

South Jersey Republican

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VOL. 48

HAMMONTON, N. J., JANUARY 15, 1910

NO. 3

Town Council Meeting.

First regular session on Saturday evening, Jan. 8th, Mayor Austin and all members present except Mr. Wood. Committee on Rules reported, recommending the old rules of Council with three changes. In Rule 2, makes regular meetings on second Tuesday evening in each month; Rule 9, authorizing employment of an expert to audit the Town's account each year; adding one new rule, no smoking during Council session.

Law and Order Committee reported a list of dog owners who have not taken out licenses. Committee instructed to enforce the ordinance.

Bills presented as below, which were ordered "paid" when properly approved and sworn to.

Poor Fund.....	\$24 00
Wm L. Black, goods.....	29 65
E Stockwell, goods.....	20 00
Mrs W C Nat, boarding.....	85 00
Geo Elvins, goods.....	4 00
C S Newcomb, rent.....	14 00
F D Glencoe, goods.....	150 00
Co. Almshouse, care of Italian.....	\$268 65

Town Purposes.

Geo Bernhouse, Overseer Poor.....	16 00
B F Henshaw, Jailor.....	13 70
J W Myers, Night Police.....	27 50
T H Adams, Day Officer.....	50 00
A B Davis, Coll & Treas, salary, etc.....	138 59
W H Bernhouse, hauling drunk.....	25
Property transfer reports.....	23 10
E Stockwell, coal.....	6 15
Telephone Co, rent.....	1 25
Tom Teli, killing dogs.....	3 50
Al Benedetto, burying animal.....	1 00
Water Dept, rent.....	2 00
Verdon Wells, special officer.....	2 10

Board of Health.

Dr Cunningham, Inspector & exp.....	\$108 58
B F Henshaw, Jailor.....	1 50
Tom Teli, collecting garbage.....	43 75

Fire Dept.

Telephone Co, alarms.....	7 00
A F Lenz, clearing hydrants.....	3 00
E P Jones.....	4 00
Water Dept, rent.....	1 25

Highways.

E G Bernhouse, Overseer.....	\$102 25
G Meslino.....	1 95
J R Imhoff, snow plowing.....	40 20
H Davenport.....	1 80
F Henshaw.....	10 50
John Blazotte, plowing snow.....	6 00
Joe Covalo.....	1 50
Harry Emery.....	75
Philip Hozar.....	1 95

Petitions received, asking improvements to First Road below Tenth Street; a gas lamp at Pleasant and Grand Streets; grading and gutter on Liberty Street. Referred to proper committees.

Fire Chief asked for helmets for firemen.

Water Commissioners presented annual report. Referred to Finance Committee for audit and printing.

Four constables presented bonds, which were referred.

Election of Water Commissioners then followed, with H. G. Black and W. H. Phillips as tellers. Messrs. Borgan and Murdoch were nominated. Three ballots were taken, in which each candidate received three votes. A recess was taken and on fourth ballot, John A. Borgan received 5 votes; John Murdoch, 1 vote. Mr. Borgan declared elected for three years.

On motion, Surveyor Middleton to be requested to meet Council at next meeting, show what has been done and render bill to date.

G. Murphy wants to rent gravel land on Main Road. Referred.

In regard to issue of water bonds, referred to Finance Committee, to look into interest, etc.

By vote, Overseer of Poor authorized to employ laborer when needed.

Law and Order Committee authorized to appoint night police at \$27.60 per month.

Voted, to co-operate with Olive and Jun Clubs in regard to cleaning Lake.

20 words (or less) 10c
in the Republican

GEO. A. BLAKE
Carpenter and Builder
Work Finished as per Agreement.
Plans, blue prints, and estimates
furnished. Jobbing attended to
promptly. Box 639. Local Phone 860.
Cherry Street, Hammonton.

THE VALUES OFFERED AT Bank Brothers' Stock Taking Sale

Are worthy of your personal inspection

Items marked with a * will not last long.

Low Prices on Good Clothes—

See that you profit by it.

*\$5 Overcoats, stock-taking sale price \$3.50
*\$7.50 Overcoats, stock-taking sale price \$5
Men's and young men's \$10 Overcoats, stock-taking sale price \$7.50
Men's and young men's \$12.50 and \$13.50 Overcoats, stock-taking sale price \$10
Men's \$15 and \$18 Overcoats, stock-taking sale price \$12.50

Cravenettes at down prices—

*Men's \$10 Cravenettes, stock-taking sale price, \$7.50
Men's \$12.50 and \$15 Cravenettes, stock-taking price, \$10.
*Men's \$20 Hart Schaffner & Marx fine Cravenettes, at \$15
*Little boys' \$1.50 and 1.95 Overcoats marked down to \$1.25
Little boys' \$2.50 and \$3 Overcoats marked down to \$1.95
Little boys' \$3.50 and \$4 Overcoats marked down to \$2.50
Little boys' \$5 Overcoats marked to \$3.50
*Men's 95 ct and 1.25 Trousers, stock-taking sale price 75 c

Furnishings at January Stock-taking Prices.

Men's and Boys' 45 c Sweaters at 29 cts
Men's 50 c heavy gray ribbed Underwear (shirt only), 29 cts
*75 c Mens' lambsdown wool-fleeced underwear, shirts only, sale price 50 cts

Little boys' Sweaters, special, 19 c
*Boys' white V neck Sweaters, \$1.50 quality, at 75 c.
Men's \$3 blue flannel Shirts at \$2.50
Men's \$2.50 blue flannel Shirts at \$1.95
Men's \$1 brown Flannel Shirts at 75 c

Men's Fancy Vests at January stock-taking sale prices.

*\$1.25 Fancy Vests at 75 cents
*\$2 and \$2.50 Fancy Vests at \$1.50
*\$3 and \$3.50 Fancy Vests at \$2

Furs and Muffs at January stock-taking prices.

\$2.50 and \$3 Furs at \$1.95
\$3.50 Furs at \$2.50 \$1.50 Furs at 95 c
*\$6.25 Furs and Muffs at \$4.50
*\$12.50 Furs and Muffs at \$8.50
*\$1.95 Misses' Furs and Muffs at \$1.25

Ladies' Sweaters at down prices.

\$1.95 Ladies' Sweaters at \$1.50
\$2.50 Ladies' Sweaters at \$1.95
\$1.45 Ladies' white Sweaters, \$1.00



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

*\$1.25 corduroy trousers, lined, stock-taking sale price, 75c
\$3 corduroy trousers, stock-taking price \$2
\$3.50 and \$4 Dutchess corduroy trousers, \$3

Fine Suits at prices that will hurry the departure from our Clothing Department.

Men's \$5 Suits, stock-taking sale price \$3.
Young men's \$5 suits, stock-taking price \$3
Men's \$7.50 suits, stock-taking price, \$5.
Men's \$10 suits, stock-taking sale price \$7.50, in mixed and self-striped serges.
*Men's \$12.50 and 15 suits, stock-taking sale price, \$10
Men's \$18 suits, stock-taking price \$12.50

Hart Schaffner & Marx Fine Suits at down prices. A splendid opportunity for artistic dressers.

*Men's \$20 and 22.50 Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits at \$16.50
*\$25 Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits, stock-taking sale price \$18

Hats Reduced. Some of our finest \$3.50 Soft Hats marked down to \$2.50
\$2.50 and \$2 Soft Derby Hats at \$1.50

Dressing Sacques at January stock-taking prices.

50 c Dressing Sacques at 39 c
75 c Dressing Sacques at 50 c
95 c and \$1.25 Dressing Sacques at 75 c
*25 c Ladies' Ribbed Underwear at 19 c.

Quilts and Blankets at January stock-taking prices.

75 c Blankets at 50 cents \$1.50 Blankets at \$1.25.
\$1.95 Blankets, \$1.50 \$2 and \$2.50 Blankets, \$1.95.
Quilts greatly reduced.

Rubber Footwear at a saving. Our early purchases enables us to save your money on all kinds of rubbers.

Specials in Rubber for quick selling.
Men's Rubbers at 40 c. Misses' Rubbers at 25 c.

Ladies' and Children's Coats and Ladies' Suits.

In our January stock-taking sale. The prices we quote are so low, considering the quality, that nobody ought to miss it.

\$2.50 Children's Coats at \$1.50
\$1.50 and \$1.75 Children's Coats at 95 c
\$3.50 Children's Coats at \$1.95
\$3.50 Ladies' Short Coats at \$1.95
\$6 Ladies' Long Coats at \$4.50
\$12.50 & \$15 Ladies' Long Coats for quick selling, \$8.50
\$10 Ladies' Long Coats at \$5—mostly light colors
\$18 Ladies' Suits at \$12.50. \$12.50 Ladies' Suits at \$7.50

Point your footsteps to BANK BROTHERS' January Stock-Taking Sale

For unparalleled values in Winter Goods

FRESH EGGS

FOR SALE

THOMAS CREAMER.

Osgood-Whiffen Conservatory of Music

231 Holloway Avenue
Hammonton, N. J.
Lester piano used.

DR. J. A. WAAS, Dentist

Ogley Building, Hammonton, N. J.

ORTOLF & ROTHFUS

Have re-modelled their
BARBER SHOP
Have put in up-to-date chairs, hot water system for massaging and shampoo. Call and see them.

THE NORTH WIND.

Wind of the North, I know your song
Out on the frozen plain,
But here in the city's streets you seem
Only a cry of pain.

I know the note of your lusty throat
Where the black boughs toss and
But here in the city's streets you seem
Only a cry of pain.

I know the note that you sing to God,
Joyous and high and wild,
But here in the city's streets you seem
Only a cry of pain.

—Youth's Companion.

Jim's Vagrant

The burnished mountings and metal
surfaces of "No. 20" glistened and
sparkled as the sun's rays crept lazily
into the engine house and fell in a
golden shower upon the beautiful
motor. But in spite of this the keen and
practiced eye of Jim Jim detected a
blue on one of the brass levers, and
feeling his chamois cloth, he set to
work with a will to remove this dis-
tasteful blemish; for not a speck would
be allowed upon his beloved ma-
chine.

"No. 20" was conceded to be the
finest machine of its kind in the city;
and Big Jim, as was well known,
was acknowledged to be the
tallest man and the best driver in the
whole fire department. Many times
he had been complimented by the district
engineers, and on one occasion he and
his engine rendered such signal ser-
vice that the mayor of the town sent
him a personal note of thanks. That
note Jim carried constantly with him,
and would not have given away for
any consideration.

Strange to say, there was no envy of
Jim or his engine. All who knew him
loved and respected him; and Big Jim
was the pride, and "No. 20" the pet
of the entire department.

For the last hour Jim had noticed a
little negro standing on the opposite
side of the street and gazing into the
engine-house with "evident interest."
While the negro gazed his chamois
cloth had grown colder, and, crossing the
street, stood timidly in the doorway.
The day was far from sultry; and Jim
gazed at the boy's bare feet and thin,
ragged clothing, a feeling of profound
sympathy came over him.

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of the entire department.

"Where are your parents?"
"Dunno. Neber had none."
"But surely you have some relatives
or friends?"

"Dunno what yer means by relatives,
boss, but I habet got no friends. An-
how," he added, pathetically, as though
he were about to cry.

"I'll tell you what, son," said Jim,
thoughtfully, "it's against the rules,
but you come round here after dark
and I'll smuggle you into my bunk. If
you keep right quiet no one will know,
and to-morrow I'll see what I can do
for you."

Pete's eyes sparkled as he raised his
black face to Jim's.

"I'll do as yer, tole me, boss. Say,"
and the boy's voice grew intensely
low and confidential, "does yer think
they'd have a cullud drivin on an en-
gine?"

The look of anxiety on Pete's face
as he waited for the answer was pain-
ful to see.

"I'm afraid not, Pete," replied Jim.
Pete's black face assumed a look of
utter despair. He turned sadly
away, and made off with Jim's gift
hugged closely to his breast.

Pete had been safely smuggled in,
and all in the engine house were wrap-
ped in profound slumber, when sud-
denly the whirr of the alarm sounded
loud and shrill throughout the build-
ing, and in an instant the firemen
were tumbling into boots and coats.

With the first sound of the bell, Jim
was on his feet. A moment later he
was equipped and hurrying toward the
alarm.

Big Jim was a born fireman. There
was nothing so delightful to his ear
as the clang of the alarm. The mo-
ment he heard it his spirits rose, the
blood coursed in his veins, and all else
was forgotten.

So it happened that, strapped to his
seat on the engine, the big driver driv-
ing down the street toward a slight
thought of the small piece of black fur
manly he had bundled up so carefully
a few hours before.

"No. 20" was the first engine to
reach the fire. A large manufacturing
building was blazing furiously, and
threatening to consume everything in
the block. Chaps of people were
flocking from all directions.

Jim had just reached in the founding,
when a heavy shower of water play-
ing, and was hastily dismounting from his
perch, when a little, barefooted negro
came padding up.

"I got awful blazed, boss, but I can
keep behind the engine's wheel as
good as any!" And not till then did Jim re-
alize the admiring little friend he had
left in the engine-house.

STOPPING A SHOT HOLE.



THE WORK OF THE ALARM BELL.

the fact had become thoroughly con-
vinced of its truth. "No count, no
how, I is, so I do 'nake no difference."

Jim gazed in blank astonishment at
his own acquaintance, the like of whom
he had never before met.

"My boss," said Pete, and his eyes
dropped to a whizzer, and his eyes
glistened as he gazed in undiminished
admiration at the engine, "in you the
drivah ob dis yore engine!"

Jim nodded.

Pete, gazing with such evident awe
and reverence upon "No. 20" that Jim's
big heart was completely won.

"Well, Pete," he said, a few minutes
later, "I guess I have to leave you.
It's time I was attending to my sup-
per. By the way, he added, "if you
have no friends, where do you go your
nights?"

"Oh! I gets 'em best way I kin, boss,
and when I can't get nuffin, I does with-
out." Was the philosophic reply.

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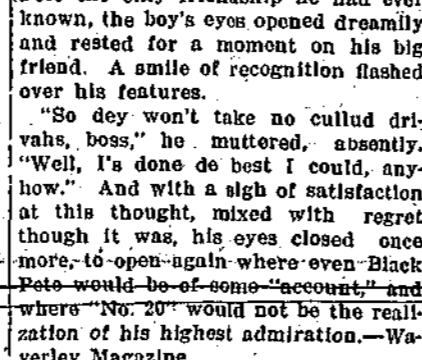
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THRILLING SPECTACLE.



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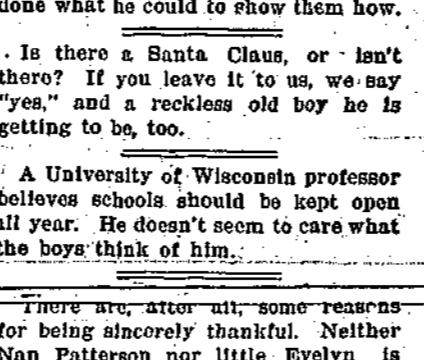
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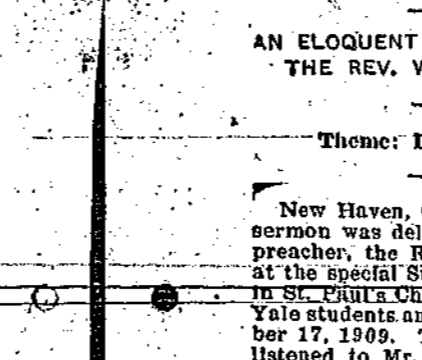
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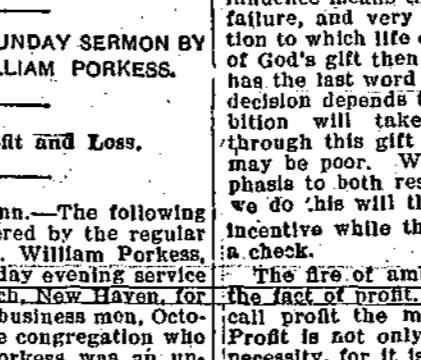
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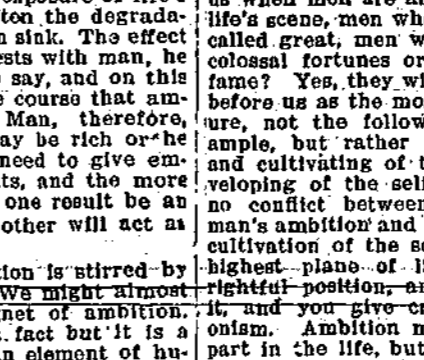
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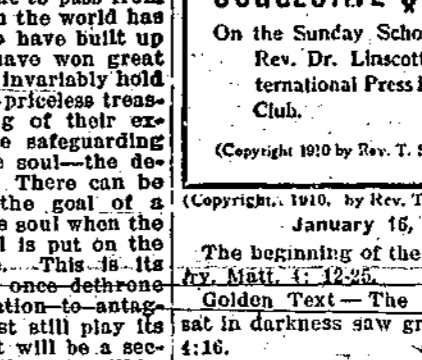
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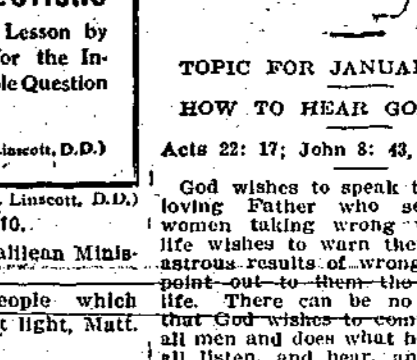
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THE PULPIT.



A MAN'S DUTY

doesn't end with simply providing his family with food, clothing and shelter while he lives. He must make provision for their future, for the time he will not be here. Life Insurance furnishes an unflinching method of doing this.



THE PRUDENTIAL

99 Reasons

Why it pays to build of Concrete: First, it lasts; Second, it satisfies; Third, it is modern; The other ninety-six reasons you will find if you will examine a house of this kind, or if you will call on the

Hammoncton Concrete Co.

SANITARY MILK.

The Winslow Dairy is furnishing its patrons with milk produced under the most sanitary conditions. Every precaution is taken to insure cleanliness.

A NEW BARN

A NEW HERD OF CATTLE Dairy open for inspection.

Use Sanitary Milk, and know you are getting the best.

Bell Phone 7-1.

Only the very Best!

Bread, Cakes,

Pies, and

Breakfast Rolls

SMALL'S BAKERY

Skin Cracks, Chaps

If you would keep your skin from chapping and cracking or becoming rough and dry, or if you are now annoyed by these winter skin troubles and would rid yourself of them, you surely need

St. Regis Cold Cream

"It melts on the skin."

For it is a certain preventive as well as a speedy and positive cure for all forms of skin irritations caused by cold or inclement weather. Sold in 10c. collapsible tubes and in 25c. and 50c. jars.

For sale by

Lending Druggists Everywhere

Manufactured solely by The

St. Regis Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bargain Sale of All Articles In our Window Jan. 10 to Jan. 24.

Comb and Brush Sets, Military Sets, Manicure Sets, Music Rolls, Umbrellas.

Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Repairing done promptly. All work guaranteed.

ROBERT STEEL,
Your Jeweler.

FOR THE HAIR QUINOCARPINE FOR THE SCALP

Regular Sizes, 40 c and 75 c.

AT THE RED CROSS PHARMACY.

SEE WASHINGTON THE NATION'S CAPITAL

PENNSYLVANIA R. R. TOURS
February 3, 17, 21, and May 5, 1910
March 3, 8, 12, 17, 21, and May 5, 1910
\$9.75 & \$12.25 from Hammoncton
Covers all necessary expenses
Transportation, tickets, and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents or
GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent.

Electric Flat Irons!

30 Days Free Trial.
Save your Complexion. Uniform Temperature
Save your Clothes. No Dirt
Save your Temper. Is never too Cold
Save your Health. Is never too Hot
Save your Money. Is always Ready
Save your Time. Needs no Reheating.

Hammoncton Electric Light Co.

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

Established 1873
224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.
Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$951,530.53
Assets \$7,333,826.13

Trust Funds not included in above, \$4,500,000.00

Acts as Executor, Trustee, Guardian, etc. Send for booklet relative to wills and kindred subjects.

Pays 2 Per Cent on deposits subject to check at sight on average balances of \$200 and over. 3 Per Cent on Time Deposits. 14 days' notice to withdraw.

Safe Deposit Boxes—Yearly rental \$2.00 and upward.

ALEXANDER C. WOOD, President
BENJAMIN C. REEVE, Vice-President and Trust Officer
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Monumental, Marble & Granite Work
Also repairing and painting in cemetery
High Harbor Road and Ponch Street,
Hammoncton, N. J.

Harness, Blankets, Robes, Whips, Trunks, etc.
At L. W. OGLEBY'S.

The Republican.

Hart & Son, Publishers.
ORVILLE E. HOYT
WILLIAM O. HOYT

SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1910

"Thank goodness, the table is spread."

"A Family Affair" will soon be put off the stage here.

STOCK FOR RENT, on Belgrave Avenue, 10 rooms, 2 1/2 baths, \$100 per month.

Volunteer Fire Company meeting next Monday evening.

Mrs. Phoebe Campbell is visiting her father, O. S. Newcomb.

A LARGE Double Building Lot for sale, J. Murray Bassett.

G. P. Leoz has added a cash register to his barber shop fixtures.

Miss Laura Jones, of Collingswood, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. O. Hoyt.

A Boy—13 years old—would like work after school and on Saturdays.

Mr. M. Stockwell has been quite ill for a couple of weeks past, but is now recovering.

Some of our ice men completed their harvest just in time to escape this latest storm.

STONE LIME for sale, guaranteed 66 per cent. Write for samples to J. C. Thompson, Editor A. Priestley, Elm.

John A. Hoyle was Hammoncton's only representative on the Grand Jury this week.

Reserved seat tickets for "A Family Affair" will be on sale next Monday, at Hession's.

STUDIO closed over Friday and Saturday.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church are to give a supper on Feb. 22nd, in Firemen's Hall.

The "table" will be spread in Bellevue Hall, Feb. 8 and 5. Local talent under new management.

A Handsome Parlor or Sitting Room Heater for sale, cheap. Frank S. Smith, Elm.

Ernest M. Jackson has accepted an appointment as assistant advertising manager of the Evening Bulletin.

The Ladies of the Universalist Church will give a New England supper in the near future. Details later.

RAPIDLY PLANTS (Milk) For Sale. Good young plants. Cashington, Elm, N. J.

Old and young enjoyed skating this week. Thereabout seventy-five on the ice, near the Park, last Sunday afternoon.

Word was received from Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Loomis, stating that a second son, Alfred, had recently arrived at his home.

HAMPTON, Maine Basket Baskets, Pins, and Quills, for sale at wholesale prices. Inquire of Elmer A. Priestley, Elm, N. J.

Another number of the Lecture Course next Wednesday evening. Get there before 8.15, not after the entertainment begins.

Miss Minnie B. Newcomb and Miss Jackson, co-workers in Virginia missions, are resting for a brief time at C. S. Newcomb's.

CANARY KITCHEN, special today, fresh of all kinds, regular 15c. Also nice line of home-made candies.

Cramer's restaurant has moved into new quarters, only two doors below. It is a larger room, and has a much more commodious kitchen.

At their annual meeting, Thursday evening, the Baptist Church elected officers. Reports of Church and Sunday School showed comfortable sums in the treasury.

To introduce Mr. Nugent Stock, I will sell for spring delivery, guaranteed first-class small fowls, 25c to 45c for 50, and 45c to 65c for 100.

At the Baptist Church tomorrow, Pastor Spidey's morning topic: "Called from smallness and appointed to greatness." Evening, "An unequalled greatness."

The annual report of the Needlework Guild has been printed for circulation. It shows a gratifying increase in contributions and distributions over previous years.

One I wish to thank my patrons for making me to make the past year a most prosperous one, and will endeavor to merit your continued patronage, grapher, H. H. Smith, Elm.

In his sermon last Sunday evening, one of our local ministers said that some of the people of Hammoncton acted like the Devil. Wonder who he could have referred to?

Because of trouble in heating St. Mark's Parish House, the first meeting of the "Conventers (Chorus)" will be held at Mrs. Percy Whitfield's residence, next Monday evening.

Inure with the A. H. Phillips Co., Bland Building, Atlantic City.

Nineteen-Nine Fires.

Fire Chief G. F. Lenz submitted to Town Council the following report of thirteen fires occurring during the year, which will be valued by many of our readers for comparison.

Property	Date	Damage
Berens, Main Rd.	Jan. 21	None
Cappuccino, Walnut St.	Jan. 11	None
Rich, Middle Rd.	Mar. 8	None
Tell, Valley Ave.	Mar. 22	None
Ruth, 6th & Walnut	May 17	None to house
Bohler, Liberty St.	July 10	None
Kirby, 12th St.	July 13	None
Grass, 18th St.	July 13	None
Smith (Cramer), 2nd & Vine	Nov. 11	\$300
Balard & Carlow, 2nd St.	Nov. 22	\$354.63
Balard & Carlow, 2nd St.	Nov. 22	None
Drown, Co. Road	Dec. 29	None
Total damage to real estate		\$204.25
personal property		\$400.00
Total damage		\$604.25

The Thirteenth Census.

A call for more applicants for places as census enumerators has been issued by Supervisor Evan F. Bunners, Moorestown, N. J. He urges all persons in this district desiring to serve to obtain their application forms at once, and to file them with him before Jan. 25, when he must stop considering new applications in order to prepare for the "test" of previous applicants on Feb. 6. After this he will examine and rate the papers until about Feb. 22, when he will forward his list of designations as enumerators, with test papers, to Census Director Durand, who will carefully go over and rerate the papers of successful candidates before giving consent to the issue of commissions to them.

By the middle or latter part of March all enumerators will have been commissioned and in receipt of detailed instructions concerning their work.

Before the test, Feb. 5, the supervisor will send each applicant a list of instructions concerning filling in the test schedules, which will simplify the subject and insure the passing of the test by those who possess only an ordinary common school education and practical common sense.

Two slightly-used Oliver Typewriters for sale. One nearly new. With delivery. J. Murray Bassett.

Collingswood water, 100 gallons are now required to put in meters, on which the minimum charge is \$12 per year. In Hammoncton we pay \$100.

Collingswood charge is 30 cents per 1000 gallons: ours is \$1 for first 2000 cubic feet, or 1500 gallons.

Collingswood must pay three cents for 100 gallons: Hammoncton, one cent for 100 gallons.

DANCE Every Saturday evening in Pine Anchor Hall, 62nd St. Ladies free.

Snow began falling about seven o'clock Thursday evening. On Friday morning everything was covered with about five inches of damp and heavy white blanket. There was little wind, and mercury at thirty above. At nine o'clock the storm changed to rain, producing a detestable article of slush.

McCALL'S for February, 1910, Zamboni's.

St. Mark's Church. Services tomorrow at 7.30 and 10.30 a.m. Sunday School, 11.45. Bible Class at 6.45.

Feeling services at 7.50. At the 10.30 service, Rector Stone will preach a historical sermon, commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the parish. Rev. G. B. Underhill will be the preacher in the evening.

WANTED To Exchange, like records. W. A. Brown, Hammoncton.

It is pleasing to know that the algarotte once so common in ladies' hand-gear, are comparatively seldom seen now-a-days. We supposed that everybody knew that in order to get those beautiful plumes, which adorn the parent bird only at breeding time, the parent birds are shot, leaving the young to starve and die. Yet only last Sunday evening a Hammoncton woman was observed in one of the churches, her head reverently bowed in prayer, with one of those "white badges of orrery" on her hat. Surely, she could not have known what suffering was caused to procure that pretty plume, and she would never have worn it.

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BLACK'S

To the People

of Hammoncton, especially

The Ladies.

You are especially invited to our store to-day,

Saturday, Jan. 15th,

when a representative of H. J. Heinz Co. will be present to demonstrate the fifty-seven varieties of good things for the table.

Samples will be served, and the merits of these food products will be explained.

All articles bearing the Heinz label are guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and we are authorized to refund the purchase price if for any cause any of them prove unsatisfactory.

Yours-very truly,

W. L. BLACK.

H. McD. LITTLE

Hardware,

Plumbing,

Heating.

Bellevue and Central Aves., Hammoncton.

Home-made Mince Meat.

YOU KNOW the kind you always get from us—every apple, raisin and currant, all the citron, suet, beef, cider, fruit juices, etc.,—all prepared by hand.

But it is unnecessary to explain, YOU KNOW!

Two pounds for a quarter.

Absolutely clean.

Only highest grade materials used.

M. L. Jackson & Son

Brighton Tragedy

By GUY BOOTHBY

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

The young man's voice was hoarse with terror as he put the question, "You are not going to tell me that she has been killed?"

"I pray not," the old man answered, "but she has disappeared on one knows whether she is or not. It may seem to you, it is not the worst. There is more to be told."

"Could anything be worse than that?" Has not attempt been made to find her? Have you done nothing for the daughter of your old friend? Shame upon you, Tolson, shame upon you, I say."

"Your reproaches are unjust," the old man answered quietly and without any sign of resentment. "I have done all that mortal man could do. The police are searching for her everywhere, rewards have been offered—what more could be done?"

"Wait till I take the matter in hand, and you will see. It need be, I will search every inch of ground between Land's End and the North Foreland until I find her."

"But you have not heard me out; there is more to be told."

"I do not wish to hear any more. I have heard enough. What I have to do now is to find my poor lost darling."

"But you must hear all I have to tell you. It is the most serious part of the story."

The young man sat down again with an air of resignation.

"Catalina left the house, so it is supposed, between two and three o'clock this morning. About the same time Miss Planter was brutally murdered—her throat was cut from ear to ear."

You might have counted fifty before Anstruther answered. His face was as pale as death, and his hands clasped the arms of his chair so tightly that the veins stood out upon them like thick strings.

"Do you believe it was Catalina who committed the crime?" he asked.

"Then what was the motive?" he asked. "No, no! forgive me. I can see that you don't."

"But I fear there are others who do," replied Mr. Tolson sadly.

"Then we will disprove it," cried the young man. "Come what may, we will disprove it. And then, by Heaven, I will deal with them!"

CHAPTER X.

What good Anstruther thought he was going to accomplish by telling her the facts of the case, however, was not leaving Mr. Tolson to make his way to the lively stables of the hotel and hire a saddle horse. If the animal was somewhat more subdued than the bronches to which he had grown accustomed in South America, it nevertheless served his purpose well enough. On it he rode first to Seneca Square, where he pulled up before Athena House. A small crowd, attracted by the story of the terrible crime, had collected on the sidewalk in the doorway staring at the building which they had probably passed a hundred times before without noticing as if they could penetrate the mystery of the crime by simply staring at the brick and mortar.

A couple of policemen were on duty, to regulate the traffic as well as they were able. Anstruther beckoned one of them to him, and, bending from his saddle, asked him in a low voice whether anything had been heard of the missing girl. The man shook his head.

"No, sir," he replied; "so far as I know she is still at large, though they are looking for her high and low."

The words "still at large" struck the young man like a blow, for they seemed to him that this girl at least believed Catalina to be guilty. He turned in the direction of the stables, pausing now and again to make inquiries, but always with the same lack of success. The occupants of some of the houses answered his queries with a shrug, but there were others who were asked how many more times they were to be bothered about the matter, and declaring that what with the police and other people, they had had no peace all day. Mile after mile he rode until the darkness showed him plainly that it was useless for him to continue the search.

"Where can she be?" he asked himself. "He turned his horse back homeward. For the first time he began to realize something of the difficulty, one might almost say the impossibility, of the task he had set before him."

It was nearly half-past nine by the time he reached the hotel. Having given up his home in the yard, he made his way to Mr. Tolson's room.

Somewhat to his surprise he found that the lawyer was not alone. Seated at the table in the middle of the room was a short, stout individual, with a clean-shaven, ruddy face and close-cut auburn hair. He looked like a well-to-do farmer of between forty-five and fifty years of age. Before him was spread out a substantial meal, cold beef, roast chicken and hot bottled beer, which he was devouring with great gusto. Mr. Tolson was standing before the fire, his hands under his coat tails and his glasses balanced on the end of his nose.

"Well, my dear Eric," he said, "the young man entered the room, 'have you any good news for us?'"

"None whatever," the other answered moodily. "I have made inquiries on the Downs, but no one seems to have seen or heard anything of her. If she had vanished into space she could not have disappeared more completely."

As he said this he glanced at the stranger, who was still engaged upon his repast, and who apparently was not taking the least interest in what they were talking about. Anstruther could not help wondering who he could be and why Tolson had mentioned the matter before him. The latter must have seen what was passing in his mind, for he appeared to suddenly recollect himself.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Eric," he said; "I should have made you acquainted with each other before this. Allow me to present to you Mr. Eric Anstruther, of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard."

"I have come down to make inquiries into the case in which we are both so much interested," Mr. Dexter—Mr. Eric Anstruther, my client and the prospective husband of the young lady who has so mysteriously disappeared."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," he said, and having shaken hands, promptly resumed his meal and took up his knife and fork, remarking that "it was as prime as life."

"I have just had tasted, for many a long day, of the case itself," he made no mention, and doubtless he would not have done so at all had not Anstruther tackled him upon the subject by asking him what his theory was upon the murder."

"I formed no theory," he answered. "I haven't been in the town an hour-and-a-half yet, and all I know about the case is what I have heard from the Inspector and Mr. Tolson."

"Then, putting on the side what I have heard in the newspapers," as soon as I have finished supper I shall take a firm round to the house and make a few inquiries there, so that I may be able to get to work in earnest in the morning. In the meantime I might put a few questions to you that might possibly help to throw some light upon the matter."

"I don't know that I can tell you very much that is likely to be of any use to you," Anstruther replied. "But ask me what you like, and I will do my best to answer you."

"I believe you have known the young lady who has disappeared for some considerable time?" said the other.

Anstruther assented. "I have known her for some time," he declared, "and went on to add somewhat irrelevantly that he was proud of his 'fact'."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mr. Dexter politely. "Her father, who was a well-known citizen of the Republic of Colombia, was assassinated, and they fled to the United States."

"That is quite true. He was murdered in the vestibule of the House of Assembly at Bogota about three months ago. Her mother never really recovered from the shock, and followed him to the grave shortly after."

"And the assassin was never captured?"

"He had not been when I left the country."

"I am given to understand that the young lady lives in constant terror that she is to be followed, and that she will share the same fate as her parents; is this so?" Anstruther shook his head.

"She is in constant dread that she is to be followed," he said, "but not by the man who assassinated her father. There was a Spaniard, Juan Quintana who has obtained a passport influence over her during the time that her mental balance was somewhat shaken by the trouble she had passed through. He vowed to her that he would follow her, and she, and that he would follow her to the end of the world in order to prevent her doing so. She went in constant terror of him, and it was mainly for that reason, and in accordance with her father's wish, that I brought her home to England."

"Have you any reason for believing that this man followed you to Brighton?"

"Unfortunately I have," Anstruther replied. "I thought I had seen him, but I was mistaken. I saw him three days ago in London. It was not him that I saw, but I saw him that it must have been for him."

"And where was he?"

"At Waterloo. It was not quite him, there is certainly a certain resemblance."

\$1,000,000 TO KILL A LITTLE WORM

Mr. Rockefeller's gift of \$1,000,000, to be used in eradicating the hookworm disease, fixes public attention on the dread scourge of the South. When this parasite was found the discoverer stated, quite correctly, that it was responsible for most of the laziness and unwillingness to work of the so-called "poor white trash"—whereupon he was laughed out of court as the discoverer of "the germ of laziness." The hookworm, which is not a germ, is certainly no laughing matter. It is not peculiar to the Southern States, having been found in animals as early as 1782. It was first recognized as the cause of a parasitic disease in 1843 in Italy, and in 1873 its existence was established in the case of several thousand of these tiny "vampires," and these cause loss of blood not only by sucking it, but by leakage through the minute holes that they make in the intestinal walls.

Retardation of development due to hookworms has caused a great deal of unmerited criticism to be heaped on the Southern cotton mill. It is estimated that 10 or 12 appear no older than normal boys of 10 or 11. Sometimes look like little children. Strangers not knowing their real ages and seeing them at work go away with lurid stories of the horrors of child labor. Their impression is, still further, heightened if they try to talk with the supposed children. The disease makes them dull and backward—they are generally the stupidest pupils in the schools—and they seem unable to answer the simplest questions intelligently. Perhaps they feel too tired to try. In school they are unable to concentrate their minds on anything, and the teachers in the hookworm districts say that if their pupils remain seated for any length of time they "swell up."

Hookworm disease is caused by the presence of small worms belonging to a group of round worms known technically as nematodes. Two different kinds of hookworm occur in man. One of these is popularly known as the "Old World hookworm," the other as the "New World hookworm." Both of these parasites are known to occur in Africa, the home of the negro, and both have been found in the hookworm districts say that if their pupils remain seated for any length of time they "swell up."

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The American hookworm is about one-fourth to one-half an inch long and about as thick as a small hairpin. It has four cutting plates or jaws guarding the entrance to its mouth, with the aid of which it fastens itself to the intestinal wall. In its adult stage the hookworm is fastened to the lining membrane of the small intestine. Formerly it was thought that the parasite secured its hold by means of hooks, but now it is established that it fastens itself by biting the membrane. It makes a wound, licks the blood and produces a poisonous substance which injures the person, and so on. A few hookworms, or several thousands, according to the amount of infection to which he has been subjected. The disease is more common in children than in adults. The parasites do not multiply in the intestine, as their eggs require fresh air in order to develop, and so for every hookworm found in the intestine a separate germ must enter the body.

The young worm may enter the body in two different ways. It may be swallowed, or it may enter the body through the skin. The latter is the more common method of infection. After entering the skin, the young worms make their way to the blood and pass with the blood through the heart to the lungs. Gradually they find their way to the small intestine, where they shed their skins, become mature and begin their work of injuring the walls of the intestines of sucking the blood, and of poisoning the system by their secretions.

Dr. Stiles has been convinced that the hookworm disease has a serious effect upon the mind and prevents children from fully and properly assimilating the education which is offered them. He says that, as nearly as can be estimated, the physical condition of the Southern school children in the rural districts is such that they cannot assimilate more than 70 per cent of the education they receive.

Dr. Stiles is quoted as saying that it will take twenty years, at a cost of \$100,000 a year, that is, \$2,000,000 to stamp out the malady in the Southern States. Much, however, can be done in a short time.

The Rockefeller commission has not yet adopted a program for its campaign against the disease, but it will probably take up the measures suggested some time ago by Dr. Stiles, which include an annual "public health week" in the schools, the use of canvases in the back country districts by medical students, on vacation to enlighten the natives, lectures by physicians and trained nurses in town halls, churches and schoolhouses, the distribution of pamphlets and other printed matter telling about the disease, an institution for free diagnosis and treatment, and the passing of laws in the several States to permit the above measures and to promote the anti-hookworm campaign.

A dispatch from San Francisco says that hundreds of cases of hookworm have been imported into California in the last few years from Hawaii, the Philippines and the Orient. Almost half of a colony of West Indian laborers who had been working in the Hawaiian sugar plantations and came to the Pacific coast were infected.

It is interesting to note that it was from the Exell train that I saw him again. "And where does the coincidence come in?" inquired the detective. "I am afraid I do not know."

"Why, Mr. Tolson lives at Exell, and it is with him that my husband and I have been playing cards ever since he arrived in London. If I were deceived in the supposed, does it not seem strange that this man should have been in that neighborhood?"

"That could be, but I have not got it in me of the intention of the question," asked the other. "However, I grant you that the coincidence is worth considering."

To be continued.

Harold Chase the Water Wren. Harold had been naughty, and his father, after showing him his fault, had sent him up to his room to ask him to forgive him for being a bad boy. Three-year-old Harold was proud, but he was not a bad boy. He was a good boy, and his father told him to go to bed. "I would rather go upstairs and pray," he said.

A woman's real secrets never show up in her diary. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman.

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A STRANGE ANIMAL

The Giraffe is a Striking Feature of the African Landscape. Of all the beasts in an African landscape none is more striking than the giraffe. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time, and frequents the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds and twigs of the mimosa or thorn trees form its customary food. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen.

Again and again I have made it a mile off, or rather have seen it, a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and looking at it through my glasses, would see it as it was gazing steadily at us. It is a striking-looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of leg and neck and sloping back make it appear awkward even at rest. When alarmed it may go off at a long swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter. The tail is cocked and twisted, and the huge hind legs are thrown back. The movements seem deliberate and the giraffe does not appear to be going at a fast pace, but it has a start a horse must gallop hard to overtake it. When it starts on this gait the neck may be dropped forward and the head held straight out. The straight line of sharp angles from the chest, and the big head thrust in advance. They are defenseless things, and though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous. From "African Game Trails," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.

WHAT MOVED HIM. The extravagant hats which the ladies have been wearing this year have little to recommend them, but they have at least proved a boon to the comic artists and the funny men of the newspapers. Here is a specimen taken from the Chicago Tribune:

The rain, which had come suddenly and unexpectedly, was falling in torrents. Among the persons who had taken shelter under a friendly awning was a fashionably dressed lady. "What a lovely hat, madam," said a certain situation, one was perfectly plain attire man considerably that middle age, stepping up to her and lifting his hat, "but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

"What do you mean, sir?" she said. "Thank for what?" "For the hat," he said. "It is a very nice hat, and I am sure it will be a great success for you."

"I never expected to see it again," he went on. "It has been nearly thirty years since."

"Since what, sir? What are you talking about?"

"I am a very old man, madam, but I used to live in Salt Lake City and—"

"I have nothing to do with Salt Lake City, sir. I never was in my life."

"But I was. That was my home for many years. And when I saw—"

"When you saw what?"

"That hat of yours, madam. It is an exact reproduction of the great Mormon Tabernacle, which my eyes have been seeing through all the weary years to see how it would look in the hands of a woman."

Again lifting his hat, he dropped it into the pouring rain and strode rapidly down the street.

An Old-Baptismal Font. In the old baptistry at Florence—the baptistry with the wonderful bronze doors which Michelangelo called "the gates of Paradise"—most of the babies of Florence have been baptized for many hundred years.

At about any hour of any day one still had baptismal parties waiting before the font, with before it, every day, from the privacy of a great house, nearly unnumbered in vestly lines and attended by a small army of friends and relatives; to the little cottages tucked out in gently sloping and before the arms of a half-century-old peasant woman.

No register of baptisms was kept in the very early days. The first record was made in 1416 when a certain priest took it into his head to keep account of children he baptized. Accordingly, he put a white bean before him for every boy and a black bean for every girl.

Later on records were carefully kept, and it was found that over it would be a fascinating story, for even the most trivial and ordinary of the children, poets and soldiers who have made Florence famous, were baptized in the font of "my dear little Saint John."—Dante called it.

Bye's Chance. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman.

A Doubter. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman.

Butter a blow than some kisses. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman. "I have just had an idea," said a woman.

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"WHEN I WAS YOUNG."

There is a land where storm and calm and sun Follow each other with just flying feet; A land of hope, whose hours are fair and sweet, Where life seems long, and always just begun.

With eager feet we press along its ways, Nor pause to watch the rainbow sliding skies; Another land of hope before us lies, And in our dreams it holds still fiercer days.

So slowly fades the brightness from the sky, So slowly hope turns backward from our side, We know not when we leave those highways wide, Till we have passed the pleasant places by.

Gladly would we that flowery path retraced, And breathe that hope-inspiring air again; But none among the weary sons of men Has found, once passed, the portals of that place.

Still memory bears us to that magic strand, With every year still dearer, brighter grown, And oft we speak its name with tender tone—"When I was young," oh, dear, enchanted land!

—New York Sun.

Things really had been very dull in the town that winter, so when Addie Drevel was killed by Alexander Bling the affair was like a revivifying draft to the jaded and willing souls among the gossips.

In a big city it is different. There when a young man or a young woman finds a broken engagement on his or her hands he or she simply looks about and picks it another person of the opposite sex to cover up the situation; but when one lives in a place like Three Pines that is not so easy. Alexander, who was a tall young man with romantic eyes, was head clerk in the drug store. He simply walked off and married a girl in the next town whom he had met but twice. Then he sent back to Three Pines for his trunk. He was going into business with the girl's father.

"He knows better than to come back here!" was the verdict of the excited sewing circle. "He knows what a reception he'd get after treating Addie so!" And they will sit with their hands clasped and wait, all intimated. Poor Addie!

Addie was small and ash-blond, the sort that looks precisely the same at 40 as at 20. There was nothing startling in her composition. Gladly she would have been a good girl, a certain situation, one was perfectly plain attire man considerably that middle age, stepping up to her and lifting his hat, "but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

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STRAID FOR A PRESENT.

Philadelphia Woman Gives Costly Instrument to Young Violinist. Few violinists, even after they become great, own a Stradivarius, but so Bove, the young Italian of this city, whose career, which many believe will rival Kubelick's, has scarcely begun. The Philadelphia Bulletin says: Most interesting of all is the fact that this musical treasure was the property of the late "Annie" Dvorak, the composer, from whose widow the violin was recently purchased by Mr. Joseph Drevel, and by her presented to the young Bove.

Mrs. Drevel is widely known as a patron of music, and interested as she has been in the young violinist's career, it is but natural that she should choose him for the honor of owning the Stradivarius. Surely nothing could be a greater inspiration to him than the possession of such a priceless thing.

Such things have prices, and high ones, too, for it is whispered that Mrs. Drevel paid \$15,000 for the instrument, which gives the layman an idea of what such a gift means in prosaic dollars and cents. Mrs. Drevel made light of the matter when asked recently about the gift to her protégé. "Although naturally averse to parting with this souvenir of my husband," she learned recently that Mrs. Dvorak was willing to sell the instrument," said Mrs. Drevel, "and when it came into my possession I naturally looked about for some one who could use it properly, since I could not play it myself."

The department in short is to be a composite of things which make American women, in the estimation of their husbands, the best housekeepers and the best dressers and, all around, the best women in the world. The promoters of the exposition will, in the case of the exposition, be enthusiastically and promise to devote to the department enough space to make it one of the prime attractions of the show. If the management carries out its purpose of having a best of typical women recruited from various sections of this country to preside over the department, the success of the enterprise is assured beyond the question of a doubt. Maj. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures of the United States department, has been asked to labor, and word that the department is doing its utmost to interest American merchants and manufacturers in the Berlin show.

Several of the foremost musicians in this city declare that Bove will become a second Kubelick.

ADVENTURE WITH GRIZZLY. Captain Williams, an old-time trapper, who voyaged alone in a frail canoe for hundreds of miles on the great rivers of the interior, had many thrilling adventures, one of which is related below. Captain Williams at times took the precaution at night of tying his canoe to the shore with a piece of rawhide about twenty feet long, which let the canoe swing from the bank that distance. In case of attack from Indians, he could cut the cord, bound him to the shore and glide off without noise. He always slept in his canoe.

One night he was roused from sleep by the tramping of something in the bushes on the bank. Tramp! tramp! tramp! sounded the footsteps, which were approaching the canoe.

The captain's first fear was of Indians, but reason told him that no Indian boat on such a lonely spot would approach the canoe in that careless fashion. Peering intently into the darkness, Captain Williams watched a shadowy animal, which he at once discovered to be a grizzly bear coming toward him. He heard raised as it lifted the air.

The bear came on, and placed its forepaws upon the stern of the canoe, and nearly upset it.

Like a flash descended the ax upon one foot, which was instantly with the other foot. The bear held on with the other foot.

The captain raised the ax again, and brought it down on the animal's head. Instantly it let go the canoe, and sank, stunned, into the water. Although Captain Williams watched intently for the grizzly's reappearance, nothing more was seen of it. In the morning two of the bear's claws were found in the canoe, severed by that doughty blow of the trapper's ax. They were fondly preserved as trophies of the adventure, and were always exhibited when the captain told the story of his encounter with the grizzly.

Passion. "Here is a story of a New York man who raised a forcible protest because his wife gave him a job" lost at thirty-two consecutive months. "Perhaps he felt that he had been sufficiently 'fired'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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HINTS FOR BELLIAN FRAUDS.

Knockdowns and Pumpkins Pies to Be Made at Exposition Next Year. The American woman in all her glory is to be shown at the Berlin Exposition in 1900. Preliminary arrangements for such an exhibit have just been made by Mrs. Norma Kaufman-Lutge, who, despite her Teutonic name, is a native-born American, but who just left New York in 1900, and who has been in Berlin, the New York Times correspondent says. She is well known in a managerial capacity in the United States through her connection with important musical enterprises. The celebrated Leipzig Philharmonic orchestra, under the direction of Hans Winterstein, toured the country in 1900 under Mrs. Kaufman-Lutge's direction, and Daniel Frohman entrusted Kubelick's first tour of America to her hands a few years later.

Mrs. Kaufman-Lutge's plan is to exhibit feminine America to Germany from all sides, but particularly in the home, in order to show that the housewife flourishes in the United States. She has proposed to transplant sections of model dwellings, representing every stratum of Yankee womanhood, from the working woman to the society queen. Characteristic American kitchens will be seen in the act of turning out such world-famous specialties as pumpkin pie, corned beef, ham, and other things.

Special attention will also be bestowed on American feminine toggery, which is so admired by German and other European women. The department in short is to be a composite of things which make American women, in the estimation of their husbands, the best housekeepers and the best dressers and, all around, the best women in the world. The promoters of the exposition will, in the case of the exposition, be enthusiastically and promise to devote to the department enough space to make it one of the prime attractions of the show. If the management carries out its purpose of having a best of typical women recruited from various sections of this country to preside over the department, the success of the enterprise is assured beyond the question of a doubt. Maj. Carson, chief of the bureau of manufactures of the United States department, has been asked to labor, and word that the department is doing its utmost to interest American merchants and manufacturers in the Berlin show.

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A very interesting souvenir was recently found among the archives of the Haddon Fire Company, No. 1. It was the first time-table published by the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, which went into effect Monday, November 10, 1850. The stopping places for the one train then on the road were: Cooper's Point, Haddonfield, Ashland, White Horse, Spring Garden, Winslow, Hammononton, Weymouth, Cedar Bridge, Absecon and Atlantic. This single train carried all freight and passengers, leaving Cooper's Point at 7.45 a.m., and reached Atlantic at 11.30. Passengers who wished to return the same day had but one and a-half hours at the shore.

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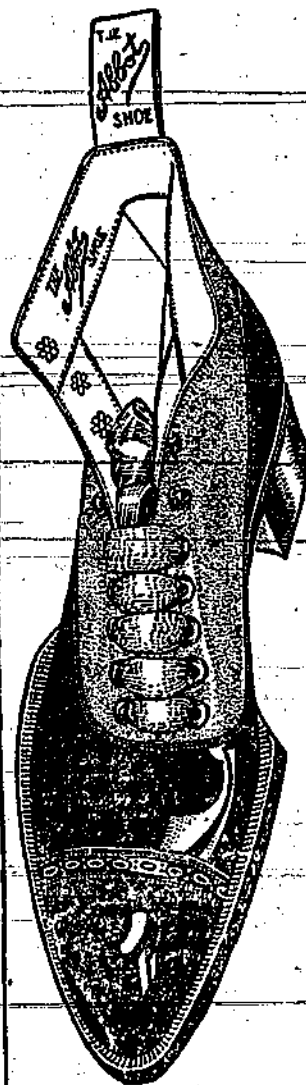
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