

Haying . . Tools.

It is nearing haying time and you want to be prepared. We carry a full line of Scythes, Snaths, Hay Rakes, Forks, etc. Hay Carriers, Single and Double Harpoon Forks, Iron and Wooden Blocks, Manilla and Wire Rope all sizes. Get our Prices before Purchasing.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

James S. Neill,
FREDERICTON'S BIG HARDWARE STORE.



Tender for Dredging.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for additional dredging, Sand Point, N. B.," will be received up to and including Tuesday, 10th July, 1906, for the dredging required at Sand Point, St. John, N. B.

Specifications can be seen and form of tender obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., resident engineer, St. John, N. B. Tenders to include towing of plant to and from the works. Contractors must be ready to begin work not later than fifteen days after the acceptance of their tender.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque in a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 28, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department, will not be paid for it.
July 3-431.

Mabou Coal.

This is a superior Cape Breton Coal which is unequalled for general house purposes. Also in stock:

Oats, Hay,
Corn Meal,
Cracked Corn

MILL FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Lime,
Blacksmith
Coal.

F. H. Everett
Telephone 116.
P. O. Box 83.

A. T. McMURRAY, D. M. D.
Office hours: 9 to 5

Dentistry in all its modern branches. Special attention given to the care of children's teeth.
Patients living outside the city can make appointments by mail, and thus do away with an unnecessary delay.
By the use of our Improved Electric Light appointments can be made any evening.
Ladies in attendance. Phone 16

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 50 cents; No. 3, 25 cents. For special cases, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly Windsor)
Nos. 1. and 2. are sold in Fredericton by all Druggists.

At 103 1/2 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B., are the offices of
Albert J. Machum,
MANAGER of the

Union Mutual Life Ins. Co.

of Portland, Me.
Established 1848

It is a strictly Annual Dividend Company, the surplus or profits being apportioned every year upon all plans of insurance and a statement of same given to each individual policy holder at the expiration of each year. The result is that every holder of one of these contracts knows exactly what profits have accumulated every year on his own particular policy. He can make use of such profits any time he so wishes, and in event of his death, such additions are paid, besides the full amount for which the policy is written.

If "A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush," how much is a policy worth which guarantees annual dividends as above, compares with a policy under which no profits are apportioned until the end of twenty (20) years?

"Union Mutual" policy contracts are the most liberal issued. The guaranteed reserve value is equal to that of any company in the world. If you require insurance of any kind consult a "Union Mutual" agent, or write direct to

Albert J. Machum,
MANAGER.

Agent wanted for York and Sunbury County.

W. J. IRVINE, D.D.S.

And Special Practitioner's Certificate from Chicago College of

Dental Surgery.

Artificial Teeth

Inserted in Gold, Aluminum and ordinary Rubber Plates

Crown and Bridge Work

Executed in Gold and Porcelain after latest and best methods.

Anesthetics.

Local and General applied and administered for "Painless Dentistry."

Office: CHESTNUT'S BUILDING.
Queen's st. opp. City Hall, Tel. 78.

Dr. J. W. MacNeill

Physician and Surgeon.

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THE SOLDIERS OF THE SURF.

Men Who Pluck the Gray Old Sea by the Beard—Robbing the Raving Waves of Their Prize.

(By Julius W. Muller.)

January, 9 p. m. A forty mile wind blowing dead on shore. Waves that become breakers even before they strike the drowned bars. Breakers that become spray. Spray that strikes scalding cold and becomes ice in the moment of its striking.

Thirty miles off the beach of Quogue, Long Island, 10 p. m. A fifty-mile wind blowing dead on shore, and a four-master wrestling in the thick of it.

Spray turning to ice, drop after drop, second after second; sails so stiff that the frozen fingers that tear at them might as well tear, bleeding at sheet iron. Thirty hours since she sighted Northeast End Lightship off New Jersey; not a bearing taken since then, the rudder so sheathed in ice that it has to crunch the bearded crystals away before it can turn—the schooner Augustus Hunt drives straight toward the sandtrap of Quogue, with every one of the ten sailors aboard imagining that she is heading for Sandy Hook.

A sea that raves, water that runs not in rollers but in cascades, cascades, cascades that drive green over the Augustus Hunt and add a thousand tons of water to her two thousand tons of coal cargo, ice that has glazed her from bow to stern and from maintop to jibboom.

Weather and wave as if the world were washing and blowing away in storm, roar of waters ahead, stern and over side. Eleven p. m., and the outer bar of deadly Quogue almost under foot.

THE LIGHT AHEAD.

"Light ahead!" The hail, whipped away by the wind, comes faintly from the hunched look-alike in the fog. "Go forward and see what it is," says the first mate to the second.

"It must be a steamer." The second mate wades and flounders toward the diving bow, hanging to cabin coamings, ropes and deck fittings for his life.

Ahead is a faint, faint, phantom white blur of light in the fog and the snow. Now it is visible, now it is gone, now it shows again.

"I can't make out what it is, sir," says the frozen lookout with chattering teeth, wiping the salt water from his crusty eyes.

God help him! It is the last light that he will see on earth. That white blur is the ship's searchlight, burning to say, "Death! Death! Death!" to all who come so close to it this night.

The next instant the schooner hits the sand eighteen feet under her. The Atlantic Ocean mounts in a green hill over her stern and shears along her deck. Again a sea sweeps her, and again, and again.

With teeth and feet and hands every man snatches blindly for a grip at anything, and climbs—three out to the end of the great jibboom, five into the fore-rigging, the captain and the cook into the starboard spanker rigging.

Smash! Smash! Smash! Up and down, beating herself to pieces on the sunken sands, works the Hunt in the dark and the cold. The first shock has put out all her lights. Her dull is like a reef, beset by white water. There is no way to make signal. To shout for help in that hell is as if a fly were to try to make itself heard in a battle.

ON THE BEACH.

Midnight on the beach of Quogue, weather so thick that the very surf cannot be seen unless one stands where it breaks and spews its porridge ice. Two men struggling toward each other from miles apart.

Along the strand; two men in high rubber boots and swathed swiftly in streaming oilskins, now wading through the sea, now floundering through the shifting sand, and ever beset and buffeted by the wind and bitten by the cold.

The man struggling westward is the patrol from the Quogue Life Saving Station, moving to meet the eastward patrol from the Potunk station and exchange brass tags with him, as proof that each has made his lonely round, according to the regulations of the United States of America.

Suddenly this man—it is Surflan Crasper—stops. His keen sea-eyes that have been staring out to sea steadily through all the fight against the weather, have sighted something. Even to those sharp eyes the something is only a dark spot in the fog. But he wades into the surf as far as man may dare this night and looks with all his power.

Then he runs up the beach till he meets Surflan Bishop, of the Potunk station. Together they race back and wade into the thundering sea. Yes! Something is there. And something on the bar of Quogue must be a ship.

Out flare the fierce Coston lights burning blood-red holes into the fog. Nothing answers from the sea. Through the fog, pounding through sand and surf, race two surfmen, one east, one west.

apparatus—the men of Tiana station, five miles away, coming to help.

THE SEVENTEEN LIFE SAVERS.

Now there are seventeen. Can seventeen get a boat into that sluicing? "It is sure death," say the baymen and fishermen who have come to see and help.

"It must be done," says Keeler Hermann, of the Quogue station. The long boat is hauled and carried to the farthest edge of the surf, almost under the arches of the breakers.

The keeper takes the steering gear, the six strongest men take the thwarts and hold their oars ready, and the rest of the lifesavers walk boldly into the water till it is up to their waists and hold the boat with the bow pointed out, waiting for even the tiniest gap in that steady tramping of waves.

Again and again they try to force her through and again and again she drives back or, caught by a great surf surge, her bow high in the air, spills the men out and rolls back on the beach, scattering lifesavers like so many matches.

Zero and again they try to force her through and again and again she drives back or, caught by a great surf surge, her bow high in the air, spills the men out and rolls back on the beach, scattering lifesavers like so many matches.

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THE CREWS ARRIVE.

Two a. m. and the crews of the two life saving stations meet. They have done such work that ordinary men would lie down and pant. Both these men spin along the beach as if there were no such thing as weariness, men hauling a gun carriage, men in the world. Quickly the gun is pointed to sea, though none can make out the wreck in the weather that has become thicker than ever.

The long projectile, with its smooth snaky life line attached to it, is run home. Other surfmen have been peering seaward to ascertain some sort of range for the shot. Still others have been sinking a sand anchor in the frozen ground, that blocks and tackle may be adjusted to it if the life-shot carried a line across the wreck.

Bang! In the darkness flees the projectile and the line whips out behind it. Then the slack falls into the sea and practiced hands feel of it to learn if there is any stir at the unseen end far away to betoken that it has gone true.

It looks as if these swathed figures were fishing in the mad sea—a desperate fishing with human life for the prize. But the fishermen have to give up. There is no tug on the line. They feel it sagging off heavily to leeward and know that it has missed the hidden mark.

A heavier charge is driven in. This time the emergency cartridge is used with the lightest line in the service. Again the fishing, and again the line sags off leeward with the set of the current.

Shot after shot booms out. Line after line whizzes into the darkness. Never a line holds—small wonder when men are firing at something that they cannot even glimpse.

Yet out there in the grim pit of sea whirling around the breaking ship, dying men have seen three projectiles with the saving lines fall within sixty feet of them over the wreck; and, unable to see, reach them, have seen their chances drift away in the waters again.

A rising sea, mining and countermining the very beach, weather dropping to zero, 3 a. m., and more men running to the spot, dragging more

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"He's gone!" comes from the throats of the men on the beach.

Straight into the wild sea, straight into the whirling wreckage that now comes faster than ever, with a heaving line tied around his body, goes a surfman. Plunging like a spinnaker, ducking past deadly drift-stuff like an otter, tossed hither and thither like a feather, ever heading grimly into his course again, he swims through the havoc, dives deep, comes up with the sailor, and half swims, half tumbles back to shore, till other surfmen, who stand shoulder deep in a chain of men, can seize the two and snatch them from the white mouth of death.

Meanwhile the second man has seized the line and begins to work toward shore as the first man has done. All at once he stops, drops his arms, and sinks like a corpse.

Another fatal plunge through the surf. Again the sea is cheated, the surfman catches the sailor and passes him to waiting hands. It was only just in time. The sailor is to all appearance a dead man. His flesh is blue—a terrible livid blue all over.

A few days afterward the keeper of the Quogue Life Saving Station sat at the table, with a pen in his brown fist, painfully composing his report to the Government "as in such cases made and provided."

"About 11.45 p. m., January 22," it ran, "Surflan Crasper of this station, and Surflan Bishop of Potunk station, sighted the four masted schooner Augustus Hunt a-ashore off this point. Crews from both stations were at spot by 2 a. m., but boats could not be launched and life lines were fired without avail. The wreck began to break up at about 7 a. m., and eight men of the crew were washed away and lost. Surflan William Halsey, Jr., succeeded in rescuing second mate George Eberts, and Surflan Warner rescued a seaman, Carl Sommers."

ARE YOU OFTEN BILIOUS?

Read This and Learn How to Prevent Attacks.

Biliousness is merely a term applied to a condition that exists when the body is over loaded with a bile.

The complexion turns yellow, eyes look dull, pimples, itching and eczema break out, headaches are ever present.

Biliousness has two great causes, constipation and defective action.

When Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken they not only correct the bowels but act directly on the liver, regulating its bile secretion.

Unlike ordinary medicines, which purge and give temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the condition which causes biliousness; thus permanent cures are effected.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills do cure biliousness and liver ills under all circumstances.

We prove this by the statement of Mr. Fenwick Luddington, of New Harbor, N. S., who writes:

"Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and dreadful headaches. If I stooped over my head would swim and a nausea feeling crept into my stomach."

"Dr. Hamilton's Pills fixed up my liver, drove all the bile out of my blood and made me a well man in a few months. Today I enjoy a good appetite, excellent digestion, and the best of health. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold by all dealers; 25 cents per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn. U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON.

Scores of millionaires are down Metapedia Way—Great Fishing and Fish Stories.

Montreal Herald.—Manager Weldon, of the Windsor, has just returned from the Metapedia district, where he says it is nearly impossible to see the trees for American millionaires this year.

"Their camps are dotting the river sides everywhere," remarked the brewer manager, "and the rivers are all full of fish."

"Personally I had only fair luck, for I went down rather late and only just got fairly started—landing four beauties all on one morning—when the telegram came about the fire, and of course that finished it."

"It is a capital salmon season, though. I was fishing in the Rest godche about half a dozen miles back from Metapedia station. Nobody thinks about trout there. If you should happen to bring one up you would throw it back again as you would a young sucker here."

"The general opinion is that it has been as good a season as has ever been known."

I never remember seeing such a number of big business people as there are down there. It looks as if New York city and state had really emptied themselves of its millionaires. I could mention dozens of them."

"To hear them talk round the camp fires at night you would think they never knew anything but fish stories."

A "WHEEZY" CHEST.

Means your trouble is deep seated. To delay is dangerous. All the inflammation will be drawn out in one day by applying Nervine. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, relieves inflammation and thus cures throat, weak chest and tendency to colds, no prescription is necessary fifty years it has been Canada's great household remedy. Twenty-five cents buys a large bottle.

Carrots are good for those having a tendency to gout.

WILL NOT KILL VAMPIRES.

Notwithstanding Usury Bill They Will Still Prey Upon the Public.

Ottawa, July 7.—On the Money Lenders' Bill being taken into committee in the Senate yesterday afternoon, Sir Richard Cartwright said he did not believe this or any other legislation would prevent the human vampires, called money lenders, from bleeding their fellows. There was no doubt the Act would be evaded. However, the proposed legislation would prevent the stigma remaining against the Canadian statutory system of compelling judges to declare legal the most outrageous transactions.

Senator Macgregor said he did not know that he was in favor of any Usury Act. Free trade in money lending might be as well defended as free trade in anything else. Why, however, should parliament not make some provision for the money borrowers? Why not regulate the chartered banks? They were the greatest borrowers in Canada. They borrowed eighty-five million dollars from the poorest of people. While the banks were enjoying good times and were getting five, six and seven per cent. on the money they loaned, why should they be allowed to pay only three per cent. on their deposits.

Senator Gibson said the government, rather than the banks, was the offender in this respect. The government fixed the rate of interest on deposits at its savings banks.

MAXIMUM 12 PER CENT.

Speaker Dandurand said he had proposed usury legislation in the past. He had not, however, advocated twelve per cent as the maximum. He had suggested twenty per cent. As a protection the twenty per cent. maximum was as good as twelve. The minimum of Toronto and Montreal usurers was fifty per cent., and run up to a hundred and twenty per cent. There was, however, a very respectable class of men who made loans of a hundred dollars to small builders or contractors. Lending one of them \$120 for a month and charging two dollars interest would be a reasonable transaction on the part of the money lender and a convenience to the borrower. This Act would make such a transaction a crime, as the interest would be twenty per cent.

REDUCE INTEREST RATE.

Senator McMullen favored reducing the maximum to ten per cent. Otherwise he said the country would think parliament had declared twelve per cent as the legal rate. Senator Boucherville and Sir Mackenzie Bowell favored a reduction of the rate.

Senator Ross said the Act might work well in Montreal and Toronto; it would not in the country. A farmer might want to buy a horse which he could get for a hundred and twenty-five or fifty time. If he could borrow a hundred dollars for a couple of months for five dollars he would save money in buying the horse. The bill would forbid such a loan.

AMEND NEXT NOVEMBER.

Senator Power moved to strike out the clause exempting from operation of the Act transactions which the interest is not more than fifty cents. Under it a man might divide up a loan of fifty dollars into five or ten dollars each, and the interest charged at the rate of eight per cent. would enable the money lender to continue their present practices.

It was pointed out by the Secretary of State that the bill could be amended again next session, in November, it required.

The amendment was declared lost, and the bill was given a third reading.

THE HISTORY OF A TREE.

How the Forester is Able to Read It From Borings.

(American Magazine.)

The forester reads the history of a tree in great detail. After taking out a few "borings" to the centre of the tree at different heights and counting the rings on them, he may spin you such a yarn as this:

"This tree is 150 years old (150 rings at the base). During its first five years it grew only seven inches (145 rings, seven inches from the base). Evidently it then began to lean toward the west, and, for it took a spurt and put on fifteen inches a year till it was ten years old (forty rings 44½ feet above the ground)."

"It was not growing as fast as its neighbors, however, for at this point it began to be overshadowed, and its growth declined for the next ten years to as little as four inches a year (forty-five rings at 48 feet and fifty at 50 feet). Just in time to save its life, something happened to its neighbors, presumably a wind storm—let's see, that would be 1806—and it resumed a steady growth of about six inches a year, having passed its fastest growth time. Its growth in thickness doesn't seem to have varied much—about an inch every three years—but it grew faster and faster in volume, of course as its height increased—a little over a cubic foot a year in its prime of life, I should judge."

"About thirty years ago it reached maturity and stopped growing in height (thirty rings at the top of the main stem) and now it is approaching old age (the last rings are pretty thin). Hold on a minute, here's a false ring—twenty-fourty—forty-six years back. Two very thin rings—see! instead of one thick one. Means that something interrupted the growing season—probably a late frost. It's ask the oldest inhabitant."

And the chances are 10 to 1 the oldest inhabitant remembers the hard spring of 1860 and has heard tales of the great wind in 1806.