughed Drusilla, "but my trunk's coming tomorrow. They had it expressed to save bother."

Her grandmother had picked up a silver backed brush and was studying the monogram. "My, what pretty things," she said. "Who gave them to you, my dear?"

"My papa," explained Drusilla. "All my initials are on them, D. L. D., Drusilla Langworthy Dalton."

"There," said Drusilla's grandmother dropping the brush and growing perfectly white, "I suspected something was wrong; yet I couldn't see how it was possible, but if that's your name, then I'm not your grandmother."

"For goodness' sake," cried Drusilla, jumping out of bed and staring about her wildly. "Then, where is my grandmother?"

"And where," said the old lady, "is my granddaughter?" The whole situation seemed incredible. Drusilla could do nothing for a full five minutes but stare at her supposed grandmother and that lady for the same space of time could do nothing but return the stare.

Then with Drusilla's help she began to reason it out. "My granddaughter," she said, "started from New York on the same train as you did, and she's got off at the wrong place, while you've come on here when you should have changed at Jackson and gone on to Wallingford. I only hope that my granddaughter has found your grandmother, but it isn't likely. The only thing for us to do is to find some lady who's going to Wrightsville—that's the nearest place we can telegraph—and get them to send a telegram to your grandmother. There's no train out of here today, because it's a holiday, so you'll have to stay here until Friday. You see I'd never seen my granddaughter before, either. She's coming out to me because her parents are dead and he's going to live here with me right along. I only hope she's as sweet natured as you seem to be, my dear." And the kind old lady beamed on Drusilla and patted her as if she really wished she were her granddaughter.

Mrs. Creighton—for that was the name of Drusilla's hostess—soon found someone who was going to have done so much public good as the proprietor of the "Telegram," acting like a sulky child, because his ideas are ignored by every one else. It would be ungracious to even think of a swollen head in his case, but the public admiration for his many public acts, does not justify the belief that all wisdom is gathered in his opinions. The action of the "Telegram" is certainly injuring Toronto, and will not improve his own standing.—Canadian Municipal Journal.

DR. SAMSON ON TRIAL FOR MURDER

PERCE Oct. 21.—The Crown began yesterday to examine its witnesses.

The first evidence heard was that of Dr. Jos. Arthur Pidgeon, surgeon of Perce, coroner for the district of Gaspe East. On the 11th of March last he was called to Grand River by a telegram from Dr. Samson, who is now the prisoner at the bar. On that day he held an inquest at the prisoner's house on the body of Celarine

Lafontaine, wife of Dr. Samson. Before the inquest, the prisoner handed him a bottle labelled "Tincture of Colombo." Witness tasted contents of bottle and marked it "Fluid Extract of Nox Vomica." After the inquest, he forgot the bottle on the window sill in the room where the inquest was held. A short time after, he noticed it, and sent his son Joseph William and George Beaudin for the bottle. Witness swears positively he got back the same bottle and same liquid he had left on the window sill at Samson's house, but three fourths of the contents of the bottle was missing. There was enough left in the bottle to make a good analysis.

The two next witnesses, George Beaudin and Joseph William Pidgeon, both bailiffs of the Superior Court, explain that they were sent on the afternoon of the 11th of March by Dr. Pidgeon to get a certain bottle he had forgotten at prisoner's house. The bottle was not where the Coroner had left it. After a search that lasted about five minutes, Dr. Samson found the bottle on a shelf under a counter in the house. Before handing the bottle to George Beaudin he poured part of contents into another bottle, which he kept. Cross questioned by Mr. Lafontaine for the defense, Mr. Pidgeon declares that the prisoner looked very sore, but acted like a man who had nothing to hide.

The next witness is Dr. Arthur Vallee, professor of pathological anatomy and medical chemistry at Laval University, Quebec. Also Analyst for the Corporation of the City of Quebec. His evidence is mostly technical.

On the first of July last, at the request of the Attorney General, witness had body of Celarine Lafontaine exhumed in his presence. He made an internal and an external examination of the body. He took out the stomach and its contents, the intestines and their contents, two kidneys, the bladder, the heart, part of liver and spinal columns and placed them in glass jars, which he took with him to Quebec for analysis. He also took to Quebec for analysis a bottle he received from Dr. Pidgeon labelled "Tincture of Colombo" and then "Tincture of nox vomica." This bottle was found to contain tincture of nox vomica, composed of strychnine and brucine. The contents of the bottle and the contents of the organs of the dead woman were tried on animals. The effects were practically the same: poisoned by strychnine. Witness swears positively that strychnine was administered to Celarine Lafontaine before her death. The body was too much decomposed to ascertain the cause of her death.

Eugenie Mercier, wife of Wm. Lafontaine is the aunt of the deceased. She lives next door to Dr. Samson's house. On the 10th of March last at about two o'clock in the afternoon she paid a visit to Mrs. Samson. The prisoner was out at the time. Mrs. Samson seemed to be in proper health. Witness left at about 3 o'clock. At four o'clock from his verandah, Dr. Samson called witness saying: "Come quickly. Celarine is very sick; don't you hear her scream?" When I went in the house she was sitting on the floor screaming and holding her husband by his braces. He was telling her to let him go and he would get her some medicine. She continued holding him until she lost consciousness. I helped to carry her to her bed, and I remained with her. When she regained consciousness, she said to me: "I have a lot of trouble." The prisoner then said: "She is crying because I lost the medical attendance of the men working on the railroad." "No," she says, "it is not for that. The God God knows why I am crying." Witness left the house before Mrs. Samson died. Deceased was a very good woman and an excellent wife; was always very kind to her husband. Her general conduct was irreproachable.

There does seem to be something new under the sun. In Hamilton a man was sent to jail for stealing an umbrella. If that is not absolutely new it must be a revival of the old, for it is a long, long time since such a thing was heard of before.