McCLOUD CONFESSES.

KITTERY, Me., Sept 6.—The full and unreserved confession of the murderer late this afternoon furnishes the authorities of York county with the solution of the mystery surrounding the killing of Miss Sarah McDonald, otherwise Sadie Waldron, at Kittery Point last Tuesday night. The confession was made by Chas. Almond McCloud, an ignorant secluded man of vicious habits.

McCloud was held without bail for the September term of the York County court.

The confession was made by McCloud to Sheriff Fogg of Sanford.

The respondent accounts for his fiendish work by his passion for strong drink, which he says deranged him mentally. The penalty is state prison for life.

To Sheriff Fogg, McCloud stated that he left his home at Kittery Point at 6 30 o'clock on Tuesday evening, reaching Portsmouth at seven. He remained at Portsmouth till 11 o'clock at a house of questionable repute. Here he drank a good deal of liquor and upon leaving for home took half a pint of whiskey. On the trolley car on which he rode was Sadie Waldron. She alighted at Old Berry Lane and started to walk home.

McCloud stayed on the car until Hatch's corner was reached, about one and a half miles farther on. At the corner he got off the car, walked back and met the woman. She was then at the junction of the main road back of the government reservation. He made a proposal to her, which she declined. McCloud says he then knocked her down by a blow from his fist, and continued striking her until she was insensible. He then tore her clothing and horribly mutilated her. He then drank what remained of the whiskey he had and threw the empty bottle beside the body and left the spot. He had torn off the bottom of the victim's clothing and used it to wipe the blood from his hands.

McCloud has a family. Before his marriage he became acquainted with the Waldron woman at his father's house where she was housekeeper for some time. Young McCloud and the woman quarreled about a number of articles which had disappeared from the house and which she was accused of stealing. The woman left the McCloud home soon after this, and since that time the younger McCloud and she had not been friendly.

LOST HIS BUSINESS!

Ill-health "puts the shutters up" in many an honest man's business, and there are thousands of cases on record where the only seeming power on earth to take them down again is South American Nervine.

"I was completely prostrated with Nervous Debility. I had to give up business—doctors only helped me temporarily. I was the most discouraged man alive when I started taking South American Nervine, but the splendid cures I had read gave me hope, and I had not taken half a bottle before I found relief. I took twelve bottles, but am cured."—L. Brett, Merrickville.

Boys will be boys, quoted the apologist for the youngsters.

But will be nuisances, you mean, retorted the man whose garden had been wrecked.

Same thing, was the reply. Wording slightly changed, but the underlying idea is the same.

JEALOUS RIVALS

Cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel.

It's the old story, "The Survival of the Fittest," and "Jealousy its own Destroyer."

Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache; never gripe, operate pleasantly. 40 doses, 10c.; 100 doses, 25c. 5

Patron—On what plan is this meal served?

Waiter—A la carte, sir.

Patron—A la carte, eh? That accounts for this steak. It's horse meat, sure.—Philadelphia Press.

IN "TYPHOID'S" TRAIL

Came violent Rheumatism and more violent Neuralgia—Doctors couldn't stem the disease tide—3 bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure "gave battle" and won gloriously.

Mr. W. W. Brownell, of Avonmore, Ont., says that a few years ago he had typhoid fever. After recovering was attacked most violently by Rheumatism and Neuralgia, he suffered so he thought he would die. Many a night thought he would not live till morning. Doctors tried to relieve him but could not. After taking three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure every vestige of pain left him and he was as well as ever.

STUPID COLLECTOR.

The Dun.—I've called to see if you can settle that little account with us to-day. I've called already at least 50 times.

The Dunned.—And yet you want it settled? I should think by this time you'd regard it as settled already.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.

The Jockey's Bogy.

"The bogy of a jockey's life is growing on flesh," says Ainslee's. "He dreads this as a beauty dreads to lose her charms, and his whole thought from the age of 16 to 25 is to avoid the catastrophe. This is the pernicious feature of the life and distinguishes it as a healthful sport from boxing or from football, in which the physical being is developed according to the laws of nature and is not outraged or balked. In order to reduce his weight nine pounds Monk Overton once remained in a Turkish bath from 10 p. m. one day until 2 p. m. the next, with no nourishment except a cup of tea and some toast.

"Again, Mike Bergen, mounted on a favorite, rode such a poor race that the stewards came to the paddock to investigate and punish him for fraudulent riding. They forgave the performance, however, when they found him collapsed and unable to speak. Knowing that he had to ride at a certain weight, Bergen had spent 48 hours in a Turkish bath, eating nothing whatever. When he reached the track, he was so weak that a stimulant was necessary. The one drink of whisky he took so demoralized his faculties that he could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle.

"Such a violation of physical development at the age when a boy should be most rapidly maturing makes it difficult for a jockey ever to become robust. Moreover, the mere riding of a race is a terrible drain on the nerve force of a jockey. A boy may lose a pound of weight in a hard race."

Did Not Speak With Knowledge.

On a clear and beautiful Sunday morning in a parish not far from Milwaukee a priest was pleased to note the presence at service of an unusually large number of the male members of his congregation, and, since he had been informed of considerable trouble in his flock, he considered it an opportune time to give those present a friendly, yet pointed, sermon on forbearance. He charged the men, particularly the married men, to be ever kind, courteous and considerate to women, to overlook all opportunities for trouble, to be good to them and solicitous of their welfare, and finished with a masterly peroration relating to connubial decency on the part of husbands.

Shortly after he met an old and respected member of the church and said:

"Michael, I was glad to see you at church Sunday. And how did you like the sermon?"

"Well, father," the old man answered, "the language was beautiful, and the delivery was fine; but, be jabbers, father, if you was only married about three months you'd tell a different story!"

Resented the Allegation.

Two men zigzagged unsteadily down Lowe street the other morning shortly after midnight. It was a case of "united we stand, divided we fall." Each of course was trying to steer the other safely home. At length No. 1 came up against a pole and held fast. No. 2 tried in vain to pull him forward. Then No. 1 became impatient at the other's obstinacy and spoke very frankly:

"Shay, you're—hic—you're a shump—thash what you are! I've seen worse men 'n—hic—you in jail!"

This was more than No. 2 could stand. He felt that his honor as a gentleman had been sullied, and, bracing himself stiffly, he replied, with spirit:

"If you shay you've—hic—seen worse men 'n me in jail, why—hic—you're a liar, thash what you are!"

Don't Believe All You Hear.

A man in a railway carriage was snoring so loudly that his fellow passengers decided to awake him. One particularly sensitive old gentleman shook up the sleeper with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the carriage," said the old gentleman testily.

"How do you know I'm snoring?"

"Why, we can't help but hear it."

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the culprit and went to sleep again.—London Standard.

Took No Chances.

"I'll tell you how it is, parson," said the board of trade clerk. "You've married us, and you'll admit that it is a good deal of a speculation. Now, I'll pay you $2, the regular fee, now and call it square or I'll wait 60 days and pay you what experience teaches me the job is really worth to me, even if it's $100."

The clergyman looked long and earnestly at the energetic, determined young woman and sighed.

"Give me the $2," he said.

They Hadn't Made Up.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in the package?"

"Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied indifferently.

"It's something for the one I love best in all the world."

"Ah, I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."

A Serious Complaint.

What made you leave your place wif dat gentman?" asked Miss Miami Brown. "Didn't he pay you right?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "He paid fur' rate, but his clothes was so out of style dat I was almost forced to keep out of society."

Waited For the Appropriation.

"Yes, he has cut loose the dogs of war."

"What was holding them back?"

"The sinews."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why We Eat Oysters Raw.

Dr. William Roberts in his interesting lectures on the digestive ferments writes: "Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually and by preference in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference.

"The fawn colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment, the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase.

"The oyster in the uncooked state or merely warmed is, in fact, self digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers."

Lincoln as a Life Saver.

William A. Newell, who had the rare distinction of being governor of two states—New Jersey and Washington—told in Success of his romantic experiences as a congressman in 1849, when he originated the life saving service by offering a resolution in the house of representatives to appropriate money to save lives imperiled by the sea. Fellow members of congress at that session were John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Newell said:

"Various objections were made to my motion, the strongest of which was that the scheme was impracticable. I laid the matter before a great many senators and members, speaking to them in person. Ex-President John Quincy Adams occupied a seat just behind mine and after the reading of the resolution clerk leaned forward and said to me, 'I would like to see that resolution.' I sent for it and handed it to him. He read it over carefully and, handing it to me, said, with a smile: 'It is good. I hope it will prevail.' Abraham Lincoln also read it and said: 'Newell, that is a good measure. I will help you. I am something of a life saver myself, for I invented a scow that righted itself on the Mississippi sand bars.'"

Calling the Doctor.

A good story is told of Dr. X., who is the physician in charge of the female wards of one of our best known charitable institutions. One evening about 9 o'clock Mary, a new Irish servant girl, knocked at the door, saying:

"Doctor, the head nurse wants you to come down to supper."

The doctor, swelling in his pride of superiority above the nurses, sent the Irish girl away with a curt message. Half an hour later the head nurse came to his room looking very serious.

"Doctor," she said, "No. 8 is very bad indeed. I think you ought to see her at once."

"Why did you not let me know before?" was the reply.

"Why, doctor," said the nurse, "I sent you word by Mary half an hour ago."

"The fool!" said the doctor. "She told me to come down to supper!"

"Why," said the nurse, "I sent you word to come down to eight!"

An inquiry made the whole thing clear. Mary thought it more polite to say "Come down to supper" than to say "Come down to ate."

A Sensitive Scot.

A sensitive Scot rebukes the London Daily Chronicle for saying that his countrymen pronounce man "mon." "The absurd form 'mon,' he writes, "is the hall mark of Scots' vernacular as written by a southern pen, and its intrusion has often lent additional sadness to comic journalism, even, alas, to the pages of our chief humorous periodical. In the north of England 'mon' certainly occurs; in Scottish speech never. In Scott and Stevenson one may look for it in vain. The broad, soft vocalization of the word in Lothian dialect lies somewhere between 'maun' and 'maan,' but as it cannot be literally symbolized the word should be spelt in dialect passages simply as in English."

Accordingly.

"She's well educated, isn't she?"

"Well, she's one of those women who can pass as being that way. When she meets any one who can speak French and not German, she can speak German, and when she meets any one who can speak German and not French she can speak French."

His Mistake.

"How lovers are given to freaks of fancy!"

"What's the case in point?"

"Here's a story where a fellow calls his girl's hair golden, and the accompanying picture shows it's only plaited."

Her Hint.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest.

Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.—Exchange.

It is said that posts planted in the earth upper end down will last longer than those which are set in the natural position in which the tree grew.

It is sometimes easier to step into another man's shoes than it is to walk in them.

NINE BOILS.

FOUR RUNNING SORES.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

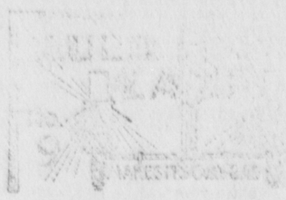
Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three bottles. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the sores to heal up. After taking the third bottle there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so much that I am now strong and robust again.

Yours truly,
MISS MAGGIE WORTHINGTON.

Feb. 3rd, 1901. Golspie, Ont.

"What on earth is that horrible smell?" asked the museum manager.

"Oh, th' fat lady has refused th' india rubber man, an he's burning with indignation."—Denver Times.



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SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, on

MONDAY,

THE ELEVENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER,

next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, use, possession, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of Patrick Harnett, of, in, to, out of or upon the following lands and premises:—

All that certain lot of land situate in the Parish of Weldford, in said County of Kent, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the North West angle of lot No. 18 granted to Amos Direx, thence Block Q; thence North 8° and 30 minutes west 20 chains; thence north 81° and 30 minutes east 25 chains; thence south 8° and 20 minutes east 20 chains, and thence south 81° and 21 minutes west 25 chains to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres more or less.

Also all that certain lot of land containing three quarters of an acre more or less, situated in said Parish of Weldford, near Molus River, on the southerly side of Harley road, bounded as follows: On the west side of the Walker road so called, leading from the Harley Road to the farm granted to John Walker; on the south side of the Walker farm so called; on the west by the brook east of Alexander Campbell lot so called, being the said lot I am conveyed by James Porteous and sale to Patrick Harnett by deed dated the thirteenth day of May A. D. 1896, and registered in Book O, No. 2, of Kent County Records at Page 280. Together with all the buildings, improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court against the said Patrick Harnett.

AUGUSTE LEGER,
Sheriff of Kent County

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto.
August 6th, 1901.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, THE NINETEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, next, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, use, possession, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever either at law or in equity of the estate of George E. McLeod, of, in, to, out of or upon the following land and premises:—

All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situated in the village of Kouchibouguac in the Parish of Carleton, in the County of Kent, New Brunswick, on the westerly side of the Post Road leading to Chatham, described and bounded as follows:—

Beginning at a stake near the said Post Road leading to Chatham and running southerly following said Post Road to the road leading to the mill, 90 feet, thence westerly following said road leading to the mill to a small brook 252 feet, thence northerly following said small brook, 90 feet, thence easterly to the place of beginning 252 feet, containing half an acre more or less, together with buildings and improvements thereon and appurtenances to the same belonging. The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of two warrants issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Kent County at the instance of the Collectors of rates and taxes for the said Parish of Carleton against the said estate of George E. McLeod for non-resident County and school taxes for the years 1899 and 1900.

AUGUSTE LEGER,
Sheriff of Kent County.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto,
August 12th, 1901.

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The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKeen house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.

R. H. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house. JOHN McKEEN.

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First-class Livery Stables in connection.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor

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Commencing to-morrow I propose to sell out my entire stock of goods. You can readily understand I expect to clear them at a loss. I have no use for or patience with OLD stock, and I call all goods on hand a few months, old stock. Call on almost any store and you will find samples of it.

I deal with the best houses in Canada and aim to keep the freshest and cheapest stock. The only way I can do so is to keep renewing.

Remember, I pay CASH and well do I know the value of it in trading. Enough said now, give me a call.

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