

THE BURGLAR CAGED.

Montreal Woman locked Him in Upstairs Room.

Montreal, May 30.—Oscar Berube, laborer, eighteen years of age, 130 Chatham street, appeared before Judge Lafontaine charged with breaking into the house of J. B. Mack, 1 Seymour avenue. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and was remanded for enquire.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Mack had been out making a call, and on her return found her parlor and kitchen in a wonderful state of confusion. Ornaments had been taken from their places and the contents of the dresser and cupboards scattered about the floor. Hearing a noise upstairs, she crept up on tip-toe and observed a man in the front room. With great presence of mind she pulled the door of the room shut and turned the key in the lock. Knowing that she had the man safe, unless he broke open the door or jumped forty feet to the ground, she hurried to a neighbor's house and telephoned for the police. Captain Baker of No. 10 station, with several constables, responded to the call and took Berube in charge. The prisoner had packed up quite a quantity of valuables, in addition to having a bundle of stuff with him when he entered the house. He at first gave his name as John Brown, and said he had thought the house was his own. Three years ago on June 15 Berube was sentenced for breaking into the same house, which at that time was occupied by another tenant.

DELIBERATE CASE OF GRAVE-ROBBERING

Remarkable Experience of Well-known Forest Citizen Vouched for by Baptist Minister and Local Druggist.

(From Forest Free Press.)

Forest, May 29, 1907.—The following facts, vouched for by Rev. C. E. Burrell, Baptist minister, and Ralph E. Scott, the well-known local druggist, is incontrovertible evidence that even when physicians have abandoned hope, there is still a way whereby the grave may be beaten off its prey.

John A. Galbraith is a well-to-do farmer, living in Plymouth Township, about five miles from Forest. He is 5 feet 9 inches in height, and about 46 years of age. He enjoyed good health until early in 1906, when he had a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia, which apparently broke up his whole system.

In speaking of the case to Forest Free Press, he said:—"I did not seem able to gain any strength after the attack of pneumonia. One doctor said that I could not recover, and advised me to settle all my affairs as quickly as possible. This was the condition I was in when my pastor Rev. C. E. Burrell, of the Baptist Church, advised me to try Psychine, and procured for me a trial bottle. This was in May, 1906, and at that time I was reduced in weight to 120 pounds. The Psychine seemed to do good from the start, and I continued until I had used about \$15 worth from Scott's Drug Store, Forest. I gained in weight at the rate of half a pound a day until I went up 150 pounds, steadily regaining my strength and feeling better. I actually had to have my clothes enlarged, not through any corpulence, but owing to a putting on of good solid flesh all over. I have resumed my work and have gone through this severe and sickly winter with nothing worse than an attack of grip, which my system was able to throw off without any serious results.

"I give this statement for the purpose of showing how Psychine has probably saved my life, and in the hope that others may be likewise helped."

"Mr. J. A. Galbraith is a prominent member of my church, trusted by his neighbors and very highly respected throughout the entire community. His case has attracted very considerable attention. His was a pitiable case, indeed, in the prime of life and with the brightest of prospects to be suddenly stricken down in the midst of it all. Visiting him after his physicians had pronounced his case hopeless and, indeed, set the date at about which he would likely pass away, and observing pretty closely his condition, it occurred to me that Psychine, which I had used in my own family with wonderful results, might benefit him. I strongly recommended it to him, and he began its use. The result was truly wonderful. Almost immediately he began to improve and soon was able to be out again. He apparently regained his old health and was able to take up once again his old duties on his large farm and to perform them with comparative ease and comfort. The improvement was permanent, and he is today apparently just as well as ever. He gives all the credit for his recovery, under God, to Psychine."

"C. E. BURRELL, Baptist Pastor."

"I have read the statements made by Mr. J. A. Galbraith and Rev. C. E. Burrell regarding the results of the use of Psychine. I know both gentlemen personally and can heartily endorse all that they have said. Mr. Galbraith obtained his supply of Psychine at my drug store, saying from time to time that it had done him good. I took an interest in his case, and noted a steady improvement. Altogether I sold him about \$15.00 worth. Psychine is having a big run here, and so far as I know is always used with beneficial results."

"RALPH E. SCOTT, Forest, May 1st, 1907."

She—No, I can never be yours. He—In that case, farewell forever. She, (hastily)—Now don't go off mad, George. You can be mine.

A SHORT COURTSHIP.

Girl of Fifteen Married in Ottawa Police Court.

Ottawa, May 30.—A happy little romantic drama in real life was enacted at the Police Court here yesterday afternoon, when Wacly Moinks, a sturdy young Galician section hand on the C. P. R., near Maniwaki, wooed and won in twenty minutes a Galician bride of but fifteen years. The Juliet in question had just been taken in charge by the police on the request of an Ottawa citizen, in whose home she had been employed since February last. Being of tender years, he and his wife had taken a paternal interest in her, and when she did not return home on Sunday evening after her afternoon off the head of the family started out to look for her. He found her in company with several of her fellow-countrymen, but she declined to return home. Yesterday she reported the facts of the case to the immigration authorities, and, with the aid of a policeman, the girl was located and taken to the police station. Thither she was followed by Moinks, who explained that he had taken a sudden fancy to the maiden and desired to marry her. After making some inquiries the authorities were convinced of the suitor's good intentions, and found that he was a sober, industrious fellow. He was given the opportunity to press his suit, and after a private twenty minute interview with the tearful young lady he managed to dry her tears and win her happy consent to wed. Matters were speedily arranged by the interested officials. A bridal bouquet was procured, the bride was given a fitting bridal costume, and several hours later the wedding ceremony was performed in the juvenile court room. To-day the happy pair left for Maniwaki.

A Policeman's Strategy.

When Captain W. E. Weber was a patrolman a clothing store upon his beat was robbed one night. The thief had taken off his own old clothes and left them in the store. He had put on a new suit and worn it away. The old suit was that of a boy about fifteen years old.

Weber gathered up the clothes and took them to the old fire patrol house at Seventh avenue and Wyandotte street. He put them upon the floor and, turning the hose on them, drenched them with water. Then he went down to the junction, where at that time the newsboys congregated in great numbers. He gathered a dozen of them around him.

"Boys," he said, "the police found some clothes down on the river bank this morning. It looks like a boy had been drowned. I want all of you to come up to the fire station and look at the clothes. Maybe you can tell me who they belonged to."

No sooner had the "newsies" gathered around the pile of water soaked clothes than one little fellow spoke up: "That's Nifty Smith's. I seen him wearin' them red galluses, an' he sewed that patch on the knee there hisself."

Other boys corroborated this story. In less than an hour the officer had cornered Nifty and made him confess to the robbery.

Poisoned With Food.

If one were to say that thousands of people regularly and almost systematically poison themselves with food, it would strike the average layman as extravagant. The opinion of the layman, however, cuts no figure when compared with the scientific deductions of one who has carefully observed the facts. How many people are there who select their food with care, eat it at the right time and in the proper way to secure good digestion and subsequent absorption of just the physiologically correct amount of nutriment required to repair the waste incurred by the duties of everyday life? There are very few. Some starve themselves, but the great majority go to the other extreme and constantly overeat. One eats too much at regular mealtimes, while another eats less, but feeds more frequently. In either case the digestive apparatus is overtaxed.—A Physician in New York World.

A Robust Ghost.

John Leech and a member of the Millais family once stayed a night at Cowdray hall, in England, where, many guests being present, the two friends had no alternative but to accept rooms in an isolated wing supposed to be haunted. In the middle of the night Millais awoke, believing that some giant was shaking him violently by the shoulder. This was supposed to be the favorite device of the ghost. He rushed into a corridor and found Leech sitting there trembling and declaring that he would not for the world go back to his room. They spent the remainder of the night in the corridor, but in the morning said nothing of their experiences. In the afternoon there arrived an evening paper telling of a violent earthquake in the locality. The earthquake was what the two visitors believed to be their ghost.

Pea Soup and Electric Baths.

Two savants have just announced the discovery of a means of prolonging life indefinitely. A Frenchman says a certain sort of electric bath solves the problem, and a Massachusetts man declares that pea soup is the elixir so long searched for. The French physician is a comparatively young man, who employs the bright vocabulary of youth, in which, it is said, there is no such word as "can't." The New Englander is ninety-three years old and has been growing young, so he asserts, since he discovered the rejuvenating qualities of pea soup and eschewed all other meat and drink with a view to turning back the hands of the clock.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



A SUMMERTIME COMFORT.

The heat of the summer days is often rendered less oppressive by donning of some light and dainty negligee and every woman and girl provides herself with several before this time arrives. A very dainty one is shown in flowered dimity with collar or plain material for contrast. The sack and sleeves are laid in narrow tucks at the top and the result is most pleasing. The closing is effected in front and may be elaborated with ribbon bows or pretty buttons. For home making this is excellent in style as it is a bit unusual and therefore more valued. The thin silks and washing fabrics may any of them be used successfully in its realization. For the medium size 33 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6815—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust. The price of this pattern is 10c.

To the Fredericton Herald:

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name..... Street..... No..... Province..... To..... Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

CAUTION.—Be careful to send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 23, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order or stamps.

THE DYNAMITER.

He Must Be a Man of Many Parts, With Nerve and Coolness.

In an article on "Dynamite; the Power of Unfathomable," Samuel Hopkins Adams thus describes the man who handles the explosive and his ways:

"The finished type of the dynamiter is the man who has had the ability to rise and the luck to survive long enough to graduate from the plant and become an agent. In his best embodiment the explosive agent is something of a chemist, something of a quarryman, something of an electrician, a good deal of a mineralogist and above all a man of resource and coolness. It is he who does the exploding. The factory gets notice from a railroad that a contract is open for the destruction of a ledge of rock which blocks their line of advance. Away goes the agent, with his grip sack full of ready made destruction, to look the thing over. First he draws upon his mineralogic lore to determine the nature of the rock. If it is very hard he uses a high grade of his explosive, which delivers a quick, shattering blow. In case of soft rock the lower grade supplies a blast which will produce a wider effect, although it will not break the dislodged rock into such small pieces. Next as a quarryman he considers the nature of the ledge and the indicated fissures or veins and plans his drilling accordingly. Then he must attend to the drilling of the holes, the tamping of the charge and—here his electric knowledge is called for—the arrangement of the batteries. After a few blasts he gives the railroad company his estimate, and if it is accepted he may oversee the job himself.

"Often he meets his rivals on the ground. Then comes the tug of war. Tricks of the trade are many and not all of them scrupulous. Where many agents are gathered together it seems to be a point of honor with every man to handle his particular article with the utmost apparent carelessness, while he manifests a shrinking timidity toward the products of his competitors. This is to impress the outsider. So the agent will toss about a twenty-five pound package of dynamite like so much meal, kick it, drop it over fences or down ledges and generally maltreat it. If the dynamite is fresh this is all right, but occasionally something goes wrong, and theory, together with the theorist, is blown to atoms in practice. Theoretically a high explosive should detonate only when set off by means of a fulminate of mercury cap, and some of the safety explosives apparently live up to this. But anything with nitroglycerin in it is best treated with consideration for nitro is a very uncertain

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Fit-Reform Outing Suits keep their style and their proportions, because they are hand tailored.

\$15. up.



Fit-Reform

C. H. Thomas & Co., Fredericton.

HER DEFENSE.

"I own a golden locket set with jewels bright and rare," She wrote to Will, "and I have placed Your precious picture there." "I have your little photograph," Her lines to Harry said. "With a locket o'er my heart," She cried, "I wear you best!" Oh, fair and tricky maid!

It happened that they chanced to meet.

These two adoring youths; Comparing notes, as lovers will, They learned some startling truths. But when they taxed her with deceit She showed them, nothing loath, Their pictures in the locket. "See," She cried, "I wear you best!" —Minna Irving in New York Times.

Dress.



The Bachelor—Do you think women dress to please the men? The Married Man—No, to impoverish them.—New York World.

The Truth, the Whole Truth.

A worthy squirrel had a row that always kicked and reared when milked. He decided to get rid of it and, calling one of his farm hands, told him to take the animal to market.

"Sell the brute," he said, "but, mind you, tell no lies. I've been unlucky in my purchase, but that's no reason why I should deceive others."

Two hours later the man returned from market with a larger sum than the squirrel had expected. "I'm sure you lied about that cow," he said.

"Not a bit of it!" replied the man. "Every time I was asked if she was a good milker I simply said, 'You'll get dead tired of milking before you've got all her milk.' They asked no other questions, so that I didn't volunteer any more answers."—Don Vivant.

Nature has just one pigment on her palette with which she produces all the marvelous tints of beauty, and that one pigment is the blood. The shell-like pink beneath the finger nails the delicate rose of the cheek, the cherry ripeness of the lips, the iridescent brilliance of the eyes are all produced by the blood. Just as the permanence of a beautiful painting will depend upon the purity of the colors with which it is painted, so the permanence of beauty depends on the purity of the blood. Paint, powder and cosmetics won't avail to preserve beauty. Beauty begins in the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is true beautifier, because it provides for nature that pure blood with which alone she can paint. The use of this medicine will cleanse the skin, heighten the complexion, brighten the eyes, and give to face and form that radiance of health which is the greatest charm of beauty. This is not a "patent medicine" because every bottle bears upon its wrapper a full list of the ingredients. Send for free booklet to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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