

Alteration Sale Continued.

BARGAINS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Boys' 2-Piece Suits worth \$3.00 for **\$1.98**
Boys' 3-Piece Suits, Good Canadian Tweed, worth \$5, for **\$3.48**
Men's White Duck Night Shirts, regular price 90c., Sale Price **58c.**
Men's White Dress Shirts, regular price 60c.; Sale Price, **38c.**
Men's White Dress Shirts, regular price \$1; Sale Price **58c.**
Men's Black Cashmere Hose, regular price 35c.; Sale Price **19c.**
Men's Black Cotton Hose, regular price 15c.; Sale Price **3 for 25c.**
Men's Braces, regular price 35c.; Sale Price **19c.**
Linen Collars, **3 for 25c.**
Men's Linen Handkerchiefs, worth 15c.; **3 for 25c.**
Men's Regular 50c. Neck Ties for **19c.**
Men's Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, **19c. each**
Men's English Hair Line Pants, worth \$3.00, for **\$1.98**
Men's Canadian Tweed Working Pants, worth \$1.50, for **98c.**
50 Men's Suits, Good Canadian Tweed, last season's style, worth \$10, for **\$9.98**
120 Men's Hewson Suits, regular price \$13.; Sale Price **\$9.98**
200 Men's Black Clay Worsteds Suits, just the same as a Tailor-made suit, \$18.00.; Sale Price **\$10.48**
Men's Black Cheviot Suits, worth \$8.50 for **\$5.98**
Men's Long Showerproof Overcoats, worth \$12.00, for **\$8.00**
Men's Short Top Overcoats, most up-to-date, regular price \$12.; Sale Price **\$8.00**
Men's Hard and Soft Hats, worth \$1.50, for **98c.**

The Travelling Public Will Find it to their Advantage to Visit Our Trunk Department.

28 inch Embossed Metal Trunks, with Hat Box and Rollers, **\$1.68**
Canvas Covered Trunks, Iron Bottom, Brass Lock, **\$2.98 up.**
Japanese Picnic Baskets, **48c.**
Japanese Dress Suit Cases with straps, **90c.**
Imitation Leather Dress Suit Cases, worth \$2.00, for **\$1.24**
Solid Leather Dress Suit Cases, worth \$6.00, for **\$4.48**
Solid Leather Club Bags, from **\$1.25 up.**

Trunks and Valises Initialed Free of Charge.

Ladies' Fancy Tweed Suits, regular price \$18.00; Sale Price **\$13.98**
Ladies' Fancy Tweed Suits, regular price \$16.00; Sale Price **\$11.98**
Ladies' Fancy Tweed Suits, regular price \$12.00; Sale Price **\$6.98**
Ladies' Covert Cloth Coats, regular price \$9.50; Sale Price **\$6.98**
Ladies' Covert Cloth Coats, regular price \$8.50; Sale Price **\$5.98**
Ladies' Long Loose Covert Coats, regular price \$14.00; Sale Price **\$10.98**
Ladies' Rain Coats, worth \$9.00 to \$12.00; your choice, **\$6.98**
Ladies' Black and Blue Vicuna Skirts, worth \$3.00 for **\$1.98**
Ladies' Grey and Mixed Homespun Skirts, worth \$5.50 for **\$3.98**
Ladies' Lustre Skirts, Black, Blue, Green and Brown, worth \$3.75 for **\$2.98**
Ladies' Silk Waists, Black, White, Brown, Blue and Green, **\$3.75 for \$2.48**
Ladies' Silk Waists, Short Sleeves, regular price \$4, for **\$2.48**
Ladies' White Lawn Waists, Short Sleeves, regular price \$1.75.; Sale Price **\$1.25**
Ladies' All-over Short Sleeve Waists, regular price \$6.50; Sale Price **\$4.48**
Ladies' Silk Underskirts, regular price \$4.50; Sale Price **\$2.98**
Ladies' Sateen Underskirts, regular price \$1.00; Sale Price **68c**
Ladies' Sateen Underskirts, regular price \$2.25; Sale Price **\$1.48**
Large assortment of Washable Collars and Belts, choice for **25c**
Ladies' Wash Suits, regular price \$3.00, for **\$1.98**
Ladies' Tape Girdle Corset, regular price 35c., for **24c.**
Full line Travellers' Samples Whitewear, Skirts, Night Gowns, Corset Covers and Drawers at Wholesale Price.

WILCOX BROS.,
54 to 58 Dock Street, 1
and 2 Market Square.

AT THE PACK-MULE CLAIM

By Phillip Verrill Mighels

Four men, bound hand and foot, were standing beneath a truss of the railway bridge, and above their heads four ropes came dangling down, each with a noose at the end. A grimly silent throng of cowboys and miners hedged them in.

One of the four, whose appeals and protests were of no avail, appeared to be the merest youth. He quaked with terror as the noose was deftly slipped about his neck.

"Oh, let me go—let me go!" he sobbed; "I'm a girl—I'm only a girl!"

The man addressed and all the men who had a grip on the end of the rope, ready to pull at the signal, gaped with open mouths.

"Girl!" said Joe Merrill, the leader. "What are you doing here? How do you come with this gang of thieves?"

"March then down to Pizen; they can tell their story there."

Falling behind the mob, which was moving away like a many-jointed creature, Merrill saw an opportunity to pause in a shadow and let them all proceed without him.

"She has come to hunt me up," he muttered. "But I'm ashamed to let her know me now."

The crowd of men with the captives had scattered when Merrill came to Pizen Spring, the town on the edge of the mines in the mountains and the cattle ranges in the valley.

The three men had been able to prove themselves miners and entirely innocent of the crime for which they came so near losing their lives.

The girl who had fallen in with the miners by chance, had come to Pizen in search of her brother. Her name was Maggie Drew. Her stepfather, she said, had been dead a year; her mother was ill; the work of the ranch had devolved upon herself. She had heard that Bronson Drew, her brother, was in Nicoll valley, and now that the step-parent was alive no longer, she had hoped if she could find him she would willingly go back to the place. She had come in the dress of a boy because of its convenience and its suitability to her purpose. She had never seen nor heard from this brother during more than seven years of his absence.

As Merrill started to walk to his cabin that evening a man stepped out in the path before him.

"Evening!" he said, and made to pass. "Evening, Bronson Drew!" replied the man.

He turned sharply. "Who told you that? Who saw me?" he demanded. The voice sounded half familiar, but he could not recognize the bearded face in the shadow.

"Don't say a word," replied the stranger. "Come here a little and I'll tell you something about your sister. It's something you'll be glad to know."

There was ample acknowledgment of the name of Drew and his kinship with the girl in "Merrill's" silent compliance with the man's request.

He was on the alert for any suspicious movement, but he was entirely unprepared for a ruffian who glided behind him at the corner and dealt him a blow on the back of the head with a clubbed revolver. He sank without a sound to the earth.

When he regained his senses Drew found himself lying on the dusty floor of a cabin. Daws had broken but the place was dark. He failed to recognize anything familiar, even as the light increased. A dull pain was throbbing at the base of his brain.

At length the door was opened; the man who had brought him to the place came quietly in.

"Good morning, Bronson," said the man, as he noted the two brilliant eyes peering from the face. "Didn't know me, did you, when we met last night?"

Everything came back to the wounded man in a flash. He knew his assailant now—his stepfather's son, Charlie Marshall, the creature who had broken up the home. He could make no reply, gazed and powerless as he was.

"Don't be a cur; speak to your brother," taunted Marshall, grinning with delight. "Can't you get up and break my jaw, like you did before? No? Now that's a pity."

The man who was bound could see behind the scuffed and bearded face, and he discovered again the malicious countenance of the boy he had met when his mother married Caleb Marshall and plunged them all in trouble.

Again he listened to the sneering taunts heaped by the interloper on his mother, his sister and himself; again he resented the intrusion of this human brute; again he fought the fight in which he nearly killed the fellow for an unbearable insult to Maggie. His blood surged hotly as

"Hi," cried Maggie, instinctively, forgetting herself for the second.

"Maggie!" shouted the man, who had rubbed off the gag on the rocks. That second Maggie slipped to the ground, fell headlong, regained her feet, and went running back along the trail. She panted; her hat was gone; her knife was clutched wildly in her hand.

The wolves, their voices were in her ears! She raced upon the scene as the brutes, recovered from the fright the horse and rider had compelled, came snarling and circling about their helpless but desperate prey.

"Hi, Hi, Hi!" cried the girl again. The cowardly beasts ran a rod and stood to gather courage. Her knife slipped quickly across the ropes—her brother was free—to defend, to protect to fight.

"Bronny!" she cried, and fainted in his arms.

Marshall, the hunted, rode like a fiend that night, to escape his pursuers, but they caught him in the Pack-Mule ravine and strung him up to the nearest tree. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



Nestle's Food
IS ECONOMICAL.

Nestle's Food is ready for baby by adding water. Nestle's Food requires no milk, because it contains all the nourishment in milk.

Nestle's Food is prepared from rich, creamy cow's milk—and is the one safe substitute for mother's milk.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

he underwent again the rage which on that occasion had left this stepbrother maimed half an ear.

As for Marshall, he had a plan concocted in his ingenious brain. He meant to possess the Drew ranch alone. His father was dead; Mrs. Drew-Marshall was ill; Bronson Drew was in his power, and Maggie—he was planning concerning the girl.

In the late afternoon he composed a note to Maggie Drew, urging that she come at once to render aid. This he signed with the name of his prisoner; and certain old-time pet names which he had used frequently pronounced the employment to give his note a genuine flavor.

Then he walked rapidly up the ravine to a spring, where his horse was concealed in the willows, and rode away to the north.

Bronson Drew, half-choked, cut by the ropes about his arms, famishing for water, was keenly alive to suffering.

Now an odor stole to his senses; it was faint and fleeting. Before he could catch it the air had diluted its essence. It came again—smoke! Something was burning!

Suddenly a slender flame went licking upward in a corner. In the silence a swag crackled crisply.

Drew was number with horror. To be roasted alive—this was to be his fate! He worked and wrenched at his fastenings madly. Then he thought of trying to twist himself about, thus to snap the rope. He tried it; the coil that passed over his neck now came against the bone of his jaw and chin. Enduring the pain of this he exerted his utmost power. He lowered his head—the rope slipped across his jaw and nearly tore away his ear as he writhed and made it saw across his scalp.

By this time the whole interior was lurid with the leap of the flames. A knot gave way. The rope was as good as broken. With a great convulsion, Drew squirmed himself free. He rolled over, got on his knees, and jumped, with his feet tied together and his hands behind his back, through the door.

Five minutes later, the blaze had the whole structure wrapped about in sinuous tentacles of red and yellow. The glow lighted the sides of the canon afar.

Laboriously and painfully Drew went leaping up the hill. This was a desperate measure, when he might have gone down the ravine; but having recognized the place, he knew the nearest way to the three essential things—water, a ledge of rock on which to escape his fetters till he wore them in twain, and then the town of Pizen, seven good miles to the west.

It was dark and early, the second morning after Maggie's escape. A silver figure glided from the brush to the stable where "Merrill" kept his horse. He led the animal forth, saddled him hurriedly, and then proceeded to make him wet at a watering trough and to make him foam with soap. Next he took a piece of folded paper from his pocket and tied it to the stirrup.

Leading the horse across the road beneath the windows of the Russell House, where Maggie Drew was staying, the inhuman being cut a tendon near the hoof in the right foreleg of the horse, and thereby rendered him helpless. The agonized creature gave a shrill cry of pain.

Evidently satisfied, the man-form glided again to the brush and disappeared. At the second neigh of the helpless horse a window went up and Maggie Drew was looking forth.

Presently came a noise of shutting doors, and then the faces of the two Russell girls were also at the window. "I know that horse is in pain, said the voice of Maggie. She soon came running out, half-clad and rapped in a shawl. Her quick eyes rapidly took in the situation. She knew the horse could barely hobble, she thought he had come on a terrible chase. Then she found the paper at the stirrup.

One of the chattering girls brought a light and read the note which Charlie Marshall had written at the Pack-Mule claim.

Maggie made no sound when the end was reached. She put on her boy's clothes as if by instinct. With the note in her shirt she ran to the shed.

She saddled an astonished broncho and like a spirit of the wind he shot away at the top of his speed.

The miles of sandy country seemed to slide to the rear beneath the broncho's hoofs. He raced up the Freetown canon, going like an engine.

A cry came floating down the gulch, then a series of yelps. She knew the voice of the timber wolf, when three or more are banded together, and the sound gave her a thrill of dread.

Almost immediately he raced about a curve, and felt that the wolves were near at hand. The light had increased. In a second she saw the animals, standing at bay before a man, who was bound hand and foot.

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HALIFAX ELECTION TRIAL

Halifax, July 10.—The election trials of William Rodger and M. Carney begin next Tuesday. The bill of particulars was filed by the petitioners late this afternoon. It presents a long array of alleged cases of bribery by agents of the men declared elected, as well as by themselves and the names of corrupt practices are presented. Serving subpoenas began today and caused a good deal of excitement in some circles. About forty were served.

It is understood that the judges at the trial will be Justices Townshend and Russell.

The election trial of Hon. W. S. Fielding, in Shelburne, was set for July 7, but it has been postponed to a date in August.

The solicitors of Messrs. Carney and Rodger have filed a bill of particulars in connection with a cross-petition in which they allege illegal acts by a number of persons acting on behalf of R. L. Borden and J. C. O'Mullin.

A Sunshade Bargain

ON THURSDAY MORNING YOU CAN BUY THEM.

They will be \$1.25, and the regular price is \$1.75. They are English made, have paragon frame, 20th century runner, which makes it easy to open and close; covered with fast black gloriosa, and has a very attractive bone and gilt handle.

ANOTHER BARGAIN FOR THURSDAY MORNING. A lot of Shirt Waists—72 of them at \$1.00 each. They are the regular \$1.75-quality. The whole front of the waist is of fine Swiss embroidery, making a rich and serviceable waist at the smallest possible outlay. Part of them have short sleeves, and part long sleeves. The sizes run from 32 to 44.

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59 Charlotte St.

MONOLINE MACHINES FOR SALE

We have three Monoline machines for sale. All up-to-date and in good working order. Linotype machines having replaced them in this office they are now offered at a bargain. Address
TELEGRAPH PUBLISHING CO.
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PURSE AND ADDRESS TO REV. THOS. PIERCE

Pleasant Farewell Gathering
Held by His Supporters in
Zion Church.

The home of John J. Irvine, Wall street, was the scene of a pleasant gathering last evening, when the friends of the former pastor of Zion Methodist church assembled to bid him and his family farewell.

During the evening an address and purse of gold were presented to Mr. Pierce. The address was read by John Hargreaves, and was as follows:

Rev. Thomas Pierce, N. B., July 10, 1906.
We, your friends, neighbors and parishioners, here assembled, cannot allow you to depart from our midst, for another field of labor which you have selected, without expressing our heartfelt appreciation and endorsement for you as a man and a minister of the Word.

During the past year your presence has been always an inspiration, as we believe you have exemplified the spirit of the Master and have gone around doing good. We feel we are better for having known you. Like Demetrius, who "had good report of all men and of the truth itself," we also bear record of you and know that our record is true.

During the twenty-six years of your ministry you have made many friendships that always bring a kindly remembrance, and we trust to be no exception to your previous experiences.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. We feel kindly towards you and have faith that your path in life will be as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

We take pleasure in attesting to the many works of mercy and deeds of charity on the part of your estimable wife, which will always be treasured in the homes here, and can heartily congratulate you that in your own home life your family surroundings are so bright and happy. It has always been a pleasure to meet you and your talented family, and our best wishes and God-speed go with you.

E. W. Allingham, Geo. Terry, Samuel Chambers, John J. Irvine, John Hargreaves, Geo. H. Vennings, Geo. Speers, Robert Murray, Wm. Bursett, Wm. Patterson, John Collins, Joseph Haslewood, Committee.

The purse was then handed Mr. Pierce by a former prominent lady worker in the church.

The former pastor of Zion, who was taken completely by surprise, made a feeling reply.

Mr. Pierce said last night that soon after the difficulty in the church some unknown friend had sent to him a purse of money. He also said that someone else whose name he did not know had been sending him baskets. He wished through the Telegraph to thank them from the bottom of his heart and to say that their kindness was very greatly appreciated. Mr. Pierce and family will leave for Florenceville this morning.

WHEN LONG BREATHS HURT

You can know that trouble exists which needs quick attention in a vigorous rubbing of the chest and side with Nerviline, which sinks into the tissues where the pain is seated and gives relief in a few minutes.

No liniment so clean, so strong, so powerful. Results guaranteed with every 25c. bottle of Polson's Nerviline. Get it today.

Miss B. McSherry has returned from Milltown, where she spent last week.

Bargain Sale of

Boots and Shoes

Five thousand pairs of Boots and Shoes to be turned into dollars.

**Men's, Boys', Youths',
Women's, Misses' and
Children's Boots and
Shoes at**

BARGAIN PRICE.

If you want to save money, attend this sale. Sale starts **SATURDAY MORNING** when every shoe in stock will be marked at

**POSITIVE
BARGAIN PRICES.**

This sale is positively for CASH. No goods charged at reduced prices. No old stock, all up-to-date goods at practically your own price.

E. O. Parsons,
West End.

Times Classified Ads Pay