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W. B. NICHOLSON,
 AGENT
 Woodstock, N. B.

The Life of "Lucky Baldwin."

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

"Lucky" Baldwin, whose given name of Elias Jackson Baldwin was lost sight of in the sobriquet by which he was known throughout the country, and who acquired the nickname by making five million dollars in twenty minutes, was the last survivor and the most picturesque of the group of "bonanza kings" who won fortunes from the earth in California's golden days of '49.

At his death, on March 1, at the age of eighty-one, he left twenty-five million dollars, which, although only about half of the amount he once possessed, was sufficient in itself to arrest to the final appropriateness of the nickname in question.

"Lucky" Baldwin's career, from his birth on a poor little farm in Butler County, Ohio, to his death at Arcadia, his magnificent ranch-home in California, was one long period of spectacular melodrama. When he was seven years old, he was taken to Valparaiso, Indiana, where, after a few years spent in the public school, he decided, at the age of thirteen, to start out and make his own living. He worked around the livery-stables, and saved up enough money to buy a cheap horse.

He traded this horse for two cheaper ones, then sold one of the latter for as much as he paid for the first horse. That was his start, and, when he was seventeen years old, his horse-trades had netted him two thousand one hundred dollars.

With this money, he started a grocery-store in Valparaiso. Business boomed, and he established a general store and hotel in New Buffalo, Indiana. Business boomed there, too, and he hired clerks and started a grain-shipping bureau. A turn in his fortunes following, and, finding himself penniless, he began working at canal-boat building on the first boats to run between St. Louis and Chicago.

A year later found Baldwin working as a bartender in Racine, Wisconsin. He gambled, prospered, and soon owned a big hotel and stable of livery horses.

When the news of the California gold-finds echoed in Wisconsin, he sold the hotel at a large gain and moved on to the West with his horses by wagon-trail, trading his animals all along the route at splendid profits.

In the great Salt Lake Valley he was attacked by Indians and barely escaped with his life.

When he finally arrived in California he did not have a cent, so he went to work as a cab-driver. Six months later he owned a small livery-stable. He gambled, lost the stable, and became a laborer in a brick-yard, and then in a lumber camp.

Baldwin's nerve never deserted him, however, and he kept on. He saved his earnings, bought an interest in a small hotel, and not long afterward acquired the whole establishment.

He made money, but his luck was not spectacular until a foreigner, whom he had befriended, gave him a so-called "lucky-ring." Although Baldwin always ridiculed the idea that the ring had brought him luck, it is to be chronicled, nevertheless, that he clung to it until his death.

At this period, he bought one thousand shares of Crown Point mining-stock at three dollars a share, the stock being considered practically worthless. Things were not going fast enough to suit him, and he decided to go into the theatrical business. He set sail for Japan to hire a troupe of native acrobats and jugglers. Before leaving, he handed his stock to a friend, with the suggestion that the latter sell it for what he could get.

When the stock was offered for sale, however, it was refused because the holder could show no legal authority to dispose of it. And so, when Baldwin returned with his troupe of Japanese performers, he found his stock worth one million dollars, at which figure he promptly sold it.

Anxious to get his winnings, a syndicate succeeded in selling him some Ophir stock at fifteen dollars a share. Baldwin put five hundred thousand dollars of his earnings into the stock, and almost immediately the big strike was made in the Consolidated California and Virginia Mine, adjoining the Ophir, and his stock doubled again and again. Baldwin cleared ten million dollars.

It was in one of these Ophir deals that he made five million dollars in exactly twenty minutes, and won the sobriquet of "Lucky."

In the meantime, his troupe of Japs were drawing crowded houses throughout the country. He afterward sent them to Europe and sold the show for a great price to Gilbert and Sullivan, of comic opera fame.

When, after he had made his enormous winnings in mining-stocks, the Bank of California closed its doors, Baldwin had on deposit there two million dollars. Realizing that a group of men wanted to throw the bank into solvency, he contributed one million dollars to the fund for reorganization, and placed the institution back on its feet.

In 1859, seeking adventure, he went on a prospecting tour into Nevada, spent a winter in the desert, fought Indians, and returned to California richer by several million dollars in valuable mining-property.

In addition to continuing his speculations in mining properties, Baldwin took contracts, the building of the fortifications in San Francisco Bay being one; dealt in real estate, and ran his fortune up in big jumps.

He bought a ranch in San Gabriel Valley, in southern California, and named El Santa Anita, after his daughter. There were sixty thousand acres in the tract. He then built the famous Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco at a cost of two million dollars. Race-horse breeding subsequently attracted his attention, first trotters, then runners, and his luck on the turf added much to his fame.

He became particularly conspicuous in racing-circles in the seventies, when he became interested as backer and part owner of the horses that took part in the great sectional four-mile races in California. At his Santa Anita ranch he established a great stable—about the most noteworthy aggregation of fast horses through the eighties. In this period his horses four times won the American Derby.

Among the famous horses that he raced during his long period of turf prominence were the phenomenal colt, Emperor of Norfolk, Rey El Santa Anita, Molesty, Volante, Silver Cloud, Lucky B., Gano, Cruzados, Americano, and Rey del Careres. His stable declined in the late eighties, and last attracted attention a decade ago at Saratoga.

Baldwin's matrimonial ventures were not less sensational than the other incidents of his career.

He was married when he started for California, and three times after he got there—after proper intervals succeeding divorce. In addition, he defrauded four different suits for breach of promise, and paid one judgment of seventy-five thousand dollars.

His life was twice attempted by women, who alleged they had claims against him, one of these being Anita Baldwin, later said to be his niece, who wounded him with a pistol-shot in the Baldwin Hotel in 1883. He soon recovered.

"Lucky" Baldwin, considering the hard life he led, was a man of wonderful vitality. When he was seventy-five years old, he started out to double his fortune, and went to Alaska and tried his luck at Nome. He was unable to stand the insistent strain, however, and returned to California, despite the fact that things began to look prosperous for him in the northern running country. He wanted to remain in Nome, at that, but his friends dissuaded him.

He then sold the site of the Baldwin Hotel, cleared off several remaining debts, and settled down to spend the remaining years of his life in quiet.

Baldwin's greatest love was for his thoroughbred horses, and the death of Emperor



DANGERS OF NEGLECTING A SORE.

NEVER neglect a cut or sore, however trivial it may appear. Mrs. B. E. Bedwell, of 337, Provancher Avenue, St. Boniface, Winnipeg, had a small sore on the second finger of her left hand. She thought it would get right unaided, but it didn't. Instead, blood-poisoning set in. She says: "I then tried poultices and an ordinary salve. These, however, did not have the desired effect, and, as the finger began to fester, I had to call in a doctor, who lanced it. Despite his care, however, it again festered, and the ointments, liniments, and other preparations which the doctor gave me seemed absolutely unable to bring about any relief. We were told of a case similar to my own in which Zam-Buk had effected a cure when everything else had failed, and we, therefore, decided to give Zam-Buk a trial. It only needed a few days to show the wisdom of this step. The blood-poisoning and inflammation were reduced, and the pain became less acute. In under three weeks from first commencing with Zam-Buk the finger was quite sound again."

Zam-Buk SAVED HIS HAND!
WHEN TORN BY TROLLEY ROPE

WORKING men and women throughout the Dominion find that Zam-Buk is the greatest boon they can have as a healer of accidental cuts, burns, and bruises, as well as skin diseases. Mr. H. G. Purchase, conductor on the Toronto Street Railway, tells how this great herbal balm benefited him when he met with his accident.

The trolley pole of his car slipped off the live wire, and the rope was caught in the standard. Purchase held on to the rope until his hand was pulled up to the top of the car. There it was held, and the rope, pulled through his fingers by the force of the moving car, tore and lacerated to a shocking extent three fingers, tearing several pieces of flesh completely away. Zam-Buk was applied, and eased the pain very quickly. Writing to this effect, Mr. Purchase says:—

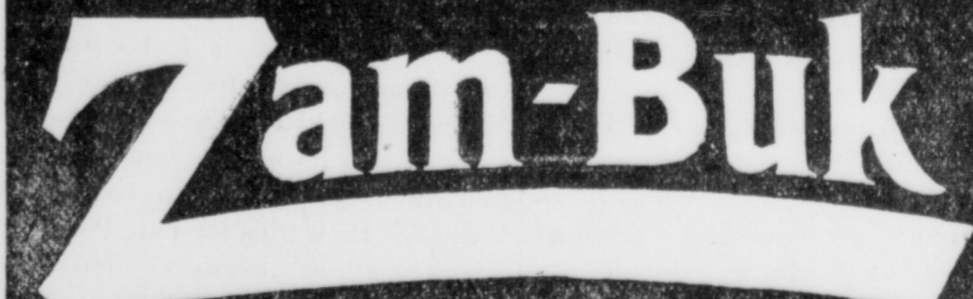
"I had previously had experience of the healing power of Zam-Buk, and the way it soothes cuts and injuries. I, therefore, bound the fingers in Zam-Buk, and it was most gratifying the way in which this balm soothed the pain. Two

days after the accident the wounds were closed, and new skin was beginning to form over the top. Each day I dressed the wounds with Zam-Buk, and I am now back again at work with the hand as sound as ever. To look at it you would never know it had been so terribly torn and lacerated.

"I do not think there is anything to equal Zam-Buk as a healer of skin injuries and diseases."

WHAT YOU SHOULD USE ZAM-BUK FOR.

Zam-Buk cures pimples, skin-eruptions, burns, cuts, piles, festering ulcers and sores, blood-poisoning, salt rheum, pruritic itch, ringworm, bad leg, disjunct ankles, old wounds, eczema, and all skin-diseases. All Druggists and Stores sell at 50c. per box, three for \$1.25, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.



of Norfolk, the pet of his stable, affect'd him deeply. His ruling passion was gambling, and it remained with him even during the last weeks of his life.

As late as Washington's Birthday—shortly before he died—he summoned his betting commissioner to his bedside and ordered him to lay a bet of three thousand dollars on certain race-horse.

For pastime, before he declined into the final and fatal weakness, his chief diversion consisted in dealing "cold hands" to himself with a pack of cards he kept continually within reach.

Just before he passed away, "Lucky" Baldwin turned to Dr. J. W. Truworthy, his physician, and said: "But, anyway, doctor, I'm dying game!"

Babies.

Babies are raised in all parts of the country except Park Lane. They furnish one of the best illustrations of the procreancy of nature, for it is necessary to produce a great number for one who amounts to anything.

Babies are used for various purposes. They furnish a basis for the blanket industry and keep two people living together who would otherwise not be compatible. They create trouble, relatives, and noise, and have on occasions been known to turn night into day. Always popular with the masses, they are treated with indifference by the best people.

Babies are divided, roughly speaking, into the following classes:—

The plain Baby.—This species exists in the families of all other people.

The Good Baby.—This species is common to one's own family.

The first Baby.—This species lives with the parents and sometimes survives their mistakes.

The Lovely Baby.—Exists only in the conversion of woman.—Thomas L. Maason in New York Herald.

Field And Garden Seeds.

The Season for the purchase of Field and Garden Seeds now being at hand, we are led to think of the importance of buying only those Seeds which are pure and of strong germinating powers. The farmer who buys the best seed obtainable does a service, first to himself; second, to his neighbors; third, to his country. On the other hand, the man buying poor seed injures himself, his neighbour and his country; himself by raising a small crop of inferior quality; his neighbour by maintaining in his own fields a nuisance in the shape of Weeds, the seeds of which, at harvest time, will be blown into the adjoining fields; his country by diminishing to the extent of its own ability its producing power for the best products. In this connection we believe that the passing of the Seed Control Act of 1905 by the Dominion Government has been a large benefit to the farmers of our country, as it has undoubtedly prevented unscrupulous dealers from selling the very poorest seeds. For the above reasons the proprietors of York and Kent Brands of Timothy have been especially careful to buy only the best seeds procurable. We have seen a report of a qualified expert, which says that in the samples analyzed York and Kent Timothys do not contain a single weed Seed named in the Control Act of 1905. Therefore, if the farmers of this country wish to protect their own, their neighbor and country's interest, they will insist of getting York and Kent Timothy Seeds.

Repeat:—"Stitch" Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.

A Parisian Eccentric.

(London Chronicle.)

Count Bertrand, who recently died in Paris, was a very eccentric man, and to one of his eccentricities he ascribed his long life. Once a year he would betake himself to bed and stay there for three months. On these occasions he would see no one but his servant, who brought him his meals, and even him he forbade to speak. Just before the Germans began the siege of Paris, the count went to bed, and the servant, true to his injunctions said nothing of the events going on around him. One day the bread proved so bad the count demanded an explanation, whereby, of course, he learned that Paris was encompassed by the enemy. Springing out of bed, the count paced the floor, repeating, "What should a Bertrand do under such circumstances?" Suddenly he stopped, exclaiming, "We should go to bed!" and to bed he went, and stayed there until the siege was over.

How's This For Mud?

Of all the yarns that ever came down the line, regarding deep mud, the following should be entitled to the blue ribbon. It happened in the place where mud originated.

A man was walking along the roadside one summer day and noticed a fairly good looking hat out in the road. Reaching out with his cane, he gave it a cut and was startled to hear a voice exclaim: "Here, what the deuce are you doing?"

Then he made the astonishing discovery that the owner of the head-piece was under the hat, up to his ears in mud.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the man who had hit the hat. "Is that mud as deep as that?"

"Deep!" cried the victim. "Why, man alive, I'm standing on a load of hay!"—Lewis A. Wentworth.

A Different Boy This Time.

An interesting even to occurred in the household of a scientific gentleman who is a member of one of Uncle Sam's chemical bureaus in Washington.

The gentleman himself was hard at work in his home laboratory when the news was brought him.

"It's a boy," quietly announced the physician, as he stopped on the threshold.

"All right, all right," muttered the absent-minded chemist, as he bent over his work. "Er—uh—ask him what he wants, wont you?"—Howard Morse.

Thoughts.

It is more glorious to pardon an injury than to avenge it.

Our nobleness of soul consists in steady love of what is good, steady scorn of that which is evil.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong if its strife, and all life not be stronger and purer thereby.

It is one thing to wish truth to be on our side, and it is another thing to wish to be on the side of truth.

Temperate habits will maintain our health in vigor and render us equal to the discharge of all the active duties of life.

Impossible.

In a certain town are two brothers who are engaged in the retail coal business. A noted evangelist visited the town, and the elder brother was converted. For weeks after his conversion he endeavored to per-

suade his brother to join the church. One day he said to him: "Why can't you join the church, Richard?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join, who's going to weigh the coal?"—Charles Houston Goudiss.

Legal Residence.

The wretched-looking tramps were brought up before a justice of the peace. Addressing the worst-looking one, the justice said:

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"And where do you live?" said the justice, addressing the other.

"I've got the room above him, your worship."—S. I. Lake Outlook.

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" Pastry Flour, \$5.80 "

" Bran \$1.45 bag "

" Middlings \$1.55 "

These goods are guaranteed.

Canadian Pacific Railway

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(Trains daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION.)

6.35 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet, M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vancouver, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jet, to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jet, to Halifax, Dining Car, McAdam Jet, to Truro.

10.55 P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster Rock, and intermediate points.

12.10 A EXPRESS—For all point North; M Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.

4.50 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, St. John, and East; Vancouver, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

12.10 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East, St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.

12.40 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.

1.17 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.

5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and River du Loup.

10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, Andrews, Houlton, Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal.

W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., St. John.

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