

## WEeping ECZEMA SOON RELIEVED

A Perfect Treatment For This  
Distressing Complaint

WARRING, ONT.  
"I had an attack of Weeping Eczema; so bad that my clothes would be wet through at times.

For four months, I suffered terribly. I could get no relief until I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and 'Sootha Salva'.

The first treatment gave me relief. Altogether, I have used three boxes of 'Sootha Salva' and two of 'Fruit-a-tives', and am entirely well."

G. W. HALL.

Both these sterling remedies are sold by dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"Fruit-a-tives" is also put up in a trial size which sells for 25c.

### SPINACH AND CHEESE.

Clean spinach thoroughly and cook for ten minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and chop very fine, add 1 onion also chopped fine. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and 1 cup of soup stock. Cook until smooth, add 1 tablespoon grated cheese, salt and pepper, and pour over spinach. Serve with hard boiled eggs.

## MANY CIRCUS EMPLOYEES KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

**Disastrous Smashup on the Michigan Central Railway --- Train of Supply Pullmans Smashed Into a Circus Train---Engineer Seems to Have Disregarded the Signals---Circus Train Was Stalled on a Siding**

Gary, Ind., June 23—Sixty-two bodies of Hagenback-Wallace Circus employees who were killed in the wreck six miles west of here on the Michigan Central railroad Saturday morning lay in temporary morgues here and at Hammond tonight, while circus officials made frantic efforts to compile an accurate list of dead and injured. Only twenty of the bodies had been identified.

Most of the worst were charred or mangled beyond recognition.

Edward M. Hallard, General Manager of the circus, tonight issued a statement saying that probably 85 persons had been killed. He said a hasty

tabulation of scattered employees showed that sixty are missing in addition to the 26 identified dead. Most of the missing are said to be "Razor-backs" many of them negroes. F. S. Whipple, railroad trainmaster, also has been given up as dead. Parts of two bodies cremated in the furnace of tangled steel and timbers which was the circus train, were dug out tonight. The authorities said that if the death list is as great as estimated by circus men, the additional bodies probably were reduced to ashes.

An inquest will be held at Hammond tomorrow and Gustav Klaus, fireman of the troop train of empty

## Complexion Lotion! Use Fresh Lemons and Strain Juice

Any grocer will sell you two fresh lemons and your drug store will supply you with three ounces of orchard white. Put these in a bottle and shake well. Here you have a whole quart pint of the most wonderful lemon lotion at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams.

Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smoother and beautifier.

Used by day, this sweetly fragrant lotion protects the skin from the evil effects of the weather and prevents roughness, redness, chafing and smarting. At night it works in the pores while you sleep, and is intended to bring a freshness and peach-like beauty that wins envy and admiration.

Just try it! Make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally helps to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It works marvelously on rough, red hands. Try it and see for yourself.

pullmans, have been ordered brought there to testify.

"We will have the engineer, Alonzo K. Sargent, present when we are ready for him," was all the deputy coroner Greene would say. Sargent is being held at Kalamazoo, Mich. Neither man was injured. Sargent had been 28 years in the employ of the Michigan Central.

New York and Chicago theatrical men and officers of the showmen's league sent representatives here today to offer assistance to the injured and to relatives of the dead. Plans were discussed providing for the purchase of a lot in which all unidentified victims would be buried under a single monument.

None of the \$25,000 in cash reported by circus officers lost in the wreckage was recovered.

### Performers Killed in Sleep

The empty troop train, travelling down a strait stretch of track, totally demolished three of the flimsy circus coaches and badly damaged a fourth.

According to reports to local authorities, the circus train which carried four sleepers, five stock cars, fifteen flat cars and a caboose, pulled part way into a switch, and stalled there on account of a hot box. The flagman went back on the main track and set fuses as a warning of danger. The circus train was in this position when the equipment train plowed into the sleepers, reducing them to a pile of tangled steel and timbers. Fire engendered by the gas-lighting system of the circus train, started almost immediately, and when rescuers reached the scene the entire wreckage was in flames.

Nearly all of the circus performers were sleeping and probably were crushed to death in their sleep. The crash came so suddenly there was no chance to escape.

News of the disaster was slow in getting out, as the wreck tore down the wires. Ed. Ballard of French Lick, Ind., owner of the show, was in the city when notified by telephone. Relief trains with doctors, nurses, and fire engines were sent from Hammond Gary, East Chicago, and other nearby cities.

Attempts of the Gary fire department to curb the flames and make possible quick access to the imprisoned victims were unsuccessful because of lack of water supply in that outlying district. Survivors struggled about the wreck, screaming for relatives or friends, and only force prevented two or three men from rushing into the blazing wreckage.

L. W. Landman, general passenger agent of the Michigan Central said that his only explanation of the wreck was that the engineer of the train of empty cars must have been dead at the throttle.

"In no other way can I account for the fact that he ignored all of the usual danger signals placed by the circus train," said Mr. Landman. "He ran past two block signals, two red-light signals, and the usual fuses planted between the rails and throwing off a brilliant red light visible for a long distance."

"This engineer is missing. My information is that with the exception of the engineer, whose fate is a mystery, no one on the train of pullmans was hurt. It will be some time before

(Continued on page 7.)

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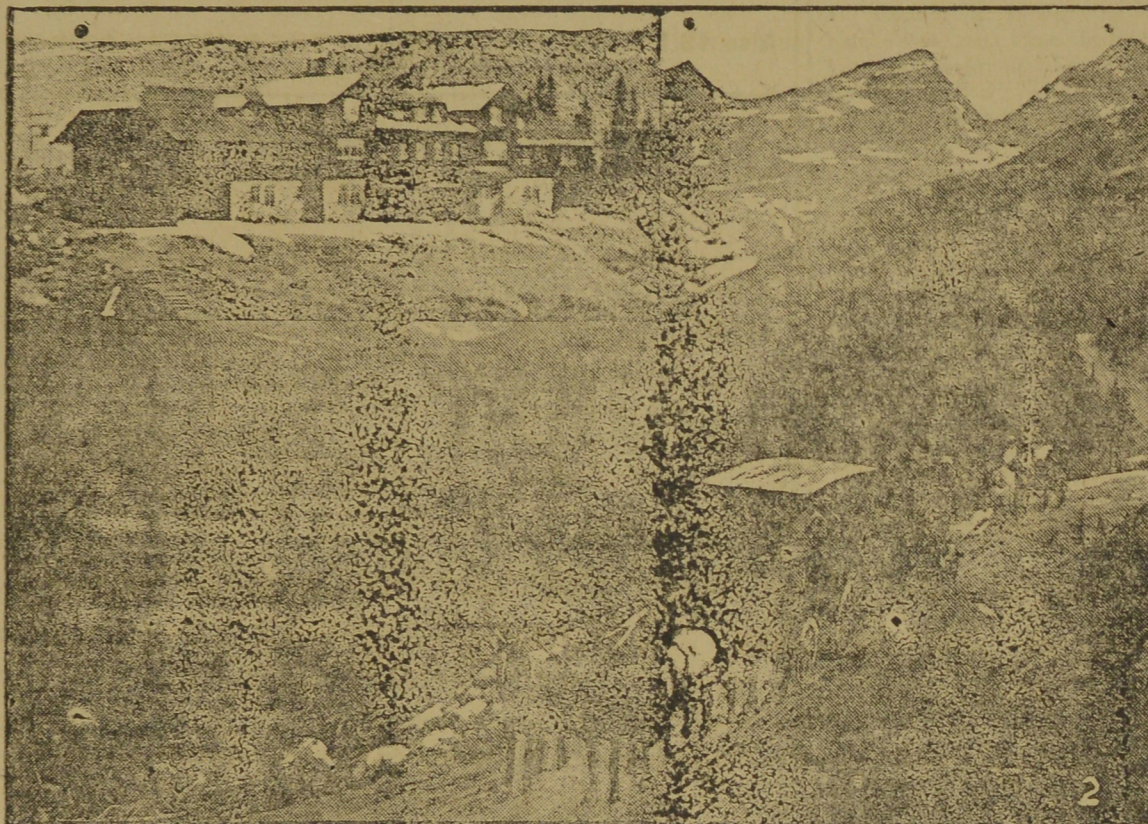
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## TO PARADISE BY TALLYHO



WHEN that colossal "thrust from the Pacific" of which geologists tell us, heaved the Rockies into the pre-historic sky to compete with the already time-worn Selkirks, it was evident that the Thruster—whatever he might be—wasn't planning a place for picnic parties. He dropped the scintillant jewel of Lake Louise into one unreachable cup. He dug out a second scour to the east where Paradise Valley now twists its enormous length between the evergreen feet of contemptuous mountains. He threw up the peaks which men term the Wenkemna Range—after the Indian numeral signifying ten—and from their aloof summits decreed that an unknown glacier should grow and crawl and die, leaving the vast scrapheap that has blocked the valley and made possible that still solemn, shining mirror of the clouds which its discoverer fittingly named Moraine Lake.

After he had done all this and a million other wonderful and prankish bits of engineering, the mountain builder insulated his achievements by a couple of thousand miles of prairie to the east and twice the length of blue water towards the sunset.

None but the brave deserve the fair, but a great many others get her. Yet if it hadn't been for the restless spirits of the true-brave, the adventurers, the busy trunk-men, the succeeding railway builders, and finally, the industrious pick-and-shovel artists of both the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, most of us would never have heard of Moraine Lake, and none of us who aren't graduate Alpinists would have seen it.

To-day there are a few breath-taking sights reserved for the man of spiked shoes, who wears his heart in his mouth. But most of the wonder-spots are mapped and trailed and even carriage-roaded so that the laziest is luckiest, and the lady who can't even ride, let alone walk, may jog trot right into paradise on the front seat of a tallyho!

It's hard to excursionize at Lake Louise, for the reason that you can't imagine anything lovelier than the view from the hotel verandah. But even that nature-poised-and-painted panorama will be better appreciated if you get away from it for an hour or two.

Climb up the tallyho ladder for the nine mile drive down the valley of the plunging Bow. You needn't worry about hurrying home again. There's a little cabin nestling up among the cold peaks that will give you tea and toast this afternoon and a bed over night if you're fisherman enough to wish to rise betimes for the trout, or artist enough to hear the call of the morning reflections in

(1) A C. P. R. cottage at Lake Louise. (2) Tally Ho on road to Moraine Lake. (3) On the shores of Lake Louise.

Moraine Lake, that are packed up and put away by nine o'clock every day.

The Bow Valley is 5,500 feet above sea level and so wide and deep that after one of the infrequent Rocky rains, a whole double rainbow can be seen in it, intact from end to end, tempting the superstitious to jump down from the tallyho and dig for the pot of gold. Battalions of cloud shadows can drill at once over the faces of the placid mountain across the valley and the near slopes are a florists' heaven of Indian paintbrush. There is the deep scarlet gypsy brush, the rose red brush, the palest pink, the bleached-blond sage-brush, the snow-white brush. Gather an armful of them if you want to take back a palette-splash of color for your room. A cityful of tourists couldn't denude a single laughing slope.

Here is a rockslide, here and secured to desolation, like a long emerald of ruin between the scarlet fields. This is where you must look sharp and whistle if you would be rewarded by the scuttling of a fat grey marmot over the grey stones. Marmots are courageous—or is it curious?—beasties, and seem to enjoy the tourist brand of conversation. To see a scuttler come to attention on his hind legs atop a big flat rock, cocking his squirrel head on one side as he listens and perhaps replies to your whistling, is to watch a most friendly sight. Nobody who hadn't a German soul would dream of throwing a stone at him.

At last the road leaves the Bow Valley, turning sharply to the right, and the scenery drops its neighborli-

ness. The Tower of Babel, Mt. Babel and Mt. Fay throw their white heads up against the blue. There is a loneliness of long vigil, an aloofness from the world of men. No one needs to tell the tiny tallyho of people to stop their pleasant chatter. The curtain has gone up on the grim creation-drama and talk stops automatically.

At last you round the turn into the fissure between the mountains. Ten of them there are, and at their feet the little blue lake. It's really a mile from where you get out of your car to the bottom of those six thousand foot peaks that swing into the air carrying aloft great glaciers and huge snow crowns and the black scarps of bare rock that are too steep for snow. But the clear atmosphere minimizes the distance, and the colossal vertical scale dwarfs the horizontal stretch of the still water.

Somewhat you're glad to take refuge from the immensities in the cosy little tea house. There is a concreteness in toast and a comfortableness in the human size of man-made things that is welcome to the awed soul of you.

I haven't stayed overnight at the Camp. But it's a dream of mine that I shall one day see Queen Cassiopea swing her chair to rest on Mt. Little with the Great Bear, near neighbor to her. I shall sit by the midnight miracle of this divine crystal, clear of the trees, face to the mountains head up to the stars. And if I am ever to know the why of this little life of mine—and the why of the paintbrush, and the marmot, and the glacier, and God—I shall hear it then.

—F. M. M.