Don't Pass

THE WONDERFUL BARGAINS OFFERED AT THE

Mammoth

Clothing Sale

NOW GOING ON AT OUR

NORTH END STORE,

553--555 Main Street.

It is a FEAST OF BARGAINS, and if you want to get a share, come early.

On Saturday we were compelled to lock the doors a number of times to enable us to give proper attention to intending purchasers; and hundreds had to go away, as they could not get waited on.

There are some wonderful bargains still left, and we are adding to the stock daily, so if you want something in

Men's, Youths', Boys' or Children's Clothing

At Less Than Manufacturers' Prices,

come in at once. Don't put off, for the man who misses this sale is a loser.

Think Of It!

Men's Suits, $10.00, $12.00 and $13.50 values for **Only $7.15**

Men' Overcoats, $6.00, $8.00 and $10.00 values for **Only $5.10**

Men's Ulsters, $9.00, $10.00 and $12.00 values for **Only $3.75**

Boys' Suits and Overcoats at prices more than 50 per cent discount.

This Is a Golden Opportunity

—AND—

Happy is the man who grabs it.

Sale Continues for Ten Days

Look for the Big Yellow Sign.

HENDERSON & HUNT

553-55 Main Street

orth End

Blazed Trail Stories

-- AND --

Stories of the Wild Life

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

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THE PROSPECTOR

(Continued).

Peter stopped short, looked at the speaker, and went out hurriedly.

The next morning the men came into his gulch. He heard them even before he had left his bunk—the clink, creak, creak, of their wagons. By the time he had finished breakfast the side-hills were covered with them. From his window he could catch glimpses of them through the straight pines as patches of red, or flashes of light reflected from polished metal. In the cañon was the gleam of fires; in the air the smell of wood-smoke and of bacon broiling; among the white bare bushes and saplings the shine of white lean-tops; horses fed eagerly on the young grasses and the browse of trees, raising their heads as the creak of wheels farther down the draw told of yet new-comers. The boom was under way.

Peter knew that the tidings of the discovery would spread. Tomorrow a new town would deserve a place on the map. Men would come to the town, men with money, men anxious to invest. With them Peter would trade. There was to be no chance of a careless bargain this time. He would take no chances. And yet he had thought that before.

Peter began to forestall difficulties in his mind. The former experience suggested many, but he drew from the same source their remedies. It was the great unknown that terrified him. In spite of his years, in spite of his grey hairs, in spite of his memories of those former failures, he had to confess to himself that he knew nothing, absolutely nothing of sharpers and their methods. They could not fleece him again in precisely the same way as they had done before; but how could he guess at the tricks they had in reserve? Eight years out of a man's life ought surely to teach him caution as thoroughly as twelve. Yet he walked into the Eagle Ridge trap as confidently as he had into the Antelope Gap. He had made it twelve years. What was to prevent his making it sixteen? There is no fear like that of the absolutely unknown. You cannot forestall that; you must depend upon your own self-confidence. Self-confidence was just what Peter did not possess.

Then in a flash he saw what he should have done. It was all so ridiculously simple—a mere question of division of labor. He, Peter, knew prospecting, but did not understand business. Back in his old Vermont home were a dozen honest men who knew business, but understood nothing of prospecting. Nothing would have been easier than to have combined these qualities and lacks. If Peter had returned quietly to his people, concealing his discoveries from the men of Beaver Dam, he could have returned in three weeks' time equipped for his negotiations. Now it was too late. The minute his back was turned they would jump his claims. Peter's mind worked slowly. If he had felt himself less driven by the sight of those gray hairs, he might have come in time to another idea—that of wiring or writing East for a partner, pending whose arrival he could merely hold possession of the claims. As it was, the terror and misgiving, having obtained entry, rapidly usurped the dominion of his thoughts. He could see nothing before him but the inevitable and dread bargaining with unknown powers of dishonesty, nothing behind him but the mistake of starting the "boom."

As the morning wore away he went out into the hills to look about him. The men were all busily enough engaged in chipping out the shallow troughs of their "discoveries," piling supporting rocks about their corner and side stakes, or tacking up laboriously composed mining "notices." They paid scant attention to the man who passed them a hundred yards away. Peter visited his own four claims. On one he found a small group anxiously examining the indications of the lead. He did not join it. The parting words flung after him at the saloon came to his mind. "Look out for us! There'll be an unholy mob on hand, and they'll try to do you, sure."

Peter cooked himself a noon meal, but he did not eat much of it. Instead, he sat quite still and stared with wide blind eyes at the wavering mists of steam that arose from the various hot dishes. From time to time he got up with apparent purpose, which, however, left him before he had taken two steps, so that his movement speedily became aimless, and he sat down again. Late in the afternoon he went the rounds of his claims again, but saw nothing unusual. He did not take the trouble to cook supper. During the evening some men looked in for a moment or so, but went away, because the cabin was empty. Peter was at the moment of their visit walking back and forth, back and forth, away up high there on the top of the ridge, in a little cleared flat space next the stars. When he came to the end, he whirled sharp on his heels. It was six paces one way and five the other. He counted the steps consciously, until the mental process became mechanical. Then the count went on steadily behind his other thoughts—five, six; five, six; five, six; over and over again, like that. About ten o'clock he ceased opening and shutting his hands and began to scream, at first under his breath, then louder in the over tone, then with the full strength of his lungs. A mountain lion on another slope answered him. He stretched his arms up over his head, every muscle tense, and screamed. And then, without appreciable transition, he sank to the rock and hid his face. For the moment the nerve tension had relaxed.

The clear western stars, like fine silver powder, seemed to glimmer in some light stronger than their own, as dust-motes in the sun. A breeze from the prairie rested its light, invisible hands on the man's bent head. Certain homely night-sounds, such as the tree-toads and crickets and the cries of the poor wills, stole here and there through the pine aisles like living creatures on the whing. A faint, sweet odor of the woods came with them. Peter arose, and drew a deep breath, and went to his cabin. The peace of nature had for the moment become his own.

But then, in the darkness of his low bunk, the old doubts, the old terrors returned. They perched there above him and compelled him to look at them until his eyes were hot and red. "Do, do, do!" said they, until Peter arose, and there, in the child of dawn, he walked the three miles necessary for the inspection of his claims. Everything was as it should be. The men in the gulch were not yet awake. From the Jim Crow a drowsy porcupine trundled away bristling.

This could not go on. It would be weeks before he could hope even to open his negotiations. Peter cooked himself an elaborate breakfast—and drank half a cup of coffee. Then he sat, as he had the day before, staring straight in front of him, seeing nothing. After a time he placed the girl's picture and the square mirror side by side on the table and looked at them intently.

He rose, kicking his chair over backward, and went out to his claims once more.

The men in the gulch had awakened. Most of them had finished the more imperative demands of location the day before, so now they were more at leisure to satisfy their curiosity and their love of comment by inspecting the original discovery to which all this stampede was due. As a consequence Peter found a great gathering on the Jim Crow. Some of the men were examining chunks of ore, others were preparing to descend the shafts, still others were engaged idly in reading the location notice tacked against a stub pine. One of the latter, the same individual who had joked Peter in the saloon, caught sight of the prospector as he approached.

"Hullo, Happy!" he called, pointing at the weather-beaten notice. "What do you call this?" He winked at the rest. The history of Peter's losses was well known.

"What?" asked Peter, strangely.

"You ain't got this readin' right. She says 'fifteen hundred feet; the law say she ought t' read fifteen hundred linear feet.' Your claim is n.g. I'm goin' t' jump her on you."

The statement was ridiculous; everybody knew it, and prepared to laugh, loud-mouthed.

Peter, without a word, shot the speaker through the heart. Men said at his trial that it was the most brutal and unprovoked murder they had ever known.

(The End.)

SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, Nov. 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bulmer gave a pleasant party on Friday evening in honor of J. W. Bowser and bride. Miss Isabell Wry assisted in receiving the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Estabrook, Midgic, celebrated their 15th wedding anniversary on Saturday evening. About 75 of their friends gave them an impromptu party in honor of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook were agreeably surprised. A pleasant evening was enjoyed. Music, speeches and games furnished the amusement. The bride and groom of 15 years received a number of valuable presents. A. E. Wall made the presentation on behalf of the guests. Refreshments were served before the happy gathering dispersed.

The new Presbyterian church was dedicated yesterday. Rev. Geo. Woods, of Amherst, preached the dedicatory sermon at 11 a. m., assisted by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, of St. John, and the pastor of the church, Rev. F. G. McIntosh. The afternoon service was conducted by Mr. James, superintendent of the Anglo-American Telegraph Co., Charlottetown. At the evening service Rev. W. W. Rainnie gave an excellent sermon. The church was well filled on each occasion. Excellent music was furnished by the choir. Miss Bessie Carter conducted the music. Very acceptable vocal solos were rendered morning and evening by Miss Dorcas Johnson.

Richard D. Harper arrived home Saturday after an absence of three months at St. Johns, Quebec, where he took a bugler's course at St. Johns Military School.

Evangelist Beattie, of St. John, is expected to occupy the pulpit of Main St. Baptist church next Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Andrews will give a sermon on Temperance in the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

Wm. McLeod, who recently went to Missoula, Montana, is now settled with his son Beverly on a ranch a mile square. He is starting with 275 cattle and 60 horses. He is well satisfied with the outlook there.

Adam Ames, who recently returned from the west, purposes opening up a blacksmith shop here at an early date.

James C. Avard, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town.

The death of Mrs. Helen Berry, a former resident of Sackville, occurred at Neponsett, Mass., on the 17th inst., after an extended illness. Deceased was 42 years old. The body was brought home for interment. Funeral was held yesterday afternoon from Woodpoint Baptist church, a large number assembling to pay their last tribute of respect. Rev. B. N. Nobles conducted the service. Mrs. Berry is survived by her husband, also her parents Mr. and Mrs. Obadia Snowdon, Woodpoint, and six sisters, Mrs. Willard Wry, and Mrs. Oran Johnson, Sackville; Mrs. B. T. Cathers and Mrs. A. E. Gibbons, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Wm. Egan, Neponsitt, and Mrs. James Snowdon, Malden, Mass., and one brother Luther Snowdon, Woodpoint.

Mrs. Thomas Walker left last night for Halifax as a visitor to the Halifax branch of the Women's Association of the Church of England in Canada.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. M. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes; "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more that pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

Do You Suffer With

HEADACHES?

Won't you be guided by the experience of others—take what they took—and cure yourself as they cured themselves? Fruit-a-tives cure the cause of the headache. They remove the blood poisons which cause it entirely relieve constipation and tone up the nerves. This letter is the proof that puts an end to doubt:—

"I have tried Fruit-a-tives and found them splendid for headaches. I feel so much better since I commenced taking them. I think they are a splendid medicine, and am recommending them to all my friends." Mrs. J. W. DULONG. Thamesville, Ont.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

50c. a box. All druggists. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited. Ottawa.

STOP, WOMAN!

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers a great many years.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs Pinkham's Standing Invitation.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn Mass., for special advice.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me."

"ALL AT SEA"



THOSE SMOKERS WHO ARE TRYING TO FIND A BETTER CIGAR THAN THE

IRVING

J. HIRSCH SONS & CO MFRS. MONTREAL

GET THE HABIT---SAVE THE BANDS

THERE IS NOTHING MORE ATTRACTIVE FOR THE HOME THAN ARTISTIC LIGHTING FIXTURES.

We Have Just Received Our

New Fall Designs.

R. E. T. Pringle Co. Ltd.



THE MARK OF QUALITY.

FROM the little tot to the head of the family there is a store of satisfaction in **"Canadian"** Rubbers.

Mother wants comfort—sister wants style—father wants durability—and the little feet want protection.

All these they find in **"Canadian"** Rubbers bearing "the mark of quality."

For over half a century the best rubbers have borne this "mark of quality." Look for it when you buy.

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