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The Balance of our TRIMMED HATS Sale Price \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.
UNTRIMMED FELT HATS for Ladies, Misses and Children, Sale Price 25, 50 and 75 cents each.
WINGS and FEATHERS 25 and 50 cents each. Genuine Bargains.

THE MISSES YOUNG

A Great Sensation

in LADIES' MISSES' and CHILDREN'S COATS

We expect to clear every Winter Coat in a very short time at the following unheard of prices: 9 Ladies' Winter Coats, choice for \$3.98, former values up to \$13.00 7 Misses' Coats, at \$3.98 each, former value up to \$10.00. 10 Children's Coats at \$2.00 each, former values up to \$5.00. Golf Coats at 20 per cent. reduction. Big reductions in all winter apparel.

R. L. BLACK - - - York St.

A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST

By
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

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(Continued.)
"Where did you get him?" queried the astonished Elnora.
"Well, young woman," said Sinton, "Mr. Brownlee told me the history of your lunch box. It didn't seem so funny to me as it does to the rest of them, so I went to look up the father of Billy's family and make him take care of them or allow the law to do it for him. It will have to be the law."
"He's deader than anything!" broke in Billy. "He can't ever take all the meat any more."
"Billy?" gasped Elnora.
"Never you mind!" said Sinton. "A child don't say such things about a father who loved and raised him right. When it happens the father alone is to blame. You won't hear Billy talk like that about me when I cross over."
"You don't mean you are going to take him to keep?"
"I'll soon need help," said Sinton. "Billy will come in just about right ten years from now, and if I raise him I'll have him the way I want him."
"But Aunt Margaret don't like boys," objected Elnora. "She won't want him in her home."
"In our home," corrected Sinton.
"What makes you want him?" marvelled Elnora.
"God only knows," said Sinton. "Billy ain't so beautiful, and he ain't so smart. I guess it's because he's so human. My heart goes out to him."
"So did mine," said Elnora. "I love him. I'd rather see him eat my lunch than have it myself any time."
"What makes you like him?" asked Sinton.
"Why, I don't know," pondered Elnora. "He's so little, he needs so much, he's got such splendid grit and he's perfectly unselfish with his brother and sister! But we must wash him before Aunt Margaret sees him. I wonder if mother—"
"You needn't bother. I'm going to take him home the way he is," said Sinton. "I want Maggie to see the worst of it."
"I'm afraid"—began Elnora.
"So am I," said Sinton, "but I won't give him up. He's taken a sort of grip on my heart. I've always been crazy for a boy. Don't let him hear us."
"Don't let him get killed!" cried Elnora. During their talk Billy had wandered to the edge of the walk and barely escaped the wheels of a passing automobile in an effort to catch a stray kitten that seemed in danger.
Sinton drew Billy back to the walk and held his hand closely. When they

reached the way. "There he is!" he said. "He is drunk again!"
On a dirty mattress in a corner lay a sleeping man who appeared to be strong and well.
Billy was right. You could not awake him. He had gone the limit and a little beyond. He was now facing eternity.
Sinton went out and closed the door. "Your father is sick and needs help," he said. "You stay here and I will send a man to see him."
"If you just let him 'lone, he'll sleep it off," volunteered Billy. "He's that way all the time, but he wakes up and gets us something to eat after awhile. Only waitin' twists you up inside pretty bad."
The boy wore no air of complaint. He was merely stating facts.
Wesley Sinton looked hard at Billy. "Are you twisted up inside now?" he asked.
Billy laid a grimy hand on the region of his stomach, and the filthy little waist sank close to the backbone. "Get your life, boss," he said cheerfully.
"How long have you been twisted?" asked Sinton.
Billy appealed to the others. "When was it we had the stuff on the bridge?"
"Yesterday morning," said the girl. "Is that all gone?" asked Sinton.
"She went and told us to take it home," said Billy ruefully, "and 'cause she said so, we took it. Pa had come back, he was drinking some more, and he ate a lot of it—most the whole thing, and it made him sick as a dog, and he went and wasted all of it. Then he got drunk some more, and now he's asleep again. We didn't get hardly none."
"You children sit on the steps until he man comes," said Sinton. "I'll send you some things to eat with him. What's your name, sonny?"
"Billy," said the boy.
"Well, Billy, I guess you better come with me. I'll take care of him," Sinton promised the others. He reached a hand to Billy.
"I ain't no baby, I'm a boy," said Billy as he shuffled along beside Sinton, taking a kick at every movable object without regard to his battered toes.
Once they passed a Great Dane dog jolting after its master, and Billy ascended Sinton as if he was a tree and clung to him with trembling hot hands.
"I ain't afraid of that dog," scoffed Billy as he was again placed on the walk, "but on't he took me for a rat or somepin and his teeth cut into my back. If I'd a done right I'd a took the law on him."
Sinton looked down into the indignant little face. The child was bright enough, he had a good head, but, oh, such a body!
Wesley Sinton reached his hand. They were coming into the business part of Onabasha, and the streets were crowded. Billy understood it to mean that he might lose his companion and took a grip. That little hot hand clinging tight to his, the sore feet recklessly scouring the walk, the hungry child panting for breath as he tried to keep even, caught Sinton in a tender, empty spot.
"Say, son," he said, "how would you like to be washed clean and have all the supper your skin could hold and sleep in a good bed?"
"Aw, gee!" said Billy. "I ain't dead yet. Them things is in heaven. Poor folks can't have them. Pa said so."
"Well, you can have them if you want to go with me and get them," promised Sinton.
"Kin I take some to Jimmy and Belle?"
"If you'll come with me and be my boy I'll see that they have plenty."
"What will pa say?"
"Your pa is in that kind of sleep now where he won't wake up, Billy," said Sinton. "I am pretty sure the law will give you to me if you want to come."
"When people don't ever wake up they're dead," announced Billy. "Is my pa dead?"
"Yes, he is," answered Sinton.
"And you'll take care of Jimmy and Belle, too?"
"I can't adopt all three of you," said Sinton. "I'll take you and see that they are well provided for. Will you come?"
"Yep, I'll come," said Billy. "Let us eat, first thing we do."
"All right," agreed Sinton. "Come into this restaurant." He listed Billy to the lunch counter and ordered the clerk to give him as many glasses of milk as he wanted and a biscuit. "I think there's going to be fried chicken when we get home, Billy," he said "so you just take the edge off now and fill up later."

CHAPTER X.
Wherein Billy Creates a Sensation in the Sinton Home

THE BORDEN GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 3)

north of North Bay to reduce the grades so that they may approximate those prescribed by the Laurier Government for the Transcontinental Railway.

THE NAVY QUESTION

On the subject of the navy Mr. Murphy spoke at length. He said that Mr. Borden's proposed contribution was, in essence, an invitation to the people of Canada to surrender the right of self-government for which in other days Conservatives has fought as strenuously as the Liberals. Stripped of its jingo trappings the Borden contribution of \$35,000,000 was the price paid for Nationalist support. However, it did not embody all the promises made by Mr. Borden to the Nationalists, and because he had failed to keep his word to submit the matter to the people and had gone back on his own vote in parliament to the same effect Mr. Monk had left his Cabinet. If, as the Conservative press said, Mr. Monk was in honor bound to take that step, what language could fittingly describe the men in the Cabinet who held Mr. Monk's view but who would not follow his example?

NO EMERGENCY

Basing his assertion on the information possessed by the members of the former Laurier Government, and citing in support of it the speeches of Premier Asquith and Winston Churchill, as well as the memorandum of the Admiralty and the more recent one from Colonial Secretary Harcourt. Mr. Murphy claimed that there was no emergency and that the proposed representation of Canada on the Imperial Defence Committee was a myth designed to play the same part with regard to the navy as prejudice did with regard to reciprocity. Another significant thing, he said, was that Premier Borden and the Unionist leader, Bonar Law, had used strikingly similar language in their declarations that trade and defence must go together. Bonar Law was in serious trouble over his utterances in England; his position was in jeopardy, and if Canadians prized the right of self-government as Englishmen did they would call Mr. Borden to account in short order. Personally he favored an election and had no fear of the result.

THE BRITISH PREFERENCE

In conclusion the speaker touched on the increased cost of living, and said that as the Government evidently had no intention of lessening the burden of the farmer and the wage-earner he would favor an increase in the British preference as a partial solution of the difficulty. That would be one way of dealing with a real emergency.

A vote of confidence in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. N. W. Rowell, and a motion approving the Liberal naval policy, were unanimously passed.

LATE NEHEMIAH VRADENBURGH

Nehemiah Vradenburgh passed away at his home, George St., Monday night as the result of a paralytic stroke following a lingering illness. He was aged eighty-six years and is survived by five children, William H. Vradenburgh, Mrs. James H. Crockett and the Misses Lizzie and Jennie Vradenburgh of this city and Mrs. W. G. Scovil of St. John. One brother Henry Vradenburgh of Wickham and one sister, Mrs. Robert McDuffie of Portland, Me., also survive. The funeral took place at three o'clock this afternoon, interment being made at the Rural Cemetery. In the absence of Rev. Neil McLauchlan, who was conducting a funeral service at Oromocto, Rev. J. J. Colter officiated.



ANEMIC GIRLS AND WEAK WOMEN

get new life and vigor by taking **Scott's Emulsion** after every meal.

It revitalizes the watery blood and furnishes Nature with new nourishment to make **red, active, healthy blood and feeds the nerve centers.** Scott's Emulsion strengthens the bones and clothes them with healthy flesh.

Scott's Emulsion assimilates so quickly it conserves energy and compels health.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ontario 12-74

DECEMBER U.N.B. MONTHLY

The December number of the University monthly published by the undergraduates of the U.N.B. is to hand and is well up to the standard of that publication. A memorial notice of the late Joseph F. Alexander a member of the junior class whose death occurred in November is contained in the number. There is also a group picture of the football team. Editorially the monthly comments upon the fact the undergraduates do not display proper interest in their college magazine. Editorial emphasis is also laid upon the advantages of the Arts and Law courses at the provincial University. The Literary section of the Monthly is well looked after as are also the various departments dealing with college activities.

Don't Diet Yourself TO DEATH TO CURE DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. IT ISN'T NECESSARY.

While it is necessary for the dyspeptic to abstain from rich, greasy, highly seasoned food, it is useless and injurious to deprive the sufferer of a full supply of good nutritious food sufficient for the needs of the body.

Weakening the body will never remove dyspepsia, on the contrary, all efforts should be to maintain and increase the strength.

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Miss Martha A. Brooks, Gagetown, N.B., writes:—"I have been troubled with indigestion for more than seven years, have tried several doctors and different medicines, claiming the power to cure, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. I have taken only one bottle, and that one has done me more good than all the other medicines I have used. My appetite, which was very poor, is now good, and I can eat most everything without any disagreeable feelings."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. G. F. Merrill of Kennebunkport, Me., has been to Allen Farm buying a nice two year old filly by Bingara.

Notice to Water Consumers

Water Consumers who are in arrears for Water Rates previous to term commencing Nov. 1st, 1912 will please take notice that if the amount so due is not paid on or before Wednesday, January 22nd, the water will be turned off.

G. R. PERKINS,
City Treasurer.

Jan. 14-1 w.

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