

A GREAT SNAP! Boys' Reefers

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Lost in the Woods.

BY ANNIE JAMES.

Sammy was ten years old. He lived with his parents on a farm many miles from neighbors or town. Stretching far to the northward was a deep and formidable forest into which Sammy sometimes went with his father hunting for squirrels or after wood. But they rarely penetrated the woods to any depth, for it was well known by the hunters that bears and wild cats were numerous in the heart of the forest, and Sammy's father had no relish for big game; besides, he would not take his little son into any danger, for, as is well known, wildcats are most treacherous animals, hiding themselves in tree branches and leaping upon the heads of the unwary who chance to be passing their way.

And Sammy had been taught to fear the depth of that forest, his parents always warning him of the dangers that lurked there.

But one day there came to Sammy's home a man and a boy who wished to go hunting and fishing in the wood, and they asked that Sammy might accompany them as guide, for unless one understood

the forest it was difficult to find the stream that was hidden away within its deep shelter of brush and cliff and rock. It was agreed by Sammy's father that Sammy should act as guide to the strangers, taking them into the woods and putting them upon the "trail" that would lead them to the stream which was full of fine fish. And after accomplishing this errand he was to return home at once.

The task promised to be a pleasant one for Sammy, for strangers in his part of the world were rare, and he enjoyed the presence of this man and boy, entering into conversation with them as they walked along. The strange boy told Sammy of many exciting adventures he had had in company with his father, who loved to explore wild regions and to study the ways of bird and beast in their natural haunts.

About mid-day Sammy put the man and boy on the foot-trail which would lead them to the creek where they would remain till evening fishing. But he felt

reluctant to say goodbye to them and to return home, for just at the minute when they reached the path the strange boy was in the midst of a most thrilling story, one of some trappers who had been attacked by a mother bear whose cubs they had trapped. Sammy, full of curiosity to hear the outcome of the conflict, accepted the narrator's invitation to accompany him a bit further and hear the exciting end—how the trappers had at last overcome the wild beast and had taken her captive along with her cubs.

At the completion of the story Sammy was about to turn homeward when the man, declaring himself tired and hungry, said they'd sit on the dead leaves and have a bite to eat. Giving Sammy a pressing invitation to share the "snack," as the man called the light luncheon which he carried in his knapsack, Sammy willingly accepted, for he, too, was hungry and a bit tired after the long walk. When at last Sammy started on his homeward journey he was about a mile from the outer edge of the woods. But he had been that far in with his father, and had always entered and returned out that same

"trail," dim, but to be seen as it passed in and out among the trees. Then Sammy began to examine the surroundings. Nowhere had he seen such giant trees before on visiting these woods. Here they towered to the sky, and the underbrush and young timber were so entangled that it was next to impossible to creep through on the almost obliterated path. From appearances there had been little travel there for a long time and Sammy began to realize that he was lost—lost in the forest where bears and wildcats abounded! Suppose there were some of the latter perched above him, ready to spring for a leap? Oh, Sammy! felt the blood in his veins turn cold. He almost feared to look upward, but summoning courage he turned his eyes towards the tree-tops. No, there were no animal forms there—that he could see. But there might be wildcats in numbers hidden away in the close branches, concealed from his view, and they might be this minute watching for an opportunity to pounce upon his helpless head.

Sammy now knew that he had "lost the trail" and his heart was filled with misgivings. How was he to find his right path? Should he retrace his steps over the path he had been following? Would he know where to turn into another path or "trail"? The forest abounded in "trails" some being made by wild beasts as they went to and from watering places. Suppose he were now on one of these dangerous paths?

But Sammy was a country boy with a pretty brave heart, and when in a dilemma he did not stop to cry or lament his ill luck. Turning about he tried to retrace his steps. On and on he walked, the landscape still remaining strange to him. And worst of all, clouds had gathered to obscure the sun, so that Sammy had no way of ascertaining the points of the compass.

"It must be getting pretty late—about sundown, I should think," he mused to himself. "Well, just so the wildcats and bears do not attack me I'll feel all right. I must be going toward the prairie land for there's but this one path, and I came into the forest on it, so it must take me out again."

But Sammy did not then know how perilous a forest path could be. One might think one was going straight ahead and all the time be turning in a circle, following what appeared the straight and only path all the while.

Soon it began growing dark, the daylight going sooner in the heavy woods than outside of it, just as it gets darker in the house than out of it. Sammy now felt very anxious indeed. To remain in the forest all night might mean being eaten by a bear or torn into pieces by a wildcat. And not a weapon of defense did he have, not even his pop-gun!

Sammy sat down to rest a few minutes and to think over the situation. Just then he heard a noise behind him, and glancing back he beheld a slight figure, dimly seen in the distance, standing on end and his eyes seemed grown to the ob-



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foot-trail. So he felt no uneasiness over being thus alone and so far from the outer world. True, often as he walked along through the dead leaves he thought he heard wild animal sounds, but it would turn out to be merely the wind whirling the bare branches or the sound of his own feet in the rustling leaves.

As he walked along his mind was so full of the story he had just heard that he did not keep close watch of his path, and coming to a ravine he sprang across it into another "trail" which led off from the one he had been following.

On he went, not thinking of the path he followed, softly whistling to himself and recalling the thrilling parts of the story the strange boy had just told him. But after going some distance he noticed with alarm that the woods were becoming more dense and the ground seemed rising into hills which were separated by deep ravines. Sammy stopped and looked about him. Surely, he had not left the path. There, under his feet was the

forest which caused his fear. There, passing along at his left went a huge black bear. Sammy thought he could hear his breathing, but of course that was his vivid imagination. Not once did he move, but sat as rigid as a post, his eyes on the huge animal that went along in such an unconcerned manner. Surely, it had not seen nor scented him! Sammy's heart began to beat again, for the bear had taken its way in an opposite direction from the spot where he sat, and for the present he was safe. But still he did not move until the dark form had disappeared from sight entirely. Then drawing a deep breath of relief Sammy rose very cautiously and peered about and above him. What was he to do?—Oh, what was he to do? His mother's voice came back to him! "Bears and wildcats everywhere about him! The home, where he was so happy, far, far away, but just where Sammy did not know.

Then courage came, and leaping to his feet he began calling out with his lungs powerfully, "Help, help! I'm lost! Help!" Then, to Sammy's happy surprise—for he had hardly hoped to hear a human voice in response—there came an answering cry: "Hello! Hello!"

Sammy's heart was once more light. Someone was near him and soon he would have the protection or companionship, at any rate—of a human being.

Answering with his cry, "Here I am," he waited till the owner of the answering voice appeared. And lo, it was none other than the strange man with his young son, whom Sammy had conducted into the woods that morning. On beholding Sammy the stranger was almost as much surprised as was Sammy on beholding them. Then the man explained to Sammy that he had taken a trail that had circled about and had brought him near to the fishing place where the father and son had spent the afternoon. "And now we are off for your house where we shall beg a night's lodging and a supper," added the man, a merry twinkle in his eye. "Do you suppose your good mother will take care of us?"

"Yes, sir, she certainly will," said Sammy emphatically. "If you take me home safe and sound there's nothing about our house too good for you—so my papa and mama will think, sir."

"Ah, then you shall be turned in safe and sound," declared the man. "And you shall share these with us, too, my little fellow," and he held up a fine string of fish.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE SERVICEABLE BLACK MARCHIONESS COAT.

No garment in the feminine wardrobe is more serviceable than the long black coat built on the lines of the fashionable marchioness. It may be worn during daylight hours as an outer garment with simple frocks of serge or cashmere, or as an evening garment with much more portentous costumes. Usually it is lined with dark colored silk or satin, but where it serves as an evening wrap, a separate lining of white or pearl gray satin may be worn with it as a protection for the light colored costume over which it is worn.

Then on they went, the man leading the way, while Sammy and the companionable little boy exchanged stories. Sammy, telling in a guarded whisper of the bear that had passed so close to him in the woods that he could hear it breathing.

And at the edge of the woods they met Sammy's father, coming to hunt for his truant boy. So they continued on their way towards the cozy farm house a mile away, where a fine supper was then in preparation for them.

And to this day Sammy really believes that the great brown bear passed so close to him that day in the woods that he could hear it breathing and look into its face.

Indigestion Ruins Complexion

The Sallow, Pale, Tired Woman Usually Has Stomach Trouble

The good looks of every woman depend largely upon the proper working of her stomach and other internal organs. If your stomach is strong and digestion is good, the cheeks blush with color, eyes dance and sparkle, breath will be pure and your hair smooth and glossy.

Let indigestion creep in, and the skin becomes sallow and rough, pinpoints become deep-set, eyes get dark-circled, ill breath is all too apparent.

Get the stomach toned up with Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they increase the secretion of the gastric juices, promote vigorous digestion, increase the supply of blood and thereby invigorate the entire system. The system is quickly won back to a normal healthy condition by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and every girl or woman who uses this remedy will show it in a clear, wholesome complexion, and a sound, healthy body. Sold in 25c. boxes by all dealers.

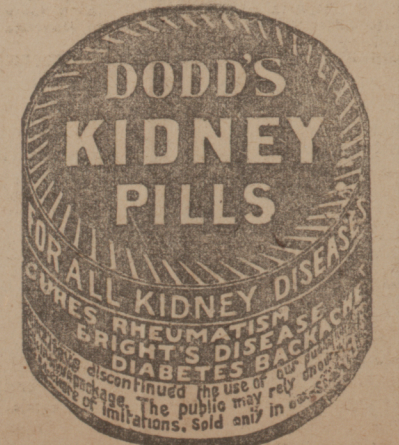
CONFESSES TO A SERIOUS CHARGE

Havelock Sherwood, of Carleton County, Committed for Trial for Unlawful Conduct With Immigrant Child.

Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 12.—Acting upon information received, Supt. Gerow, of the Middlemore Home for Immigrant Children, came to Woodstock yesterday to secure a warrant, and Constable Jas. Woolverton arrested this morning Havelock Sherwood, of Avondale, charged with unlawful relations with Ada Francis, not his wife, she being under fourteen years of age.

The examination was held before Magistrate Dibblee this afternoon with closed doors. J. C. Hartley, counsel for Mr. Gerow, and F. B. Carvell for the prisoner. The prisoner, through his counsel, pleaded guilty, and the judge sent him up for trial at the next session of the county court, which will be held on the second Tuesday in December, Judge Carleton presiding.

Mr. Gerow took possession of the child, and Mr. Carvell will give an answer to-morrow whether or not the prisoner will be tried under the speedy trials act. Sherwood is a married man, and the girl, who is not yet twelve years of age, is an English immigrant who was adopted by Sherwood about two years ago.



WIFE LAUNCH THE PLAN AT BANQUET

Organization of Laymen's Missionary Movement Here.

At the meeting held last evening in Centenary church school room to inaugurate a laymen's missionary movement, it was decided to hold a banquet on Dec. 10 for the purpose of arousing interest in the movement. The speakers will be J. Campbell White, of New York, and H. W. Howell, of Toronto, members of the central committee of the movement. Arrangements for the banquet were left in the hands of a committee consisting of a representative from each Protestant church in the city and vicinity. As all the Anglican churches were not represented at the meeting, the appointment of the committee was not completed, but was left in the hands of the chairman, T. S. Simms. Mr. Simms was elected chairman of the meeting last evening, and E. M. Machum secretary. Those present and the church which they represented were:

German street Baptist—T. S. Simms, chairman.
St. Jude's—Charles Coster, W. O. Dunham.
Main street Baptist—Rev. D. Hutchinson, W. H. White and E. M. Sippell.
Waterloo street Baptist—Rev. Gideon Swin, James Patterson.
Lominster street Baptist—Rev. W. Camp, A. A. Wilson and H. S. Cosman.
Fairville Baptist—W. C. Ross, J. W. Stevens.
Brace's street Baptist—A. H. Chipman, L. A. Belyea.
Tabernacle—Rev. J. W. Kierstead.
Victoria street Baptist—Rev. B. H. Nobles.
Baptist Foreign Mission Board—Rev. W. E. McIntyre.
Portland Methodist—Rev. Neil McLaughlin, R. I. Hayes, J. N. Harvey.
Queen square Methodist—Rev. H. D. Marr.
Carmarthen street Methodist—Rev. C. W. Squires, C. H. Hutchings.
Centenary—G. A. Henderson, J. Hunter White.
Exmouth street Methodist—Rev. S. Howard.
Carleton Methodist—Rev. J. Heaney.
St. John's Methodist—E. R. Macpherson.
St. John's Presbyterian—W. J. Parks.
St. David's—Rev. A. A. Graham.
St. Andrew's—Hon. J. G. Forbes.
Coburg street Christian—J. S. Flagg.
St. Stephen's Presbyterian—Rev. G. Douglas, Moderator.
Zion Methodist—Rev. James Crisp.
Rev. Charles Comben (Methodist), and Rev. W. V. Higgins were also in attendance.

Rev. W. V. Higgins, field secretary for Baptist missions, told of the objects of the movement. It was started in 1904 in New York, and arose out of the students' volunteer movement. Like that great movement it had been carried on by prayer, and was a great factor in the increase of missionary work. It was intended to arouse interest, increase the amount donated to missions, and generally to make missionary work more effective. Central committees had charge of the work.

R. T. Hayes spoke in favor of the movement. It was moved by Judge Forbes, and seconded by A. A. Wilson that the meeting go on record as approving the movement, and that the banquet as proposed should be held on Dec. 10. The next meeting will be held next Tuesday evening in Centenary church school room.

Steamer Calvin Austin arrived at 2.30 p. m. yesterday from Boston via Maine ports and landed fifty-seven passengers.

Furness line steamer Ulunda, which arrived at Halifax last Sunday from Liverpool, met with very boisterous weather previous to reaching Newfoundland, but came through it without damage.

An appeal liquor case also engaged the attention of the court today and was reserved.

An interesting case before the court was one of trover. Isaac Berlin, of Bathurst, who owned a horse for two years, missed the animal in July, 1906. He traced it to William Levesque, who resides above Campbellton. Levesque had secured the beast in a trade. Accompanied by Police-marshal Chamberlain, of Bathurst, Berlin took the horse home. Levesque, who had given a good horse in return, took action against Berlin, claiming \$100 as the value for the horse; W. A. Mott for prosecution and J. P. Byrne for the defence. The two lawyers made very interesting addresses to the judge, discussing some very fine points of law. Judgment was reserved.

The grand jury through its foreman, Capt. Charles Powell, made a very strong statement to the judge about the delays caused to passengers coming to Dalhousie at the junction. Several complaints have already been made about the way passengers, who have to come into Dalhousie, were treated, and it looks as if the public was getting aroused to action.

Owing to the breaking of one of her propeller blades stmr. Yarmouth did not go on the bay route yesterday. She is at Lower Cove having repairs made and will probably be ready by Thursday morning.

C. P. R. steamship Monmouth left Cardiff for this port last Saturday.

Catarrh

One of the most common of blood diseases, is much aggravated by the sudden changes of weather at this time of year. Begin treatment at once with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effects radical and permanent cures. This great medicine has received

40,366 Testimonials

in two years, which prove its wonderful efficacy in purifying and enriching the blood. Best for all blood diseases. Sold by druggists everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar.

A SPLENDID CONCERT

Royal Scots Concert Party Present Excellent Entertainment in the Opera House.

The Royal Scots Concert Company won golden opinions from the audience assembled to hear them in the Opera House last night, and proved themselves to be an organization of exceptional merit in their own particular line. The personnel of the company has undergone change since their last appearance, about three years ago, in this city, George Neil, the tenor, being the only one now appearing who was in the former aggregation which, it will be remembered, included Mackenzie Murdoch, the violinist. It is safe to say that they can bear favorable comparison with the company as it was then, having been greatly strengthened by the addition of Fred Howard, who bears the name of letters V. I. C. B. S. after his name, and who showed ventriloquism and entertaining gifts of well nigh unique order. Unfortunately by some blunder the programme intended for tomorrow night were discontinued last evening, and as the performers, all unconscious of the fact, presented the programme for tonight, every item of which was different to that announced, some mystification must have been caused.

Miss Flora Donaldson is possessed of a vocal organ admirably adapted to the effective expression of national song, her voice being powerful, mezzo-soprano, particularly well developed in the lower register. She created a good impression with "Sound the Pibroch," and was especially pleasing with "Loch Lomond," and giving a dramatic rendering of "The Hundred Pipers" and the "Bonnie Briar Bush." She also sang a song in Gaelic.

George Neil makes a fine figure on a concert platform and seems the embodiment of the Scottish national spirit whether it be the sweet flowing strains of "Auld Water," or "Mairi of Argyll," or the martial "MacGregor's Gathering." Possessed of a robust tenor voice, over which he has perfect control as regards tone color, he is master in the peculiar expression of which Scottish song is capable. The similarity in timbre between a powerful tenor and his voice and that of Miss Donaldson, and they were heard to great advantage in several duets.

Mr. Howard, as before mentioned, is a host in himself. His impersonations of characters and his ventriloquism skill, not to speak of his imitations, delighted and astonished the audience.

Leslie Colborne proved himself full worthy of the exact duties imposed upon him as accompanist throughout and played with efficiency and distinction, including a piano.

His honor the lieutenant-governor and party were present, and expressed themselves as much pleased with the performance which will, no doubt, attract a big audience tonight, appealing as it does powerfully to Scottish sentiment.

After being on the marine slip in Dartmouth for the past month the steamer Senlac was floated off yesterday. She will now complete repairs at the agent's wharf, and be ready to resume her place on the Halifax-St. John route next week.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your cure, enclosed in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVICE—with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says, "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, and Painful Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell you all about this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71.

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS.

I am a woman. I know women's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—your, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home remedy is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Protrusion, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your cure, enclosed in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVICE—with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says, "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, and Painful Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell you all about this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71.

WINDSOR, Ont.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The first question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go first hand from the publishers by carrier and not through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that every paper passed into homes direct will be read. The *Telegraph* and *Times* are home papers. Do they contain your advertisement?

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it is

What it does

It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

What we do

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money. Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle \$1.00