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## GHOSTS OF PIRATES ARE SAID TO ROAM ON ATLANTIC COAST; SOUTHERN TOWN RICH IN LEGENDS

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo ho, my lads, and a bottle of rum."

That was a song that in days gone by might have been sung along the coast of North Carolina, writes May Irene Copinger in the Baltimore Sun.

At present Elizabeth City is not exactly the sort of place in which you would expect to hear of ghosts and pirates. There is an air of modernity about the town, attractive stores on Main Street, a court house, hospital, chamber of commerce and other signs of the times as we know them. It requires a far flung imagination to associate a ghost with a chamber of commerce.

### Rich in Ghost Stories.

However, it is the truth that this section of North Carolina is rich in tales of ghosts and pirates.

There was the terrible Edward Teach, more commonly known as Blackbeard, with his mad buccaneering and his many wives.

There was the ship that came sailing into Kitty Hawk over on the tanks one day more than a hundred years ago, a ship of mystery of which has really never yet been explained.

Was this ship the one on which Theodosia Burr Alliston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, was lost? Down here they believe it was, and that the mysterious portrait found aboard the vessel was the portrait of the beautiful Theodosia.

About Blackbeard there is no conjecture. He was a real person and a couple of miles from Elizabeth City, up the Pasquotank River, stands the house in which he lived.

There is still the secret closet back of the paneling; there are still the dark stains on the floor said to have been caused by the blood of Blackbeard's victims.

There is the hole in the cellar wall through which the pirate is supposed to have escaped to the underground passage to the river, which was his most desirable egress at certain times. It is also said that through this passage he carried treasure from his ship anchored in the river.

If the date cut in the stone at the steps is to be taken as an indication of the time when Teach lived there, the old pirate flourished about the year 1709.

Of course, after two centuries, it is possible that much that is fiction has crept into the story of the pirate's life.

Perhaps there is a trifle of exaggeration in the tale that he had seventeen wives and that many of these luckless ladies were murdered by their ferocious lord and master. It is not recorded whether they lost their heads as a result of a too great curiosity as to contents of the secret closet.

In passing it is interesting to note that this closet was forgotten until the Civil War, when a young Federal officer accidentally touched the spring that rolled back its closing panel, but discovered nothing but an old faded pair of pink slippers.

### Made Himself Terrifying.

However, the stories that have survived the years are most interesting. According to these Blackbeard made ghoulish preparations for his deeds of robbery, murder and piracy.

He would work himself into a most ferocious state, chew glass until the blood dripped from his lips, plait his hair and his long black beard that fell below his waist and decorate himself with blazing tapers. Then he would burn sulphur and brimstone in the hold of his ship, and, bleeding and blazing, give a devil's dance on the deck, striking terror to the hearts of even the hardened cutthroats who were his followers.

At one time he had a fleet of six

vessels, manned by the dregs of humanity, and they kept the Carolina coast terrified. Pity was an unknown word to Blackbeard and his men. Not only did they prey on the seagoing commerce and travelers, but with a band of his followers he would march on land, invade homes and villages, and, murdering all with whom they came in contact, regardless of age or sex, carry off the plunder.

### Loot Buried.

But what became of this booty? So far as is known, none of it has ever been discovered. Blackbeard was reputed to have buried vast wealth, and the lure of gold is eternal.

So, to this day, every once in a while a little group of treasure-seekers will wander up and down the banks of the Pasquotank River, stopping to dig at likely points, in no way deterred by the story that, wherever he buried his loot, the pirate buried a human head to guard it.

"The Old Brick House" is the name by which Blackbeard's former home is known in the neighborhood. Despite its unsavory reputation, it is tenanted, and where once the pirate chief held sway and his cut-throat crew gathered, a farm is cultivated and the Pasquotank River flows past quiet and serene with no suggestion of the bloody deeds once done on its banks.

The house itself is of the solid variety that folks built in the early days. The walls are several feet thick. A broad hall runs from the front door to the back door.

### Unfortunate Love Match.

Tradition carries the story of the "Old Brick House" even farther back than the days of Blackbeard. It is said to have been built by an English lord.

However, even then its story is written in blood, for the lord had a beautiful daughter, who, before coming to America, fell in love with a man far below her in station.

The stern parent brought his daughter to America and built the brick house of materials carried from the old country. The secret closet was constructed as a prison for the girl.

However, as time passed, the father believed she had forgotten, and on one occasion gave a grand ball for the aristocracy of the countryside.

In the midst of the festivities the father suddenly appeared with a blood-stained sword in one hand and the other dragging the body of his daughter's sweetheart.

Insane with rage, he threw the body at her feet, and the girl, with one glance at it fell into a faint that ended only in death.

So, says tradition, the happy ghosts of the young pair wander about the house and grounds together, as their bodies lie side by side in unmarked graves somewhere nearby.

### Ghost Crossed the Sea.

Right in Elizabeth City there used to be a ghost, brought from England. Over in England this ghost, known as the Gray Man, belonged to the family of the Earl of Granville, whose name was Banford.

Some time in the seventeenth century a member of the Banford family came to North Carolina, and in 1678 a daughter married James Poole.

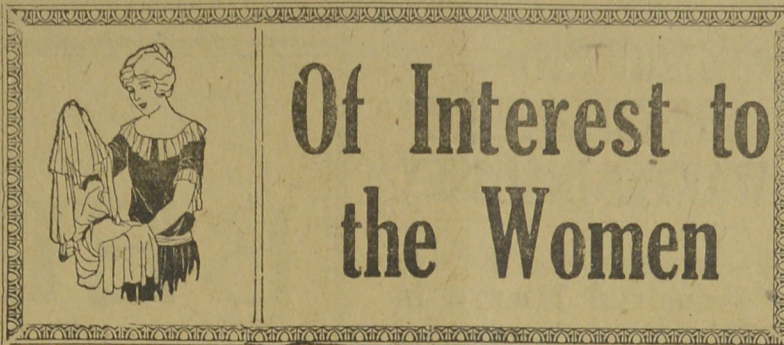
The Gray Man was one of those ghosts that appear to members of a family when some misfortune is impending.

This part of the country is by no means spooky nowadays. The up and doers of Elizabeth City will tell you of the quantities of peanuts, pecans, cotton, figs, soy beans and other farm products shipped from this point. They will point with pride to the new factories that are going up.

### WOOF! WOOF!

A man had been told that he could order his collars by post so he wrote to a hosier's shop, saying: "I have a thick neck, a broad nose, large bushy eye-brows and a fat body with short legs; what sort of collar do you recommend?"

The answer came back: "We recommend a brass one with a leather strap and buckle and your name and address engraved on it."



FASHION SAYS.

The omnipresent bloused back, one of the most revolutionary style developments of the season, makes a belt or girdle a necessity and novelty ones important.

Lelong is the only one of the haute couture who declares himself in favor of the one piece dress; the smart world seems to prefer dresses made in two pieces at least in effect.

Many of the newest dance frocks worn by the younger set have followed the Patou lead and are made in tiers.

The dolman sleeve appears to be more generally accepted and seems adaptable to mature as well as youthful figures.

### BAKED PEARS.

Halve the pears, remove the cores and stems and place face downward in a baking dish. The peeling if tender and not bitter need not be removed. Sprinkle over with sugar and cinnamon, add some butter and water and bake uncovered at 385 deg. for 30 minutes basting rather frequently. For three medium sized pears use:

- 1-3 cup brown sugar
- ½ cup water
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon butter

### SQUASH PIE.

2 cups squash  
2 eggs beaten slightly  
½ cup of sugar  
½ teaspoon cinnamon  
½ teaspoon nutmeg  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup milk  
1 pastry shell with built-up rim  
To squash add eggs sugar, spices and salt mixed and milk. Pour into 10 inch pastry lined plate. Bake in oven 450 degrees-F for 10 minutes more. The pie should be firm like a custard. If the egg whites are beaten and folded into the mixture last the result is a fluffy pie. To get a glazed top place on the pie when it is ready for the oven five table spoons sweet milk.

### PEAR PUFF.

Stew some pears in a little syrup until soft drain and put through a coarse sieve flavor with vanilla. Take 2 stiffly beaten egg whites sweetened with powdered sugar to each cup of the pear pulp mix together turn into baking dish, sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake in a slow oven for 25 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

### BANANA AND APPLE SALAD.

3 bananas  
4 apples  
½ cup peanut butter  
¼ cup French dressing  
4 cups shredded lettuce  
Line a bowl or salad plate with lettuce. Slice the bananas and apples mix and put on the lettuce. Mix the peanut butter with the French dressing and pour over.

### MARQUISE SALAD.

2 firm onions  
½ cup cut onion  
½ cup finely chopped parsley  
2 tablespoons olive oil  
Lettuce leaves  
French dressing  
Wash and pare the tomatoes and cut into halves; mix the onion parsley and olive oil together and let stand for 2 hours. To serve line a bowl with lettuce place the tomatoes and on each half, put 1 tablespoonful of the onion and parsley mixture; pour over French dressing. Serve very cold.

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RAY BARKER, Cor. Carleton and King Streets.  
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## Of Interest to the Women

### NIGHT RIDE.

Nobility may crown the human race, one, praise God is utterly devoid of that heroic stuff that inner grace Which follows Reason properly employed.

But there's a time when it's a little hard

To keep the fibre of the soul intact And philosophically disregard The flesh that still remains a stubborn fact.

How have we met that hour when, down the aisle,  
The Porter lurches rousing up his flock,

Wielding his whiskbroom with a jovial smile—

By Standard Time exactly five o'clock!

Man may indeed be lord of half the earth,

But not when dressing in an upper berth!

—PAUL RAYSON in New York Sun.

### Time Changes C. N. R.

Effective Sept. 27th

Commencing Monday, Sept. 27th, Canadian National Train No. 242 will leave Fredericton at 6.45 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, instead of Wednesdays and Fridays, arriving Saint John 11.45 a. m., same as at present.

Train No. 240, leaving Fredericton at 3.00 a. m. Mondays only and arriving Saint John 7.30 a. m. will be cancelled.

These are the only changes in Canadian National train services in and out of Fredericton effective this date.

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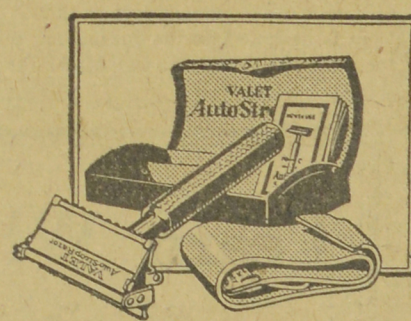
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