

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

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When you don't know what match to order at the grocers ask for

Eddy's "Silent" Parlor MATCH.

THE WINNING MATCH.

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The New Williams Sewing Machine

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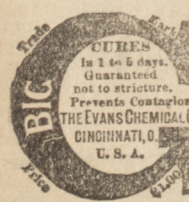
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Use Big G for urinary tract discharges, inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membrane. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent plain wrapper by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or \$3.00, 722. Circular sent on request.

FOR LOVE OR HONOR.

(Continued.)

straightened herself as its pressure was removed from the sails, lost headway, the jibs swinging and tugging in the gale as she began to swing to larboard away from the reef on the starboard side. She worked around slowly until the wind began to come in over the starboard bow.

"Haul taut!" shouted the waiting. The great yards, with their vast expanse of slatting, roaring, thrashing canvas, whirled rapidly around as the nimble crew ran aft with the sheets and braces. The Ranger fell off quickly and drifted down toward the needle, the afterfalls aback.

"Board that main tack there! Man the head braces! Jump, men, lively! Let go and haul!"

There was a frightful moment. Would she make it? She stopped. Ah, thank God, they gathered way again slowly, then faster.

"Right the helm; meet her—so. Steady! Get that main tack down away! Get a pull on the lee braces. Mr. O'Neill, and haul the bowlines. Now! Tail on to it, all of you, sway Ah, that's well done."

They were rushing through it again. The white water and the breakers were left behind. A sigh of relief broke from the reckless men, and even the iron captain seemed satisfied with his achievement, as he walked aft to the quarter deck.

"Get a good offing, Mr. O'Neill," said the captain, "and then heave to. First send the hands aloft to take in the topgallant sails, and then you may get a boat ready. We must see if there are any poor creatures left on that ship yonder."

"Very good, sir," replied the lieutenant, giving the necessary orders, when presently the ship, easier under the reduced canvass, was hove to in the beating sea.

"Shall I take the weather whale-ship, sir?"

"Yes," returned the captain. "I think you had better try to board

under her lee, if it be possible to do anything among the wreckage. I doubt if there if there be anybody left alive on her, but we can't afford to risk the possibility, especially in the case of that woman whom you found so beautiful," he added, with a smile.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the lieutenant, blushing beneath the bronze in spite of himself as he directed the boatswain to call away the whale-boat, which, manned by six stout oarsmen, with himself at the tiller, was soon cast into the heaving sea. Meanwhile the Ranger filled away again and beat to and fro off the coast, taking care to preserve the necessary offing, or distance from shore to leeward.

CHAPTER II.

The Captor Captured.

It was a long, hard pull, and only the great skill of the officer prevented their capsizing before the whale-boat finally drew near the Maitland. The ship had hit the reef hard at the flood tide, and the waves had driven her farther on. Every mast and spar was gone, wrenched away by the storm and the waves. It was manifestly impossible to approach upon the weather side without staying the boat, so O'Neill cautiously rounded the stern of the wreck and briefly considered the situation.

He did not dare bring the boat near enough to enable him to leap upon the deck through some of the great gaping openings in the sides of the massive spars, and he finally concluded that the only practicable access to the Maitland was by means of some of the gearing trailing over the side and writhing about snake-like in the water. Intrusting the tiller of the whaleboat to old Price, the veteran gunner, he directed that it be brought alongside as close as consistent with safety, and at exactly the right moment, as they rose upon the crest of a wave, he sprang out into the water and clutched desperately at a rope hanging over the side of the wreck.

The men swung the boat away from the ship instantly, and he found himself clinging to a small rope wildly tossing about in the tumultuous sea. He was dashed to and fro like a cork the waves repeatedly broke over his head, the life was almost buffeted out of him, but he held on like grim death. Fortunately the other end of the rope was far inboard.

With careful skill and husbanding his strength as much as possible, he pulled himself along the rope through the water until he drew near the side of the ship. Then, though the operation was hazardous in the extreme, as he saw no other method, he began to pull himself up hand over hand on the rope along the side. In his already exhausted state and with the added weight of his wet, sodden clothing the effort was almost beyond his strength.

He endeavored by thrusting with his feet to keep himself from being beaten against the side by the waves, but without success, for when he had hardly reached the rail an unusually large breaker struck him fairly in the back and dashed his head against a piece of jagged timber, cutting a great gash in his forehead. Blood filled his eyes; his head swam; a sick, faint feeling filled his breast; he hesitated and nearly lost his grasp of the rope. The men in the tossing boat a little distance away held their breath in terrified apprehension; but, summoning all his resolution to his aid, he made a last desperate effort, breasted the rail and fell fainting prone upon the deck of the ship.

A few moments in the cold water which was flooding over it revived him somewhat, and he rose unsteadily to his feet and looked about him in bewilderment. The change from the tossing boat to the motionless rigidity of the vise-held wreck was startling. There was not a sign of life on the ship. She was breaking up fast. Rails were stove in, boats were gone, three jagged stumps showed where the masts had been, and only the fact that that she had been driven so high on the reefs prevented her from foundering at once. There was a dead body jammed under the starboard fire rail forward, but no other sign of humanity. In front of him was a hatchway giving entrance to a small cuddy, or cabin, the roof of which rose a few feet above the level of the deck.

As he stood there striving to recover himself in a brief lull in the storm he thought he heard a faint voice. It seemed to come from be-

neath him. He at once turned and, with uncertain steps, descended the hatchway. Reaching the deck below, he stood in the way a moment, brushing the blood from his eyes. As he gradually made out the details of the cabin, dimly illuminated by a skylight above, he saw a woman on her knees praying. She had her face buried in her hands and did not see him until he spoke to apprise her of his presence.

(To be Continued.)

NOT SLEEPING WELL.

Without sleep there can be no bodily or mental vigor, consequently sleeplessness is a dangerous condition. Nothing so surely restores sleep as Ferrozone; it's harmless—just a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Ferrozone vitalizes every part of the body, makes the nerves hardy, completely rebuilds the system. The cause of sleeplessness is removed—you can work, eat, sleep—feel like new after using Ferrozone. Don't put off—Ferrozone costs 50c. per box at all dealers; get it today.

CORPSE BADLY SCORCHED

Fire in Aged Mrs. Bergin's House of Mourning at Last Brought Policeman.

Brooklyn Eagle: An aged and temporarily deranged widow, her clothing in flames, beside the burning casket that held the body of her husband, greeted the eyes of the first reserve who entered the blazing home of James Bergin at 12 Apollo street this morning.

Bergin, an old time ship carpenter, was 71 years old, and for nearly half a century lived in Manhattan, where he was well known in his trade. His wife, Eliza, who is 73 years old, had been his closest companion for over forty-nine years, which was the length of their married life.

Bergin contracted a cold on Thursday last, which resulted in pneumonia, causing his death early last Sunday morning. The body, in the first preparations for burial, was laid out in the rear parlor of the couple's neat little frame detached house at the above address. The dwelling is located on a knoll surrounded by small grounds, and though the space was small, it was the delight of the couple to keep it filled with blooming flowers of every character, and was the one bright spot in that neighborhood.

The strong affection which existed between the couple was the talk of the neighborhood. Bergin and his wife were never separated a longer period than was absolutely necessary and on all his journeys was accompanied by Mrs. Bergin.

How the fire started is not exactly known, owing to the condition of Mrs. Bergin, who is unable to make an explanation. The supposition is that while searching for a hand-book in a small closet she accidentally overturned the candelabra, containing a half dozen lighted candles. The small flames caught the black cloth draping which covered the ice casket, and the drooping ends of which extended to the floor. Mrs. Bergin in spite of her dazed condition evidently realized the danger and must have endeavored to beat out the flames. In doing so her clothing ignited and in a moment was enveloped in fire. The flames ran along the flimsy draping, setting fire to the oak box and from there extended to the woodwork in the room.

Policeman Evans, of the Greenpoint avenue station, happened to be standing at Nassau avenue and Apollo street, when he saw a volume of smoke issuing from the rear windows of the little house. Realizing that the dwelling was afire, and knowing that the dead body of Bergin was in the premises, he made for the rear door, which was open. He was met by the shocking spectacle of the burning casket and Mrs. Bergin in flames. Dashing into the room, he caught the woman, who resisted his efforts to drag her from the room into the little rear yard. Regardless of his blistered and scorched fingers, he managed to tear away the clothing from the woman's breast, but not before Mrs. Bergin was terribly burned from the waist up.

The woman was turned over to the care of neighbors attracted by the volume of smoke, while the policeman turned in an alarm and a call for an ambulance. To the latter Dr. O'Day, of St. Catherine's hospital, responded, but the woman in spite of the great agony she suffered, refused to leave the corpse of her husband. She realized nothing about the fire, and made several desperate efforts to return to the house. She was finally taken to the home of J. Sanwald, at 308 Nassau avenue, a friend, where she is being cared for.

Though used to remarkable scenes the firemen when they arrived were shocked when they entered the burning house and were faced by the ghastly spectacle presented by the burning casket. By this time the oak covering had been practically reduced to ashes and the body reposing in it had only been saved from being completely incinerated by the zinc lining and the ice surrounding the body. The body did not completely escape the flames, as the face and chest were badly scorched.

The flames had penetrated through the small square opening exposing the face. Bergin wore a full beard. This, together with his hair and eyebrows, were completely burned away. The skin of the face blackened by the fire and smoke presented a frightful appearance. A stream of water extinguished the fire and what remained of the casket, with the corpse, was carried into the rear yard, where it was dropped by the firemen in their haste and gazed upon by several hundred spectators. The remains were finally hidden from the view of the curious by a piece of burned carpet, but the knowledge of what was beneath it caused a shudder to those who gazed upon it.

The body remained in a pool of blackened water until the arrival of Undertaker Thomas F. Maxy, of Manhattan who had charge of the funeral arrangements. While the building was not destroyed the rear part was so badly wrecked as to make it uninhabitable. The damage is estimated at about \$200.

Previous to her husband's illness, Mrs. Bergin had been ill for about a month. During that time she exhibited signs, the neighbors say, of mental derangement. She was practically helpless when her husband died, and though she realized he was dead, she was unable to make the necessary arrangements for his burial. This fell to kind-hearted neighbors, only a few of whom Mrs. Bergin would admit to the house. These few remained at her side, and kept up the vigil until this morning, when they found it necessary, being completely tired out, to leave her alone. She was left soundly sleeping, but it is presumed she awoke and started to procure a bank book from the closet adjoining the casket, and in opening the door overturned the lighted candles.

The plans for the funeral will be carried out tomorrow. They had been arranged by a niece, who had been summoned by neighbors.

The paragraph going the rounds for the effect that our mother-in-law died under suspicious circumstances gets wobbly in the knees when we state that we are still an old bachelor, and never had a mother-in-law to kill off.

An insurance man in Montreal the other day remarked: "We have just received a very queer postal card. It reads thus: 'I am dead two days. Send the money.'"

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to the sore throat or swollen tonsils, or any swelling, lameness or painful part, convince you of its power to relieve promptly.

Kendricks Is King.

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A MILLION NEEDLES

COULD NOT INFLICT THE TORTURE WOMEN SUFFER FROM HEADACHES

Headache is not in itself a disease, but a symptom or accompaniment of other diseases, principally those of the stomach, liver and bowels, such as Constipation, Dyspepsia, Liver Trouble, Bad Blood, Female Complaints, General Debility and Weakness. Headache is common to both sexes, but more frequently affects females.

The varieties of headache most common are sick or bilious headache, nervous headache, headache from constipation, debility or indigestion, periodical and spasmodic headache. Undoubtedly the cause must be removed before permanent relief can be had.

Burdock Blood Bitters

removes the cause of the headache, and not only does this but it also restores the entire system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

"I was troubled with headache for a number of years, but could get nothing to help me. I procured a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and finding it was doing me so much good, I got two more. I am now fully cured and think there is nothing in the world like Burdock Blood Bitters for headache."

MRS. EDW. KEDDY,
NEW GERMANY, ONT.
B.B.B. is for sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

First-class Millinery

At Moderate Prices

Miss Williams

Queen st. opp. Officers' Quarters

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 15th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 802 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville,	5.45
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville,	12.40
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville,	6.15
" 321 Suburban for Marysville,	11.15
" 327 Suburban for Marysville,	12.25
" 329 Suburban for Marysville,	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 802 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville,	13.00
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville,	13.25
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville,	13.25
" 326 Suburban from Marysville,	18.25
" 328 Suburban from Marysville,	19.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12th, 1905

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